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Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

(ILLUSTRATED)

BY

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

(A. B., Georgia; M. A., Princeton)

COMPILER OF THE STATE RECORDS OF GEORGIA

Author of "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," in two volumes;
"A Biographical Dictionary of Southern Authors";
"Historical Side-Lights"; Etc.

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DEDICATED

TO

FRANCES AND MARY

WHOM I HAVE LOVED SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF CRADLEDOM;

AND TO

CLARA CORINNE KNIGHT,

AN EDUCATOR OF GEORGIA'S BOYS AND GIRLS; FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS A TEACHER IN ATLANTA'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS; A DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND A DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY; BUT—FIRST OF ALL AND BEST OF ALL—A MOTHER, WHOSE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER, THE SUM OF ALL EXCELLENCE IN WOMANHOOD, HAS KEPT ME TRUE TO ALL TRUTH AND TENDER TO ALL WOMANKIND, WHOSE SHELTERING ARMS WERE MY FIRST HAVEN OF REFUGE AND WHOSE WATCHFUL EYES WERE MY CHILDHOOD'S MORNING STARS.

PREFACE

To a generous public, whose favor has been most indulgent, this concluding volume of GEORGIA'S LANDMARKS, MEMORIALS, AND LEGENDS is presented in the hope that its gathered lore will be graciously and kindly received. This expectation is naturally excited by the somewhat wide patronage accorded to the first volume. There is not a public library of any magnitude in any State of the Union upon whose shelves this work has not been placed, a fact partially explained by the unique prestige which belongs to Georgia as one of the original thirteen States of the Union and as the youngest of the English Colonies in North America.

Only a few words of explanation in presenting this volume. The apparent inequalities between the different sections of the State, with respect to materials possessing historic value, are due largely to the fact that some localities are much older than others and have been much more actively and vitally concerned in the making of history. There has also been a difference in the degree of co-operative encouragement extended to the author. Some to whom the writer has looked for help have eagerly embraced an opportunity for assisting in the preservation of Georgia's records; but others, for what have doubtless seemed to them good reasons, have been strangely indifferent. Such has ever been the way of the world; and many who are slow to help are prompt to criticize. But we need not find fault. It is only natural that we should take a delight in doing what we can do best. To the patriotic women of our State, the author wishes to renew his expressions of gratitude for assistance most graciously and freely given. Their kindness has been a cruse of oil, which through seasons of drought, has never failed. Elsewhere in this work specific acknowledgments are made to these gentle contributors.

The reader's attention is specially directed to the elaborate index which this volume contains, an index which embraces both volumes of the set, traversing the whole history of the State, since the time of Oglethorpe, and aggregating nearly 20,000 names. Historical research has heretofore been greatly handicapped by a lack of good indexes. In fact, most of our earlier histories are wholly without this important aid to investigation. Much time and labor have been spent in the preparation of this feature. To ascertain whether an ancestor is represented in

this work the reader needs only to consult the index, in which a thorough analysis of the work is presented in an alphabetical scheme of arrangement. Special attention is also called to the numerous inscriptions grouped together in the section on "Historic Churchyards and Burial-Grounds"; to the somewhat extended list of early settlers who served either as town commissioners or as academy trustees; and to the monograph entitled "Under the Code Duello." Most of the information herein set forth has been derived at first hand from personal visits to various parts of the State and from direct and immediate access to official records. Quite a number of rare Indian Legends have been dug out of old reports in the Library of Congress; and some of these, because of the novelty which attaches to them, will be read with much interest.

Intervals of leisure, extending over a period of five years, have been occupied in gathering the materials for this work and in putting them into permanent literary form. Professional engagements have not been seriously disturbed, nor the routine of official labors interrupted. The writer has accomplished his task by making the field of Georgia history his playground. He has given to it his early morning hours, frequently beginning his day's work at dawn and outlining a full chapter before breakfast. The other end of the day has always found him taxed to exhaustion and ready for sleep. He has burned no midnight oil.

Infallibility is not vouchsafed to mortals. Exact Truth, if the hope, is also the despair of historians. To no one are the shortcomings of this work more painfully apparent than to the author himself. Mindful of his human frailties and limitations, he has sought only to render conscientious and faithful service to his State. This has ever been his endeavor. He will be satisfied if Georgia's benediction rests upon his labors; happier still if, when his day's work is done, he can fall asleep in the clasp of her violets—around him the ashes of his loved ones and over him an epitaph like this: "Here lies one who gave his pen to Georgia's memories, whose ambition was to brighten the names on her fading records and to deepen the epitaphs on her mouldering monuments, whose richest recompense of reward was found in the all-sufficient joy of service, and who coveted naught within the gift of the old mother State, save the privilege of loving every foot of her soil and every page of her history."

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION I.

UNDER THE CODE DUELLO 1–48

SECTION II.

LANDMARKS AND MEMORIALS 51–271

CHAPTER I ..... Hernando DeSoto: Memorials of his March Through Georgia in 1540 51–52

CHAPTER II ..... "Home, Sweet Home:" John Howard Payne's Georgia Sweetheart and Imprisonment 62–71

CHAPTER III ..... Lost for 114 Years: the Mystery of General Greene's Place of Entombment 71–89

CHAPTER IV ..... Georgia's Great Seals 89–99

CHAPTER V ..... Georgia Issues the First Patent for a Steamboat 99–102

CHAPTER VI ..... President Washington's Georgia Visit: the Diary of his Trip 102–106

CHAPTER VII ..... General Elijah Clarke's Trans-Oconee Republic 106–115

CHAPTER VIII ..... Fannin at Goliad: Story of the Brutal Massacre of 1836 115–121

CHAPTER IX ..... William H. Seward: a Georgia School Master 121–131

CHAPTER X ..... Crawford W. Long: The Discoverer of Anesthesia 131–138

CHAPTER XI ..... John Clark: His Grave Overlooking St. Andrew's Bay 138–142

CHAPTER XII ..... Liberty Hall: The Historic Home of Mr. Stephens 142–154

CHAPTER XIII ..... The Last Order of the Confederate Government 154–156

CHAPTER XIV ..... Memorial Day: its True History 156–167

CHAPTER XV ..... Thomas Holley Chivers: an Eratic Genius 167–170

CHAPTER XVI ..... Georgia's First Governor: His Mysterious Death 170–172

CHAPTER XVII ..... Two Pioneer Baptists: the Story of the Mercers 172–179

CHAPTER XVIII ..... Ebenezer: the Story of the Salzburgers 179–193

CHAPTER XIX ..... Sunbury: an Extinct Metropolis 193–198

CHAPTER XX ..... Fort Morris: The Last to Lower the Colonial Flag 198–202

CHAPTER XXI ..... New Inverness: The Story of the Scotch Highlanders 202–207

CHAPTER XXII.....The Acadians in Georgia..... 207–211
CHAPTER XXIII.....The Moravians in Georgia..... 211–215
CHAPTER XXIV.....Roswell: The Home of Mr. Roosevelt's Mother..... 215–222
CHAPTER XXV.....Dr. Francis R. Goulding: The Author of "The Young Marooners"..... 222–225
CHAPTER XXVI.....Who Invented the Sewing-Machine?..... 225–228
CHAPTER XXVII.....The Savannah": Her Maiden Trip Across the Atlantic in 1819..... 228–231
CHAPTER XXVIII.....How the "General" was Captured: The Story of the Famous Andrews' Raid..... 231–235
CHAPTER XXIX.....How Mr. Bryan Secured his Nomination in 1896..... 235–239
CHAPTER XXX.....The Wren's Nest: its Memories of Joel Chandler Harris..... 239–245
CHAPTER XXXI.....Stone Mountain: a Monolith of Prehistoric Times..... 245–252
CHAPTER XXXII.....The Old Field School..... 252–263
CHAPTER XXXIII.....Georgia's Early Masonic History: an Important Volume Discovered..... 263–269
CHAPTER XXXIV.....Mrs. Wilson Comes Home..... 269–271

SECTION III.

HISTORIC CHURCH-YARDS AND BURIAL-GROUNDS..... 275–438
Colonial Park, Savannah..... 275–286
Bonaventure, Savannah..... 286–299
Laurel Grove, Savannah..... 299–311
Catholic Cemetery, Savannah..... 311–311
Old Jewish Burial Ground, Savannah..... 311–312
St. Paul's, Augusta..... 312–317
Summerville, Augusta..... 317–323
Arsenal, Augusta..... 323–325
City Cemetery, Augusta..... 325–338
Old Midway, Liberty County..... 338–344
Old Cemetery, Louisville..... 344–346
New Cemetery, Louisville..... 346–348
Town Cemetery, Milledgeville..... 347–352
Rest Haven, Washington..... 352–354
Smyrna Church-Yard, near Washington..... 354–356
Presbyterian Cemetery, Lexington..... 356–357
Town Cemetery, Greensboro..... 357–362
Oconee Cemetery, Athens..... 362–372
Town Cemetery, Sparta..... 372–375
Alta Vista Cemetery, Gainesville..... 375–378
Town Cemetery, Forsyth..... 378–381
Rose Hill, Macon..... 381–391
Oak Hill, Griffin..... 391–394
Oak Grove, Americus..... 394–395

Town Cemetery, Oxford 395–397
Linnwood. Columbus 397–404
Town Cemetery, Decatur 404–407
Confederate Cemetery, Marietta 407–410
Town Cemetery, Cartersville 410–414
Myrtle Hill, Rome 414–417
Oakland, Atlanta 417–428
Westview, Atlanta 428–432
Town Cemetery, Greenville 432–435
Oak Hill, Newnan 435–438

SECTION IV.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE INDIANS 441–480
I ..... The Legend of Nacoochee 441–442
II ..... The Legend of Hiawassee 442–445
III ..... The Legend of the Cherokee Rose 445–446
IV ..... The Legend of Lover's Leap 446–449
V ..... The Legend of Sweetwater Branch 449–450
VII ..... Yahula 450–452
VIII ..... The Ustutli 452–454
IX ..... Agan-Unitsi's Search for the Uktena 454–457
X ..... The Enchanted Mountain 457–460
XI ..... The Burnt Village: a Tale of Indian Wars 460–464
XII ..... The Enchanted Island 464–467
XIII ..... Tamar Escapes from the Indians 467–468
XII ..... DeSoto and the Indian Widow 468–471
XIV ..... The Man who Married the Thunderer's Sister 471–474
XV ..... A Tragedy of the Swamp 474–478
XVI ..... Queen Elancydyne 478–480

SECTION V.

TALES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY CAMP-FIRES 484–521
I ..... Gunpowder for Bunker Hill 484–485
II ..... Georgia Commissions the First Warship 484–486
III ..... The Arrest of Governor Wright 486–488
IV ..... The Adventures of Robert Sallatte 484–491
V ..... The Tories: Georgia's Reign of Terror 491–500
VI ..... McIntosh at Fort Morris:"Come and Take it" 500–503
VII ..... How Savannah was Captured 503–504
VIII ..... Elijah Clarke: The Bedford Forrest of the Revolution 504–509
IX ..... The Story of Austin Dabney 509–512
X ..... The Siege of Augusta 512–516
XI ..... St. John's Parish 616–518

XII..... Col. John White: Hero of the Great Ogeechee.. . 518–520
A Revolutionary Puzzle..... 520–521
Sergeant Jasper and Count Pulaski see Savannah's Revolutionary Monuments, Vol. I.

SECTION VI.

GEORGIA MISCELLANIES 525-551

SECTION VII.

HISTORIC COUNTY SEATS, CHIEF TOWNS, AND NOTED LOCALITIES . 556-1054

ERRATA:

Page 558—Read Major Stephen F. Miller instead of Major Stephen H. Miller.

Page 614—Read Jacob Weed instead of Jacob Webb.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Liberty Hall ---- Frontispiece.

James Jackson: Famous for his Exposure of the Yazoo Fraud and for his Frequent Meetings on the Field of Honor ---- Facing Page 8

The Vann House, at Spring Place, Ga., Where John Howard Payne was Imprisoned in 1836 ---- Facing Page 62

John Ross: Chief of the Cherokee Nation ---- Facing Page 68

The Greene Monument, Savannah, Ga ---- Facing Page 72

Bronze Tablet on the Greene Monument ---- Facing Page 86

Bulloch Hall: The Old Home of Ex-President Roosevelt's Mother, at Roswell, Ga ---- Facing Page 218

The Wren's Nest: Where the Famous "Uncle Remus Stories" were Written by Joel Chandler Harris, in West End, Atlanta, Ga ---- Facing Page 240

Stone Mountain: The Greatest Solid Mass of Exposed Rock in the World ---- Facing Page 246

Myrtle Hill: The Last Resting Place of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson ---- Facing Page 270

Bonaventure Cemetery: A Scene in Savannah's Historic Burial Ground, Showing the Long Pendant Mosses ---- Facing Page 286

Horizontal Slab Over the Tomb of Commodore Oliver Bowen, St. Paul's Church Yard, Augusta, Ga ---- Facing Page 314

Old Midway Church and Burial-Ground, Liberty County Ga ---- Facing Page 338

Historic Tombs in the Old Church-Yard at Midway ---- Facing Page 342

Historic Tombs at Westview, Atlanta, Ga ---- Facing Page 430

The Varner House: Where Gen McIntosh Signed his Death Warrant in the Famous Treaty at Indian Springs ---- Facing Pace 612

Dr. Crawford W. Long's Old Home, at Athens, Ga ---- Facing Page 658

Boyhood's Home of Henry W. Grady, at Athens, Ga ---- Facing Page 662

Joseph Rucker: Planter and Financier who Stamped his Impress upon Ante-Bellum Georgia ---- Facing Page 714

Home of Joseph Rucker, at Old Ruckersville, Ga ---- Facing Page 718

The Burns Memorial Cottage, Atlanta, Ga ---- Facing Page 762

Burning the Yazoo Act ---- Facing Page 800

Gov. Troup's Old Home: Remains of the Valdosta Mansion, in Laurens County, Showing the Sand Stone Chimney, in the Midst of a Deserted Ruin ---- Facing Page 830

Tomb of Gov. George M. Troup, on the Rosemont Plantation, in Montgomery County, Ga ---- Facing Page 890

Two Interesting Views of Rosemont ---- Facing Page 892

Sequoya: Inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet ---- Facing Page 900

The Cradle of Emory College: Home of the Late Col W. W. Clark, Covington, Ga., Including Part of the old Manual School Established by Dr. Olin ---- Facing Page 912

Overseer's Cabin, on the Mitchell Place, in Wheeler Co. Where Gov. George M. Troup Breathed his Last ---- Facing Page 1030

Mount Pleasant: The Old Home of the Talbots, near Washington, Ga ---- Facing Page 1050

SECTION I

Under the code Duello.

GEORGIA'S LANDMARKS, MEMORIALS AND LEGENDS

SECTION 1

Under the Code Duello

What is known as the Code Duello is supposed to have originated in the judicial combats of the Celtic nations. Trial by battle—or wager of battle—represented a crude form of justice to which the Lombards began to resort as early as the year 659 of the Christian era and which, subsequent to the battle of Hastings, in 1066, was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. But the general practice of duelling to settle affairs of honor between gentlemen may be said to have commenced in 1527, when Francis I, of France, issued a challenge to Charles V, of Germany, directing him to name his own time and place and to make his own choice of weapons with which to fight.

The affair seems to have grown out of an abrogated treaty, in consequence of which the German Emperor sent a curt message to King Francis, through the latter's herald, declaring him to be not only a base violator of public faith but a stranger to the honor becoming a gentleman.* Incensed at this message, which he considered a wanton insult, the impetuous French sovereign instantly sent

*Truman: The Field of Honor, Introduction, pp. 9-17.

back the bearer with a cartel of defiance, in which he gave the lie to Emperor Charles and incidentally, by way of royal precedent, laid the foundations for the modern duel. Equally high-spirited, Charles V promptly accepted the challenge of the French King; but, during the correspondence which ensued, there arose complications of an international character, and after exchanging several messages in which German expletives were well matched with French epithets, the idea of meeting each other in mortal encounter was finally abandoned.

Nevertheless, the spectacle of a quarrel between two of the most illustrious potentates of Christendom, on a mooted question of honor, attracted too much attention and carried too great a weight of authority to be without its effect upon the chivalry of Europe; and, from this time on, the practice of duelling, especially at the royal courts, in the university towns, and among officers of the army, became prevalent. During a period of eighteen years, under the reign of Henry IV, it is said that 4,000 lives were sacrificed on the Field of Honor.

France became the chief patron of the Code; but the mania for duelling swept the civilized world like a besom of fire, involving, on both sides of the water, men of the highest political and social distinction. Its effect was most tellingly felt upon Democratic America, where it struck deep root and began to spread like the deadly Upas. Formerly, duels were fought under judicial appointment; but the precedent set by Francis I, of France, caused impetuous Hotspurs instantly to adopt this method of redress for private wrongs, without the intervention of the courts; and thus, until public sentiment began to insist upon a return to saner measures, the duel became one of the established institutions of society, among men of Caucasian blood.

Georgia was one of the first States of the Union to find the duel an effective instrument for the adjustment of differences between gentlemen; and likewise one of

the last States to abandon a custom, perhaps, more honored in the breech than in the observance. At a time when party strife was most intense and bitter, it was an almost daily occurrence for men to cross swords or to exchange shots in personal encounters, but everything was done according to prescribed form and with punctilious regard for the Code of Honor. There was scarcely a public man in Georgia who was not credited with at least one duel, fought usually in the earlier stages of his career. If one refused to fight when challenged by a gentleman he was at once posted; and such an open disgrace meant social ostracism. Political honors were not awarded to cowards nor to those who, weighed in the balances of an imperious custom, were found wanting in courage; and, for upwards of a hundred years, the public life of this State was ruled with a rod of iron by that grim arbiter of destinies: the Code Duello.

For the paramount sway of the duelling-pistol in a State like Georgia there were sound reasons. To begin with, the partisanship of the Revolution entailed upon us a host of feudal animosities. It also engendered the military spirit, to which life on the frontier gave constant exercise, through the ever present dread of an Indian outbreak. Children at play revelled in the use of toy weapons, with which they stormed imaginary forts and citadels. The long protracted warfare between Clark and Crawford, at a later period, divided the State into two hostile camps, in consequence of which there were personal wrangles and disputes without number.

Scores of the best families of our State traced descent from the nobility of England; and there was ingrained in the very nature of the average Georgian an inherent love of personal encounter, as old as the tilt-yards of the Norman Conqueror. While the main body of our population was of English origin, there was an intermingling of two other strains in which the duel found a congenial soil: the Scotch-Irish, grim and silent, tenacious of personal opinion, untaught to yield an inch

of ground; and the French Huguenot, fiery and impulsive, full of the military spirit, and prone, without thought of consequences, to seek the bubble, Reputation, at the cannon's mouth. Nor is it strange that in a State which knew nothing of the austere Puritan there should have flourished an institution reflecting the love of swordsmanship, the relish for adventure, and the contempt of personal danger, which, from time immemorial, have been peculiar to the English Cavalier.

Gwinnett and McIntosh.

The earliest duel of which there is any mention in the records of Georgia was the fatal encounter which occurred, on May 15, 1777, between Button Gwinnett and Lachlan McIntosh.* It was just after the adoption of our first State Constitution and when the State was in the midst of preparations for an expected invasion by the British. Both combatants were zealous Whigs and men of the highest distinction in public affairs. Button Gwinnett had been one of the revered trio of patriots to sign the immortal scroll of independence on behalf of Georgia and had subsequently administered the affairs of the Province as President of the Executive Council. Lachlan McIntosh was at this time the commanding officer of Georgia's first battalion of State troops and was destined to attain high rank as a soldier under Washington. The misunderstanding between the two men grew out of a heated controversy in which they were both rivals for the same office: that of commandant of the new battalion lately organized in Georgia for service in the Continental Army.

McIntosh was the successful candidate. Later, on the death of Archibald Bulloch, who was then President of the Executive Council, Gwinnett succeeded to the helm of civil affairs in Georgia; and, while acting in this capacity, he planned an expedition against St. Au-

*Jones: History of Georgia, Vol. 2, p. 270; McCall: History of Georgia, Vol. 2, pp. 331-335, reprint.

gustine, which he expected to command in person, ignoring General McIntosh. At the same time, in various other ways, he evinced his hostility toward his former rival and sought to magnify the civil at the expense of the military department of the State government.

But the projected advance on St. Augustine failed to materialize. Moreover, in the first election for Governor by the State Legislature, held on May 8, 1777, Gwinnett, an avowed candidate for the office, was defeated by John Adam Treutlen, who, by virtue of his election at this time, became the first Governor of Georgia under the Constitution.

Gwinnett was naturally chagrined at his defeat. On the other hand, McIntosh was elated; and, with the bluntness of the Scotch Highlander he not only expressed his gratification at the result but went so far as to denounce Gwinnett as a scoundrel, in the presence of the Executive Council. This open insult was more than the imperious nature of Gwinnett could endure and, chafing already under his disappointment, he at once challenged McIntosh to mortal combat.

Preliminaries were arranged and at day-break next morning they met on the outskirts of Savannah. At a distance of only twelve feet apart, they exchanged pistol shots and both fell to the ground. It was discovered on examination that each was wounded in the thigh. McIntosh recovered. But Gwinnett's wound proved fatal; and, after lingering in great pain for twelve days, he expired: the first known victim in Georgia to the Code of Honor.

Excitement in Georgia ran high. As a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, Gwinnett was much revered by the people, notwithstanding his impetuosity of temper. Dr. Lyman Hall, a former colleague in Congress, who signed the scroll of independence with Gwinnett, brought the matter before the Legislature and accused

the judicial officers of criminal neglect in not ordering McIntosh's arrest. At this critical moment, McIntosh, of his own accord, surrendered himself to the civil authorities.

But the Gwinnett faction was not appeased. In the face of a common enemy, Georgia was threatened with a serious division in her ranks. To avoid a rupture of the State, at a time when the cause of liberty called for a solid phalanx, Colonel George Walton, of Georgia, and Colonel Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, both members of Congress, acting as friends of McIntosh, obtained for him a command in the Northern Department; and thus an embarrassing situation was relieved. With his transfer to the Northern Department, McIntosh gradually rose to high rank and won by his gallantry the personal friendship and esteem of Washington.

Later he returned to Georgia in time to participate in the defence of Savannah. There was no longer any feeling of animosity toward him and at the close of the Revolution he re-established his home in Savannah, where he was made President of the Georgia Society of the Cincinnati. Gwinnett was an Englishman who came to Georgia only four years prior to the Revolution. He purchased St. Catharine's Island and became an extensive planter of rice and indigo. His home was just opposite the old town of Sunbury, in the Parish of St. John.

Duel on Horse-Back Prevented.

Two of the most distinguished officers in command of Georgia's State troops during the Revolution were Colonel John Baker and Major John Jones, both of whom were devoted patriots. But they came near shedding each other's blood in a most spectacular fashion, while awaiting an expected encounter with the British soon after the fall of Savannah. As the result of a misinterpretation of orders they quarreled; and, one thing bringing on another, they agreed to settle the issue between them by

fighting a duel on horse-back. Accordingly they repaired to a grove, near old Midway church, somewhat back from the travelled highway; but, when the hour for combat arrived, an officer whose uniform told that he was a Brigadier-General suddenly appeared upon the scene of action.

It was General James Screven. Only a few moments before while seated in camp, a courier had brought him word of the affair; and, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed like a bolt of lightning through the forest. Breathless with excitement, he arrived just in time; for the two men were already facing each other with deadly intent. Lifting his hand as he drew rein, he commanded them to desist; and then pleading the country's sore need he reminded the combatants that it was no time for brother officers to be seeking each other's life, when the cause of liberty was imperiled.

High-spirited though both men were, they yielded to the importunities of General Screven, realizing the force of his argument. The spirit of patriotism prevailed over the mere desire for personal redress; and, shaking hands on the field of honor, the would-be duellists agreed to bury their quarrel there on the spot and to reserve their fire for the British Red-Coats, who were already beginning to swarm over Georgia like a plague of locusts. But strange are the ways of fate. Within a few months, General Screven was shot from ambush near this same place, while engaged in reconnoitering.

Gov. Jackson As a Duellist.

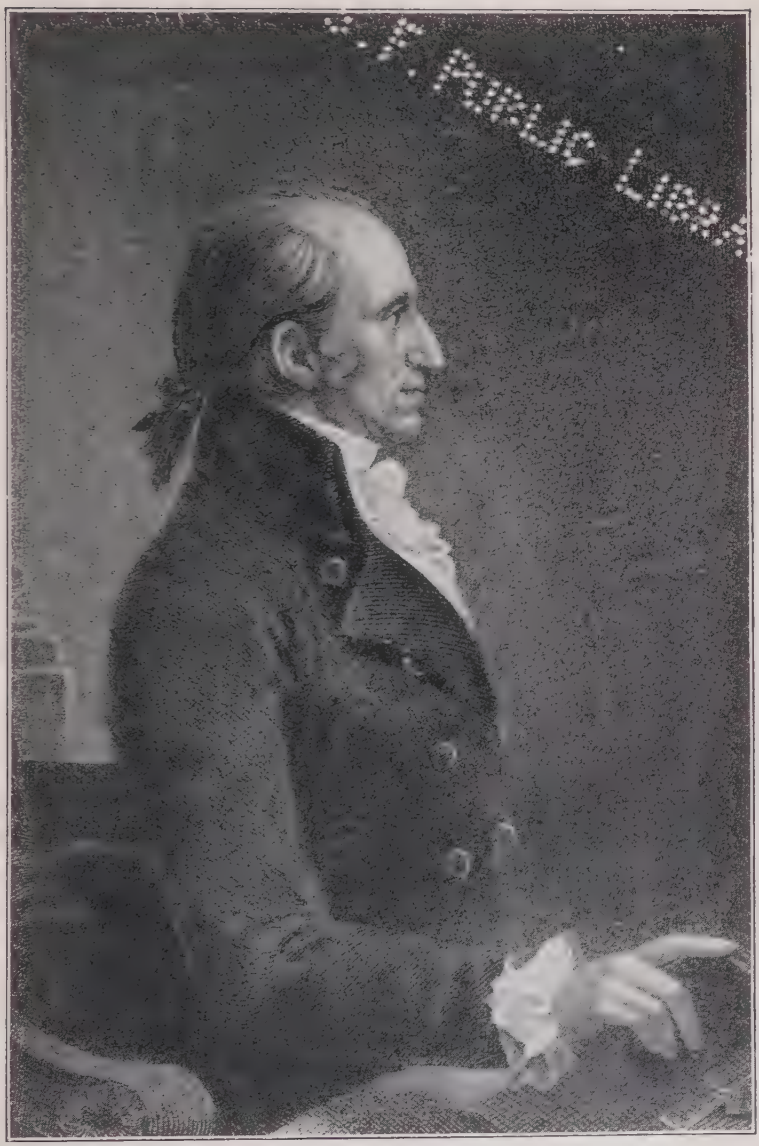
Old Governor James Jackson—illustrious in the annals of Georgia for his crusade of fire against the Yazoo conspirators—was the most inveterate duellist of his day. He was constantly on the war-path. Growing out of the spectacular part played by him in causing the famous Yazoo Act of 1795 to be rescinded, he was drawn at frequent intervals into affairs of honor, from few of which he escaped

without loss of blood. For at least ten years, his life was literally a round of duels.

When the Yazoo measure became a law in 1795, the old Governor was then serving his first term in the United States Senate. Incensed at what he considered the trickery by which this legislation was accomplished, he relinquished his toga of office and took his seat in the Legislature of Georgia as a member from Chatham. The infamous measure in question conveyed to four separate and distinct land companies the whole of Georgia's western domain, in return for which the State was to be compensated in the sum of $500,000, or at the rate of one and a half cents per acre, for thirty-five million acres of land. Such a transaction was regarded by the old Governor as a blot upon Georgia's escutcheon, and with impassioned eloquence he sought to erase this iniquitous measure from the statute books. He accomplished his purpose. The Legislature of 1796 rescinded the obnoxious Act; and on the State House Square, in the solemn presence of the General Assembly, every record pertaining to the transaction was burned, with impressive ceremonies. It was on this occasion that Governor Jackson, by means of a sun-glass, called down the fire of heaven. Thus was Georgia's honor redeemed.

But the old Governor reaped a harvest of feudal enmities. His duelling-pistols were rarely ever cool. But so violent was the Jacksonian temper, that he did not always wait upon the tardy formalities of the Code. Occasions arose when he demanded satisfaction instanter. Writing to John Milledge, in a letter dated Savannah, March 8, 1796, he describes one of these extemporaneous encounters, in which he proceeded to bite his antagonist's finger.* On ordinary occasions the Governor was a great stickler for decorum. Hotspur though he was, booted and spurred for battle, he always bore himself with the urbanity of a Chesterfield. No one was ever more considerate of the rights of others. But whenever

*Charlton: Life of Jackson, p. 162.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JAMES JACKSON

Famous for His Exposure of the Yazoo Fraud, and for His Frequent Meetings on the Field of Honor.

his own rights were invaded or whenever an insult was wantonly offered him, James Jackson was ready to fight at a moment's notice; and, under strong provocation, could employ with telling effect the weapons of primitive man.

Kills Gov. Wells. in a Duel.

However, Governor Jackson's first duel antedated by some fifteen years the dramatic era of the Yazoo Fraud. Toward the close of the Revolution, he became involved in a controversy with Lieutenant-Governor Wells, in consequence of which the two men met in deadly encounter some time during the year 1780. The latter lost his life in this exchange of shots. Governor Jackson—then a Major in command of partisan troops—was severely wounded in both knees. If there were any eye witnesses to this duel, the details were never divulged, and tradition is strangely silent upon the subject. Judge Charlton, the authorized biographer of Governor Jackson, says this—"We only know that they went upon the ground without seconds and fought at the desperate distance of a few feet." However, among the papers of Governor Jackson has been discovered a letter in which he laments the necessity of the duel, stating that it was imposed upon him "by the overbearing disposition of the Lieutenant-Governor.* But if the temper of Governor Wells took fire any more readily than did Governor Jackson's, it must have been more explosive than nitro-glycerine.

His Duels with Robert Watkins.

Perhaps the most inveterate political enemy of the old Governor was Robert Watkins, of Augusta. Watkins was at this time one of the recognized leaders of the Georgia bar. He was a member of the Yazoo Legislature of 1795 and a supporter of the bill for the sale of Georgia's western

*Charlton: Life of Jackson, p. 18, reprint.

lands, regarding this measure purely in the light of a real estate transaction. With his brother, George, he compiled the earliest Digest of Georgia Laws.

But, most unfortunately, when the volume appeared, in 1800, it contained the obnoxious Yazoo Act, rescinded by the Legislature of 1796; and Governor Jackson, who was then occupying the Executive Chair, refused to draw his warrant upon the treasury and in other ways put the seal of his official condemnation upon this earliest Digest of Georgia Laws. In vain Watkins expostulated. He showed that while his digest carried the obnoxious measure, it also carried the Repealing Act, the one counter-balancing the other. But the old Governor was obdurate. He regarded the Yazoo Act as a usurpation and he did not wish to see it monumentalized upon the statute-books.*

Thus the issue was joined. On both sides there was much bitterness of feeling. At least three separate duels were fought between Gov. Jackson and Robert Watkins. In the last of these encounters, the old Governor was severely wounded in the right hip. He was lifted from the ground and, finding that he could still stand alone, insisted upon another exchange of shots. But the surgeon urged an examination. He pried into the wound and, fearing that the bullet might have entered the cavity, ordered a cessation of hostilities. With great civility, so it is said, Mr. Watkins helped to bear the wounded man from the field; whereupon, the old Governor, who remained perfectly rational throughout and who was not to be outdone in courtesy by his antagonist, was heard to observe:

"Hang it, Watkins, I thought I could give you another shot."*

Though a small appropriation was secured for the Watkins Digest, the book was never authorized. Capt.

*Shipp: Life of Crawford, pp. 38-39.
*Dutcher: History of Augusta, p. 227.

Horatio Marbury, then Secretary of State, with two commissioners, was subsequently appointed to make a Digest. William H. Crawford and George Watkins were chosen to assist him; but the latter, on account of his aggrieved feelings, declined to serve. Marbury and Crawford prosecuted the task alone and, in due time, completed the undertaking. It is known to this day as Marbury and Crawford's Digest of Georgia Laws.

Besides the formal encounters which took place between Jackson and Watkins, they met somewhat unceremoniously on certain occasions and engaged in fisticuff fights. One of these occurred soon after the Yazoo Act was rescinded, showing that the enmity between the two men ran back to the famous land speculation in which some of the most influential men of Georgia were involved. The difficulty occurred in Louisville, at the close of the Legislative session. We quote this paragraph from a letter describing the affair: "This was done to bring on dispute. Flesh and blood of such texture as mine would not bear it (i. e., the provocation offered by Watkins), and the lie and stick involuntarily flew on him."* In this encounter, Gov. Jackson was stabbed in several places and for a time his wounds were thought to be mortal.

His Duel With Gibbons.

Thomas Gibbons, a lawyer of Savannah, who as early as the year 1800 is said to have earned $15,000 per annum from the practice of law, an income equivalent to $60,000 at the present time, was frequently on opposing sides to Governor Jackson in civil litigation before the courts. He was also extensively engaged in land speculations. Consequently, there was little in common between the two men except a violent temper, the effect of which was to hasten them to the field. But they appear to have met

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*Charlton: Life of Jackson, p. 161.

only once, at which time three shots were exchanged between them, without effect.

There is nothing in the records on which to base any positive statement to the effect that Gov. Jackson ever became involved in personal difficulties with Gen. Gunn, but the latter was a notorious Yazooist and was a colleague of Gov. Jackson in the United States Senate when the latter relinquished the toga to begin his fight against the speculators. If they did not meet on the field of honor, it is little short of marvelous. In the opinion of not a few commentators upon the subject, the Yazoo Fraud has been overworked by historians. Some of the leading men of the State were concerned in it on the ground that it was merely a real estate transaction; and when we remember that it was before the days of railway and telegraph communication, we must admit that Georgia's western lands were comparatively worthless. Even so pronounced a patriot as Patrick Henry headed one of the Yazoo companies organized in Virginia.

But Governor Jackson was undoubtedly sincere in his fight against the Yazooists, whom he regarded in the light of conspirators. No man was ever more inflamed with the ardor of a righteous indignation. But he paid the penalty. According to Thomas Hart Benton, with whom he served in the United States Senate, his death, in 1806, was due directly to wounds received in a duel, the last of many caused by his opposition to the Yazoo Fraud. More than any other man in Georgia, Governor Jackson was distinguished for his prowess in personal combat; and he carried to his grave the scars of countless hostile meetings on the field of honor.

Taliaferro and Willis.

Even the Bench became infected by this homicidal mania. Col. Benjamin Taliaferro, a comrade-in-arms of the fiery Jackson, was also a duellist, though he is credited—in the authentic records—with only one encounter. Col. Taliaferro lived

at a time when lawyers were scarce in Upper Georgia. He was not himself a disciple of Blackstone, but such was his reputation, throughout the County of Wilkes, both for sound business judgment and for strict probity of character that, layman though he was, the Legislature which rescinded the Yazoo Act elevated him to the Bench and made him the first judge of what was then known as the Western Circuit. He was a man whose sense of decorum was unusually acute, but such was the ethical standard of the times with respect to duelling that his position on the Bench did not prevent him from meeting Col. Francis Willis for a round of buck-shot.

This was in 1796. Col. Willis was a man of means. He was also a prominent Yazooist. Aggrieved by some decision adverse either to his political faction or to his personal interests, he challenged Col. Taliaferro to a duel, which the latter lost no time in accepting. The Judge's aim was unerring; and, in the encounter which followed, Col. Willis received a wound in his right breast, so near the vital center, that he declined a second shot. Col. Taliaferro, in this engagement, used the old horseman's pistols worn by him when he belonged to Lee's Legion.*

Golden Age of the Duel.

But the Golden Age of the Code Duello in Georgia was the period extending from 1800 to 1830, when the public life of this State was dominated by two powerful personalities: Gen. John Clark and Hon. William H. Crawford. Party spirit in this State has never been more rancorous than during this period; and, indeed, to the feudal animosity between these two noted Georgians, making them the most inveterate personal and political enemies, some writers have even traced the origin of parties in Georgia. But this is not entirely accurate. During the Revolutionary period, our State was divided between the Whigs and the

*Gilmer: Georgians, p. 160.

Tories. For a score of years after the Federal Constitution was adopted, the Republicans and the Federalists were rival political parties in Georgia; and while the latter was never numerically very strong in this State, due to the fact that some of its leaders were actively involved in the Yazoo transaction, it was nevertheless at one time sufficiently entrenched in the citadel of wealth to force Josiah Meigs from the Presidency of Franklin College, on the ground that he was an extreme Jeffersonian.*

Gen. John Clark. At the close of the war for independence, John Clark with the prestige of his gallant record as a soldier, became a dominant figure in the politics of Upper Georgia. When only fourteen years of age, he had fought by his father's side at Kettle Creek and later had won military renown by his campaigns and forays against the Indians. The battle of Jack's Creek was so called in honor of John Clark whose nickname among his intimate friends and comrades of the army was "Jack." Trained in the exercise of arms, it is not strange that he should have carried his characteristics as a fighter into the arena of politics; nor is it strange that the veterans who followed his distinguished father and who knew John Clark himself in the perilous days of battle should have remained his loyal supporters to the very last.

Though not an educated man, at least in the academic sense, he was a man of strong intellect, rugged in character, somewhat blunt of expression, full of bold initiative, and with a rare capacity for leadership. According to Gov. Gilmer, he possessed the temper of the clansman and was domineering and dictatorial; but Gov. Gilmer was identified with the Crawford faction, few of whom could discover any virtue in John Clark. Gen. Jackson, in the lower part of the State, was for years a stumbling-

*W. H. Meigs: Life of Josiah Meigs, p. 92.

block in the way of Clark's ambition, for the old Governor did not approve of the latter's land speculations.

But in the polities of Upper Georgia, John Clark was an imperious figure. Here he was on his native heath; and here the frontiersmen flocked to his standard like the Highland clans to the horn of Rhoderick Dhu. Here as a leader whose word was law and gospel, he exercised an unopposed sway until a new star began to loom upon the horizon just north of Augusta and a new political Warwick arose to divide with him the honors of public life, in the person of his future hated rival, William H. Crawford.

William H. Crawford. Mr. Crawford was a man of Titanic proportions. At the Court of France, in after years, his majestic figure caught the admiration of the great Napoleon who impulsively declared that Mr. Crawford was the only man to whom he ever felt constrained to bow. Better educated than John Clark, he was a man of unusual culture for the times, a most effective public speaker, and a born leader of men. These qualities eventually made him United States Senator, Minister to France, Secretary of the Treasury, and, except for an unfortunate stroke of paralysis, might have placed him in the Presidential chair of the nation.

The settlers of Upper Georgia were at this time, in the main, either from Virginia or from North Carolina; and, according to ancestral bias, took sides in the political wrangles of this early period. As a rule, the North Carolinians attached themselves to Clark, while the Virginians allied themselves with Crawford, who likewise derived strong support from the aristocratic families of the Georgia coast. The elimination of Crawford became naturally the first strategic move of the Clark faction; and to accomplish this end a duel offered the most convenient instrument and promised the most effective results.

Mr. Crawford, unlike Gen. Clark, possessed little

knowledge of the use of arms. He was not a child of the camp. For this reason, his opponents argued that he would, in all likelihood, decline a challenge to the field of combat. In fact, such a refusal to fight was exactly what his enemies wanted, since they could then post him as a coward and easily accomplish his political undoing.

Crawford and Van Allen.

To put into effect this proposed plan of strategy, the first champion to represent the Clark faction and to test the mettle of Mr. Crawford's arm was a young Elberton lawyer: Peter Lawrence Van Allen. Mr. Van Allen was by birth a New Yorker. He came of an old Dutch family of the Empire State and, on the authority of tradition, was a kinsman by marriage to Martin Van Buren, the sage of Kinderhook. Locating in Georgia for the practice of law, he identified himself with the Clark faction and became Solicitor-General of the Western Circuit. He was also a Yazooist and a Federalist. Van Allen was a good speaker, witty and eloquent, and early in the year 1800 began hostile tactics against the opposite faction by bringing a petty suit against Judge Charles Tait, of Elberton, who was then Mr. Crawford's law partner and most intimate friend. In his speech to the jury, Van Allen assailed Judge Tait with merciless satire, and naturally the effect of this tirade was to nettle Judge Tait, who finally challenged him to fight.

But Judge Tait was not the game for which Van Allen was hunting; and on the ground that the judge was not a gentleman and, therefore, beyond the pale of the Code, he refused to meet him, expecting Mr. Crawford, of course, as Judge Tait's second, to take up the gage of battle and to carry on hostilities. However, Mr. Crawford was loath to step into his principal's shoes, since the quarrel was not one of his own seeking; and on this account he exposed himself to animadversion, incurring the well-meant criticism of many of his own faction.

But circumstances soon goaded him into a change of mind. While stopping at the Willis Hotel, in Washington, Ga., he chanced in an unexpected manner to encounter Van Allen, who grossly insulted him in the lobby of the hotel and challenged him to fight. According to the imperious standard of the times, there was no alternative for Mr. Crawford; and, rather than jeopardize his political fortunes by exposing himself to the charge of cowardice, he agreed to meet his antagonist.

As to what followed, we quote an account of the duel from a well-known historical writer: "It was arranged that Van Allen and Crawford should meet at Fort Charlotte, the famous old duelling ground, twelve miles below Petersburg, on the Carolina side. Crawford's bravery was not without stoicism, for he went to the place of meeting without the slightest preparation. He had borrowed a pair of old pistols to be used by him, and these he did not examine until the morning of the meeting, and in trying them, they snapped twice. On the first fire neither party was touched. Crawford afterwards stated to Judge Garnett Andrews that he was disconcerted on the first fire by an ugly grimace made by Van Allen, and that on the second fire he drew down his hat brim so that he could not see it. On the second round both combatants again fired, and Van Allen was seen to fall mortally wounded. Crawford was unharmed."*.

Crawford and Clark.

Two years elapsed before Mr. Crawford was again asked to vindicate his courage on the field of honor. This time it was John Clark himself who stepped into the lime-light and became one of the principals. On the resignation of Judge Thomas P. Carnes from the judgeship of the Western Circuit, Judge Griffin, a brother-in-law of Gen. Clark--both having married daughters of Col. Micajah Williamson---received from Gov. John Milledge an ad interim appointment to

*Shipp: Life of Crawford, p. 49.

the vacant seat. When the regular election was held by the State Legislature some time later, Judge Tait, a member of the Crawford faction, successfully opposed Judge Griffin for this office, though Judge Griffin was unquestionably a fine lawyer and a man of blameless reputation. Thereupon an acrimonious controversy ensued between Gen. Clark and Mr. Crawford, growing out of the issues of the campaign.

Smarting from the defeat of his candidate, Gen. Clark called Mr. Crawford to task for certain pre-election statements made by him to the effect that he, Gen. Clark, had influenced the grand juries of certain counties to recommend his brother-in-law. This brought forth a reply from Mr. Crawford. With pens dipped in vitriol both men indited bitter diatribes and branded each other with harsh epithets until finally Mr. Crawford, exasperated beyond control, challenged Gen. Clark to a duel, which challenge was, of course, promptly accepted by the impetuous old warrior.

Col. Thomas Flournoy, acting as second to Mr. Crawford, and Capt. Howell Cobb, serving in a like capacity for Gen. Clark, arranged the details for the hostile encounter. As the place of meeting, a secluded spot was chosen on the Carolina side of the Savannah River, just below historic old Petersburg and some eleven miles from where Van Allen, two years previous, fell before Mr. Crawford's deadly fire. But the duel was never fought. At this stage of the proceedings, a number of disinterested friends besought Gov. Milledge to intervene, urging the value to the State of both men, whose deadly intent portended fatal results.

With much difficulty, Gov. Milledge obtained the consent of both principals to the appointment of a board of arbitration, charged with adjusting the difficulties between them. Each belligerent was given the right to choose two friends to represent him, and these in turn selected a fifth arbitrator who was really to hold in his hands the balance of power. Jared Irwin, Abraham

Jackson, James Seagrove, David B. Mitchell, and J. Ben Maxwell constituted this court of appeals; and, on December 12, 1804, a plan of arbitration was submitted, to which both parties, without loss of prestige, yielded assent.

Another Issue Arises.

But the hatchet was only temporarily buried. The smoldering fires of hostility began to leap into renewed flame ere the ink was dry upon the paper which both signed in apparently good faith. Still, more than a year elapsed before matters reached anything like a crisis. On Feb. 24, 1806, Josiah Glass, a North Carolinian, appeared upon the scene in Georgia with a warrant for one Robert Clary, charged with the offence of stealing a negro. Judge Tait, in his capacity as a judge, was called upon to endorse this warrant, which he readily did as a matter of form, expecting a trial of the case to establish the facts.

In a few days thereafter, while on the Bench, he received a note from Glass in which the latter stated that Clary was ready to make an affidavit in which there would be some startling revelations. After tea, on the evening of this particular day, Judge Tait, taking with him a Mr. Oliver Skinner, repaired to the room where Clary was held a prisoner in charge of Glass. Thereupon followed a long confession in which statements were incidentally made involving Gen. John Clark, who it appears from this affidavit was charged with a land transaction for which the money paid in exchange was counterfeit.

Judge Tait attached no importance to this affidavit, for the deponent's character was such that he could not be trusted; and while he was none too friendly with Gen. Clark, he was above listening to a slanderous story in the mouth of a low criminal; so he informed Glass that the matter would not be prosecuted and need not be made public.

But Glass nevertheless took a copy of the affidavit which, in some mysterious way, fell into the hands of Gen. Clark. The latter on ascertaining that the affidavit was taken at night, immediately jumped to the conclusion that a foul conspiracy was on foot to wreck him and that, back of this dark proceeding, was his arch-enemy, William H. Crawford.

Passion often beclouds the truth. As a matter of fact, Clary was an unprincipled fellow who, knowing the differences between Clark and Crawford, sought to help his own case, while under arrest, by trumping up a charge against Gen. Clark; but Judge Tait was too just a man to give ear to what was manifestly a malicious fabrication.

Clark Appeals to the Legislature. Contrary to the General's past record, and at variance with his well-known fiery disposition, instead of inviting Judge Tait to meet him on the field of honor, he strangely enough presented a memorial to the State Legislature, asking for Judge Tait's impeachment. At this time, Mr. Crawford was a member of the House from Oglethorpe, and naturally he espoused Judge Tait's cause. As chairman of the special investigating committee, he submitted a report to the House, in which Judge Tait's good name was upheld, with the further statement that no evidence could be found on which to base an impeachment. This report was supported by Mr. Crawford in an eloquent speech upon the floor. His powers of logic, of sarcasm, and of invective, were never heard to better advantage; and, when a call of the roll was taken, on the adoption of the committee's report, there were only three votes cast in opposition, to fifty-seven in favor of exonerating Judge Tait.

Thus the matter ended. Gen. Clark was willing to let Judge Tait escape now that larger game was in sight; and, taking offence at Mr. Crawford's partisan activities in Judge Tait's behalf, and especially at his speech be-

fore the House, he sent him a challenge through his friend, John Forsyth. Mr. Crawford yielded compliance to this demand for satisfaction and selected George Moore to arrange the details for the meeting. On account of engagements in the Federal Court, John Forsyth was prevented from acting as Gen. Clark's second, whereupon the latter chose Gilbert Hay, of Washington, Ga., to fill this post.

Duelling Ground at High Shoals.

High Shoals, on the Appalachee River, in what was then Indian Territory, was the site selected for the proposed encounter. Near the scene of this hostile meeting, three counties to-day converge, viz., Walton, Morgan and Oconee. Before the duel took place, a code of rules was agreed upon by the seconds; and, on account of the light which these rules will serve to throw upon the history of the times, especially in showing how affairs of honor were conducted after the arrival of the combatants upon the scene of action, they are herewith reproduced in full, for the better information of those interested:

Art. 1. The pistols are to be smooth bore, and loaded with a single ball by the seconds of the parties, in the presence of each other and of the principals.

Art. 2. The distance shall be ten yards, the parties facing.

Art. 3. The seconds of each party shall place the pistol in the right hand of his friend, cocked, with the barrel as nearly perpendicular as possible, pointing up or down, and neither of the principals shall alter the position of the pistol until the word of command is given.

Art. 4. The signal for a discharge shall be: "Make ready; fire!" At the word "fire," each party shall discharge his pistol as near as possible after receiving the word; and should either party withhold his fire it shall be lost.

Art. 5. A snap or a flash will be considered the same as a shot.

Art. 6. Whenever the challenger shall express himself satisfied or shall receive a wound, judged by the survivors mortal, or whenever the challenged shall have received a wound and expresses himself satisfied, then the contest shall cease.

Art. 7. No conversation between the parties direct.

Art. 8. To prevent the possibility of suspicion, relative to improper wearing apparel, each party shall submit to an examination by the second of his opponent immediately before taking positions.

Art. 9. Choice of ground and the word to be decided by lot.

Art. 10. The seconds shall be properly armed to prevent a transgression of these rules and the interposition of any other person.

Art. 11. If either of the principals deviate from the foregoing rules, or attempt to take any undue advantage, either or both of the seconds are at liberty to fire at him.

Art. 12. If either party falls, no person except the surgeon shall be admitted until the opposite party leaves the ground.*

*Shipp: Life of Crawford, p. 73.

On December 12, 1806, according to agreement, the parties met at the place appointed; but due to some little dispute between the seconds as to details of arrangement, an hour elapsed beyond the time set for the affair at high noon and it was one o'clock before the belligerents were brought face to face. In the meantime, Mr. Crawford, keyed for combat, became restless and impatient. To quote his biographer, "he was temperamentally unfitted for a duellist," while Clark, on the other hand, "was a practiced fighter, thoroughly skilled in the use of weapons, and equally courageous." Quoting still further, from this same authority, "The result was what might have been anticipated. Crawford swaggered to the peg with the same degree of carelessness that he was wont to exhibit when addressing a jury in Oglethorpe. His left arm was forgotten and heedlessly held unprotected by his body in a way to catch the ball of the rawest duellist. At the first fire, Clark was untouched and Crawford's left wrist was shattered and the bones crushed in a way to cause him many weeks of excruciating pain. Clark was not satisfied and insisted that the shots be continued; but George Moore declined to allow his principal to proceed further, the terms of the agreement having been fully met."*

Humor of an Irishman.

With this decision the affair ended. But Gen. Clark was not appeased. He still hungered for satisfaction; and no sooner was Mr. Crawford well enough to resume professional activities than he received from Gen. Clark a second challenge to mortal combat, without any fresh grievance to warrant a renewal of hostilities. Mr. Crawford could now decline to meet him, without incurring adverse criticism or hazarding his reputation as a man of courage.

*Shipp: Life of Crawford, p. 73.

But the partisan warfare still continued between the loyal followers of the two men and, as time went on, the feudal inheritance was transmitted from sire to son, with solemn abjuration. Georgia was divided into two hostile camps; and even churches, while preaching a gospel of forgiveness, insisted upon a sharp line of division. Perhaps an amusing anecdote will illustrate the temper of the times:

"To introduce the subject of politics in any promiscuous gathering was to promote a quarrel. A son of Erin, lately from Limerick, opened a bar-room in a village in Greene County, Ga. He endeavored by strenuous neutrality, to catch the trade of both parties. After a week's trial, he gave it up in disgust. When describing this experience he said: 'As soon as a Crawford man would come in, he would at once inquire if this was a Crawford bar; and, faith, when I told him it was naither, he cursed me for a Clarkite and refused to drink. When a Clark man came in and I told him I was naither, he cursed me for a Crawfordite, and I sold not a gill to anyone. Faith, it pays to be a politician in Georgia.' "*

After Judge Tait With a Cow-Hide. Though Gen. Clark did not call Judge Tait to the field of honor, as a result of the alleged conspiracy for which he sought his impeachment by the Legislature, he did visit him in a most spectacular manner and in a most literal sense, with the marks of his displeasure. The story is thus told:

One day, in the summer of 1807, when Judge Tait, then an occupant of the Superior Court Bench, was driving along Jefferson Street, in Milledgeville, Gen. Clark came up, gracefully cantering on a handsome sorrel. The General always rode a fine horse, with best accoutrements, and rarely failed to make an impression. Whatever else might be said of him, John Clark was a born soldier,

*Shipp: Life of Crawford, p. 67.

and he appeared to special advantage on horse-back. Riding up to Judge Tait, he engaged him in a brief conversation:

"This is the first time I have seen you, sir," began Gen. Clark, "at least since your hasty departure from Louisville."

"Yes," replied the Judge, "I have not seen you since then."

"Tait," resumed the General, after a moment's pause, "under the cloak of judicial authority, you have sought to destroy my reputation, and for your infamous attempt to do so I shall give you the lash."

Thereupon, before any reply could be made, General Clark came down with his riding whip upon the shoulders of the jurist, inflicting severe blows upon him with the aid of powerful muscles. On account of his wooden leg, Judge Tait was no match for his irate antagonist. While the interview was in progress, Tait's horse took fright, but Clark kept along side of him until his wrath was appeased.

For this attack upon a Judge of the Superior Court, Gen. Clark was duly prosecuted and, on conviction, was sentenced by Judge Early to pay a fine of $2,000 and to give security for his good behavior for a period of five years. However, this sentence was never put into effect. Governor Jared Irwin, an old comrade-in-arms, feeling that Gen. Clark was an injured man, afterwards issued an executive order remitting the fine imposed upon him by Judge Early and furthermore releasing the old soldier from any and all other legal consequences attached to his rash conduct. As for Judge Tait, he afterwards became a United States Senator, but eventually removed to Alabama where he spent his last days.

Judge Dooly's Bee-Gum.

When Peter Van Allen fell at Fort Charlotte, before Mr. Crawford's fire, the solicitorship of the Western Circuit, made vacant by his death, was conferred by appointment upon

a gentleman noted in the annals of Georgia for his Attic salt: Hon. John M. Dooly. Judge Dooly was afterwards elevated to the Bench, from which circumstance arose the title by which he was universally known. He was easily the greatest wit of his day in Georgia, a master of satire and as quick at repartee as chained lightning. Public speakers seldom, if ever, engaged with him in joint debate, for prudential reasons. Crowds thronged his court-room whenever he appeared on the circuit; and if Charles Dickens could only have met this unique character, he might have improved upon the drolleries of Pickwick.

On a certain occasion, when this same feud between Clark and Crawford was still alive, Judge Dooly became involved in a controversy with his predecessor upon the Bench: Judge Charles Tait. As a result Judge Tait challenged him to mortal combat. There are several versions to this story, but, according to one of them, Judge Dooly accepted the challenge and actually appeared upon the scene of encounter, though he was notoriously opposed to shedding blood, especially from his own veins.

Gen. Clark was Judge Dooly's second, while Mr. Crawford, in a like capacity, served Judge Tait; and the affair was probably planned with the utmost seriousness by the friends of both parties. Now, it happened that one of Judge Tait's bodily infirmities was a wooden leg, and it was a knowledge of this fact which inspired Judge Dooly's singular feat of valor. At the appointed time, Judge Tait, with his second, Mr. Crawford, appeared upon the scene of action, where he discovered Judge Dooly sitting patiently alone upon a stump. In reply to an inquiry from Mr. Crawford, concerning the whereabouts of Gen. Clark, with whom he wished to confer in advance of the duel, Judge Dooly replied:

"Gen. Clark is in the woods looking for a bee-gum."

"May I inquire," asked Mr. Crawford, "what use he intends to make of a bee-gum?"

"I want to put my leg in it," replied Judge Dooly.

"Do you suppose for a minute that I am going to risk a good leg of flesh and blood against Tait's wooden stump? If I hit his leg, he can get him another one before tomorrow morning; but if he hits mine I may lose my life, certainly my leg; and to put myself on equal footing with Tait, I must have a bee-gum for protection. I can then fight him on equal terms."

"Then am I to understand that you do not intend to fight Judge Tait?", inquired Mr. Crawford.

"Well," responded Judge Dooly, "I thought every one knew that."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Crawford, "but you will fill a newspaper column in consequence of this day's business."

"So be it," replied the Judge, with an arch smile, "I would rather fill a dozen newspapers than one coffin."

There was nothing more to be said. Judge Tait was, of course, chagrined at this unexpected turn of affairs. He expected to humiliate Judge Dooly, even if he could not force him to fight; but Judge Dooly had cleverly managed the situation and, without putting his good legs in jeopardy, had come off the victor. Gallant Jack Falstaff himself could not have managed the affair with keener strategy or with cooler discretion.

Duelling Forbidden By Statute. Prior to December 12, 1809, there was no law on the statute books of Georgia forbidding the practice of duelling, though it was customary for belligerents to cross the State lines, to avoid indictment on the general charge of murder, in the event of fatal consequences. But the frequency of such affairs, involving men of the highest intellectual type and of the greatest public usefulness, eventually produced a revulsion of sentiment. The killing of Alexander Hamilton by Aaron Burr, perhaps more than any other event, served to call nation-wide attention to the imperative need of reform in this direction.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that not less than a thousand duels were fought in Georgia in consequence of this feudal enmity between Clark and Crawford; and there were few households in the State which were not bereaved, either directly or indirectly, by the countless sacrifices which were made during this period to appease the demands of this bloody Moloch.

Consequently, on December 12, 1809, Gov. David B. Mitchell signed a measure, passed by the General Assembly of Georgia, making it unlawful either to extend or to accept a challenge, or to be concerned in any way therein, either as principals or as seconds; and on conviction the offender was to be excluded from the right to hold any office of trust, honor, or emolument in this State.* Gov. David B. Mitchell, whose signature as Chief-Magistrate was attached to this measure, himself figured on one occasion in an affair of honor.

It was well enough to have such a law upon the statute-books, in deference to humane public opinion. But for years it was practically a dead-letter; and, to procure an acquittal from an average jury it was only necessary to show that the duel was fought in a decorous manner, according to the strict ethics of the Code of Honor. Here the law stopped. It required something more than a legislative enactment to uproot the traditions of chivalry in a land of Cavaliers.

General Floyd's Duel With Three Weapons

Perhaps the most famous of Georgia's Indian fighters was General John Floyd, who won renown on the frontier during the war of 1812. Skilled in the exercise of arms, there was scarcely any sort of weapon, from a shot-gun to a bowie-knife, with whose effective use he was not familiar; nor was it solely with Indian warriors that this seasoned old regular engaged in hand-to-hand encounters. Down in Camden County, Ga., where Gen.

*Clayton's Compilation, p. 529.

Floyd spent most of his life and where he lies buried on one of his plantations, tradition credits him with having fought what in some respects was the most extraordinary duel of which there is any record in the bloody chronicles of the Code.

His antagonist, a Mr. Hopkins, was equally skilled in the use of weapons, and equally fearless. It was Greek against Greek. As the challenged party, Mr. Hopkins claimed the right to choose weapons; but, instead of satisfying himself with one kind, he chose three—a most radical departure from the venerated traditions. To settle the grievance between them it was agreed to fire a round with shot-guns, at a certain specified distance. In the event neither was killed or disabled in this exchange of shots, they were to approach several feet nearer with drawn pistols, and if both remained on foot after this second fire, they were to end the affair in a hand-to-hand grapple with bowie-knives, fighting till one or both should fall mortally wounded.

On both sides, this program was commenced in deadly earnest. But Gen. Floyd's antagonist, in either the first or second round was so effectually disabled by loss of blood that resort to bowie-knives as a finality was abandoned. The incident suffices to show Gen. Floyd's grim hardihood as a fighter. His characteristics in this respect were transmitted to his son, Gen. Charles L. Floyd, and to his grandson, Capt. Richard S. Floyd, both of whom are credited with affairs of honor. Hon. Wm. G. McAdoo, the present distinguished Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's Cabinet, and the latter's son-in-law, is a lineal descendant of Gen. Floyd; and, while he has not emulated the prowess of his ancestor as a duellist, he has turned the fighting spirit of his family into industrial channels, with the result that he is to-day credited with one of the greatest achievements of modern times: the construction of the Hudson River tunnels.

Grim Relic Owned by Col. Williams.

Hon. Eb. T. Williams, of Atlanta, a distinguished member of the Georgia Bar, owns a duelling-pistol which figured in one of the most dramatic episodes of Georgia's history prior to the Civil War. It is an old flint-and-steel weapon, made by Manton and Son, of London, famous in an earlier day for the manufacture of fire-arms used on the field of honor. The barrel is one of very large bore, inlaid with platinum and encircled by silver bands. The device for sighting is also of silver, while the powder pan is covered with a layer of platinum. From end to end, the pistol measures some eighteen inches in length. It is handsomely engraved, and when fresh from the laboratory of Manton and Son, must have been a work of art. The pistol was purchased by Col. Williams years ago from an old locksmith of Augusta, by the name of Rogers.*

Duel Between Cumming and McDuffie.

According to legendary accounts, this grim relic of duelling days in Georgia figured in more than one tragic encounter; but the affair of honor to which its rust-covered cylinder unmistakably points, after a lapse of nearly one hundred years, was a duel which occurred at Sister's Ferry, on June 8, 1822, between Col. William Cumming, of Augusta, and Hon. George McDuffie, of South Carolina, the latter of whom afterwards became Governor of the Palmetto State and United States Senator. Colonel Cumming was a distinguished soldier of the United States in the war of 1812. He held the rank of Colonel in the regular army, but was Adjutant-General of the army operating on the Canadian frontier and was severely wounded in one of the battles of that campaign. Having resigned from the army, after the war, he was subsequently offered a Brigadier-General's com-

*This information obtained from Col. Eb. T. Williams in a personal interview.

mission by President Jackson, but declined the appointment. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, in 1846, he was appointed a Major-General in the U. S. Army, by President Polk, but declined this appointment also, mainly, no doubt, on account of his age, which was then about sixty.

It is difficult to vouch for the circumstances at this late day; but as gleaned from newspaper accounts the duel originated in this wise:* An article, without signature, appeared in one of the Augusta papers, supporting the claims of Mr. Crawford against those of Mr. Calhoun for President of the United States. This article provoked a salty reply from a gentleman of South Carolina, whose name was likewise undisclosed. The Georgia writer rejoined on the assumption that the South Carolina writer was Mr. McDuffie, which gentleman nettled by the strictures therein contained replied in the belief that his opponent was Col. Cumming, a gentleman whose pen was famous in the controversies of his time.

Both men were mistaken. The affair proved to be a comedy of errors. But no explanation was made on either side and subsequent developments led to a challenge, which was promptly accepted. It is understood that a proposition to which Mr. McDuffie gave assent but to which Col. Cumming demurred was made by mutual friends in the hope of a satisfactory adjustment; and, this effort failing, the details of the meeting were arranged by seconds after the usual custom.

According to newspaper accounts, Col. Cumming wished to fight in round-jackets or shirt-sleeves; but his antagonist suggested the conventional frock coat. This dress was accepted. At the appointed hour, Col. Cumming appeared upon the field in a suit of cotton; Mr. McDuffie came attired in silk. The combatants, facing each other at a distance of ten paces, exchanged shots. McDuffie's ball struck the ground about four paces from his own feet, while the bullet of his antagonist entered the

*Dr. R. J. Massey: Scrap-book.

former's back obliquely just below the short ribs and deflected. Only one round was fired, the surgeons agreeing that Mr. McDuffie was too severely wounded to continue the hostile interview.

This wound eventually caused the great orator's death. As a reason why the bullet did not penetrate deeper, the Augusta Chronicle, some time afterwards, in giving a purported authentic account of the affair, made this statement: "Cumming's bullet was loaded for the side, not for the back; and for the resistance of common drapery, not for several folds of strong silk."* On the authority of Judge John B. O'Neill, in his "Bench and Bar of South Carolina," the wound received by Mr. McDuffie in this duel changed his entire disposition, embittered his life, and sent him a wreck to his tomb.

Mr. Forsyth Wounded by a Sword Thrust.

John Forsyth was one of the ablest men of his day in the arena of national politics. While United State Minister to Spain, he negotiated with Ferdinand VII for the purchase of Florida. He represented Georgia in both wings of the Federal Congress and succeeded the dauntless Troup in the chair of Governor. Mr. Forsyth rounded his career in public life as Secretary of War, holding his portfolio under two Presidents: Jackson and Van Buren. As an orator, he was superior, in the judgment of many, even to Judge Berrien, our American Cicero, with whom, in the famous Tariff Convention of 1833, he engaged in a grapple of argument lasting for three days. From this contest he bore off the laurels.

But Mr. Forsyth, when a young man, came near losing his life in a duel which he fought with a Mr. Williams, an affair in which the weapons used were small swords. Mr. Forsyth received a severe wound in the neck. When Gen. John Clark invited William H. Crawford to mortal

*Sabine: Notes on Duelling, p. 242. Dr. R. J. Massey: Article in the "Sunny South."

combat, on the eve of the famous duel at High Shoals, it was Mr. Forsyth who, as the former's second, bore the challenge to Mr. Crawford; but the duties in the Federal Court prevented him from serving in this role when the duel occurred. The father of Mr. Forsyth, while holding the office of United States Marshal for Georgia, was instantly killed in a difficulty with the noted Beverly Allen, whom he sought to arrest. His grave in the church-yard of old St. Paul's at Augusta, is marked by a tombstone, on which an account of the affair is inscribed. Allen succeeded in making his escape.

Dr. Ambrose Baber. One of the most distinguished of Georgia's ante-bellum physicians was Dr. Ambrose Baber; and there were few men in the State before the war who possessed a wider circle of friends or left a profounder impress upon public affairs. Dr. Baber was long a resident of Macon. Though an active practitioner of medicine, the fascinations of public life became a charm too powerful to be resisted, especially by one whose intellect and information fitted him to adorn any station.* He represented this country at one time as Minister to Sardinia. He also sat repeatedly in the State Senate of Georgia, and for some time prior to his death held the office of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Georgia Masons. He was a power in politics. But among the other distinguishing marks of this accomplished gentleman was his deadly aim with a pistol and his expert use of the sword.

Surgeon in Beall-Mitchell Affair. Dr. Baber was a duellist. His first connection with an affair of honor was in 1825, when he was present in the capacity of a surgeon at the famous duel fought between Hon. Thomas D. Mitchell and Maj. Robert A. Beall.

*Judge R. H. Clark: Memoirs.

Col. Mitchell was allied with the Clark faction in politics and at the time of the duel was the newly elected Solicitor-General of the Southern Circuit. He was a native of Laurens District, S. C., but studied law at Eatonton, Ga., under Judge Eli S. Shorter, after which he settled at Hartford, Ga., to practice his profession. Major Beall was residing at this time in Talbotton, Ga., but afterwards removed to Macon, where he became the first mayor of the young town. At a later period in his life he also held a Brigadier-General's commission in the State militia.

The difficulty between the two men grew out of a trivial remark made by Col. Mitchell at the dinner table of a friend, to which remark Major Beall took exception. As a result there sprang up between these gentlemen a quarrel which proved to be so persistent that a resort to weapons offered the only sane solution and accordingly they agreed to adjust matters between them by fighting a duel at Hamburg, S. C., just opposite the city of Augusta. Capt. Joseph Morgan, second for Major Beall, and Mr. John P. Booth, second for Col. Mitchell, arranged the details. Two rounds were fired without effect, after which, mutual friends, a number of whom were present, intervened to prevent further hostilities. The courage of both men having been attested, a reconciliation was effected and the combatants shook hands on the field.

Duel With Thomas D. Mitchell.

Unfortunately, some comment upon the duel made by Dr. Baber, who attended as surgeon to Major Beall at Hamburg, S. C., was resented by Col. Mitchell. The latter subsequently published a card which gave offence to Dr. Baber, who, after a brief controversy on the subject, demanded of Col. Mitchell the satisfaction due a gentleman under the Code. The challenge was accepted, and rifles, at a distance of ten paces, were selected as the weapons. In the spring of 1826, the parties met at Ham-

burg, S. C., the scene of the former duel; and, on the second fire, Col. Mitchell fell, mortally wounded. The ball penetrated the lungs causing almost instant death.

Dr. Isaac W. Mitchell, a brother of the deceased, was present at the duel, acting in the capacity of surgeon, and attended upon the dying man in his last moments. It was a sad duty to perform, but the ordeal was soon over, and there were no pangs of lingering distress, thanks to the deadly work of the bullet. Dr. Mitchell was a life-long resident of Thomas County, Ga., where he amassed a large property and died well advanced in years. Col. Mitchell, at the time of his death, was still a young man, aged thirty-three, and unmarried. Exceptionally well-equipped for his profession, he was a man of splendid talents, but sensitive to a fault and inclined to be somewhat rash and dictatorial, especially when aroused by anger.

Tragic Death of Dr. Baber.

Dr. Baber survived his hostile encounter with Col. Mitchell by twenty years and was still in the prime of life when he came to his death in a most tragic and sudden manner. As narrated by Judge Richard H. Clark, the circumstances are these: Among the patients of Dr. Baber was a man with consumption, named Jarrell, in East Macon. On Saturday the doctor made for him a prescription which contained cyanuret of potassium. This drug consists largely of the elements of prussic acid, and if taken in too large a dose is a deadly poison. The prescription was put up by George Payne, then and now, a prominent druggist of Macon and a most excellent man. Detecting the mistake, Mr. Payne, nevertheless, filled the prescription, but tied it to the valve and wrote the patient not to take it, that it was a killing dose, and to show the prescription, with his note, to Dr. Baber, when he arrived. The next morning early Dr. Baber made his accustomed visit and was disappointed and irritated that his patient had not

taken the medicine the day before, as he directed. The dose was a teaspoonful.

"To satisfy you there is no danger in it." said the doctor to the patient, on the impulse of the moment, "I will take a double dose."

Suiting the action to the word, he swallowed two teaspoonsful, staggered to a chair, and in seventeen minutes, drew his last breath. The mistake was due to a misprint in the formulary used by Dr. Baber. Afterwards, due to the notoriety which this affair attained, the entire edition was called in and destroyed by the publisher, but no amends could restore the life of one of the most useful public men of the State. The excitement which prevailed throughout the city of Macon on the fatal Sunday morning which witnessed this tragic occurrence was most intense. It was Macon's dark Sabbath.

Crawford and Burnside.

On January 25, 1828, at Fort Mitchell, in the Creek Nation, on what is now the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, just below the present city of Columbus, occurred the famous duel between George W. Crawford and Thomas E. Burnside. Both principals were then talented young lawyers, residing at Appling, in Columbia County, Ga. The former was a kinsman of the renowned William H. Crawford and was himself destined to become scarcely less distinguished in the political history of Georgia. He served his State as Governor and held the portfolio of Secretary of War in the cabinet of Gen. Taylor, after which he presided over the historic Secession Convention, at Milledgeville, in 1861. As a lawyer, he encountered few equals at the Bar; and for his services in prosecuting the celebrated Galphin claim against the United States government, he received a fee of $80,000.

Burnside, who was fated to fall in this encounter on the threshold of what promised to be a brilliant career in public life, was an uncle of the noted Federal comman-

der Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, afterwards Governor of Rhode Island and United States Senator.

The duel between Crawford and Burnside grew out of a newspaper article published, without signature, in one of the Augusta papers, criticizing Hon. Peter Crawford, a Whig. Peter Crawford was for years prominent in Georgia politics and was at this time in very poor health. George W. Crawford, incensed at this attack upon his father by an unknown writer, demanded the authorship of this offensive card. But the editor declined to disclose the writer's name. Col. D. W. Lewis, who was afterwards Gov. Gilmer's private secretary, says that the writer of the article in question was a lady and that it was for this reason that Mr. Crawford's demand was refused.

However, Thomas E. Burnside assumed responsibility for the article, whereupon he promptly received a challenge from George W. Crawford to mortal combat. He seems to have been reluctant to fight, but at a time when the Code Duello was in vogue, he well knew the consequences to himself and to his political fortunes, should he refuse to meet his antagonist on the field. He, therefore, accepted the challenge and repaired at once to the scene of combat. But, on the night before the fatal meeting—perhaps with some premonition of the result in mind—he dispatched the following note to Mrs. Burnside:

Fort Mitchell, Jan. 24, 1828.

Dear Wife and Mother:

Tomorrow I fight. I do it on principle. Whatever may be my fate, I believe I am right. On this ground I have acted and will act. I believe I shall succeed, but if I do not I am prepared for consequences. Kiss the children and tell them that if I fall my last thought was of them.

Yours most affectionately,

THOMAS E. BURNSIDE.

This pathetic fragment sounds not unlike the message which Alexander Hamilton, on the eve of his fatal meeting with Aaron Burr, addressed to Mrs. Hamilton, on the subject of duelling. Nor was the fate of the two men

dissimilar. Thomas E. Burnside fell mortally wounded in the encounter which followed. His body was interred, with every show of respect, in the private burial ground of Col. Crowell, whose residence was not far from the spot on which the unfortunate man fell. More than two weeks elapsed before Burnside's family received the sad news, which, when it finally came, after so long a period of suspense, almost cost Mrs. Burnside her life; but she rallied her strength for the sake of her children and afterwards removed to Dahlonega, Ga., where she resided until her death.

Burnside was held in high esteem by his countless friends and colleagues at the Bar. He was a native of South Carolina, where he was born in 1794, and after settling at Appling for the practice of law, he represented Columbia County in the General Assembly of Georgia. The late Judge W. A. Burnside, for years a trustee of the North Georgia Agricultural College, was his son. Numerous tributes were paid to Burnside's character, and from these honors it may be inferred that he was a man of splendid parts. At Appling, a mass-meeting of his personal and political friends was held, over which Turner Clanton presided. There was also a meeting of the Bar of his circuit at which resolutions were adopted and a movement launched for erecting a monument.

According to Col. W. P. Price, this duel between Burnside and Crawford caused great excitement in Georgia and, more than any other personal conflict, it led the people of this State to make a crusade against duelling and to demand reform in the method of seeking satisfaction for aggrieved honor. Gov. Crawford always deplored the unfortunate affair and, down to the day of his death, expressed the tenderest solicitude for the bereaved widow and children, whose helpless condition he caused. On more than one occasion it is said that he substantially befriended them, by seeking the help of intermediate parties, without letting his own name be given, and for more than one act of kindness from an unknown friend the family was indebted to George W. Crawford.

Judge Cone's Assault Upon Mr. Stephens.

Alexander H. Stephens was not an athlete. It is doubtful if the former Confederate Vice-President ever tipped the scales at more than ninety-six pounds, his exact weight in 1843, when he made his maiden speech in the national House of Representatives. Throughout his long career in public life, he presented the typical look of an invalid, wan and emaciated. But Mr. Stephens was an utter stranger to the sense of fear, either moral or physical. He was game to the core; and every ounce of flesh which gripped his spare bones contained as much real pluck as Caesar ever displayed in Gaul.

On the steps of the old Thompson Hotel, in Atlanta, during the fall of 1848, there occurred an incident which well illustrates the courage of Mr. Stephens. It will also serve to show that he bore a charmed life. At this time he encountered somewhat unexpectedly Judge Francis H. Cone, of Greensboro, with whom he was then on strained terms. Judge Cone had severely criticized Mr. Stephens for something which the latter had either said or done in Congress, and among other choice epithets which the Judge is said to have used was the term "traitor".

Difficulties almost immediately ensued. Mr. Stephens probably infuriated Judge Cone by returning his vituperative adjectives, whereupon Judge Cone, delving underneath his broadcloth, whipped out a knife with which he made a leap toward Mr. Stephens. The latter was doubly at a disadvantage, not only because in avoirdupois he was a pigmy beside Judge Cone, but also because he was unarmed, except for an umbrella which shot out from his left elbow. With this somewhat unheroic weapon, Mr. Stephens sought to parry the blow of Judge Cone; but he was soon overpowered by his antagonist and fell bleeding upon the floor.

"Retract!" demanded the irate jurist, who now bent over his prostrate foe.

"Never!" replied Mr. Stephens, the blood gurgling from his wounds, but the proud spirit of the man still unquenched. Again the knife descended, severing an intercostal artery, but Mr. Stephens still refused to retract. He continued to grapple with his adversary, growing momentarily weaker and weaker, until at last rescue came from some of the hotel guests who, hastening to the scene of encounter, separated the belligerents. Though Mr. Stephens received the best medical attention, he lay for weeks hovering between life and death. Finally he arose from his sick bed to renew his campaign for re-election. But he never fully regained the use of his right hand which was frightfully lacerated in the struggle; and his penmanship as well as his person bore the marks of the encounter as long as he lived. In justice to Judge Cone, who was one of the ablest lawyers in the State and a man much beloved in his social and domestic relations, it may be said that he was completely upset by his violent anger and did not perhaps stop to think of the difference in physical strength between himself and Mr. Stephens. They had once been good friends, in spite of professional tilts and rivalries; and later on in life the cordial relations of earlier years were resumed.

Benjamin H. Hill Challenged by Mr. Stephens.

But this is only an incidental story. The affair between Mr. Stephens and Judge Cone could hardly be called a duel. It was not fought according to the ethics of the Code and was a one-sided battle, at least with respect to weapons. But there came a time when Mr. Stephens appeared in the role of challenger. It was during the presidential campaign of 1856, and the invitation to mortal combat grew out of a joint debate between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Hill in the town of Lexington. The period was one of transition. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Toombs had both left the old Whig party and had now come into the Democratic ranks; while Mr. Hill stood squarely upon the American or Know-nothing platform.

With merciless oratory Mr. Hill pilloried Mr. Stephens on his change of front. Mr. Stephens, in his speech assailed the American candidate for President, characterizing him as Judas, to which Mr. Hill retorted by saying that while Judas did betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver he did not abuse his Master after he betrayed Him. There was an implication in this language which Mr. Stephens did not like; but nothing further was said on the subject at this time. In a joint debate with Mr. Toombs at Washington, the latter was taxed in pretty much the same fashion. It was a novel spectacle to see a youngster like Mr. Hill touch the breastplates of old veterans like Mr. Toombs and Mr. Stephens; and stories of Jack the Giant-Killer began to circulate up and down the State.

What Mr. Toombs thought on the subject does not appear, but Mr. Stephens was by no means pleased with the garbled accounts which reached him within the next few days, and, putting some vitriol into his ink bottle, he wrote to Mr. Hill for information. Said he in substance: "I have been informed that in your speeches at Thomson and Augusta you declared that you had charged upon Mr. Toombs and myself that we had betrayed the Whig party and had acted toward it worse than Judas Iscariot, for though he betrayed his Master he did not abuse Him afterward; that you had thundered this in our ears and that we had cowered under your charges. Please let me know if this be true, at least so far as I am concerned."

To this letter Mr. Hill replied in substance that he had repeated at Thomson and Augusta exactly what had taken place at Lexington and Washington, no more and no less; that he met argument with argument, sarcasm with sarcasm, and ridicule with ridicule; that he disclaimed any personal ill-will and made shots only at those who built batteries.

Mr. Stephens was not satisfied with the terms in which this reply was couched, and several additional love-letters were exchanged in which Judas was the only

one of the disciples whose name was mentioned; and finally Mr. Stephens, nettled by what he considered an admission of the rumors with an effort to escape the consequences, challenged Mr. Hill to mortal combat. It was quite a predicament in which the latter was placed. He knew the risk which he was bound to incur, if he declined an invitation. At the same time, he shrank from fighting an invalid. He did not wish Mr. Stephens to take his life, nor did he wish to take the life of Mr. Stephens. Moreover, he was anxious to serve his State. Accordingly he declined the challenge; but he gave a summary of his reasons therefor and closed his letter with this paragraph: "While I have never at any time had an insult offered to me nor an aggression attempted, I shall yet know how to meet and repel any that may be offered by any gentleman who may presume on this refusal."

Unable to obtain satisfaction through this avenue of redress, Mr. Stephens published a card in which he set forth the result of the correspondence and lambasted Mr. Hill with picturesque epithets; but Mr. Hill, who was an adept at the same art, came back with his own review of the controversy and wound up by giving as his last reason for declining a duel with Mr. Stephens his now celebrated rejoinder:

"I have a family and a conscience; you have neither."

Mr. Hill Hurls an Ink Bottle at Mr. Yancey.

There have been many exaggerated accounts of a personal difficulty which occurred in 1862 between Benjamin H. Hill and William L. Yancey on the floor of the Confederate Senate. The dispute grew out of an argument with which Mr. Hill as usual was defending some policy of the Davis administration. It may have been on the bill for establishing a Supreme Court. At any rate, an exciting debate had been in progress for several days and Mr. Yancey had made some severe

strictures upon certain executive matters. Indeed, he had gone so far as to declare, in the heat of towering argument, that Mr. Hill had spoken what he knew to be false.

This was a declaration which carried a challenge, and, reaching for a missile with which to repel the charge, he chanced to strike an ink bottle upon his desk. Swiftly calculating the distance, he hurled this projectile at Mr. Yancey, with the force of a catapult and with the aim of a rifleman, striking the surprised Senator upon the cheek-bone. He had shown himself an adept in the use of ink-bottles, whether employed in the gentle art of letters or in the deep-chested and muscular science of pugilism; but he had also nettled the Titan wrath of one of the superb invincibles.

Things looked serious. Mr. Yancey was not a man to brook an affront. But the possibility of further difficulties was prevented by the interference of Senators who now rushed between the combatants; and the doors being closed the affair was amicably adjusted by mediating friends. With some difficulty, Mr. Yancey suppressed his resentment, feeling that the hot haste in which Mr. Hill had acted was perhaps natural under the circumstances and that the subject-matter of disagreement was too trivial to estrange patriots.

Both subsequently became fast friends. The story that Mr. Yancey's death, which occurred not long after this encounter, was due to the effect of the blow received from Mr. Hill, is only artistic fiction. The wound produced an effusion of blood, but it was never regarded as serious, and Mr. Yancey resumed his argument soon after the difficulty occurred. He subsequently died of kidney trouble. Both his brother, Col. B. C. Yancey, of Rome, and his son, Capt. Goodloe H. Yancey, of Athens, continued to be numbered among Mr. Hill's steadfast friends and supporters.*

*Benj. H. Hill, Jr.: Senator Benj. H. Hill of Georgia –His Life, Speeches and Writings, pp. 43-44.

General Toombs and Governor Brown.

Between General Toombs and Governor Brown there arose an issue during the days of Reconstruction which reached an acute stage during the summer of 1872, and while these distinguished Georgians never met on the field of honor they became involved in an acrimonious controversy which threatened at every moment to end in a resort to weapons. It was intimated by Gen. Toombs, in language which amounted almost to an open declaration, that Gov. Brown had been guilty of lobbying certain claims through the State Legislature, to which Gov. Brown returned an indignant answer, stating that if Gen. Toombs meant to accuse him of lobbying he was an unscrupulous liar.

Up to this time Gen. Toombs and Gov. Brown had been staunch friends. In the latter's famous issue with President Davis, over the Conscript Act, Gen. Toombs had sided with Gov. Brown. But the two men parted company under the bayonet regime of Reconstruction, Gen. Toombs urging resistance, while Gov. Brown advocated submission to the Federal authorities. With philosophic composure, Gov. Brown endured the ostracism to which his unpopular course exposed him; but his habitual calmness forsook him when Gen. Toombs stepped forward with his offensive implication.

At this stage of the controversy, there appeared upon the scene a gentleman, acting on behalf of Gen. Toombs, who wished to know if Gov. Brown was prepared for personal hostilities, to which Gov. Brown replied that he would reserve his answer until he received a challenge. In the meantime, however, with characteristic deliberation, he began to put his house in order and to arrange his private affairs so as to be prepared for whatever might happen. It is said that he even contemplated withdrawing his letter from the Baptist church until the affair was concluded; but there was never any ground for this statement. Mr. Grady's imagination hatched it up in order to give color to a sensational newspaper

report. If a challenge was contemplated by Gen. Toombs, it failed to materialize into a cartel. Controversial warfare was carried on in the public prints; but no invitation to go blood-hunting was ever issued or received.

Discussing the threatened hostile meeting between Gen. Toombs and Gov. Brown in 1872, Mr. Grady indulged in some humorous speculations. Said he: "In the first place, Gen. Toombs made no preparation for the duel. He went along in his careless and kingly way, trusting presumably to luck on quick shot. Gov. Brown, on the contrary, made the most careful and deliberate preparation. Had the duel come off, Gen. Toombs would have fired with his usual magnificence and his usual disregard of rule. I do not mean to imply that he would not have hit Gov. Brown; on the contrary, he might have hit him in a dozen places at once. But one thing is sure—Gov. Brown would have clasped his long white fingers around the pistol butt, adjusted it to his gray eye, and set his bullet within an eighth of an inch of the place he had selected. I should not be surprised if he drew a diagram of Gen. Toombs, and marked off with square and compass the exact spot he wanted to hit."

Last Duel Fought in the South.

On August 10, 1889, perhaps the last duel fought in the Southern States, according to the strict ethics of the Field of Honor, occurred in Alabama, near the Georgia State line, between J. R. Williamson and Patrick Calhoun, both of whom were captains of industry and railway magnates interested in Southern rehabilitation. The former, since deceased, was then President of the Rome, Chattanooga and Columbus R. R., with headquarters in Rome; while the latter, a direct lineal descendant of the Great Nullifier of South Carolina, was at this time attorney for the West Point Terminal Company, with offices in Atlanta. Mr. Calhoun has since become

a national figure, due to his connection with the great street railway system of San Francisco.

From an eye-witness to the affair, Mr. Gordon Noel Hurtel, who was present in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, the following account of the duel has been obtained. Says this writer:*

During a certain investigation before a legislative committee at the Georgia State capitol, Mr. Calhoun made a remark which reflected on the integrity of Captain Williamson, and Captain Williamson denounced the statement as a falsehood. Mr. Calhoun sent a letter by Captain Harry Jackson to the offending party, in which he demanded an apology. Captain Williamson referred the bearer to Captain Jack King. There was no retraction.,

Cedar Bluff, where it was planned to fight the duel, can be reached from Atlanta over the Rome and Decatur Railroad, via Rome, or over the Southern Railroad, via Anniston. It was strictly against the Code for newspaper reporters to attend a duel, and in the palmy days of the Code it was not difficult for duellists to rid themselves of too much publicity; but when the Calhoun-Williamson duel was fought not even the Field of Honor was too sacred for the staff correspondent.

Mr. Calhoun, with his second, Captain Jackson, went to Cedar Bluff by the Anniston route, and were accompanied by Edward C. Bruffey, of "The Constitution." Captain Williamson, with his second, Captain King, went to Rome over the Western and Atlantic route, and they were accompanied by Dr. Hunter P. Cooper, surgeon; Judge Henry B. Tompkins, Ed. W. Barrett, of "The Constitution," now editor of "The Birmingham Age-Herald," and myself. When our party reached Rome we were on Captain Williamson's private car, and it was decided to rush the car through Rome to avoid any legal interference. Ed Barrett and I knew there was going to be an effort made to prevent our attending the duel, and so we hid on the rear end of the private car by crouching down on the steps on either side.

The car was pulled rapidly through Rome, and Mr. Barrett and I went with it, but when we had gone some three miles west of Rome we were discovered and the car stopped. We were kindly but firmly ordered to get off. It was a hot day in the middle of summer and a thick dust had been stirred up by the fast-moving train. Through the heat and dust Mr. Barrett and I had to walk three miles back to Rome. When we reached there we met Captain Seay, who assisted us in chartering a locomotive. We found an engineer who knew the schedule on the Rome and Decatur Railroad, but we could hire no fireman. Mr. Barrett and I fired the engine and we were soon ready to pull out after Captain Williamson's special car.

*Article in the "Atlanta Constitution."

We found the special side-tracked just outside of Rome because Captain Williamson's engineer could not operate a train over the R. & D. Just as we came up Captain Williamson was shooting a pistol at a tree. In order to secure our engineer the duelling party were forced to allow Mr. Barrett, Captain Seay and myself to become passengers in the special car. I remember that Mr. Barrett, still feeling deeply aggrieved at the way we had been treated ordered a bottle of wine from the porter just to show that he felt perfectly at home on the special.

We reached Cedar Bluff in due time. The regular train from Anniston, on which were Mr. Calhoun, Captain Jackson and Mr. Bruffey, had already been held up by a typical sheriff with a picturesque wide-brimmed white hat, who swore that no darn train was going to move until he got Pat Calhoun. We spent about a half hour at Cedar Bluff, and as no one would point out Mr. Calhoun to the sheriff there did not seem any good prospect of moving. It was then that Mr. Bruffey stepped up to the sheriff and said, "Well, there is no use in causing any more trouble. I'm Pat Calhoun." The sheriff grabbed his prisoner and was about to move off with him to the jail when a Cedar Bluff storekeeper remarked, "That ain't Pat Calhoun, that's Ed Bruffey." Even in that remote country village, Ed Bruffey was known.

Captain Jackson, calling me to one side, told me to inform the sheriff that the United States mail train was held up, and a very serious offense was being committed. The sheriff decided to let the mail train go on through to Rome, and we passed the word around so that all of the party which had been on the special boarded the regular train. Our engineer was told to follow us as soon as possible. We rode on the regular passenger some two or three miles east of Cedar Bluff and disembarked. In a few minutes the special came up. It was decided to fight the duel then and there, and in a small open field a distance of fifteen paces was marked off and preparations made for the fight.

"Look out," some one in our party yelled, "here comes the sheriff and his posse."

Sure enough, down a hill there came clattering some dozen men on horseback, and armed with winchesters.

"Everybody on the car," Mr. Barrett cried out, and we were quickly aboard and soon speeding down the railroad still going in the direction of Rome and nearer to the State line. We must have gone some ten miles when the special was stopped and the party again disembarked. I do not know to this day whether we were in Alabama or Georgia. Objection was made by Mr. Calhoun to Judge Tompkins going on the field, and the judge remained in the car. The train had stopped in a cut, and we had to walk about fifteen yards to reach a level place, and this was found to the left of the railroad and about a hundred feet therefrom.

Fifteen steps were paced off and Mr. Calhoun was placed facing the west, and Captain Williamson facing the east. The sun at that time

was just descending below the horizon and the skies and woods were flooded with a golden light.

It was discovered that the box of cartridges had been left on the car, and I was sent back after them. I opened the box with my knife and handed it to Captain Jackson. The pistols which had been agreed upon were the new improved hammerless Smith & Wesson, and each party was to have five shots. Right here it might be mentioned that Captain Williamson was under the impression that the five shots were to be continuous. Captain King loaded Captain Williamson's weapon and placed it in his hand. Captain Jackson, after having slipped one cartridge into Mr. Calhoun's pistol, could not make the cylinder revolve. Mr. Bruffey volunteered to assist and, taking the pistol from Captain Jackson's hand, began to load it. Everything was so deathly still that the rustling of a leaf sounded like the rumbling of a train, when suddenly there rang out a sharp report—

Bang!

"There," exclaimed Mr. Bruffey, "I have shot my finger off."

Dr. Cooper offered to bind up the wound, but Mr. Bruffey, using his handkerchief to stop the hemorrhage, placed his hand against a sapling and said:

"Don't worry about me, gentlemen, go on with the duel."

When all was in readiness the command was given by Captain King. Both pistols were raised and several sharp reports rang out. Captain Williamson had fired all five of his shots and none had taken effect. Mr. Calhoun had fired only one shot and still had four in reserve.

"Now, Captain Williamson," said Mr. Calhoun, "I have four balls left, and I demand that you retract the insult you offered me."

Captain Williamson called to his second, Captain King, but Captain Jackson drew a pistol from his pocket, stating that he would be forced to shoot any person who moved upon the field.

To his antagonist, Captain Williamson then said:

"I have no shots left and you have four. You will have to fire them."

Mr. Calhoun, after hesitating a few moments, called to his second, Captain Jackson. But at this point, Captain Seay stepped forward and said that under Captain Jackson's own ruling no one ought to move. Captain Jackson admitted this to be correct, whereupon Mr. Calhoun, facing Captain Williamson, said:

"Sir, I have your life in my hands, but I will say to you now that I meant no reflection on your character by my remark before the legislative committee, and, saying this, I fire my shots into the air." The four shots were so fired. Captain Williamson, then said to Mr. Calhoun, "Since you have made your statement, I gladly retract what I said to you." All parties shook hands and boarded the train for Rome, where the special was coupled to a train for Atlanta, and so ended without bloodshed what promised to be a fatal encounter.

But the Code Duello has passed. There is not a State in the Union nor a country on the globe in which the practice has not been condemned by public sentiment, crystallized into forms of law; and even in France, where the custom originated, its expiring gasp has at last been heard. On this side of the water it has slept the sleep of the dead for a score of years; and, except in the literature of a former time, its baleful effect upon our civilization is no longer seen or felt. In some respects, it was not an unmixed evil. It made men observant of the proprieties of speech, knowing full well the responsibility which attached to words. It protected the weak against the strong; and it safeguarded the honor of woman. There was no place for cowardice under a Code which put an iron emphasis upon manly virtue and which served to revive, in many of its finer phases, the heroic age of knighthood. But, when everything to the credit of duelling has been said and written, it still remains that for sheer destructiveness, its only rivals in the world's modern life have been pestilence and war. No arithmetic can count the graves it has dug, compute the hopes of happiness it has dashed to the ground, or number the hearthstones over which it has hung the pall of a premature desolation. But the Fates have kindly intervened. With remorseless irony it has come to pass that, for this writer of epitaphs, an epitaph has at last been written; that, for this insatiate archer, there has come at length an arrow whose point has found the pulsing heart-center of life; and that, goaded by the nightmare of its own hideous dreams, this murderous custom has at last fallen underneath its own fire on the Field of Honor.

SECTION II

Landmarks and Memorials

SECTION II

Landmarks and Memorials

CHAPTER I

Hernando De Soto: Memorials of his March through Georgia in 1540

ON March 30, 1539—nearly two centuries before Georgia received her charter from the Crown of England—there landed at Tampa Bay, on the coast of West Florida, a band of Spaniards, six hundred strong, under the command of the renowned adventurer, Hernando De Soto. These cavaliers of Spain were clad in handsome armor and provided with horses splendidly caparisoned, and resembled rather a cavalcade of knights en route to tournament than a band of adventurous argonauts seeking for hidden treasure in an unsubdued wilderness. The avowed purpose of the expedition was to discover the fabulous wealth of the New World; and, after claiming the country in the name of Charles V and planting the flag of Spain in the white sands of Florida, De Soto pointed his jeweled sword toward the North.

So far as authentic records go, these were the first Europeans to set foot upon the soil of Georgia. From time to time navigators had skirted the coast, entering perhaps for a short distance the mouths of rivers, but none had ventured to explore the interior, at least beyond the range of tide water. It was still an unknown land

when De Soto stood upon its borders and peered into its vast solitudes in the spring of 1540. But before tracing the route which lay before these bold but deluded Spaniards, let us cross the water to the ancient town of Seville and take a hasty survey of the events to which this strange spectacle on the shores of the New World was only the dramatic culmination.*

Hernando De Soto, at the time of this expedition to America, was perhaps the foremost man of his age at the Court of Spain. As a lieutenant-general under the renowned Pizarro, he bore a conspicuous part in the conquest of Peru and returned home flushed with distinction and enriched with the spoils of the Incas. But life at the Spanish Court grew tame to one whose breast was aglow with the spirit of adventure; and, envious of the greater fame of his old chieftain, he sought and obtained from

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*Original Sources. Four original manuscripts deal with the history of De Soto's expedition:

(1) The brief report of Biedma, an officer of the expedition, presented to the King, in 1544, immediately after the return to Spain.

(2) Next, in point of time, but of first importance for detail and general appearance of reliability, is the narrative of an anonymous Portugese cavalier of the expedition, commonly known as the Gentleman of Elvas, originally published in the Portugese language, in 1557.

(3) Third, in order, comes the Spanish narrative of Garcilaso, written but not published in 1587, a document which deals in gross exaggerations.

(4) The last original account is an unfinished report in Spanish by Ranjel, Secretary of the expedition, written soon after reaching Mexico, but not published, except in mutilated extracts, until 1851.

Secondary Authorities:

(1) Researches on America, by James H. McCulloh (1816).

(2) The Conquest of Florida, by Theodore Irving (1845).

(3) History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Mississippi Valley, by John M. Monette, M. D. (1848).

(4) History of Georgia, by Bishop Wm. B. Stevens, M. D., Vol. I (1847).

(5) Synopsis of the Indian Tribes within the United States, East of the Rocky Mountains, by Albert Gallatin (1836).

(6) History of Alabama, and incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, by Albert J. Pickett (1851).

(7) History of Hernando De Soto and Florida, by Barnard Shipp (1881).

(8) History of Georgia, by Chas. C. Jones, Jr., Vol. I (1883).

(9) Romantic Passages in Southwestern History, by A. B. Meek (1857), including Pilgrimage of De Soto (1839).

(10) Myths of the Cherokee by James Mooney (1900), House Document, Vol. 118.

the Spanish Crown permission to explore an indefinite region of the New World, then known by the name of Florida. It will doubtless be remembered that the ill-fated Ponce de Leon, in search of his fabled fountain of youth, some years before, had bestowed this name upon what he took to be an island of vast magnitude and of untold wealth.

Dazzled by the prospect of enlarging the boundaries of his empire, the King readily granted this coveted boon. It was agreed that certain royalties accruing from the treasures obtained on the expedition, whether taken from graves and temples or discovered in mines, were to revert to the Crown; and, in order that he might the more readily command a convenient base of operations for the hazardous enterprise, De Soto was commissioned Governor of the Island of Cuba. It was not a difficult task to obtain followers. The age was one of romance. Tales of fabulous wealth had fired the imagination of the Spaniard. De Soto himself was sanguine of success; and though the conquest of Peru had netted him 180,000 crowns of gold, he expected to find still vaster treasures on this new voyage to the West.

Six hundred men, picked with discrimination from the chivalry of Spain, were obtained for the expedition. Says Jones:* "This little army was composed of men accustomed to wars, skilled in the use of weapons, and inured to hardships. Scarcely a gray head appeared amongst them." Twelve priests, eight clergymen of inferior rank, and four monks accompanied the army, showing that, in the feverish thirst for conquest, the conversion of the aborigines was not forgotten. Moreover, men of letters, to perpetuate the events of the march and to acquaint posterity with the details of an affair so momentous, were found eager to accompany the adventurous knights.

*Jones: History of Georgia, Vol. I, p. 38.

In due time De Soto embarked for Cuba. Here, busy with preparations for a protracted march over land, he remained until the spring of the year following. On Sunday, May 18, 1539, in a fleet of nine vessels, he sailed from Havana to Florida, arriving at Tampa Bay within twelve days thereafter, where he set up the royal standard of his sovereign. Thus began one of the most eventful marches in the history of time. But fate delights in strange ironies. Four years later, after wandering to the distant slopes of the Rocky Mountains, a remnant of the once buoyant band, haggard and exhausted, found themselves upon the borders of Mexico. But De Soto was not among them. The bold leader of the enterprise, who expected to eclipse the fame of Pizarro, slept beneath the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Memorials of De Soto's march still abound. In the neighborhood of Tallahassee, where most of the historians locate the ancient town called by the Spaniards, Anhayca, pieces of Spanish armor have been found, in addition to other European relics of a remote period. While the accounts furnished by the Spanish narrators are quite full it is difficult, in a study of ancient towns and villages, to make the descriptions in each case conform to modern landmarks; but there are monumental remains still extant which will serve as sign-boards to the antiquarian.

On Wednesday, March 3, 1540, after wintering at Anhayca, the army began once more to move northward. Its objective point at this time was Yupaha, a province governed by a woman, whose chief city was reported to be one of great size. Among some Indians captured by a roving party of Spaniards was a lad who spoke knowingly of this queen and of certain chiefs who paid tribute to her in gold; and so vividly did he describe the process of taking the yellow metal from the earth, of melting it in crucibles, and of taking it therefrom refined and puri-

fied that the eyes of the Spaniards began to sparkle with triumph. At last, they were fringing the Land of Gold.

Four days later, beyond a doubt, the Spaniards stood upon Georgia soil, having crossed the Ocklockonee River. Within forty-eight hours they came to an Indian village called Capachiqui. Here, at sight of the Europeans, there was at first great consternation among the natives, who took flight as the Spaniards approached; but when five of the Spaniards visited some Indian cabins, encompassed by a thicket, they were attacked from ambush. As a result, one was killed and three were badly wounded. Says Jones: "Thus does the Gentleman of Elvas record the death of the first Spaniard who fell upon what is now the soil of Georgia."

Toalli, the next Indian village at which the Spaniards arrived, on the 21st of March, is located by Jones at some point south of Ocmulgee River, perhaps in the present county of Irwin; and, after remaining here for three days, they made a short journey to Achese, a village located upon the above-named stream, in the neighborhood of what is now the town of Abbeville. According to Gallatin, Achese or Ochis was the Muscogee name for the Ocmulgee River. Here the inhabitants likewise fled before the Europeans; but the chief was found to be friendly and he informed De Soto that further on there reigned a powerful king whose country was called Ocute. To assist him in finding the place a guide was furnished. On the first of April, De Soto resumed his march, skirting the edge of a river whose shores were found to be thickly inhabited. Within four days, he arrived at Altamaco, the locality of which is unidentified; but on the tenth day he reached Ocute, the principal town of which was probably somewhere in the neighborhood of the present city of Dublin. According to Colonel Jones, the banks of the Oconee River in this neighborhood give token that in former times the aboriginal population was

somewhat dense. On approaching the town, he was met by 2,000 Indians, bearing as a present from the chief an abundance of wild game, including partridges and turkeys.

Here he remained until April the 12th. When ready to depart, he obtained from the chief four hundred burden-bearers to accompany him on the march; and, after passing through Cofaqui, he came to Patofa, the chief of which town received him with every mark of consideration. It is astonishing how kindly the Spaniards were treated by the natives when the rapacious character of the expedition is taken into account. They misused women; they employed men as beasts of burden; supplies of every kind were appropriated by them; and in quest of costly ornaments they even ransacked temples and burial places of the dead.

On leaving Patofa, De Soto taxed the king for enough maize to last the expedition four days; but it so happened that soon after leaving the Indian village, he lost the trail which he was following. For several days, the Spaniards wandered blindly through the pine barrens, fording with difficulty two rivers, probably the sources of the Great Ogeechee; and swimming another, supposed by Jones to be Briar Creek, in what is now the county of Burke. On the 28th day of April, the expedition arrived at Cutifachiqui, a town which Monette locates just north of Augusta at a point where Broad River enters the Savannah. McCulloh places it on the Ocmulgee River, near Macon; but, according to other authorities, including Pickett, Gallatin, Jones, Mooney and others, it occupied the site of Silver Bluff, on the Carolina side of the Savannah River, some twenty-five miles below Augusta. It was here that George Galphin, the celebrated Indian trader, afterwards lived during Colonial times. Mooney thinks it was probably an ancient capital of the Uchees.

It was not without the greatest difficulty that the Spaniards reached Cutifachiqui. Four Indians were captured who refused to give them any information concerning adjacent villages; but one of them having been burned alive the information was at last forthcoming that Cutifachiqui was only two days off and was ruled by a woman. Yupaha, therefore, seemed to be at hand. On learning of De Soto's approach, the queen sent canoes to assist him across the river; and when he came into her presence she threw over his head a string of pearls. Moreover, food in abundance was given to his famished men and horses.

But De Soto ill-requited the queen's kindness. He began a systematic search for pearls of which he learned that she possessed a goodly number; desecrated graves, taking therefrom many costly ornaments, including figures made from iridescent shells; and even invaded the temple, leaving it poorer in sacred relics. On hearing that the queen's mother was a widow, he expressed a desire to meet her and tried persistently to do so; but her ladyship eluded him at every turn. At last the queen herself became so incensed at the outrages perpetrated upon her subjects by the Spaniards that when De Soto announced his purpose to continue his journey she refused either to grant him supplies or to give him directions.

Thereupon the Spanish Governor put her under arrest; and, upon resuming his march, on the third day of May, he compelled her to accompany him on foot, escorted by female attendants. While at Cutifachiqui, the Spaniards found hatchets and other implements made of copper, some of which appeared to be mixed with gold. On inquiry they were informed that the metal had come from an interior mountain province called Chisca, but the country was represented as thinly populated and the way as impassible for horses. Some time before, while advancing through lower Georgia, they had heard of a rich and plentiful province called Coosa, toward the north-west;

and now by the people of Cutifachiqui they were informed that Chiaha, the nearest town of the Coosa province was twelve days inland. As both men and animals were already nearly exhausted, De Soto determined not to attempt the passage of the mountains then, but to push on at once toward Coosa and recuperate before undertaking further exploration.

However, the first objective point of the Spaniards, after resuming the journey, was Gauxule, situated near the extreme northern limits of the queen's domain, in a mountainous region. Hardships multiplied, but in seven days the province of Chelaque was reached. Both Mooney and Jones identify Chelaque as Cherokee, Georgia; and, according to the latter, De Soto was now probably within the confines of the present county of Franklin. The country was almost destitute of maize. It was also extremely uneven; and not less than five days were spent in reaching Xualla, the next town at which the Spaniards stopped. Pickett locates this town in Habersham County, near what is now the town of Clarksville; and there are Spanish antiquities in the neighborhood which seem to warrant this impression. Irving locates it on the site of a former Indian town at the head of the Chattahoochee River; while, according to Jones, it was situated in Nacoochee Valley, near the foot of Mount Yonah. There are also numerous relics in this vicinity, which point to the Spaniards.

From this place, De Soto seems to have moved in a westerly direction; but scarcely were his columns in motion before the queen succeeded in making her escape into the forest, and so effectually did she elude pursuit that efforts to recapture her proved fruitless. The journey from Xualla to Gauxule consumed five days. Mountains arose on every hand, with intervening valleys, rich in pasturage and irrigated by clear and rapid

streams. Gauxule, according to Jones, occupied the site of Coosawattee Old Town in the county of Murray. Two more days of travel brought the Spaniards, on the 22nd day of May to Conasauga, which, according to Meek and Pickett, was a town on the Conasauga River, in Murray County, but which, according to Jones, was between the Conasauga and the Coosawattee Rivers, in Gordon County, on the site of New Echota. Thence dispatching an Indian messenger ahead to announce his arrival, De Soto, on June 5, 1540, reached Chiaha, which most of the authorities identify as the modern city of Rome, between the Oostanaula and the Etowah Rivers.

It may be of interest in this connection to state that an eminent investigator, James Mooney, dissents from the majority view on this subject and locates Chiaha on the site of the present town of Columbus. While his opinion in the matter may strike the average reader as somewhat erratic, it cannot be lightly dismissed. Mr. Mooney is a recognized authority on American antiquities. He is connected with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., and is not only the latest scholar to investigate the route of De Soto but, what entitles his view to special weight is the fact that he has based his researches largely upon an original document which was not published, except in a mutilated form, until 1851, and which was not consulted by the other investigators, namely, an unfinished report in Spanish by one Ranjel, secretary to the expedition.

There is no essential deviation between Jones and Mooney until the Spaniards leave Cutifachiqui, which both identify as Silver Bluff. Then the two commentators part company; and where Jones locates Xualla in Nacoochee Valley, Mooney locates it at the head of the Broad River in Western North Carolina, where a tribe of Indians then lived called the Suwali, better known

later as Cheraws. Gauxule, a town which the Spaniards reached after traveling in a westerly direction, he locates in Nacoochee Valley. Thence proceeding down the Chattahoochee River, he identifies Conasauga as an old Indian town near the banks of this stream, in the neighborhood of Kennesaw Mountain, a name whose similarity of sound may be something more than a mere coincidence; and finally he comes on down to Columbus, in the situation of which town he recognizes the Chiaha of the Spanish narratives.

Whether it be Rome or Columbus, De Soto remained at Chiaha for nearly a month. At the expiration of this time, he parted from the king with kind words, and left on July 1, 1540, for the far west, accompanied by a retinue of slaves as the king's gift. In a short while he was beyond the territory of Georgia. To trace his wanderings through a trackless forest, exposed without protection to the torrid heat of summer and to the rigorous cold of winter, exhausted by hunger, enfeebled by disease, is not within the purview of this sketch. It suffices to say that the gold for which the Spaniards relinquished home and braved the solitudes of an unknown wilderness proved an illusive phantom. Most of them looked no more upon Spain. At last, on Sept. 10, 1543, a pathetic remnant reached Panuca, in Mexico, after suffering untold hardships; but not until they had lowered the body of De Soto secretly at night into the bosom of the Great Father of Waters, where at last his splendid fabric of dreams literally crumbled into dust.

ITINERARY OF HERNANDO DE SOTO

(1) According to Jones:

March 3, 1540.	Left Anhayca (Tallahassee, Fla.).
March 7, 1540.	Crossed a deep river (Ocklockonee).
March 9, 1540.	Arrived at Capachiqui.
March 21, 1540.	Came to Toalli, in Irwin County (near the Ocmulgee).
March 24, 1540.	Left Toalli.
March 25, 1540.	Arrived at Achese, in Wilcox Co. (on the Ocmulgee).
April 1, 1540.	Departed from Achese.
April 4, 1540.	Passed through the Town of Altamaca.
April 10. 1540.	Arrived at Ocute, in Laurens Co. (near the Oconee).
April 12, 1540.	Left Ocute. Passed through a town whose lord was called Cofaqui, and came to the province of another lord, named Patofa.
April 14, 1540.	Departed from Patofa.
April 20, 1540.	Lost in a pine barren. Six days consumed in fording two rivers (sources of the Great Ogeechee).
April 26, 1540.	Set out for Aymay, a village reached at nightfall.
April 28, 1540.	Departed for Cutifachiqui (Silver Bluff, on the Savannah, 25 miles below Augusta).
May 3, 1540.	Left Cutifachiqui..
May. 10, 1540.	Left Cutifachiqui (Cherokee, Ga,, probably in Franklin County).
May 15, 1540.	Arrived at Xualla (Nacoochee Valley, near Mount Yonah).
May 20, 1540.	Arrived at Gauxule (Coosawattee Old Town in Murray County).
May 22, 1540.	Arrived at Conasauga (New Echota, in Gordon Co.).
June 5, 1540.	Arrived at Chiaha (Rome, Ga.).
July 1, 1540.	Departed from Chiaha.

(2) According to Mooney:

March 3, 1540 to May 10, 1540.	In substantial agreement with Jones.
May 15, 1540.	Arrived at Xualla (town in Western North Carolina, belonging to the Suwalli Indians, at the head of Broad River).
May 20, 1540.	Arrived at Gauxule (Nacoochee Valley).
May. 22, 1540.	Arrived at Conasauga (town of this name, near Kennesaw Mountain).
June 5, 1540.	Arrived at Chiaha (Columbus, Ga.).
July 1, 1540.	Departed from Chiaha.

CHAPTER II

"Home, Sweet Home:" John Howard Payne's Georgia Sweetheart and Imprisonment

IT is one of the ironies of Fate that the poet from whose pen has come the best-known lyric of the hearthstone was himself a homeless wanderer. With little knowledge of domestic happiness, he sang of home, not as a possession, but as a want; and, for more than thirty years, he was even fated to fill an exile's grave, on the far shores of the Mediterraneon. The absence of any strong domestic ties first led him, when a mere lad, to seek his fortune abroad. On returning to America, after a lapse of two full decades, his wandering footsteps at length brought him to Georgia, where two experiences of a widely different character awaited him; a jail and a sweetheart. From the former of these binding spells he was soon released, through the prompt intervention of an influential friend. But, in gentle bondage to the latter, he remained a life-long prisoner. His heart underwent no change. As for the fair object of his affections, she retained her maiden name to the end of her days and, dying at the ripe age of seventy-six, carried to her grave in Oconee Cemetery, at Athens, an undimmed image of her poet-lover: the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home."

The world has not forgotten the pathetic story of John Howard Payne. But the tendency to exaggerate has led a host of writers, eager for dramatic effect, into

THE VANN HOUSE:

Spring Place, Ga., where John Howard Payne was Imprisoned in 1836.

gross misstatements. Indeed, there are few, who, in sketching Payne's life, have not drawn more largely upon fancy for materials than upon fact.

Payne was never at any time the shiftless, ne'er-do-well, or the penniless vagabond which he has often been made to appear by these caricature artists. Most of his life, it is true, was spent in bachelor quarters and among remote scenes. He also lacked business acumen; but those upon whom nature bestows the divine afflatus are seldom merchants or bankers. With the conveniences of an assured income, he was unacquainted; and the caprices of Fortune often entailed upon him financial embarrassment. On more than one occasion he knew what it was to be without a dollar in his pocket when creditors were clamorous. But he earned a fair livelihood. At times, his wares brought him a substantial recompense; and, while his money lasted, he was a Prince of Bohemians. During the last years of his life, he held an important consular position at Tunis, in Morocco.

Born in the city of New York, on June 9, 1792, the early boyhood days of John Howard Payne were spent at East Hampton, on Long Island, where the old family homestead, a quaint two-story structure, with an attic built of cedar shingles, is owned and preserved as a literary Mecca, by Mr. Buek, of Brooklin, a wealthy admirer of the poet. In summer, the cottage is charmingly covered with wisteria vines, contrasting with the silvery tones of color which nearness to the sea invariably gives. Stretching away to the rear of the house is an old apple orchard; while, in the distance, can be seen the sand dunes of the North Atlantic.* The interior paneling of the house is said to have been the work of a ship carpenter, trained in one of the navy yards of England. The building is heated by a huge central chimney, twelve feet in diameter, in which is built a fire-place after the ample pattern of the Dutch. The house is furnished exactly as it was in the day's of Payne's childhood, with quaint dressing-

*James Callaway, in the "Macon Telegraph," February 18, 1914.

tables, high bedsteads, old Windsor chairs, and other furnishings reminiscent of the Colonial period. It was doubtless a recollection of this early home beside the sea which, in after years, inspired his deathless anthem.

But to go back. At the age of thirteen, when a clerk in a mercantile establishment in New York, Payne began secretly to edit a weekly newspaper, devoted to the drama. Such precocity of genius induced the lad's father to plan for him a good education; but, while a student at Union College, his prospects were suddenly disturbed by the elder Payne's failure in business. John Howard then decided to go upon the stage. His debut as an actor was made at the Park Theatre in New York, on February 24, 1809, as Young Norval in the Douglass; and the success of his initial performance, both from a pecuniary and from an artistic standpoint, was such that he afterwards toured the New England and Middle States.

In 1813 he sailed for England; and from this time dates his protracted sojourn abroad. As an actor he was well received by the public; but, anxious to increase his earnings, he essayed theatrical management, with disastrous results. Due to his lack of business ability, he found himself frequently in financial straits. Fortune did not seem to favor him. In 1815, he published a volume of verse entitled: "Lispings of the Muse," from which his returns were only meagre. Better success attended him as a playwright. He produced a number of musical dramas, for one of which, an opera, entitled: "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," he composed the world-renowned stanzas of "Home, Sweet Home."

This opera was first produced at the Covent Garden Theatre, in May, 1823. The music was adapted by Henry R. Bishop, from an old melody which caught Payne's fancy while visiting one of the Italian cities.* It

*New International Encyclopedia, article on Payne.

is said that the song itself came to him, when, oppressed by debt, he wandered one day, in great heaviness of spirit, along the banks of the Thames River. During the first year it netted his publishers over 2,000 guineas. Payne himself derived little pecuniary profit from the song which was destined to make him immortal; but he lived to see it put a girdle of music around the globe, to charm alike the king and the peasant, and to become in literal truth the song of the millions.

The original draft of "Home, Sweet Home" ran as follows:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Like the love of a mother
Surpassing all other,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time and more deep than despair.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lonely thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lampkins that came at my call—
Those who named me with pride—
Those who played at my side—
Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all.
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

Later Payne re-wrote the poem. But in order to secure brevity he sacrificed poetic charm. The lines with which the public are to-day familiar hardly measure up to the original; but they are doubtless better adapted to the air. Here is the poem as re-written:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them—and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

In 1832 Payne returned to New York. The question agitating the public mind at this time was the removal of the Cherokee Indians to a trans-Mississippi region. To one of Payne's fine poetic temperament, the idea of using force to drive these primitive inhabitants of the soil—these native Americans—into an unwilling exile was most repugnant. He thought of himself as an outcast and a wanderer; and it was only natural for the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" to espouse the cause of those who were soon to be homeless, even though they were savage tribes of the forest.

To ascertain the real facts in regard to the Cherokees, Mr. Payne came to Georgia in 1836, on the eve of the famous deportation. It so happened that, at this time, Georgia was in a turmoil of excitement. Events were rapidly approaching a climax; and, in order to deal, on the one hand, with meddlesome interlopers whose purpose was to inflame the Red Men, and, on the other, with lawless characters escaping across the State line into Indian Territory, it was necessary for Georgia to extend her jurisdiction, with a rod of iron, over the domain of the Cherokees.

There was, at this time, among the Indians, two distinct parties, one of which, under Major Ridge, strongly favored removal as the wisest course for the nation to adopt. The other, headed by John Ross, strenuously opposed removal; and these were regarded as the sworn enemies of the State. Between the two factions there was war to the knife, deadly and bitter. When John Howard Payne came to Georgia, he visited the Cherokee

nation as the guest of John Ross, then as afterwards, the principal chief. His object in making this visit was unknown to the civil authorities; but his affiliation with John Ross put him at once under suspicion. He contemplated nothing sinister. His purpose was merely to gather information. But Tray was in bad company, at least, to Georgia's way of thinking; and, while visiting John Ross, he was put under arrest and imprisoned in the old Vann house, at Spring Place, in what is now Murray County, Ga. Capt. A. B. Bishop, who commanded the Georgia Guards, at this place, made the arrest. He found the poet at Ross's home, near the head of the Coosa River.

It is said that while imprisoned at Spring Place he heard the soldiers singing his familiar anthem, "Home, Sweet Home," and that, when he eventually satisfied his captors that he was the author of this renowned song, he received from them the most considerate treatment.* Nevertheless, he was held a prisoner until his release was finally procured by Gen. Edward Harden, of Athens, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction. The historic site of the poet's imprisonment at Spring Place is soon to be marked by the John Milledge Chapter of the D. A. R.

As above stated, Mr. Payne, on coming to Georgia, brought with him a letter of introduction to an old citizen of Athens, Gen. Edward Harden. The latter was formerly a resident of Savannah; and, during the famous visit of LaFayette to this country, in 1825, he entertained the illustrious nobleman of France. Gen. Harden was typically a gentleman of the old school, courtly in his manners, refined and cultured, in fact, a man of letters, though his chosen profession was the law. Payne expected to stop at the public inn;

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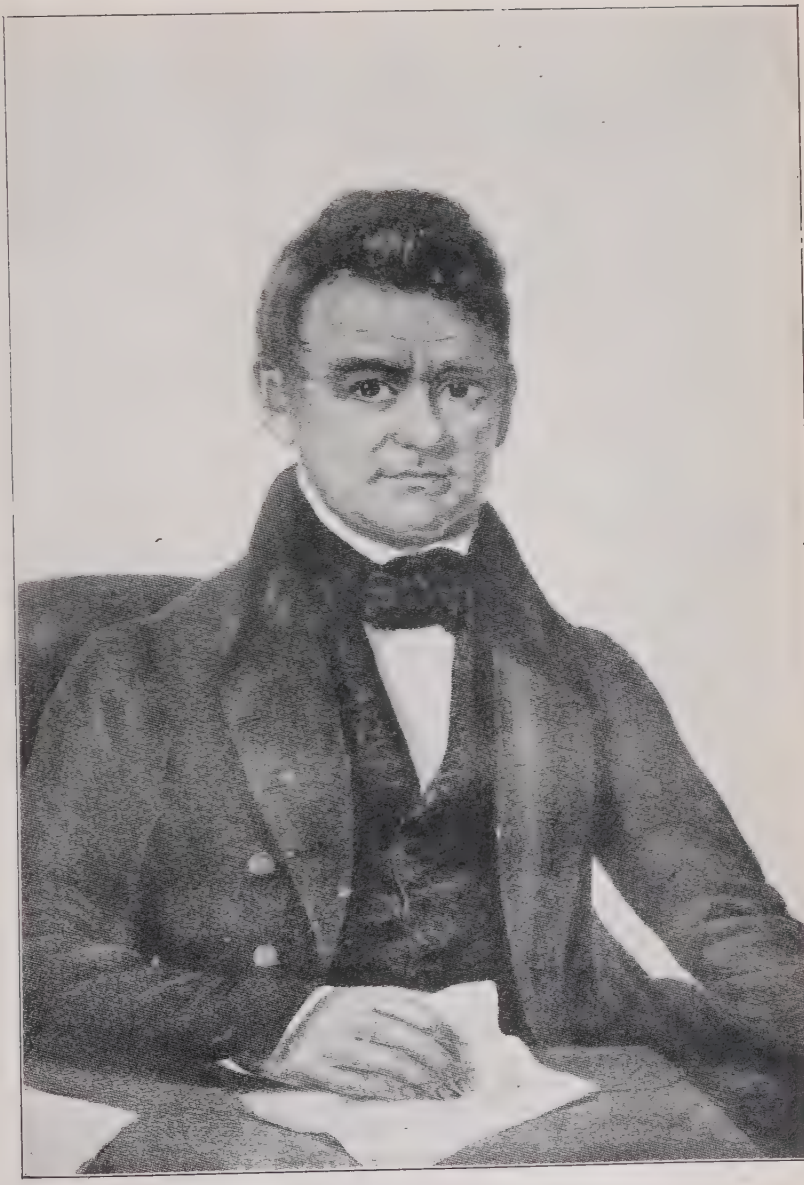
*Rev. W. J. Cotter, in the Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

but to this Gen. Harden demurred, insisting that he become his guest for an indefinite stay.

Thus it was that the author of "Home, Sweet Home," found himself an inmate of the famous old Harden home in Athens. The story that Payne caught the inspiration for his poem at this time is, of course, sheerest fiction, for more than twelve years had elapsed since the first rendition of the song in public. Equally imaginative is the yarn that on entering the door of his prison at Spring Place, he raised both hands in anguish above his head, exclaiming with bitter sarcasm, "Home, Sweet Home," and then proceeded to write the poem, in a moment of silent communion with the Muses.

But while Payne did not write his poem in Georgia, he enjoyed the hospitality which Gen. Harden lavished without stint upon friend and stranger alike; and there came into his life at this time an influence which, for the rest of his days, was destined to cast upon him the spell of a most subtle enchantment. He became acquainted with the General's lovely daughter, Mary. So fascinated was the poet with this gentle lady of Athens that the main purpose of his visit to Georgia was almost forgotten. The poor Cherokees became a secondary consideration. Even his Yankee scruples against Southern biscuit were overcome when he tasted one of the dainty products of Miss Mary's oven.

Still, he did visit the Cherokee nation; and, it was while on this trip that his imprisonment at Spring Place occurred. On hearing of his predicament, Gen. Harden hastened to his release. But the poet was so mortified over the treatment to which he had been subjected that he lost no time in returning to the North, avowing his purpose never again to visit Georgia, without a formal invitation. To this resolution he adhered. However,



JOHN ROSS:

Chief of the Cherokee Nation.

there were some memories connected with his visit which he did not care to forget and which, through the lonely days and nights succeeding his return to New York, continued softly to serenade him, to the music of his own "Home, Sweet Home."

Between Miss Harden and Payne there doubtless passed a number of letters. But one in particular deserves our attention. In a wild flutter of hope, he wrote to her, on July 18, 1836, telling her that he could offer her naught save his hand and heart and entreating her to smile upon his suit. What her answer to this proposal of marriage was, no one knows. She was always silent upon the subject; but the fact remains that they were never married, though each remained loyal till death. Perhaps the old General himself barred the way. He knew that Payne was a rolling stone; and while he admired the poet's genius he may have doubted his ability to support a helpmeet.

In after years, Payne was sent with a consular appointment to Morocco, by the United State government. On the eve of his departure, Miss Harden requested of him an autographed copy of his renowned song, a boon which he promptly granted. In some mysterious manner, this copy disappeared at the time of Miss Harden's death, giving rise to the not unnatural presumption that it was buried with her; but her niece, Miss Mary Jackson, to whom the old Harden home in Athens was willed and who assisted in preparing the body of her beloved aunt for burial states that, for this supposition, there is no ground whatever. It is not unlikely that Miss Harden herself, when warned of approaching death, destroyed with her own hands what was never meant for the eyes of the idly curious.

Payne, after leaving for Morocco, returned to America but once in life. On this occasion, he received a wonderful tribute from the famous Jennie Lind, who, turn-

ing toward the box in which he sat, in a crowded theatre, sang in the richest accents which have doubtless ever been heard on this continent, the familiar words of his inspired song. The great Daniel Webster was a witness to this impressive scene, the memory of which he carried to his grave at Marshfield.

Soon after returning to Morocco, Payne died, on April 9, 1852, at the age of threescore years. He was buried at Tunis, where his body rested for more than three full decades, in a foreign exile, on the shores of North Africa. But finally, in 1883, through the efforts of the great philanthrophist, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., the ashes of the poet were brought back to his native land and re-interred in Oak Hill Cemetery, on the outskirts of the nation's capital. Here, underneath the same ground slab which marked his grave in Tunis, sleeps the gentle poet of the hearthstone. But overlooking the sacred spot there stands a more recent structure of pure white marble, reared by thousands of voluntary contributions. It is surmounted by a life-size bust of the lamented bard and lettered underneath it, is the following epitaph:

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
Author of "Home, Sweet Home."
Born, June 9, 1792. Died, April 9, 1852.

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the dome,
With outstretched arms God's angels said:
Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home."

CHAPTER III

Lost for 114 Years: the Mystery of General Greene's Place of Entombment

MAJOR-GENERAL Nathanael Greene was, next to Washington, perhaps the most illustrious soldier of the American Revolution. His campaign in the Southern Department checked the victorious career of Cornwallis and opened a direct path to Yorktown. More than any other one commander, he was instrumental redeeming Georgia from the British yoke; and, at the close of hostilities with England, the Legislature of Georgia conferred upon General Greene, an extensive plantation, known as Mulberry Grove, some twelve miles above the city of Savannah. This handsome estate was formerly the country-seat of Lieutenant-Governor John Graham, but was confiscated by the State on account of the latter's pronounced Toryism. Within a few months after receiving this gift from the State, General Greene transferred his residence from Newport, Rhode Island, to the balmier climate of the South Atlantic.

But he was destined to enjoy the delights of his new home on the Georgia coast for only a brief season. While overseeing his plantation one day, during the heat of midsummer, he was suddenly seized with a violent illness, due it is thought to sunstroke; and from this attack he never rallied. His death occurred on June 19, 1786. General Greene was buried in the old Colonial Cemetery in the city of Savannah. There was a vast concourse of people present to witness the impressive ceremonies of

burial. Savannah was then the chief city of Georgia; and, on account of General Greene's eminence as a soldier in the recent war for independence, he was laid to rest with profuse military honors. The surviving members of the Georgia Society of the Cincinnati attended the funeral in a body; while the Chatham Artillery acted as an escort of honor.

But, notwithstanding the august ceremonies attaching to the burial of this illustrious hero, in the heart of Georgia's most important center of population, the exact place of General Greene's entombment, due to circumstances which will be explained hereafter, faded from the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Savannah; and, for a period of one hundred and fourteen years, the last resting place of Major-General Nathanael Greene remained a profound mystery as baffling as the riddle of the Sphynx. To the superstitious imagination of the Georgia darkies along the seacoast, it furnished a most powerful stimulus: and weird stories began to circulate touching the strange disappearance of General Greene's body at the dead hour of midnight.

It looked as if the secret was fated never to be unearthed. But finally the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, of which General Greene was the founder, resolved to make one more effort to locate his remains; and, on March 4, 1901, this final search bore successful fruit. The circumstances connected with the discovery in the old Colonial burial-ground have been obtained from a detailed report made by the Society's President, Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, to the General Assembly of Rhode Island; and the extraordinary account is in substance given below. Says Dr. Gardiner:*

In my telegram of March 4, 1901, I announced the finding of the remains of Major-General Nathanael

*The Remains of Major-General Nathaniel Greene: A Report of the Joint Special Committee, etc., pp. 28-48.

THE GREEN MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GA.

Underneath the Handsome Bronze Tablet Repose the Ashes of the Renowned Commander.

Greene in the Colonial Cemetery, in Savannah, Ga., by a committee of the Rhode Island State Society of the Cincinnati, and I now have the honor to make a more detailed report on this interesting subject. * * * Major-General Greene was born in Rhode Island, on August 7, 1742, and throughout his life retained his citizenship in this State, and during the Revolutionary War was credited to the quota of Rhode Island in the Continental service. When he last departed, a few months before his decease, from Newport for Savannah, he still retained his residence in Newport, R. I. By reason of his potential services to the State of Georgia in compelling its evacuation by the British army, the Legislature of that State gave him the confiscated estate of the former Tory Lieutenant-Governor Graham. This property, known as Mulberry Grove, is located about twelve miles above Savannah, on the Savannah River.

Here General Greene died suddenly, on June 19, 1786, of a congestive chill; and, on the following day, his remains were taken by boat to Savannah, where they were interred in the Colonial Cemetery belonging to Christ Episcopal Church, in the very center of the town of Savannah, with imposing civic and military ceremonies. The Georgia Gazette, of June 22, 1786, gives in detail the ceremonies at the obsequies and mentions the Society of the Cincinnati in Georgia at that time, but since extinct, as the principal mourners. The entire town united in showing honor to the remains of this distinguished patriot, who, next to Washington, had shown himself the greatest of our Generals in the War of the Revolution. The Georgia Gazette, with reference to the place of interment, merely uses this language:

"When the military reached the vault in which the body was to be entombed they opened to the right and left and, resting on reverse arms, let it pass through. The funeral services performed and the corpse deposited, thirteen discharges from the artillery and three from the musketry closed the scene. The whole was conducted with a solemnity befitting the occasion."

It is noticeable that the particular vault in which the remains were deposited is not mentioned. The cemetery was surrounded by a brick wall, twelve feet high, of which but one side now remains. To the erection of this wall, General Washington contributed. Several years ago Christ Church gave this cemetery to the city of Savannah, to be made into a park, on condition that the remains should not be disturbed by the city authorities. Thereupon the wall was taken down on three sides, leaving but the rear wall on an alley-way, separating the cemetery from the police barracks, and, in lieu of trees, shrubs were planted and walks laid out.

When General W. T. Sherman's army, on its march from Atlanta, Ga., came to Savannah, many of the vaults were opened by the soldiers in search of valuables and much wanton destruction of monuments and tablets ensued, so that to-day many of the vaults are without means of identification. Some of these were erected before and some after General Greene's decease. There are, however, four well-known Colonial vaults, in a row, at that part of the park which would be intersected, if Lincoln Street were prolonged.

It is remarkable that within a few years after 1786 there should have been a doubt as to the location of General Greene's remains. One might suppose that General Greene's widow and immediate descendants who were at Mulberry Grove when he died would have known of the location. However, a very few years after his decease, Mrs. Nathanael Greene married Phineas Miller, Esq., and removed with her family to Dungeness House, on Cumberland Island, distant one hundred and twenty miles from Savannah; and for upward of forty years none of the Green family resided in or near Savannah.

Mrs. Phineas Miller, the General's widow, died at Dungeness House, on September 2, 1814, when the estate became the property of her second daughter, Mrs. Louisa Shaw. Climatic and local conditions at that time in Savannah were not conducive to longevity and many of

the residents there in the Revolutionary period soon passed away. The place where General Greene's remains were deposited was not indicated by any tablet and, in a few years, many of those informed on the subject were deceased.

Accordingly, in 1820, the council of Savannah appointed a committee to make an inquiry. The report made by this committee was only a brief and partial one. They did not discover the locality and, owing to obstacles in the way, they did not examine the Jones vault, one of the four Colonial structures to which reference has been made. The council immediately appointed another committee, which, however, appears never to have done anything. In 1840, the late George H. Johnstone, of Savannah, who married a grand-daughter of General Greene, and the late Phineas Miller Nightingale, grand-son to General Greene and half-brother to Mr. Johnstone's wife, made another search, which was also very inconclusive.

Thereupon tradition, ever unreliable, invented several theories as to the disposition of General Greene's body. One was that the remains had been deposited in the vault of former Lieutenant-Governor Graham, whose estate had been confiscated and awarded to General Greene as aforesaid, and that the sister of Graham's wife, Mrs. Mossman, returning to Savannah several years after the Revolution, had directed the negro slaves to remove the remains; and one traditional story said that they had been thrown into Negro Creek, while another said that they had been buried in the cemetery at night.

To support this latter theory, a gentleman named Wright, now in his ninetieth year, residing in Atlanta, who has been a member of the Chatham Artillery for seventy years, stated that when a boy he played in the cemetery and that he and his playmates understood that

a certain mound, near the corner of Oglethorpe Avenue and Bull Street, covered the remains of General Greene. Last August he came to Savannah, and, although the mound had been leveled, he indicated where, after a period of seventy-five years or more, he thought the mound had stood.

Another tradition was that the remains had been taken secretly to Cumberland Island by a member of the family, and several persons asserted positively that they had seen the tombstone there. But this tombstone is that of General Greene's widow. In the center of the epitaph his name appears in large characters, and, therefore, from a cursory observation, gave rise to this belief.

The late President of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, Nathanael Greene, M. D., L. L. D., grandson of General Greene, was born at Dungeness House, Cumberland Island, Ga., June 2, 1809, and died at Middletown, R. I., July 8, 1899, in his ninety-first year. He remembered his grandfather Greene and had spent much of his earlier life in Georgia and, except during the period of the Civil War, was for about seventy years accustomed to visit there every year. He was very desirous of having a more thorough search made for the remains of his grandfather, and frequently gave me, as told him by his own father, Nathanael Ray Greene, a description of the remarkable head of his grandfather and its unusual brain development.

Recently, the subject having again been agitated in Savannah as to the whereabouts of General Greene's remains, the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati adopted resolutions for an inquiry, which in substance, are as follows:

"Whereas, after diligent inquiry it is believed that full investigation has never yet been made to ascertain definitely where the remains of Major-General Nathanael Greene, President of the Rhode Island

State Society of the Cincinnati, were finally deposited after his decease at Mulberry Grove, in Savannah, Ga., in 1786;

And whereas, it is believed that a thorough search of the four old burial vaults in the old cemetery forming a part of Colonial Park, Savannah, Ga., will determine whether the remains are deposited in a certain one of said vaults, as believed by persons well informed in matters of local history and as substantiated by authentic record;

And whereas, it is particularly appropriate that the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations should do whatever may be necessary toward ascertaining the burial place of its first president, the great patriot and soldier, who, next to Washington, aided so potentially in securing the independence of the United States;

Therefore, be it resolved, that a committee to make a thorough inquiry into the whereabouts of General Greene's burial place in Savannah, Ga., be appointed, etc."

This committee consisted of the following members: Hon. George Anderson Mercer, President of the Georgia Historical Society; Hon. Walter G. Charlton, President of the Society of Sons of the Revolution in the State of Georgia; Philip D. Daffin, Esq., Chairman of the Savannah Park and Tree Commission; Hon. William Harden, Secretary of the Society of Sons of the Revolution in the State of Georgia, and Librarian of the State Historical Society; Alfred Dearing Harden, Esq., of the Savannah Bar, member of the South Carolina State Society of the Cincinnati, with myself as chairman.

These gentlemen entered heartily into the subject of the inquiry and carefully weighed and considered everything of a traditional nature on this subject, in order that, if the special search should prove ineffective, then such weight should be given to the traditional stories as might be deemed proper from the evidence. The direct intention of the committee was from the outset to examine one particular vault; but, as a matter of punctilious courtesy, the examination of this vault was delayed until the last, in order to communicate with the descendants of the original owners.

The greatest interest was manifested by the people of the city of Savannah. Several members of the committee were always present, besides a large concourse of citizens. The committee was continually assisted by Robert Tyler Waller, Esq., who is a grandson of ex-President John Tyler, and who married Major-General Greene's great grand-daughter. He resides in Savannah, and represented the junior branch of the Greene family. Although not descended from General Greene, I represented, at their request, the elder branch of his descendants, resident in Rhode Island. Otis Ashmore, Esq., Superintendent of Schools, and Edward J. Kelly, Esq., of Savannah, also continuously assisted.

The committee's attention was first given to an examination of the many vaults where tradition said the remains had been deposited. Some of these were found to be in very bad condition, for want of proper repairs; but the most careful scrutiny was made in a reverent and proper manner, and records kept of the coffin-plates which were found, to the gratification of many people in Savannah, who in the absence of distinguishing marks to these vaults—owing to the vandalism of which I have spoken—did not know with certainty where the remains of particular relatives had been deposited. When the examination was over, each vault was immediately reclosed with cemented brick before opening another.

Finally, there remained but one vault to be examined, namely, the Jones vault. This had been erected by Hon. Noble Wymberley Jones, who died in Savannah, Ga., January 9, 1805. He had been Speaker in Georgia of both Colonial and State Legislatures, had been twice a Delegate to the Continental Congress, was made a prisoner of war at the capitulation of Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1780, and was a tried patriot and friend of Major-General Greene.

On Monday morning, March 4, the vault which was perfectly well-known as the Jones vault was opened.* The late George Wymberley Jones DeRenne, Esq., senior representative of the Jones family and Vice-President of the Georgia Historical Society, many years ago opened this vault and found and identified the remains of all the members of the Jones family deposited there, and thereupon removed them all to Bonaventure Cemetery, near Savannah, and closed up the vault. He afterwards told the Hon. William Harden, of the committee, precisely what he had done, as herein narrated. That he was able to identify the remains of the several members of the Jones family was due to the fact that this vault is drier and sandier in its soil than the others which the committee examined. In the center of the vault the committee found probably a cart load of broken brick, which

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*In Colonial Park, at the time of this investigation, there were four brick vaults, standing in a row, at right angles to Oglethorpe Avenue, each without marks of identification, and known as Colonial vaults. Dr. Gardiner, in a subsequent address, delivered before the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati in the Representative Chamber at Newport, on July 4, 1901, explained his mistake in assuming that the vault in which the discovery was made was the Jones vault, whereas it was the Graham vault. Says he:

"As to the Colonial vaults, no one in recent years knew to whom three of the four belonged, nor which was the Graham-Mossman vault. As to the fourth, or Jones vault, it was supposed to be the second in the row from Oglethorpe Avenue. This supposition afterward proved to be incorrect. * * * The first of these, nearest to the avenue, although like the rest without distinguishing mark, was found to be the family vault of Colonel Richard Wylly, Deputy Quartermaster General of the Continental Army in the Revolution, and member of the Georgia State Society of the Cincinnati. His remains and coffin-plate were there found.

"The next in line was supposed to be the Jones vault, and its examination, as a matter of courtesy, was deferred by the committee until the last, in order to communicate first with Wymberley Jones DeRenne, Esq., the proper representative of the Jones family in Georgia.

"The third vault in line, upon being opened, was found to be empty, but the committee afterwards ascertained that this vault was really the Jones vault, from which all remains, properly identified, had been removed, as before stated, to Bonaventure Cemetery, by the late George Wymberley Jones DeRenne.

"The fourth vault in line was found to be that of an old Savannah family, the Thiot family, whose representatives still reside there.

"Mr. Robert Scott, whose body was discovered in the same vault which contained General Greene's, was a relative by marriage of Lieutenant Governor Graham. He married Miss Margaret Oliver, a niece of James Mossman, whose wife was a Graham. At the time of his death, in 1845, he was placed in what was then known as the Graham-Mossman vault."

was first removed before further inquiry. An opening through the rear brick wall was also made, to permit admission of light and air. (However, it was afterwards discovered that what the committee took to be the Jones vault was in reality the Graham vault, and of this fact there is an abundance of proof.)

Upon examination, there was found on one side of the vault in a remarkable state of preservation a casket containing the remains of Mr. Robert Scott, who died on June 5, 1845, at the age of seventy years. The silver plate to his coffin was hardly discolored.

On the other side of the vault, nearest the wall, were noticed the rotting fragments of a coffin. When these were removed, there appeared a man's skeleton quite intact, except some of the smaller ribs, which clearly showed that the body had never been disturbed. Two experienced workmen were employed inside the vault. As the fragments of the coffin were removed from the remains, both workmen commented upon the remarkably prominent configuration of the skull. Mr. Kelly, who watched the proceeding through the opening, at once noticed the same fact and called the attention of several members of the committee present to this circumstance. The workmen then removed the remaining fragments of the coffin and looked for the plate, which was found, where it should be, among the bones of the breast.

As Mr. Gattman, one of the workmen, passed this plate up through the opening, he remarked that he noticed the date, "1786." He did not know that such was the exact date of General Greene's decease. The plate was silver gilt. Upon the face were not only the figures, "1786," but also, upon careful inspection, Messrs. Waller and Kelly, members of the committee, discovered the final letters of the word "Greene," in proper position; and Judge Charlton was able, after some care, to discern the letters, just preceding these, namely, "ael," of the word "Nathanael." This plate, at the desire of the committee, will be taken to General L. P. di Cesnola, Director

of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the city of New York, to ascertain whether it can be restored by any systematic process.

Some of the bones crumbled on being handled, but the larger bones, including the skull and the jaw-bones, were all preserved. These were carefully placed in a box. Search was then made for metal buttons. Three were discovered, badly corroded, upon one of which however, could be traced the form of an eagle, which was the distinguishing mark upon the buttons of a Major-General in the Continental army of the Revolution. In no other vault were there other than wooden buttons found, which had originally been covered with silk, cloth, or velvet. All the mould of General Greene's remains was carefully put into a box, which was then nailed up.

Another peculiarly significant fact, which cannot be overlooked, was the discovery of fragments of heavy white silk gloves, much discolored and containing bones of the fingers. These gloves were such as general officers in the French army usually wore and were, doubtless, a present from the Marquis de LaFayette to Major-General Greene in 1784. The Marquis was in the habit of making presents to his brother officers in the Revolutionary army, and each time he returned to the United States he brought a great many gifts of a military character. Among other things, he gave General Greene a number of silver camp mugs or cups, such as were used by Marshals of France. These are preserved in the family of the late Prof. George Washington Greene, in Rhode Island.

His very deep attachment for General Greene is well authenticated. The Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati entertained him at Newport, in October, 1784, on his first arrival after the Revolution, and he saw General Greene while then in the United States. When he came again, in 1824, he gave to General Greene's second daugh-

ter, Mrs. Louisa Shaw, a steel-plate engraving of her father, with this inscription, in LaFayette's well-known hand-writing, viz.:

"To dear Mrs. Shaw, from her father's most intimate friend and companion in arms— LA FAYETTE."

This is now in the possession of Mrs. Robert Tyler Waller, General Greene's great grand-daughter. The workmen reported another body alongside, with fragments of a coffin. On removing these fragments, Mr. Gattman, whose experience in such matters is somewhat unusual, remarked that they were the remains of a male person, probably eighteen or nineteen years of age. He did not know at this time that General Greene's son, George Washington Greene, had been drowned in the Savannah River, off Mulberry Grove, on March 28, 1793, and his remains interred beside his father's.

Most of these bones crumbled upon being handled. They were, however, carefully collected with all the mould and put into another box, which was nailed up. The coffin-plate was too badly corroded for anything upon it to be deciphered. The boxes were removed to the police barracks near by and placed under the care of the Captain of Police over night, and the vault re-bricked and cemented. These proceedings were all witnessed by a large concourse of people.

On the following day, suitable boxes were procured, zinc-lined, and taken to the police barracks, where Mr. Keenan, one of the workmen who assisted in the vault, in the presence of several witnesses, carefully removed the remains of General Greene to the zinc-lined box prepared for the purpose. In doing so, Mr. Otis Ashmore, assisted by Mr. Edward J. Kelly, made measurements of the skull which corresponded to the details in Sully's original portrait of Major-General Greene, and to the statements made by the late Hon. Nathanael Greene and others.

In the Life of Major-General Nathanael Greene, by his grandson, the late Prof. George Washington Greene, there will be found as a frontispiece to the first volume, a portrait of General Greene, the skull of which exactly corresponds to the one found. My lamented friend, the late Colonel John Screven, of Savannah, President of the Georgia Sons of the Revolution, once proposed to make this investigation and repeatedly declared that General Greene's remains would be recognized by his skull. It was of the same distinctive character as the skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, Humbolt, Cuvier, and Daniel Webster. The teeth, both upper and lower, were remarkably well preserved, in a jaw which showed great determination and firmness of character, and plainly indicated the age to be about forty-five years.

After the remains of Major-General Greene had all been deposited in the zinc-lined box, the zinc cover was placed upon the box and soldered in its place; the wooden cover was then screwed down, handles put to the end of the box, and a coffin-plate affixed, bearing this inscription:

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE
Born, August 7, 1742.
Died, June 10, 1786.

In like manner, the remains of George Washington Greene were transferred to the other zinc-lined box, which was closed in the same manner, the coffin-plate containing this inscription:

GEORGE W. GREENE
Son of Major-General Nathanael Greene.

The remains were then taken by the undertaker, Mr. W. T. Dixon, accompanied by members of the committee

and representatives of the press, to the Southern Bank of the State of Georgia, which is a depository of the State in Savannah. Here they were received by Horace A. Crane, Esq., Vice-President, and James Sullivan, Esq., Cashier, and taken in the presence of these gentlemen and deposited in the safe deposit vault of the bank, where they now remain, subject to the order of the undersigned, and Alfred Dearing Harden, Esq., of the committee, as trustees.

After the remains had been discovered in the manner indicated and placed for safe-keeping in the custody of the Southern Bank, on Monday, March 4, 1901, the committee met in final session at the residence of Hon. George Anderson Mercer, and immediately thereafter, at a numerously attended meeting of the Historical Society of Georgia, he, as President thereof, announced, on behalf of the committee, the discovery of the remains.

But one circumstance needs yet to be brought to your attention, namely, the authentic evidence on this subject which satisfied the committee from the outset that the proper place to inquire was the Jones vault. In 1821, William Johnson copyrighted his Life of Major-General Nathanael Greene, a work to which he had given special care and attention. In its preparation he had visited all the scenes of General Greene's military operations and interviewed many who had been participants with him in the War of the Revolution.

Johnson, in this work, says that the funeral ceremony of the Church of England was read over the corpse by the Hon. William Stephens, as there was not at the time a minister of the gospel in Savannah. He adds, in a foot-note,* that Judge Stephens, who read the funeral service, repeatedly told him that the body of General Greene lay in the Jones vault, a vault which had not been

*Vol. 2, p. 120, original edition.

searched, according to the author, when this foot-note was penned.

Judge Stephens was then Judge of the Superior Court of Georgia, and was afterwards, until his decease, on August 6, 1819, United States District Judge for the State of Georgia. He had been the first Attorney-General of the State, Colonel of the Chatham County Militia, and Grand Master of the Masons of the State, and had been a close friend of the illustrious soldier.

Had the *Georgia Gazette*, in 1786, mentioned the particular vault, where General Greene's remains had been deposited, there would never have been any doubt upon the subject. When word was received in New York City of General Greene's untimely decease, the Revolutionary officers who composed the New York Society of the Cincinnati, assembled with members of the Continental Congress and public officials and functionaries of the State of New York, in St. Paul's Chapel on Broadway, to listen to a masterful oration by Alexander Hamilton, upon the career and character of Major-General Greene.

This oration was one of the greatest ever delivered in this country and can still be read and studied with profit by the military student. The Continental Congress, on August 8, 1786, decreed a monument to General Greene's memory. When my honored friend, the late senior Senator from Rhode Island, Hon. Henry B. Anthony, on behalf of the State, in an address to the United States Senate, presented on January 20, 1870, the life-sized statue of General Greene for the old hall of the House of Representatives, he remarked that Greene stood, in the judgment of his contemporaries and by the assent of history, second only to the man who towers without a peer in the annals of America.

All the expenses of the investigation just concluded have been defrayed by the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati from the interest on its permanent fund, to which General Greene contributed his month's pay in

1783. At the last annual meeting of the Society, before his decease, he officiated as President. Upon his last trip South, he still retained his residence at Newport. In any final determination as to where his remains shall be deposited, his descendants and the State of Georgia, as well as Rhode Island, should all be consulted.

To the foregoing account by Dr. Gardiner, a few facts may be added relative to the re-interment of General Greene's body in Savannah. Most of the descendants of the illustrious soldier, when canvassed in regard to the matter, preferred that his ashes should continue to rest in the beautiful home of his adoption. To this list there were only three exceptions, whose preference was for Guildford, N. C., the scene of one of his greatest battles. It was therefore decided to re-inter the remains under the Greene monument, on Bull Street, in Savannah. The date fixed for this solemn ceremonial was November 14, 1902; and at this time there assembled in Savannah, a vast concourse of people, including relatives of the distinguished soldier, official members of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, his excellency, Hon. Charles D. Kimball, Governor of Rhode Island, and numerous invited guests.

First among the day's impressive events was the unveiling of a bronze tablet on the Graham vault, in Colonial Park, where the remains of General Greene were first discovered. Right Reverend C. K. Nelson, Bishop of Georgia, offered the prayer of invocation, after which in a brief speech, Hon. Walter G. Charlton, of Savannah, on behalf of the descendants of General Greene, made a formal presentation of the tablet to the city authorities. At the conclusion of Judge Charlton's address, young George Washington Greene Carpenter, of Manton, R. I., then unveiled the tablet, which Alderman Robert L. Colding, in the absence of the Mayor, formally accepted. The inscription on the tablet reads as follows:

BRONZE TABLET ON THE GREENE MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GA.

THE GRAHAM VAULT

Here rested for 114 years the remains of MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE. Born in Rhode Island, August 7, 1742. Died at Mulberry Grove, June 19, 1786.

His remains and those of his eldest son, GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, now lie under the monument in Johnson Square.

From Colonial Park the scene next shifted to the Greene monument on Bull Street; and, as the impressive pageant moved slowly toward this point a profound silence fell upon the vast multitudes. The Chatham Artillery, under the command of Capt. George P. Walker, acted as a special escort to the remains; but all the military, patriotic and civic organizations of Savannah took part in the long parade, while twenty carriages were filled with invited guests. The formal exercises of reinterment began with a prayer by Bishop Nelson. Then the remains were placed in a chamber specially prepared for them underneath the flag-stones on the south side of the monument. The artillerymen, acting as pall-bearers, brought up the receptacle and workmen lowered it into the vault.

At the conclusion of this part of the ceremony, Mrs. Edward Karow, Regent of Savannah Chapter, D. A. R., unveiled on behalf of the Chapter, a handsome bronze tablet, embedded in the monument just above the vault containing General Greene's remains. The design of this tablet is a wreath of laurel, tied at the top with ribbon; and in this wreath is the insignia of the D. A. R., the wheel and the distaff, while underneath is this inscription:

To commemorate the reinterment of the remains of MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE, beneath this shaft, on November 14, 1902. This tablet was erected by the Savannah Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Alderman Robert L. Colding, representing the municipality, accepted the tablet, after which Governor Kimball, of Rhode Island, advanced to the front and placed the tribute of General Greene's native State upon the monument. This was a large wreath of bronze galex, crossed with sycus palms, and tied with purple ribbons, on which were embossed in gold the arms of Rhode Island. Standing upon a tripod, the wreath occupied a place at the base of the monument throughout the ceremonies. Next, the orator of the occasion, Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, L. L. D., President of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, was introduced to the assemblage and, in a speech replete with eloquence, paid a magnificent tribute to the illustrious soldier. Bishop Nelson then pronounced the benediction.

CHAPTER IV

Georgia's Great Seals

SINCE the granting of Georgia's Colonial Charter, in 1732, by George II, of England, for whom this State was named, there have been four Great Seals by which the stamp of her authority has been affixed to her most important official transactions: first, the Colonial Seal, or Seal of the Trustees; second, the Provincial Seal, or Seal of the Royal Governors; third, the Great Seal of 1777; and, fourth, the Great Seal of 1799. The earliest of these seals was used for a period of twenty-one years, covering the administration of Georgia's Colonial affairs by the official Board of Trustees. Both the Provincial Seal and the Great Seal of 1777 were likewise used for approximately the same length of time. But the Great Seal of 1799 is still in vogue, linking the Georgia of to-day with the Georgia of the Eighteenth Century, and putting us in touch with the closing scenes of the American Revolution.

The Colonial Seal of Georgia, on its reverse side, bore the famous motto adopted by the Trustees—"Non Sibi Sed Aliis," the meaning of which is, "Not for ourselves but for others." It also pictured silk worms in the various stages of labor. Efforts to find a clear print of this side of Georgia's first Seal have been fruitless. However, there are numerous impressions of the obverse side, which represents two figures resting upon urns; while

out of these urns proceed streams typifying the rivers which then formed the Colony's upper and lower boundaries, viz., the Savannah and the Altamaha. In the hands of each figure is a spade, suggesting agriculture as the chief employment of the settlers. Further in the background is seated the Genius of the Colony, with her left hand resting upon a cornucopia, a spear in her right hand and a liberty cap on her head. Behind this figure rises a tree above which is inscribed the legend: "Colonia Georgia Augeat"—"May the Colony of Georgia Wax Strong." This face of the Seal—or the Great Seal proper—was used in attesting legislative acts, deeds, and commissions, while the opposite face formed the common seal, used in attesting order, certificates, and ordinary conveyances of land.* The original Seal of the Trustees is still preserved in the British Museum in London.

When Georgia became a Province, the old Seal of the Trustees was superceded by the new Seal of the Province, approved by his majesty on June 21, 1754. The design was as follows: On one face a figure representing the Genius of the Colony offering a skein of silk to his majesty, with the motto, "Hinc Laudem Sperate Coloni," and this inscription around the circumference: "Segillium Provinciae Nostrae Georgiae in America." On the other side appeared his majesty's arms, together with his crown, garter, and supporters, and this inscription: "Georgius II, Dei Gratia, Magnae Britanniae, Franciae et Hibernia Rex, Fidei Defensor, Brunswici et Luneburgi Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archi Thesaurius et Princeps Elector."*

But this emblem of authority was likewise discarded when Georgia became a State. Following the separation

*Jones, Vol. I, p. 97, History of Georgia.
*Jones, Vol. I, p. 462, History of Georgia.

of the Province from the Crown of England, a convention to be held in Savannah on the first Tuesday in October 1776 was called by the General Congress over which Archibald Bulloch presided. For nearly four months this august body remained almost constantly in session; and, on February 5, 1777, Georgia's first State Constitution was adopted, known as the Constitution of 1777. The Great Seal of the State adopted by this convention is thus described: "On one side a scroll whereon shall be engraved 'The Constitution of the State of Georgia' and the motto 'Pro Bono Publico'; on the other side an elegant house and other buildings, fields of corn, and meadows covered with sheep and cattle; a river running through the same, with a ship under full sail; and the motto, 'Deus Nobis Haec Otia Fecit.' "*

It will be observed that in the foregoing description there is no reference whatever to the silk industry, which entered so largely into the dreams of the great founder of the Province and which the Trustees of Georgia did so much to encourage, but without success. The cultivation of mulberry trees was at first quite general. It seemed that every one in the Colony was eager for the experiment. But the soil of the Georgia lowlands was ill-adapted to the raising of silk-worms, out of which it was hoped that millions of pounds sterling might eventually be realized. Before many years elapsed, the faithful Salzburgers in the neighborhood of Ebenezer were the only ones who still persevered in a fruitless effort to place the industry upon a remunerative basis. Due to the frugality of these German settlers, they succeeded for a while in making the culture of silk-worms pay, but eventually they too became discouraged; and thus ended in failure the Utopian project of the Trustees to clothe the nobility of England with American silk.

Georgia's present Great Seal was authorized by the Constitutional Convention of 1798, but was not adopted

*Jones, Vol. II, p. 258, History of Georgia.

until February 8, 1799, and, except for a brief period during the days of Reconstruction, it has been constantly in use for more than a hundred years. On account of its extreme age, it now makes a very indistinct impression and needs to be retouched by the skillful hand of the engraver. It consists of two solid plates of silver, each of which is a quarter of an inch thick by two inches and a quarter in diameter. The Great Seal is kept by authority of law in the office of Secretary of State. According to the records, it was first used on July 4, 1799. The following description of the Great Seal is taken verbatim from the Code of Georgia.*

"The device, on one side, is a view of the seashore, with a ship bearing the flag of the United States riding at anchor near a wharf, receiving on board hogsheads of tobacco and bales of cotton, emblematic of the exports of this State; at a small distance a boat, landing from the interior of the State, with hogsheads, etc., on board, representing the internal traffic, in the back part of the same side a man in the act of plowing, and at a small distance a flock of sheep in different pastures, shaded by a flourishing tree; the motto thereon: 'Agriculture and Commerce, 1799.'"

"The device on the other side is three pillars, supporting an arch, with the word "Constitution" engraven within the same, emblematic of the Constitution, supported by the three departments of government, viz., legislative, judicial and executive—the first pillar having engraven on it "Wisdom," the second "Justice," the third "Moderation;" on the right of the last pillar a man standing with a drawn sword, representing the aid of the military in defence of the Constitution; the motto, 'State of Georgia, 1799.'"

When the present Great Seal of the State was adopted, in 1799, tobacco furnished the chief agricultural crop of the State and there were numerous warehouses erected

*Code of 1895, Vol. I, p. 66.

for the inspection of the plant, but with the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, cotton gradually gained the ascendancy over tobacco, until the cultivation of the latter was finally discontinued.

To use the Great Seal, wax is rolled out into thin wafers. Gilt paper, cut circular in form, the exact size of the die, with serrated edges, is next laid upon each side of the wax wafer; and, at the same time, ribbons are inserted between the wafer and the paper discs. This done, the wafer is then placed between the plates of the die and stamped tightly, leaving the devices imprinted on either side of the soft wax and revealed, like an engraving, on the gilded paper, which is attached by narrow ribbons to the document of state, forming what is known as a wax pendant.

The custom of attaching seals of this character to official documents is extremely ancient, dating back to the earliest manuscripts of record in the oldest States of the Union. Since then a method of stamping which cuts an impression in the paper to be attested has come into general vogue, and the use of the wax wafer by means of ribbons, in the manner above described, has become obsolete. Georgia is the only State which still adheres to this antiquated custom, and the unwillingness of our lawmakers to adopt the new method is only an expression of the conservative spirit which has always characterized the typical Georgian. The influence of patriotic organizations throughout the State is also a tremendous factor in keeping the Great Seal in use. But Capt. B. F. Johnson, the veteran chief-clerk of the State Department, is not controlled entirely by sentiment on this subject. It takes him on an average of twenty minutes to attach the Great Seal to each document which he attests; and though he venerates the old heirloom which for years past has been his peculiar charge he nevertheless belongs to the vanguard of progress and is a stout

apostle of reform. He favors placing the Great Seal on the retired list, but wishes to see it safeguarded and preserved in a manner worthy of its historic associations.

As to the purposes for which the Great Seal is used, there is a lack of correct information even on the part of some who are supposed to be well informed. It is not used on all papers, issuing from the Secretary of State's office, but only on documents of an extraordinary character, such as charters, land-grants, and commissions to public servants, including Governors, State House officials, Judges of the Superior Court and Solicitors General. It is also used in attesting all interstate and international documents. Every paper going out of the State, for which Georgia's official attestation is required, must carry the Great Seal; but for ordinary official transactions what is known as the seal of the Secretary of State is employed.

When Georgia gave her allegiance to the Confederate States of America in 1861, she continued to use the Great Seal, but adopted a slight modification of the Seal of Secretary of State, inserting the date "1861" immediately under the arch of the Constitution, while the date "1776" was retained underneath the pillars. This Seal is still used in the State Department. There is only one plate to the Seal of Secretary of State; that of three pillars supporting the Constitutional arch, each bearing its appropriate motto, "Wisdom," "Justice" and "Moderation."

In an old issue of the *Louisville Gazette*, dated February 26, 1799, Governor Joseph M. Brown, during his second term of office, found an executive order, signed by Thomas Johnson, Secretary to Governor James Jackson. It calls upon artists throughout the world to submit drawings for the proposed new Great Seal of the

State, an outline sketch of which was furnished, in terms of the Act approved February 8, 1799; and to supply an adequate incentive to genius, the sum of $30 was offered as a premium. It was further stipulated that the drawings were to be lodged in the Executive office at Louisville, on or before the 20th of April, 1799. At the same time, it was ordered that proposals be submitted by the same date for making and engraving the device; and July 3, 1799, was fixed as a limit within which to complete the contract.

Governor Brown was fortunate enough to procure copies of the *Louisville Gazette* for subsequent dates; and, in an issue of the paper, dated March 7, 1799, he found this paragraph, the statement contained in which throws an important side-light upon the history of the Great Seal. The paragraph reads as follows:

"We understand that the device approved of by the Governor for the Great Seal of this State was drawn by Mr. Sturges, the state surveyor-general. The most elegant drawing sent to the Executive Department was performed by Mr. Charles Frazer, of South Carolina, and which we are assured would have obtained the premium had he not through mistake placed all the figures on one side instead of making a reverse. This young artist we are informed is but sixteen years of age—his genius is great, and deserves encouragement. Several other handsome performances were sent to the Executive.

In a still later issue of the same paper, Governor Brown completed his quest for information in regard to the Great Seal by discovering the full name and title of the designer, in a card announcing his business—Daniel Sturges, Surveyor-General. It is late in the day to bestow upon the designer of the Great Seal of Georgia the honor to which he is undeniably entitled. But justice often lags. The historic page is full of tardy recognitions; and, after the lapse of more than a century, Georgia, with the help of an honored Governor, removes the dust which has long rested upon one of her brightest names. Hereafter let no one forget to honor this pioneer Georgian to whose artistic genius is due the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.

Contrary to the general impression which prevails in Georgia, the Great Seal of the State has never been carried beyond the State limits. Historians have erred in attributing to Governor Charles J. Jenkins, a rescue of Georgia's precious heir-loom from the hands of military usurpers. The episode in which Governor Jenkins figured is not underrated. It constitutes one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of a troubled era. But the instrument of office which Governor Jenkins bore into exile was not the Great Seal of Georgia, but the Seal of the Executive Department; and it was a facsimile of this Seal, executed in gold, with the inscription, "In Arduis Fidelis," which the Legislature of the State awarded to the noble old Roman for his fidelity in safeguarding Georgia's honor.

The Great Seal of the State remained in the custody of Hon. Nathan C. Barnett throughout the entire period known as the Carpet Bag regime. To prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemies of Georgia, Col. Barnett secretly removed it from the State Capitol to his home in Milledgeville, where he buried it under the house at dead of night. He shared the secret with no one except his wife, whom he took into his confidence so that in the event of his death it might be restored to the State when the proper time arrived.

As soon as General Sherman reached Milledgeville, which was then the seat of government, he caused the Secretary of State to be arrested and ordered him to surrender the Great Seal. But Col. Barnett refused to do so, stating that if death were the only alternative, he chose rather to forfeit his life than to betray his trust. He was put into prison; but the efforts of his tormentors to extort from him any information concerning the hiding place of the revered relic were fruitless. He remained obdurate. There was no attempt at actual torture to force him into submission, though he was equal even to this test.

It has been suggested that his majestic bearing and resolute spirit overawed his inquisitors, for mentally and

physically he was one of nature's noblemen, a giant both in statue and in strength. Like the heroic old Scotch reformer, no fear of death ever made him quail before the face of mortal man. When Georgia resumed her rightful place in a Union of equal sovereignties, Col. Barnett restored the Great Seal. For a period of nearly four decades, he held the office of Secretary of State, beloved by every one who knew him and at each successive election he was practically without opposition at the polls. When eighty years whitened the locks of Col. Barnett, his towering figure was still unbent. It was like his robust character. Peace to his ashes!

With the advent of Reconstruction, when the Carpet Bag element sought to reorganize Georgia, a second effort was made to unearth the Great Seal. Some pretence of legal form was needed to give authority to fraudulent transactions. But failing in this repeated attempt to obtain the emblem of Georgia's sovereignty, resort was made to subterfuge and an imitation seal was substituted for the original instrument. The utmost skill was employed in an effort to counterfeit the Great Seal. No expense was spared by the Bullock administration. But when the contrivance was finished, it bore upon its reverse side the bar sinister. At first the difference was not detected; but this wonderful likeness was planned by an avenging Nemesis. In the course of time, the fraudulent character of the Seal was brought to light, for the soldier standing between the pillars, "Justice" and "Moderation," held his sword in his left hand, whereas, in the original, he held it in his right hand. Thus, with laughing irony, fate exposed the artful deception and, in a measure at least, thwarted the nefarious designs of the Reconstructionists.

So much for the history of Georgia's Great Seal. It was probably cast in Charleston, S. C. There is nothing

in the records to warrant a positive statement upon this point, but the present Secretary of State, Hon. Philip Cook, is strongly of the opinion that it came from the Palmetto metropolis. In 1868 a resolution was passed by the General Assembly, authorizing the Secretary of State to have the Great Seal re-engraved, but doubtless at the time there were no funds in the Treasury available for this purpose. Be this as it may, the resolution was not carried into effect, and to this day it remains a dead letter upon the statute book. Mr. Cook has recently called executive attention to this unfulfilled duty on the part of the State, and perhaps in the near future our lawmakers will do themselves the honor and Georgia the justice of restoring the Great Seal.

CHAPTER V

Georgia Issues the First Patent for a Steamboat

ON February 1, 1788, an act was passed by the General Assembly at Augusta conferring upon two inventors, Isaac Briggs and William Longstreet, exclusive patent rights for a term of fourteen years, to a steam engine, constructed by them for purposes of navigation. There are certain things, in regard to this legislative act, which give it a peculiar interest to students of American history. In the first place, it constitutes the only patent ever issued by the State of Georgia. At this time, the Articles of Confederation were still in vogue, but within a few months a new central government was organized, under the Federal Constitution of 1787, after which the right to issue patents became a special prerogative of the United States.

We must furthermore observe that the date of this patent is anterior, by nearly two full decades, to the successful experiments made by Robert Fulton on the Hudson River, in 1807. It was also the first patent for a steamboat ever granted. Just what part Isaac Briggs took in the construction of this pioneer steamboat is unknown; but tradition credits William Longstreet with a series of experiments on the Savannah River, extending over a period of twenty years. The proposition at first excited only ridicule. As an indication of this popular attitude, the musty old volume in which the patent is recorded in the Secretary of State's office contains this entry, on the first page of the index: "Briggs and Longstreet: Steam Nothing, 245." On the page thus

indicated in Book "C," Bills of Sale and Deeds of Gift, this earliest patent for a steamboat is recorded as follows:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONSTRUCTION AND PRINCIPLES OF BRIGGS' AND LONGSTREET'S STEAM ENGINE; FOR THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF WHICH A PRIVILEGE WAS GRANTED TO THE INVENTORS, FOR FOURTEEN YEARS, BY AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE PASSED AT AUGUSTA, THE FIRST DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1788.

This engine consists of a Boiler, two Cylinders and a Condenser, constructed in the following manner, viz.:

THE BOILER

Consists of two metallic vessels, globular, or nearly so, placed one within the other, so as to leave a small interstice between, in which interstice the boiling water is contained. The inner vessel contains the fuel, the flame of which passes through a spiral flue winding round the outside of the outer vessel from the bottom to the top. The steam is conveyed by a pipe from the boiler into an interstice between

THE TWO CYLINDERS,

Which are placed, horizontally, one within the other, from whence it is admitted alternately into each end of the inner cylinder, in which it impels a piston to vibrate both ways with equal force. It is also admitted alternately to pass from each end of the inner cylinder (all the communications, to and from which, are opened and shut by a single cock) by means of pipes into

THE CONDENSER,

Which is a metallic vessel having a large surface in contact with cold water. The condensed steam or warm water is drawn out of it by a pump.

I. BRIGGS,
WM. LONGSTREET.

Recorded 30th Jan. 1789.

When the renowned inventor, James Watt, in 1774, perfected a patent which embodied the essential features of the modern steam-engine, an effort to apply its principles to navigation followed at once. Simultaneously, in various places, men with a genius for mechanics be-

gan to make experiments. James Rumsey, on the Ohio, in 1784, and John Fitch, on the Delaware, in 1785, both succeeded in obtaining definite and brilliant results. However, it may be gravely doubted if either of these pioneer inventors forestalled William Longstreet. The Georgian was probably engaged in experimenting with his steamboat on the Savannah River, for some time before receiving his patent from the State, in 1788; and he continued for years thereafter to improve his invention, in the hope of making it commercially successful. There were still others who, at this early date, were active in this same line of endeavor. But, while they demonstrated the feasibility of steam navigation, they came short of the coveted goal. Dame Fortune eluded them at every turn; and it was reserved finally for Robert Fulton, a New Yorker, with his little boat, the Clermont, on the waters of the Hudson River, in 1807, to overtake the fleet wings of the fickle goddess.

CHAPTER VI

President Washington's Georgia Visit: the Diary of His Trip

ON March 21, 1791, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, President Washington left Philadelphia on a tour of the Southern States. Besides his "chariot," drawn by four horses, the outfit for the journey included a light two-horse wagon which carried the baggage, four saddle horses, and a "led" horse, provided for his convenience, in the event he desired to ride horseback. He was accompanied by Major Jackson, and five servants, to-wit: a valet de chambre, a postilion, a coachman and two footmen. The presidential party encountered rough roads, soon after leaving the capital. En route to Georgia, he visited Wilmington, N. C., and Charleston, S. C. Wednesday night, May 11, 1791, he spent with Judge Heyward, on the east side of the Savannah River. From this point the narrative will be continued in the President's own language, copied verbatim from the diary of his trip, the original of which is preserved in the Library of Congress, at Washington, D. C. Here is the record, entered with the greatest care in the President's own familiar hand-writing:

"Thursday 12th. By 5 o'clock we set out from Judge Heyward's and road to Purisburgh, 22 miles to breakfast. At that place I was met by Messrs. Jones, Coln. Habersham, Mr. John Houston, Genl. McIntosh and Mr. Clay, a comee. from the city of Savanna to conduct me thither—Boats also were ordered there by them for my accommodation; among which a handsome 8 oared barge rowed by 8 American Captns. at-

tended.—In my way down the River, I called upon Mrs. Green, the Widow of the deceased Genl. Green (at a place called Mulberry Grove). I asked her how she did—At this place (2 miles from Purisburgh) my horses and carriages were landed, and had 12 miles further by land to Savanna—The wind & tide being against us, it was 6 o'clock before we reached the city where we were received under every demonstration that could be given of joy & respect.—We were seven hours in making the passage, which is often performed in 4, tho the computed distance is 25 miles—Illums. at night. I was conducted by the Mayor & Wardens to very good lodgings which had been provided for the occasion and partook of a public dinner given by the Citizens at the Coffee Room.

"Friday 13th. Dined with the members of the Cincinnati at a public dinner given at the same place—and in the evening went to a dancing assembly at which there was about 100 well dressed & handsome ladies.

"Saturday 14th. A little after 6 o'clock, in Company with Genl. McIntosh, Genl. Wayne, the Mayor and many others (principal Gentlemen of the city) I visited the city and the attack & defence of it in the year 1779, under the combined forces of France and the United States, commanded by the Count de Estaing & Genl. Lincoln—To form an opinion of the attack at this distance of time, and the change which has taken place in the appearance of the ground by the cutting away of the woods &c, is hardly to be done with justice to the subject; especially as there is remaining scarcely any of the defences—Dined today with a number of Citizens (not less than 200) in an elegant Bower erected for the occasion on the Bank of the River below the Town—In the evening there was a tolerable good display of fire-works.

"Sunday 15. After morning service and receiving a number of visits from the most respectable ladies of the place (as was the case yesterday) I set out for Augusta, Escorted beyd the limits of the city by most of the Gentlemen in it, and dining at Mulberry Grove the gest of Mrs. Green—lodged at one Spencer's—distant 15 miles.

"Savanna stands on what may be called high ground for this Country—It is extremely Sandy, wch makes the walking very disagreeable; & the houses uncomfortable in warm and windy weather, as they are filled with dust whenever these happen—The town on 3 sides is surrounded with cultivated Rice fields which have a rich and luxuriant appearance. On the 4th or backside it is a fine sand—The harbour is said to be very good & often filled with square rigged vessels, but there is a bar below over which not more than 12 water can be brot except at sprg tides—The tide does not flow above 12 or 14 miles above the City though the River is swelled by it more than double that distance—Rice and Tobacco (the last of wch is greatly increasing) are the principal exports—Lumber & Indigo are also exported but the latter is on the decline, and it is supposed by Hemp & Cotton—Ship timber, viz. live Oak & Cedar is (and may be more so) valuable in the exptn.

"Monday 16th. Breakfasted at Russells—15 miles from Spancer's—dined at Garnet's 19 miles further & lodged at Pierces 8 miles more; in all—42 miles today.

"Tuesday 17th. Breakfasted at Spinners 17 miles—dined at Lamberts 13—and lodged at Waynesborough (wch was coming 6 miles out of our way) 14, in all 43 miles—Waynesborough is a small place but the Seat of Burkes County—6 or 8 dwelling houses is all it contains;—an attempt is making (without much apparent effect) to establish an academy at it, as is the case also in all the Counties.

"Wednesday 18th. Breakfasted at Tulcher's, 15 miles from Waynesborough; and within 4 miles of Augusta; met the Governor (Telfair), Judge Walton, the Attorney Genl. and most of the principal Gentlemen of the place; by whom I was escorted into the Town & reed under a discharge of Artillery—the distance I came today was about 32 miles—Dined with a large Company at the Governors, & drank tea there with many well dressed ladies.

"The road from Savanna to Augusta is for the most part through Pine barrens; but more uneven than I had been accustomed to since leaving Petersburg in Virginia, especially after riding about 30 miles from the City of that name; and here & there indeed a piece of Oak land is passed on this Road but of small extent & by no means of the first quality.

"Thursday 19th. Received & answered an address from the Citizens of Augusta;—dined with a large Company at their Court Ho—and went to an assembly in the evening at the Academy; at which there were between 60 & 70 well dressed ladies.

"Friday 20th. Viewd the Ruins or rather small Remns of the Works which had been erected by the British during the War and taken by the Americans—Also the falls which are about 2 miles above the Town; and the Town itself.—These falls (as they are called) are nothing more than rapids—They are passable in their present state by boats with skillful hands but may at very small expense be improved by removing a few rocks only to straighten the passage—Above them there is a good boat navigation for many miles; by which the produce may be & in some measure is transported—At this place, i. e. the falls, the good lands begin; & encrease in quality to the westward & no. ward. All below them except the interval lands on the Rivers and Rice Swamps which extend from them, the whole country is a Pine barren—The town of Augusta is well laid out with wide & spacious streets—It stands on a large area of a perfect plane but is not yet thickly built tho surprisingly so for the time; for in 1783 there were not more than half a dozen houses; now there are not less than—containing about—souls of which—are blacks. It bids fair to be a large Town being at the head of the present navigation & a fine country back of it for support, which is settling very fast by Tobacco planters—The culture of which article

is increasing very fast and bids fair to be the principal export from the State; and from this part of it, it certainly will be so.

"Augusta, though it covers more ground than Savanna, does not contain as many Inhabitants, the latter having by the late census between 14 and 1500 hundred whites and about 800 blacks.

"Dined at a private dinner with Govr. Telfair today; and gave him dispatches for the Spanish Govr of East Florida, respecting the Countenance given by that Governt to the fugitive Slaves of the Union—wch dispatches were to be forwarded to Mr. Seagrove, Collector at St. Marys, who was requested to be the bearer of them, and instructed to make arrangements for the prevention of these evils, and if possible for the restoration of the property—especially of those slaves wch had gone off since the orders of the Spanish Court to discountenance this practice of recg. them.

"Saturday 21. Left Augusta about 6 o'clock and takg leave of the Governor & principal Gentlemen of the place at the Bridge over Savanna River where they had assembled for the purpose I proceeded in Company with Colns Hampton and Taylor & Mr. Lithgow, a committee from Columbia (who had come to meet & conduct me to that place) & a Mr. Jameson from the Village of Granby on my Rout—Dined at a house about 20 miles from Augusta and lodged at one Oden about 20 miles further."

CHAPTER VII

General Elijah Clarke's Trans-Oconee Republic

GENERAL Elijah Clarke was undoubtedly a patriot. But during the last years of his life the old soldier's fame as a fighter was somewhat eclipsed by an enterprise, the precise nature of which was not perhaps fully understood by his critics. At any rate, its collapse exposed him to consequences which failure invariably entails. His purpose was to organize an independent civil government on the west side of the Oconee River, a domain of country still occupied by the Indians. But, in justice to the stern old warrior, it must be said that he fully expected, when the proper time came, to annex this republic to the State of Georgia.

General Clarke was weary of incessant troubles along the exposed frontier. To put an effectual quietus upon the Indians and to solve by the sword a problem which was dark with menace to the peace of thousands, became his fixed resolve; and, while it was born of a sudden impulse, it gripped him with the power of a divine inspiration. Trained in the use of weapons, he preferred, like a true frontiersman, to argue a disputed point by resort to arms rather than by appeal to reason. Besides, during the unsettled period which followed the Revolution, force was still a greater power than law.

But the entry of General Clarke upon the territory of the Indians formed no part of his original intentions. He sought in the beginning an altogether different object.

When the French emissary, Genet, came to this country, in 1794, to arouse popular hostility toward Spain, he found General Clarke a sympathetic listener. Moreover the latter, whose hatred of the Spaniards amounted to an obsession, was easily prevailed upon to accept a commission from France in a campaign, the declared purpose of which was to seize Florida and to recover Louisiana. As it happened, the resources granted him for this purpose were wholly inadequate, and the scheme itself proved abortive; but, finding himself at the head of an organized force, on the borders of Georgia, he cast his eyes toward the fertile lands beyond the Oconee River; and, into the meshes thus invitingly spread by the tempter, General Clarke fell.

There was no thought of treason to Georgia involved in this scheme of conquest. But he acted in an arbitrary manner, without consulting the State authorities, and in bold defiance of treaty agreements. Colonel Absalom H. Chappell, an accurate historian, has given us a full account of the whole affair; and, while he does not uphold the General's course, he acquits him of any wrongful intent. The following review of one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of our State is summarized from Colonel Chappell's graphic account. After giving us a sketch of Alexander McGillivray, the wily half-breed chief, who commanded the Creeks at this time, he then takes up General Clarke. Says he:

On the civilized side [*i. e.*, of the Oconee War], there was also a prominent representative character whom we should not overlook: a nobly meritorious yet unhappily, before the end of his career, a somewhat erring soldier and patriot—General Elijah Clarke. The very military reputation which he had brought out of the Revolution made him the man to whom all the upper new settlements looked as the most competent of leaders and the most fearless of fighters. There never failed to come

trooping to him, at his bugle call, from field and forest, bands of armed men, at the head of whom he would repel incursions and pursue and punish the flying foe even in the distant recesses of his wild woods. To be forward and valiant in defending the settlements from the Indian tomahawk was, in those days, a sure road to lasting gratitude and admiration.

But destiny, which had hitherto been his friend, began at length to be his enemy and to impel General Clarke into improper and ill-starred but not ill-meant courses. His first error was in lending himself to the schemes of the mischief-making French minister, Genet; his next in setting on foot the Oconee Rebellion, as it was called—missteps, both of which were owing rather to accidental circumstances at the particular time than to any intentional wrongdoing on his part.

Genet was worthy to represent such a crew as the Jacobins under Robespierre; and he became drunk with the wild unschooled spirit of liberty. Nowhere did he meet with more encouragement than in South Carolina, due to the Huguenot element in the south of the State. The strong feeling of French consanguinity added force to the universally prevalent sentiment of gratitude to France as our ally in the Revolution. General Clarke's strong and bold nature sympathized with France. Genet wanted to seize Florida and to recover Louisiana from the Spaniards. He therefore presented the matter to General Clarke. The latter was not a diplomat, but a frontiersman, who was more familiar with woods than with courts, and who saw nothing whatever in the way of international complications. He disliked Spain as much as he loved Georgia. She was the ancient enemy of his State. He sought to render a patriotic service—for which reason he accepted the commission.*

*Stevens and White both state that he was commissioned a Major-General in the French Army, with a pay of $10,000, but neither of them cites the documentary evidence on which this statement is based.

Commissions for subordinate officers were likewise placed in his hands. He was given money and means also, but in too limited an amount for so great an enterprise. His authority was everywhere recognized by French emissaries, and from the Ohio to the St. Mary's, his orders were obeyed in the making of preparations. Men thronged to him from South Carolina and Georgia, fired by the splendor of the project and the renown of the leader. The points of rendezvous were principally along the Oconee. Nor did the Indians manifest any hostility toward the adventurers, for they were ancient friends of the French, with whom they were allied in the French and Indian Wars.

But the enterprise never reached the stage where General Clarke was to stand forth, truncheon in hand, the avowed leader. Washington's administration was too strong and vigilant for Genet. Our obligations of neutrality toward Spain were fully maintained. The recall of Genet was demanded. Of course, the consequences were disastrous to General Clarke. He was left standing, blank, resourceless, aimless, on the Indian side of the wilderness.

It was in these untoward circumstances that General Clarke, with his men, in May, 1794, began to bestow thought upon the Indian territory, where already they saw themselves quartered in arms. Nor did they think long before they took the overstrong resolution of seizing upon the country and of setting up for themselves an independent government. No scruples or impediments deterred them. To a man, they regarded the country as lost to Georgia by the perpetual guarantee made to the Indians by the treaty of New York. A written Constitution was adopted. General Clarke was chosen civil and military chief. A Committee of Safety was organized, with law-making functions. But whether a name was ever bestowed on the infant State or whether it ex-

pired without baptism, no record or tradition remains to tell. Nor is there any copy of the Constitution now to be found. But in the first volume of the American State Papers on Indian Affairs there is preserved a letter from General Clarke to the Committee of Safety, dated Fort Defiance, September 5, 1794, which places beyond doubt the adoption of the Constitution and the other facts of organization.*

The new trans-Oconee Republic was too splendid a scheme for the petty numbers and resources of General Clarke's command. Stevens, in his history of Georgia, has mixed matters. He represents the Oconee War as eventuating in the French project, with which General Clarke became identified. On the contrary, it was the failure of the French project which led to the Oconee War.

In justification of General Clarke's course may be pleaded the animosity which had long prevailed between the State of Georgia and the Creek Indians. The latter had been the allies of the British. In the treaty of Augusta, in 1783, they had ceded the Oconee lands, but had refused to let Georgia enjoy them. They kept no faith; and, during the very next year, not only raised the war-whoop again, but rushed into an alliance with Spain. Later they were parties to another treaty, by which they ceded the Tallassee country, in the lower part of the State, only to repudiate it afterwards. Both at Augusta and at Galphinton, General Clarke had been one of the commissioners for Georgia. He was actuated less by the prevailing land-greed than by sagacious statesmanship, and he looked to a permanent preservation of peace with the Indians. Still another treaty had been signed at Shoulder Bone, in 1876. Yet the war had not ceased.

Such was the status of affairs when the new government of the United States was launched in 1789 and

*American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Volume I, pp. 500-501, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Washington called to the helm. It was barely a year thereafter that the treaty of New York was consummated, abrogating the other treaties and buying peace at the price of a retrocession of Tallassee, in addition to a perpetual guarantee to the Indians, on the part of the United States, regardless of Georgia's paramount rights. Yet the Indians did not keep even this treaty, because it did not concede to them everything else which they claimed.

General Clarke was speedily overwhelmed by public censure and total discomfiture. National and State governments acted in concert against him and finally put him down. Governor Matthews, with his Revolutionary laurels untainted at this time by the Yazoo fraud, thundered at the obnoxious General, prompted by Washington, who preferred wisely to remain behind the scenes and to be neutral where the authorities of the States were adequate to deal with the local situations. Judge Walton also condemned him in charges to grand juries, though in language of marked consideration and respect. These, however, were not sufficient. The next step was more decisive. The citizen soldiery were called out; and, to General Clarke's surprise, they promptly obeyed orders. As the storm thickened around him, there were none to come to his succor. Even his hosts of friends stood aloof. They could not uphold him in violating the treaty of New York, which the State was bound to respect.

It redounds to General Clarke's honor, however, that he no sooner became aware of the great error in which he was entangled than he abandoned it, ere he had shed a drop of blood. He never expected to raise his hand against any foe save the hostile Indians and Spaniards. This explains his ready and absolute submission when, on being assured that neither his men nor himself would be molested, he struck colors and disbanded his followers and returned, chagrined, to his home in Wilkes, on the approach of Generals Twiggs and Irwin, under the Governor's order, with a body of the State troops.

In further defence of General Clarke it may be said that, with the Oconee River as a permanent guaranteed boundary between the State of Georgia and the Indians, it was clear to him that the State could never attain to much prosperity or importance, but must continue feeble and poor. Enlargement toward the West was what she needed to make her powerful. So he seized the opportunity which confronted him in 1794 of making himself master of the trans-Oconee territory by means of the French resources and preparations, to which he had fallen heir.

On July 28, 1794, at the suggestion of General Knox, Secretary of War, Governor Matthews issued this proclamation:

"Whereas, I have received official information that Elijah Clarke, Esq., late a Major-General of the militia of this State, has gone over the Oconee River, with intent to establish a separate and independent government on lands allotted to the Indians for hunting grounds within the boundaries and jurisdictional rights of the State of Georgia aforesaid, and has induced numbers of good citizens of the said State to join him in the said unlawful enterprise; and whereas, such acts and proceedings are not only a violation of the laws of this State, but tend to subvert the good order and government thereof, I have therefore thought fit to issue this proclamation, warning and forbidding the citizens of the said State from engaging in such unlawful proceedings, hereby strictly enjoining all persons whatsoever who have been deluded to engage therein immediately to desist therefrom, as they will answer the contrary to their peril; and I do hereby strictly command and require all judges, justices, sheriffs, and other officers, and all other good citizens of this State to be diligent in aiding and assisting to apprehend the said Elijah Clarke and his adherents, in order that they may be severally brought to justice."

No sooner did Governor Matthews issue this proclamation against General Clarke than the latter reappeared in Wilkes and surrendered himself to the authorities; but after examining the laws and the treaties, both State and Federal, it was ordered by the court that Elijah Clarke be and is hereby discharged. The vote of the jury was unanimous. The effect was to embolden Clarke. Being pronounced guiltless of any offence, he recrossed the Oconee to his posts.

Thereupon the President authorized the Governor to embody the militia and to call into service the Federal troops, if necessary, in order to disperse the settlers. Lieutenant-Colonel Gaither, of the United States Army, was on hand to co-operate. Before Governor Matthews, in accordance with instructions, resorted to force, he once more tried the effect of negotiations and sent Generals Twiggs and Irwin to Fort Advance.

Says General Twiggs, in his official report: "I proceeded to the unauthorized settlement on the southwest side of the Oconee and, on the presentation of Georgia's claim, read the letter from the War Department, together with Judge Walton's charge to the Grand Jury of Wilkes and the law opinion of the attorney and Solicitor General. After a full explanation of the papers above recited, I entered into a friendly conference with him, pointing out the danger of the situation, but without effect. Lastly, I ordered them to move within the temporary lines between us and the Creek Indians; but after an interview with his men he answered that he preferred to maintain his ground. Troops, both State and Federal, were therefore concentrated at Fort Fidius, on the Oconee, and such a disposition made of them that General Clarke, upon promise of General Irwin of immunity if he should vacate the post, marched out of the place and the State troops took possession of the works. On September 28, they were set on fire, together with Fort Defiance, and several other garrisoned places were completely demolished."

On October 12, 1794, the Governor informed the Secretary of War that the posts were burnt and destroyed, and the whole affair happily terminated without loss of blood.

General Clarke was most unfortunate in these transactions of his last years. But because he fell into error, we cannot submit that his merits should be unduly shaded or shut out from view and his character transmitted to the future, aspersed with epithets of disparagement. He died, ranking to the last, among Georgia's most cherished heroes and benefactors. He was emphatically the Ajax Talamon of the State in her days of greatest trial. In weighing such a man—such a doer and sufferer for his country—indictments which might have crushed meaner persons are but as dust in the balance against the rich ponderous ore of his services, and we hasten to shed a tear on whatever may tend to soil his memory and to pronounce it washed out forever. Georgia has been blessed with many signal favors. But never has it fallen to her lot to have a son, native or adopted, whom she could more proudly boast and justly honor, or who has imprinted himself more deeply on her heart, than Elijah Clarke.

CHAPTER VIII

Fannin at Goliad: Story of the Brutal Massacre of 1836

ONE of the most brutal massacres of history was the inhuman sacrifice of life at Goliad during the war for Texan independence, in 1836. Colonel James W. Fannin, who lost his life in this massacre, was a native Georgian, who, removing to Texas in 1834, raised a company, which he called the Brazos Volunteers, and joined the army of General Houston. On the fall of the Alamo, Fannin received orders from his commander to destroy the Spanish fort at Goliad and to fall back to Victoria. He delayed his retreat for some time, in order to collect the women and children of the neighborhood, whose lives were exposed to imminent peril. But he finally set out for Goliad with 350 men.

En route to this point he was overtaken by General Urrea, at the head of 1,200 Mexican troops. There followed a battle which lasted for two days, during which time the Mexicans lost between 300 and 400 in killed and wounded, and the Texans only about 70; but Fannin, having been wounded in the engagement, was forced by the exigencies of the situation to surrender. He agreed to capitulate only on condition that his troops should be paroled. But, instead of being set at liberty, they were marched to Goliad as prisoners of war, and, on March 27, 1836, in pursuance of orders said to have been received from Santa Anna, were, in the absence of General Urrea, massacred in cold blood.

Four men to assist in the hospital and four surgeons, in addition to the women, received exemption from the

bloody edict of death, besides which some few of the men who were fired upon afterwards escaped; but the rest were inhumanly butchered. Some two weeks before he was captured and put to death, Fannin wrote to a friend in the United States: "I have about four hundred and twenty men here, and if I can get provisions to-morrow or next day, I can maintain myself against any force. I will never give up the ship."

Henderson Yoakum, the pioneer historian of Texas, gives the frightful details of the tragedy at Goliad as follows.* Says he: "The Texans now raised a white flag, which was promptly answered by the enemy. Major Wallace and Captain Chadwick went out, and in a short time returned and reported that General Urrea would treat only with the commanding officer. Colonel Fannin, though lame, went out, assuring his men that he would make none other than an honorable capitulation. He returned in a short time and communicated the terms of agreement which he had made with Urrea. They were in substance as follows: 1. That the Texans should be received and treated as prisoners of war, according to the uses of the most civilized nations. 2. That private property should be respected and restored, but the side-arms of the officers should be given up. 3. That the men should be sent to Copano and thence, in eight days, to the United States, or so soon thereafter as vessels could be secured to take them. 4. That the officers should be paroled and returned to the United States, in like manner. General Urrea immediately sent Holzinger and other officers to announce the agreement. It was reduced to writing in both English and Spanish languages, read over two or three times, signed, and the writings exchanged, 'in the most formal and solemn manner.' The

*History of Texas, 1685 to 1845, by Henderson Yoakum; embodied in Wooten's "Comprehensive History of Texas," Vol. I, pp. 254-260, Dallas, 1898.

Texans immediately piled arms, and such of them as were able to march were hurried off to Goliad, where they arrived at sundown on the same day (the 20th). The wounded, among whom was Colonel Fannin, did not reach the place till the 22nd. At Goliad the prisoners were crowded into the old church, with no other food than a scanty pittance of beef, without bread or salt. Colonel Fannin was placed under the care of Colonel Holzinger, a German engineer in the Mexican service. So soon as Fannin learned how badly his men were treated, he wrote to General Urrea, stating the facts, and reminding him of the terms of capitulation."

"On the 23rd, Colonel Fannin and Colonel Holzinger proceeded to Copano to ascertain if a vessel could be procured to convey the Texans to the United States; but the vessel which they expected to obtain had already left port. They did not return until the 26th. On the 23rd, Major Miller, with eighty Texan volunteers, who had just landed at Copano, were taken prisoners and brought into Goliad by Colonel Vara. Again, on the 25th, Colonel Ward and his men, captured by Urrea, were brought in. The evening of the 26th passed off pleasantly enough. Colonel Fannin was entertaining his friends with the prospect of returning to the United States; and some of the young men who could perform well on the flute were playing 'Home, Sweet Home.' How happy we are that the veil of the future is suspended over us! At seven o'clock that night, an order, brought by special courier from Santa Anna, required the prisoners to be shot! Detailed regulations were sent as to the mode of executing this cold-blooded and atrocious order. Colonel Portilla, the commandant of the place, did not long hesitate to put it into execution. He had four hundred and forty-five prisoners under his charge. Eighty of these, brought from Copano, having just landed, were therefore con-

sidered as not within the scope of the order, and for the time were excused. The services of four of the Texan physicians—Drs. Field, Hall, Shackleford and Joseph H. Bernard*— being needed to take care of the Mexican wounded, were among those spared. So likewise were four others, who were assistants in the hospital."

"At dawn of day, on Palm Sunday, March 27, the Texans were awakened by a Mexican officer, who said he wished them to form a line, that they might be counted. The men were marched out in separate divisions, under different pretexts. Some were told that they were to be taken to Copano, in order to be sent home; others that they were going out to slaughter beeves; and others again that they were being removed to make room in the fort for Santa Anna. Dr. Shackleford, who had been invited by Colonel Guerrier to his tent, about a hundred yards southeastwardly from the fort, says: 'In about an hour, we heard the report of a volley of small arms, toward the river, and to the east of the fort. I immediately inquired the cause of the firing, and was assured by the officer that he did not know, but supposed that it was the guard firing off their guns. In about fifteen or twenty minutes thereafter another such volley was fired, directly south of us, and in front. At the same time I could distinguish the heads of some of the men through the boughs of some peach trees and could hear their screams. It was then, for the first time, that the awful conviction seized upon our minds that treachery and murder had begun their work. Shortly afterward Colonel Guerrier appeared at the door of the tent. I asked him if it could be possible they were murdering our men. He replied that it was so, but that he had not given the order, neither had he executed it."

"In about an hour more, the wounded were dragged out and butchered. Colonel Fannin was the last to suf-

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*Dr. Bernard has written an exhaustive account of the Goliad Massacre. See Wooten's "Comprehensive History of Texas," Vol. I, Chapter X, Dallas, 1885.

fer. When informed of his fate, he met it like a soldier. He handed his watch to the officer whose business it was to murder him, and requested that he have him shot in the breast and not in the head, and likewise see that his remains were decently buried. These natural and proper requirements the officer promised should be fulfilled, but, with the perfidy which is so characteristic of the Mexican race, he failed to do either! Fannin seated himself in a chair, tied the handkerchief over his eyes, and bared his bosom to receive the fire of the soldiers. As the different divisions were brought to the place of execution, they were ordered to sit down with their backs to the guard. But a young man by the name of Fenner, in one of the squads, rose to his feet and exclaimed: 'Boys, they are going to kill us—die with your faces to them, like men!' At the same time, two other young Texans, flourishing their caps over their heads, shouted at the top of their voices, 'Hurrah for Texas!' "

Many attempted to escape; but the most of those who survived the first fire were cut down by the pursuing cavalry, or afterwards shot. It is believed that in all twenty-seven of those who were marched out to be slaughtered eventually escaped, leaving three hundred who suffered death on that Sunday morning. The dead were then stripped and the naked bodies thrown into piles. A few brushes were placed over them, and an attempt made to burn the bodies up, but with such poor success that the hands and feet, and much of the flesh, were left a pray to dogs and vultures!

"Colonel Fannin doubtless erred in postponing for four days his obedience to the order of the Commander-in-Chief to retreat with all possible dispatch to Victoria, on the Guadalupe; and also in sending out Lieutenant-Colonel Ward in search of Captain King. But these errors sprang from the noblest feelings of humanity; first, in an attempt to save from the approaching enemy some Texan settlers at the mission of Refugio; again, in an endeavor to rescue King and his men at the same place;

and finally to save Ward and his command—until all was lost save honor. The public vengeance of the Mexican tyrant, however, was satisfied. Deliberately and in cold blood he had caused three hundred and thirty of the sternest friends of Texas—her friends while living and dying—to tread the wine-press for her redemption. He chose the Lord's Day for this sacrifice. It was accepted; and God waited his own time for retribution—a retribution which brought Santa Anna a trembling coward to the feet of the Texan victors, whose magnanimity prolonged his wretched life to waste the land of his birth with anarchy and civil war."

During the session of 1883, the Legislature of Texas appropriated the sum of fifteen hundred dollars for a monument at Goliad to the victims of the brutal massacre of 1836. The citizens of Goliad raised an additional seventeen hundred dollars, and the city of Goliad donated a lot for the monument. The handsome shaft was unveiled in 1885. It is built of Italian marble, standing thirty-three feet in height, upon a base of granite, and contains the following brief inscriptions: On the north, the famous battle cry of San Jacinto, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" On the west, "Independence declared, March 2nd, A. D. 1836, consummated April 21st, A. D. 1836." On the south, at the bottom of the first section, "Fannin" is chiselled in raised letters, while higher up on the monument appear these words: "Erected in Memory of Fannin and his Comrades." On the east, "Massacred March 27th, A. D. 1836." There were a number of Georgians in Fannin's command, among them a distinguished young officer of Lawrenceville, Captain James C. Winn.

CHAPTER IX

William H. Seward: A Georgia School-Master

WHILE a student at Union College, in the State of New York, Mr. Seward, afterwards one of the most collosal figures of the war period of American history, became embarrassed by a trivial debt. It grew out of the fact that his father, a man of wealth but a somewhat eccentric old gentleman, refused to pay for a tailor-made suit of clothes which his son had purchased because his class-mates made sport of his blue homespuns. In the opinion of the elder Seward, what was good enough for the village school was good enough for the college town; and he remained obdurate. The result was that the unhappy youth, in a spirit of independence, resolved to shift for himself; and surreptitiously one night he took French leave of his books and started upon his journey southward.

Near Eatonton, Ga., he opened an academy; and here he remained for several months, when unexpected developments called him back home. To what extent his sojourn in the South modified his subsequent career in public life is purely a matter of conjecture; but it was certainly due to Mr. Seward's influence that the decision of President Johnson "to make treason odious" was abandoned. Mr. Seward suffered at the North by reason of his lenient views in regard to Reconstruction. He also shared in the bitter opposition which led to Mr. Johnson's trial of impeachment and became alienated from former political associates.

But he remained a steadfast friend to the people of the South and consistently opposed the adoption of harsh measures. He fought the military regime and advocated from the start the policy of committing the State governments into the hands of former white leaders. His idea was to win the good-will of the people of the South by overtures of friendship and not to widen the breach by tyrannical acts of oppression. It is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln himself was animated by a gentler spirit.

Prior to the war Mr. Seward was a mouthpiece of the anti-slavery party in the nation; and the appeal to a "Higher Law" was originated by him to meet the constitutional argument of the pro-slavery advocates. But he was wholly without the venom which characterized Sumner and Phillips. His father owned a number of slaves, which were afterwards emancipated by an edict of the Governor of New York; and in an interview which appeared in 1866, setting forth his attitude toward the South he declared that he himself was born a slaveholder. He also stated in this connection that he was still supporting some of his former slaves.

So far as the suffrage amendment to the Constitution was concerned he fought its enactment, saying that the laws of social economy were adequate to adjust the relations between the two races. "I have no more concern for the negroes," added he, "than I have for the Hottentots. The North must get over this notion of interference in the affairs of the South." Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College, and Editor E. L. Godwin, of New York, were parties to the interview in question.*

To the same effect, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in her Memoirs of Mr. Davis, throws an anecdotal sidelight

*Life of William H. Seward, by Frederic Bancroft, Volume II, p. 455, New York, Harper and Bros., 1900.

upon Mr. Seward's attitude toward the negro problem.* On returning to New York Mr. Seward became Governor of the State, Senator of the United States, and Secretary of State in two Cabinets. He was also the logical candidate of his party for President in 1860, but was defeated by Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Seward, in 1867, negotiated the purchase of Alaska, a coup of diplomacy which was dictated by the highest wisdom. The following story of his life in Georgia is taken from his Autobiography:*

On the first of January, 1819, . . . I left Union College, as I thought forever, and proceeded by stage to New York with a classmate, who was going to take charge of an academy in Georgia. I had some difficulty in avoiding observation as I passed through Newberg, the principal town of the county in which my father lived. Arriving in New York for the first time, I would have stayed to see its curiosities and its wonders, but I feared pursuit. I took passage with my fellow-traveller on the schooner, which was first to sail for Savannah; but the vessel was obliged to wait for a wind. . . . At sunrise next morning we were under way. On the seventh day we crossed Tybee and anchored in the river at Savannah. What an unexpected transition from New York, which I had left congealed and covered with snow, to this beautiful Georgia seaport, which I found embowered among trees and flowers! I was in haste, because my funds were small and I did not wish to be overtaken. I rode by stage to Augusta, the way often lighted by immigrant camp-fires.

My associate and I made inquiries at Augusta, and he contracted there for employment in the Academy, while I proceeded by stage as far as the coach went and then hired a gig, which landed me at Mount Zion, in a

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*Memoirs, Volume I, p. 581.

*William H. Seward: An Autobiography, with a Memoir of His Life and Selections from His Speeches, by Frederick W. Seward. New York, Derby and Miller, 1891, pp. 36-43.

society which had lately been founded by immigrants, to whom I was known. They were under the pastoral care of Dr. Beman, who afterwards became so distinguished a preacher at Troy, in the State of New York. Here I rested one or two days, while my linen was washed, and then, no longer able to hire a conveyance, I took the road on foot for a journey of thirty miles, more or less, to Eatonton, the capital town of the County of Putnam.

Farmers—here called "Crackers"—cheerfully gave me a lift as I overtook them on the way, and also shared provisions with me. Arriving in the town late at night and somewhat weary, I was shown into a large ball-room, which I found filled with long rows of cots, one of which was assigned to me. My reflections in the morning were by no means cheerful. Inquiring of the tavern keeper, I learned that the academy for which I was looking was in a new settlement, ten miles distant. I was to make the journey with only nine shillings and six pence, New York currency, in hand, after my reckoning was paid. The shirt which I wore was, of course, soiled by travel. My light cravat was even worse. I invested eight shillings in a neck-cloth, which concealed the shirt bosom, and, with one and six-pence remaining, I resumed my journey.

Reaching a country store where the roads crossed, I came to a rest, after walking eight miles, communicated the news which I had received at Eatonton, and in turn was enlightened by the merchant's news of the admission of Missouri into the Union. Here I also learned the name of the parties who had founded the new school of which I was in search; and I was directed to Mr. Ward, whose house was distant two miles and a half, as the person to whom I should apply. Going a mile and a half through the woods, I became both hungry and thirsty, and quite too weary to go further.

But, at this point, a double cottage, built of logs, attracted me. It was new, the windows were without glass,

and the chimneys were not yet topped out; but manifestly it was occupied, because domestic utensils lay about the doorway and the blanket which served for a door was drawn up. I found there a lady yet youthful, as handsome as she was refined, with two small children. The owner of the house was Dr. Iddo Ellis, a physician who had migrated to Georgia only a year or two before from Auburn, N. Y. The doctor soon came home, and it was immediately made known to me that a visitor who had just arrived from the vicinity of their ancient town could not be allowed to go further, although he might fare better than in their humble and unfurnished cottage. Of course, I stopped there. The house had no partitions, but I was given a separate apartment for sleep, a provision which was easily made by suspending a coverlid from the beam to the floor.

After an early breakfast, the doctor summoned a meeting of the trustees, which I could attend, at 11 o'clock. They were five in number. Major William Alexander, of the militia, a genial planter, was president; William Turner, Esq., Treasurer of the State, was secretary; and Dr. Ellis, chief debater. The matter of an introduction was somewhat brief. My traveling companion who, while we were yet in college, had accepted a call to this school, had obtained a more distinguished situation at Augusta, and had recommended me. Dr. Ellis spoke kindly of the impression which my brief acquaintance with him had made. Mr. Turner, who possessed a better academic education than the rest, asked me a few general questions, and then Major Alexander announced that the board did not think it necessary to extend the examination further.

I withdrew; and, going around the corner of the Academy, I sat down on the curbstone of the spring, into which I dipped the gourd which hung upon a tree by the side, and I meditated: What chance was there that

these trustees would employ me If they should decline to do so, what next? With only eighteen pence in my pocket, a thousand miles from home, my little wardrobe left thirty miles behind, where was I to go and what was I to do? I scarcely had time to conceive possible answers to these questions when Dr. Ellis appeared and invited me into the official presence. If ever mortal was struck dumb by pleasant surprise I was the youth, when William Turner, Esq., six feet high, grave and dignified, made me this speech:

"Mr. Seward: The trustees of Union Academy have examined you to ascertain whether you are qualified to assume charge of the new institution which they have founded. They have desisted from the examination because they find that you are better able to question them than they to question you. The trustees desire to employ you, but they fear that they are not able to make you such a proposition as your abilities deserve. The school is yet to be begun; and, with what success, they do not know. The highest offer which they feel able to make is eighteen hundred dollars for the year, with board in such of our homes as you may chose, to cost at the rate of one hundred dollars per annum. But the Academy will not be finished for six weeks, during which time you will be without employment. We will compensate you for this delay by furnishing you a horse and carriage, by means of which you can travel over any part of the State, and in the interval of rest you will board among us without charge."

I accepted the position with an expression of profound thanks and with an assurance of determination to merit the approval of my generous patrons. It was an important crisis in my life. I indulged with satisfaction the reflection that I was henceforth to be an independent, self-reliant man. At dinner with the doctor's family, he said:

"I am going to state something to which you need not reply, if you prefer. In your absence from the meeting of the trustees they asked how old you were. I answered that I thought you were twenty. They replied that for such an enterprise the age seemed very young."

Candidly I confessed to my patron that I was only seventeen, whereupon he replied:

"We will leave them to find it out, then, Mr. Seward."

The part of Georgia into which I had fallen was in the northeastern region and had then recently been recovered from the Indians. It was newly settled with immigrants from Virginia and from North and South Carolina. The staple was cotton, a plant which was cultivated with profit. Professional men and teachers were freely accepted and welcomed there from the North. The Southern States were just beginning to establish schools and academies for themselves. Although the planters were newcomers and generally poor, yet I think the slaves exceeded the white population. No jealousy or prejudice then existed in regard to inquiries or discussions of slavery; but at the same time there were two kindred prejudices highly developed. One was a suspicion, amounting to hatred, of all emancipated persons, or free negroes, as they were called; the other a strong prejudice of an abstract nature against the lower class of adventurers from the North called "Yankees." The planters entertained me always most cordially, as it seemed, from a regard to my acquirements, while the negroes improved every occasion to converse with a stranger from the Big North. . . .

Next day I availed myself of the horse and wagon to proceed to Eatonton, where I called at the post-office, expecting there a letter from the associate whom I had left in Augusta. Besides the expected letter, I received others, which, while they gave me much pleasure, caused me much perplexity. There was a packet which had been

transmitted to me by Richard Richardson, president of the United States Branch Bank, at Savannah. The packet contained a letter from my father, in which he stated that he had heard with paternal anguish and solicitude of my flight from college; that he had followed me from Newburgh to New York; and that, with the aid of necessary agents, he had gone in person to the wharves, resting at night from his unsuccessful search, and leaving unvisited only the schooner in which I had sailed. He implored me to return and informed me that I would be supplied with what funds I should need by Mr. Richardson. Indisposed to give up an independence which had been so dearly gained, I drew on Mr. Richardson, as he advised me I might, for one hundred dollars. With this sum I brought my person into more presentable condition and returned to my patrons.

Replying to my father a few days later I declined his request for my return. I know not whether it was vanity or a solicitude to relieve parental anxiety that induced me to send him an Eatonton paper, which contained an advertisement carefully worded by Mr. Turner and signed by himself as secretary and by Major Alexander as president, announcing that William H. Seward, "a gentleman of talents, educated at Union College, N. Y.," had been duly appointed principal of Union Academy; that applications for admission were in order; and that the school would be opened on the first of May next. The residents of the neighborhood contended with each other for the honor of entertaining me during the interval; and so I moved in a circle of hospitality around the new academy, first staying at Mr. Ward's, then at Mr. Walker's, and then at Mr. Turner's, and from these places I made excursions to Milledgeville, Sparta, and other towns, always hospitably received by prominent citizens.

Hardly more than half of my vacation was passed in this pleasant way when there arose a new and startling

difficulty. I was in my attic bedroom at Mr. Ward's, alone, revising the classics which I was soon to teach, when Major William Alexander, president of the Board of Trustees of Union Academy, ascended the crooked little stairway unattended and presented me a letter written in a hand which I quickly recognized. I read it, I doubt not, with much embarrassment.

My indignant father, in this letter, informed Major William Alexander that he had read a newspaper advertisement, in which the major announced the employment of one William H. Seward as principal. My father proceeded to say that he lost no time in informing Major Alexander who and what kind of a person the new head of Union Academy was: that he was a much-indulged son who, without any just provocation or cause, had absconded from Union College, thereby disgracing a well-acquired position and plunging his parents into profound shame and grief. In conclusion, my father warned the Major, the trustees, and all whom it might concern, that if they should continue to harbor the delinquent, he would prosecute them with the utmost vigor of the law.

"There," said the Major, in the chivalrous manner which the Southern planter had already come to assume, "I suspected as much all the while, but I do not believe that you abandoned your college and home without good cause. I shall be your friend. I will keep the affair to myself, and you may decide upon it as you think best. If you conclude to go home we shall not oppose you, although it will be a disappointment."

Had this been the whole of the case, it would have been easily settled. But by the same mail which brought my father's summons I received letters from my mother, showing plainly that the course which I had taken had been represented to her with aggravated additions. Her letter indicated a broken heart: and my sister, next in years to myself, assured me that my mother was on the

verge of distraction. Alas, poor lady, my desertion was not her only sorrow. My eldest brother had two or three years earlier come into a misunderstanding with my father, no less unhappy than my own; had left the parental roof, and was seeking with uncertain success to establish a fortune for himself in what was then the new State of Illinois. My next brother, perhaps more under the influence of erroneous example than from any real difficulty in his own case, had strayed away from the paternal mansion and obtained precarious employment in the city of New York; had afterwards thought to improve his condition by enlisting in the United States Army; and was then writing to his mother mysterious accounts of his new occupation from the barracks of Old Point Comfort.

Taking sufficient time, I carefully considered the case and then conversed with the trustees. I assured them that I would not break the engagement to the injury of the institution; that I would call a young gentleman hither from Union College, as competent as myself, to take my place; and, furthermore, that I would remain in the performance of my duty until he should arrive and they should declare entire satisfaction with him. They assented to the arrangement, and it was carried into effect. I opened the Academy on the appointed day with sixty pupils, most of whom were well advanced in years, but quite uninstructed. Mr. Woodruff, my successor, came and was accepted, and I took leave of my generous patrons and affectionate scholars with a feeling of sadness, such as I have seldom experienced.

CHAPTER X

Crawford W. Long: The Discoverer of Anesthesia

ON March 30, 1842, in the town of Jefferson, Ga., Dr. Crawford W. Long, then an unknown country doctor, barely twenty-seven years of age, performed an operation which marked an epoch in the history of medicine. At this time Dr. Long successfully employed sulphuric ether in extracting a tumor from the neck of James M. Venable. The patient, while under the influence of the anesthetic, experienced no sensation of pain whatever, and was not aware that an operation had been performed until consciousness was regained. It was the work of only a few moments; but from this operation dates the discovery of anesthesia—perhaps the greatest boon ever bestowed upon mankind. It put an end to the terrors of the knife, proclaimed the rise of modern surgery and dispelled the nightmare of centuries.

Dr. Long's discovery antedated Morton's by four years—that of Wells by two years and six months. He did not commercialize his achievement by seeking to obtain patent rights, nor did he make any haste to announce it with a flourish of trumpets; but the whole scientific world has at length come to recognize the priority of the Georgian's claim.* On March 30, 1912, there was

*See New International Encyclopaedia, New York, Dodd, Mead and Co., Vol. I, p. 492, under Anesthetic; also Vol. XII, p. 433, under Long, Crawford W.

unveiled at the University of Pennsylvania a handsome bronze medallion in honor of Dr. Crawford W. Long, on which occasion some of the most noted physicians of America were present. On May 21, 1910, near the scene of his great discovery, in the town of Jefferson, a substantial monument to Dr. Long was unveiled by the State Medical Association. In 1879, Mr. Henry L. Stuart, of New York, presented to the Legislature of Georgia a handsome life-size portrait of Dr. Long, which to-day hangs on the walls of the State Capitol. General John B. Gordon, in an eloquent speech, formally tendered the portrait. On this occasion Mr. Stuart himself was present. After the ceremonies he left for Athens to visit the grave of Dr. Long, and while there was fatally stricken with paralysis. Being without family ties or connections at the North, he was buried in accordance with his wishes in Oconee Cemetery, at Athens, in the same lot with the great discoverer, whose services to mankind he was one of the first to recognize and honor. The Republic of France has likewise paid tribute to Dr. Long; and Georgia has voted to place his statue in the nation's Capitol at Washington.

When King Edward VII awakened after his operation for appendicitis, his first question was, "Who discovered anesthesia?" to which the answer came back, "Dr. Crawford Long, Your Majesty." This spontaneous tribute from the king's physician may be taken as an expression of British sentiment.

The following account of the discovery of anesthesia has been condensed from a sketch written by Mr. T. W. Reed for Men of Mark in Georgia. There is doubtless no one in the State more conversant with the facts in the case than Mr. Reed, who has long been a distinguished resident of the town in which the last twenty-six years of Dr. Long's life were spent. It was the celebrated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Cambridge, Mass., who coined the word anesthesia; but the credit which attaches to the great discovery itself belongs to the modest Georgia

doctor, whose mission in life was to mingle the sleeping liquid of Lethe's fabled fountain with the healing waters of Bethesda's pool.

To the discoverer of anesthesia the human race must forever stand indebted. Through the magic of this great discovery the sum of human pain has been vastly lessened, the horrors of war have been mitigated, the advance of surgery has been made possible, the average duration of human life has been lengthened, and every department of human activity has been given additional energy, through which magnificent achievements have come to bless the world. Despite all claims to the contrary, the honor of having made this transcendent discovery belongs to Crawford W. Long. . . . The passing years have brought forth abundant evidence on this subject; and the State of Georgia, backed by the endorsement of the highest authority, has set her official seal upon the achievement of her distinguished son by legislative resolution that his statue shall be placed in Statuary Hall in the nation's Capitol as one of Georgia's two greatest citizens. Nor is Georgia alone in asserting the justice of his claim, for across the seas the French have erected a statue to his memory in the capital city of that republic.

Crawford W. Long, son of James and Elizabeth Ware Long and grandson of Samuel and Ellen Williamson Long, was born in Danielsville, Ga., November 1, 1815. . . . After a few years of preparation in the local academy he entered Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, and received his Master of Arts degree in 1835, at the age of nineteen, ranking second in his class. During his college days he was a room-mate of Alexander H. Stephens, whose statue Georgia is to place alongside that of the discoverer of anesthesia in the Capitol at Washington. . . . In 1839 he was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. The suc-

ceeding twelve months he spent in a hospital in New York, and on account of his success as a surgeon he was urged by his friends to apply for the position of a surgeon in the United States Navy. This was, however, contrary to the wishes of his father, and he returned to his native State, locating in Jefferson, Jackson County, Ga., in 1841. At that time Jefferson was a mere village, far removed from the large cities and the railroads.

The young country doctor quickly became a general favorite on account of his quiet, dignified bearing, his uniform courtesy, his tender heart, and his desire at all times to be of service to his people in their hours of trouble or suffering. In those days nitrous oxide parties were all the rage. The inhalation of this gas resulted in great exhilaration. Dr. Long did not boast a very extensive laboratory. In fact, it was practically impossible, with his meagre equipment, to prepare nitrous oxide. He, therefore, used sulphuric ether, and the same hilarious effect followed. Ether parties speedily became the fad among the young people of Jefferson.

During January, 1842, quite a number of ether frolics were held at Dr. Long's office, and some of the young men became thoroughly intoxicated through use of the gas. In the rough playing which followed severe bruises were received upon their bodies, but they seemed to take no notice of them. The thought dawned upon the mind of Dr. Long that ether must possess the power to deaden pain. One night, during an ether frolic, one of the young men slipped and fell, dislocating his ankle. Although the injury was quite severe, Dr. Long observed that the young man was practically unconscious of suffering. His belief in the power of ether to render one insensible to pain now deepened into a settled conviction, and he resolved to prove his discovery by using ether in the first surgical case he might chance to get.

Two miles from Jefferson lived James M. Venable, a young man who had frequently been in Dr. Long's

office and who had several times spoken to the physician about cutting two tumors from the back of his neck. Convinced of the anesthetic powers of sulphuric ether, Dr. Long disclosed to Venable his plans for the operation. On March 30, 1842, sulphuric ether was administered to Venable until he became completely anesthetized. The small cystic tumor was then excised from the back of his neck and the patient was amazed when he regained consciousness to find that the operation was over and the tumor removed, without causing him the slightest pain. In fact, he had not even known that the operation was being performed. It is beyond question that this date marks the discovery of anesthesia.

Dr. Horace Wells, ignorant of Dr. Long's discovery, tried laughing gas on himself in 1844. Dr. William T. G. Morton announced his discovery in 1846.* Dr. Charles T. Jackson accidentally inhaled chlorine gas in 1842 and used ether as an antidote, thus producing partial anesthetization, but he did not pursue the subject further at that time. Although Jefferson was a small village and Dr. Long a young physician, he operated on at least eight cases, each being thoroughly successful, before Morton claimed to have discovered anesthesia. It is claimed that Dr. Long kept his discovery secret, and therefore deserved no credit for it. The affidavits of Dr. Ange De-Laperriere and Dr. Joseph B. Carlton show that Dr. Long informed them and other physicians, and that they used ether successfully in their surgical practice before the date of Dr. Morton's announcement.

*Morton called the anesthetic which he patented "Letheon." It is today known as ether. Wells committed suicide in the city of New York, where he became mentally unbalanced after fruitless efforts to establish his claim. Morton communicated his idea to Dr. J. C. Warren, of Boston, who is alleged to have performed the first public operation on a person anesthetized with ether, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, October 16, 1846. Jackson perfected a process of etherization for which the French Academy offered him a prize of 2,000 francs. Dr. James Y. Simpson, a Scotch physician of Edinburgh, who discovered chloroform anesthesia, in 1856, was created a baronet.

In 1849 Morton asked Congress to reward him for his discovery. Jackson at once opposed him. The friends of Wells, who was then dead, also protested against his claim. Long refused to enter this contest until 1854, at which time he was urged by his friends to assert vigorously his claim to the honor. He thereupon communicated the facts in the case to United States Senator William C. Dawson, who brought Dr. Long's claim to the attention of Congress, creating consternation among the rival claimants. Much wrangling followed, and the merits of the issue were never determined. The date of Jackson's claim more nearly approaches that of Long's claim than does that of either of the others, but Jackson before his death wrote to Senator Dawson, acknowledging the justice of Long's claim.

Congress having failed to settle the disputed question of priority in the discovery of anesthesia, Dr. Long failed to receive the credit due him until May, 1877, when Dr. J. Marion Sims, of New York, investigated his claims fully and presented them in an able paper published in the Virginia Medical Monthly. To the demand for recognition made by Dr. Sims there was a general response, which brought much cheer to the heart of the distinguished discoverer. Eminent physicians the world over hastened to give him full credit for the great boon conferred upon humanity, and since then his claims to distinction as the discoverer of anesthesia have not seriously been questioned.

For ten years after his discovery of the anesthetic powers of sulphuric ether, Dr. Long continued the practice of his profession in Jefferson. He then removed to Athens, in which city he became a most distinguished physician, and where he lived until his death, twenty-six years later. . . . He was a splendid type of the Southern gentleman of ante-bellum days. At the bedside of the rich and the poor his ministrations soothed and com-

forted; through the blinding storm, often in the dead of night, he went without complaining to those who needed him; and to the last moment of his stay on earth his life was typical of the discovery with which his name will be forever associated, a life of blessing to those with whom he came in contact. He often remarked that his one great wish was to die in harness. On June 16, 1878, he was called to the bedside of a patient in whose case he was deeply interested. While performing the duties incident to the case, he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, from which death came in a few hours. The brain which had given to the world the blessings of anesthesia was at rest, but it left behind a gift to humanity the importance of which can never be estimated.

CHAPTER XI

John Clark: His Grave Overlooking St. Andrew's Bay on the Gulf of Mexico

UNDERNEATH a plain white obelisk of marble, overlooking the waters of St. Andrew's Bay, on the west coast of Florida, rest the mortal ashes of a most distinguished Georgian: Governor John Clark. An exile in death from the great State whose highest civic office he once held, this illustrious soldier and statesman is the only one of Georgia's chief magistrates—unless exception be made of Governor Treutlen—who sleeps beyond her borders. The latter is supposed to have been buried in South Carolina, where he was quartered by the Indians and Tories. His last resting-place is unknown. But not so with Governor Clark. The grove of ancient live oaks in which he lies, though removed somewhat from the beaten highways of travel, can be reached by an hour's ride from Pensacola; and Georgia owes it to her own historic past to bring the ashes of Governor Clark back home, so that when his long sleep of death is over he can wake once more on his native hills.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, through the initiative of Mrs. Joseph S. Harrison, of Columbus, Ga., have already taken the matter in hand, and there is a likelihood that the old hero will soon repose with the nation's dead, at Marietta.

It was around the dramatic figure of John Clark that the fiercest fires of partisan politics known to the annals

*Gov. John Clark usually spelled his name without the final "e." But his father, Gen. Elijah Clarke, preferred the longer form.

of this State raged for more than twenty heated years. The earliest division of Georgia into factional camps grew out of a quarrel between John Clark and William H. Crawford, which finally led to a duel, in which the latter was wounded. On the departure of Crawford for the forum of national affairs, he was succeeded on the battleground of State politics by George M. Troup, who, under a fresh banner, renewed the old fight; but twice when the Governor's office was the prize for which these doughty champions contended in the lists, Troup was unhorsed by John Clark, who bore off the laurels of combat.

Governor Clark was a man of limited learning, but he possessed an intellect of strong native powers and an iron strength of will. As a fighter he scarcely knew what the word "surrender" meant. This trait of his character was a martial inheritance from his distinguished father, by whose side, at the battle of Kettle Creek, when a lad of thirteen, the younger Clark fought like an infant lion. At the age of sixteen he held a captain's commission. Subsequent to the Revolution, in a campaign against the Indians, in 1787, when still barely twenty-one, he distinguished himself at the battle of Jack's Creek, an engagement which, according to some authorities, was named in his honor. Eventually the Legislature of Georgia gave him the rank of Major-General in the State militia; but he was greatly incensed in 1812 when Governor Mitchell ignored him by putting General Floyd in command of the State troops.

His irate temper often overmastered him. On one occasion he assaulted Judge Tait on the streets of Milledgeville. The latter afterwards married Mrs. Clark's sister. On another occasion, when somewhat bibulous, he mutilated a picture of George Washington in front of Micajah Williamson's tavern, for which, however, "he paid like a gentleman."

Governor Clark was a native of North Carolina, in which State he was born in 1766. He accompanied his father, on the eve of the Revolution to Wilkes County, where the greater part of his life was spent. If he was a man of strong passions, bitter in his enmities, relentless in his tactics, somewhat intemperate in his habits, he was also a man who never sacrificed a friend, who never betrayed a trust, and whose devotion to Georgia was never successfully impeached by his foes. Governor Clark was a man of the people. The aristocratic planters, as a rule, supported Crawford and Troup. On relinquishing the office of Governor, he espoused the cause of Matthew Talbot, a candidate who met defeat at the hands of Governor Troup. Later Clark himself became once more a candidate in the first popular election for Governor ever held in Georgia, but encountering defeat, he withdrew from State politics forever; and—to quote Dr. George G. Smith—there came to an end "the longest continued personal contest ever known in Georgia or perhaps elsewhere in the United States."

Embittered over the result, Governor Clark accepted from President Jackson the post of Indian Agent, which made him virtually the custodian of the public lands of Florida. It was not an office to which any high honor attached, but the salary enabled him to live in comfort and to extend hospitality to the friends who came to sojourn under his roof. Governor Clark owned large tracts of land in Wilkes. Miss Lane informs us that in 1806 he made a deed to Wylie Pope, in which he reserved an area of ground twenty feet square, whereon his children, Elijah Clark and George Walton Clark, were buried.* The statement is made on the authority of Governor Gilmer that he eventually forgave his enemies, with the single exception of William H. Crawford, against whom his old feeling of animosity continued until the last hour.

Perhaps Colonel Absalom H. Chappell has correctly summarized the achievements of this unique Georgian in

the following paragraph. Says he: "During a long career he courted and acquired great enemies, both personal and official, and honorably illustrated if he did not augment the name he inherited, leaving it more deeply imprinted if not higher enrolled on Fame's proud catalogue." Governor Clark eventually died a victim of yellow fever. His wife soon followed him to the grave; and a few years later relatives erected the substantial shaft of marble which to-day stands over them on the lonely shores of St. Andrew's Bay, on the Gulf of Mexico. Thus passed away this great Georgian, whose restless spirit at last found rest.

The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

> On the north side: "John Clark, born February 28, 1766, died October 12, 1832. As an officer he was vigilant and brave; as a statesman, energetic and faithful; as a father and friend, devoted and sincere."
>
> On the south side: "John Clark, late Governor of Georgia, and Nancy Clark, his wife."
>
> On the west side: "This monument was erected by their surviving children, Ann Campbell and Wylie P. Clark."

*We are indebted to Miss Lane for the following pathetic touch of romance in the none too joyful life of John Clark. Says she "About four miles from the hill on which the battle of Kettle Creek was fought, there lived an orphan girl, the step-daughter of a man named Weaver, and the youngest sister of Sabina Chivers, who married Jesse Mercer. John Clark loved this girl. There was opposition to the union; but as yet he knew not the meaning of the word defeat. He induced her to elope with him. It was his thought to take her to the home of a friend of his father's, Daniel Marshall, near Kiokee, but the weather was severe, and a snow storm set in. They were compelled to stop at a farm house where lived the mother of Major Freeman, related to a kinsman of the Hillyers. Miss Chivers was taken ill that night with congestion of the lungs, and died. In the absence of flowers the good woman of the house adorned the dead girl with bunches of holly, entwined them in her beautiful black hair and placed them in her clasped hands. Her grave they covered with the same beautiful crimson and green, upon which the snow gently fell. This was the first real sorrow in the life of John Clark, and many were to follow."—Newspaper sketch of Governor John Clark, by Miss Annie M. Lane, of Washington, Ga., Regent of Kettle Creek Chapter, D. A. R.

CHAPTER XII

Liberty Hall: The Historic Home of the Illustrious Confederate Vice-President

OVERLOOKING the little town of Crawfordville in the distance, there stands on the green slope of the hill, directly in front of Liberty Hall, a statue of the wondrous little giant among statesmen—Alexander H. Stephens. The mortal ashes of the Great Commoner sleep peacefully to the left of the monument. Nor is there a spot of ground anywhere on Georgia's wide bosom in which the ashes of Mr. Stephens could rest more fittingly than beneath the trees of Liberty Hall. For, here it was that in life he always found balm when wearied with the feverish strife and turmoil of politics; and here it was that, in measures of abundance, seasoned with wisdom's salt, he dispensed a hospitality which has made his fireside fragrant among American hearthstones.

The monument to Mr. Stephens is an impressive structure, measuring a total elevation of thirty-six feet. On three sloping blocks of granite, which form a secure foundation, there rises a handsome monolith, designed and executed by Theodore Markwalter, of Augusta. It is a work of art, embellished on each of the four sides with sculptured wreaths of laurel. The marble statue which surmounts this splendid pile was carved in Italy, from the finest quality of stone to be found in the most renowned of quarries. The figure represents Mr. Stephens in the characteristic pose of the orator. It portrays him in the prime of life, as he is supposed to have looked

when he delivered his great speech in Congress, on January 15, 1855, at which time he contrasted Ohio and Georgia.

There was quite a strong sentiment in favor of depicting Mr. Stephens as he was best known to the present generation, seated in his familiar roller-chair. But Dr. Beazley, his home physician, recalled a conversation with Mr. Stephens, in which the latter stated that he disliked to be pictured as an invalid; that he did not wish his countrymen to remember him as one who was maimed and crippled; that such an exhibition of his infirmities would only excite pity; and that he preferred to be recalled in after years as he looked when at his best. Of course, as soon as the views of Mr. Stephens were thus made known any thought of the invalid's chair as an appropriate memorial was instantly abandoned.

On the front of the monument appears the following inscription:

> Born February 11, 1812. Member of the Georgia House of Representatives, 1836 to 1842; member of Georgia State Senate, 1842; member of United States House of Representatives, 1843 to 1859; retired from Congress, 1859; vice-president of the Confederate States, 1861 to 1865; United States Senator-elect from Georgia, 1866; member United States House of Representatives, 1873 to 1882; Governor of Georgia, 1882. Died in Atlanta, Sunday morning, March 4, 1883.
>
> Author of a Constitutional View of the War between the States and of a Compendium of the History of the United States, from their Earliest Settlement till 1872.

Underneath, on the pedestal, is inscribed:

> ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

On the rear of the monument, looking toward Liberty Hall, the following words are lettered:

> The defender of civil and religious liberty. He coveted and took from the republic nothing save glory. Non sibi, sed aliis.

On the left side of the monument appear the following extracts from the Augusta speech, delivered in 1859. The selections were made by two Georgians, who were bound by close ties to the illustrious dead—Hon. Horace M. Holden and Hon. Patrick Walsh. The extracts read:

> I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, except to do wrong. The path of duty I shall ever endeavor to travel, "fearing no evil and dreading no consequences."
>
> Here sleep the remains of one who dared to tell the people they were wrong when he believed so, and who never intentionally deceived a friend or betrayed an enemy.

On the right side of the monument is inscribed the following tribute from the pen of Richard Malcolm Johnston, a life-long friend:

> Throughout life a sufferer in body, mind, and spirit, he was a signal example of wisdom, courage, fortitude, patience, forbearance, and unwearying charity.
>
> In the decrepitude of age, called to be Governor of the State, he died while in the performance of the work of his office, and it seemed fit that having survived parents, brethren, sisters, and most of the dear companions of youth, he should lay his dying head on the bosom of the people.

The funeral of Mr. Stephens in Atlanta was an occasion long to be remembered. It was held in the hall of the House of Representatives and was marked by the presence of General Toombs who, with tear-bedimmed eyes, and in a voice husky with emotion, bade farewell to his life-long friend. This was the last public appearance of the great Mirabeau. He survived Mr. Stephens by only two years. Following these sad obsequies, the body of the Great Commoner was placed temporarily in

the Cotting vault, in Oakland Cemetery, at the State capital; but, on June 10, 1885, a committee of citizens from the town of Crawfordville brought the remains from Atlanta to Liberty Hall for final interment in Georgia's soil. The casket was accompanied by an escort of distinguished Georgians, including Governor Henry D. McDaniel, ex-Governor James S. Boynton, Captain Henry Jackson and Georgia's two United States Senators, Joseph E. Brown and Alfred H. Colquitt. The body was met at the depot by an immense concourse of people, notwithstanding the dark clouds which overhung the afternoon sky.

Plans for holding the exercises on the lawn were abandoned, due to the inclement weather; and, in the auditorium of the Baptist Church, from the doors of which hundreds were turned away for lack of room, occurred the last solemn and impressive rites over the ashes of the illustrious dead. Hon. George T. Barnes, Congressman-elect from Georgia and president of the Stephens Memorial Association, delivered the principal address. Brief remarks were also made by Governor McDaniel and Captain Henry Jackson, after which the body was tenderly borne to the new-made grave on the lawn, and there committed finally into Georgia's keeping until the resurrection.

Eight years later—on May 24, 1893—with august ceremonies, the monument to the Great Commoner was unveiled on the green hillside, in front of Liberty Hall. There were no clouds in the soft vernal sky overhead. In every respect the day was an ideal one; and the number of spectators in attendance was roughly estimated at 10,000. Long before sunrise, every country road leading into Crawfordville was alive with vehicles. Hundreds of people came by rail.

Over the arched gateway, leading to the famous old mansion, were draped the national colors. Both the

platform for the speakers and the front veranda of the Stephens home, displayed the patriotic emblems, thus attesting the broad statesmanship which characterized the Southern Confederacy's former Vice-President. On the platform a number of distinguished guests were assembled, representing every section of the State. Hon. Horace M. Holden, afterwards judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia, then a young man just entering the legal profession, gave an outline history of the movement. He also read a number of letters of regret. The president of the Memorial Association, Hon. George T. Barnes, having been detained in Washington, D. C., the vice-president, Hon. Patrick Walsh, introduced the orator of the day, Hon. Thomas M. Norwood, of Savannah, whose splendid address was a masterpiece of eloquence, characterized by deep emotional power, as well as by keen analytical insight.

Another feature of the occasion was a poem from the pen of Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley, read by Mr. Walsh.

At the proper signal, Miss Mary Corry, a great-niece of Mr. Stephens, drew aside the veil. There is a choice bit of romance in this connection. Within a few days after the unveiling, Miss Corry, whose sweet face beamed in the background of this historic scene, became the beautiful bride of Judge Holden. Subtler and finer cords than any which were seen by the vast throng of spectators were silently knitting two lives together; and thus through the sombre woof of an occasion which touched many to tears ran the golden threads of Cupid's net.

The officers of the Stephens Memorial Association at the time of the unveiling were as follows: George T. Barnes, president; Patrick Walsh, vice-president; M. T. Andrews, local vice-president; W. O. Holden, secretary; W. R. Gunn, treasurer; A. G. Beazley, corresponding secretary; R. J. Reid, director; W. J. Norton, director; J. N. Chapman, director; T. J. Harrison, director, and W. A. Legwin, director. The officers of the Ladies'

Auxiliary were: Mrs. James W. Asbury, president; Mrs. Casper Myer, vice-president; Mrs. W. J. Norton, treasurer, and Mrs. A. G. Beazley, secretary.

To this list must be added also the name of Miss Mary A. H. Gay, of Decatur, Ga., a lady who, with the zeal of Peter the Hermit, canvassed the State from border to border and for nine years gave to this monumental crusade an ardor of devotion which never once waned or wearied. It may be said in conclusion that the Memorial Association sought to accomplish three things, viz.: the purchase of Liberty Hall, the erection of the Stephens monument, and the establishment of a college to perpetuate the great statesman's deep interest in the cause of education. Two of these objects have already been successfully attained; but the third yet remains to be realized. There has never lived in Georgia a man of equal means who has defrayed the college expenses of a larger number of ambitious youths; and the State will owe the memory of the Great Commoner an unredeemed obligation until the Stephens High School at Crawfordville is made a college, in honor of the illustrious sage of Liberty Hall.

On July 12, 1912, the deferred centennial exercises in honor of the great statesman's birth were made the occasion for giving a renewed impetus to the movement for establishing the proposed college at Crawfordville. Judge Henry Lumpkin and Hon. Thomas E. Watson, both of whom were among the speakers, subscribed $1,000 each to a fund to be used for this purpose. Miss Gay, of Decatur, contributed the copyright of her book, "Life in Dixie," which Mr. Watson agreed to advertise free of charge in the Jeffersonian; and citizens of the county pledged a sum of $10,000 for the proposed school. Judge Horace M. Holden was requested by the Stephens Chapter of the U. D. C. to present the matter to the State Convention of the U. D. C., a commission which he read-

ily undertook. The result was a most enthusiastic endorsement of the enterprise by the Georgia Division. Mrs. W. D. Lamar, the State President, was furthermore instructed to urge co-operation on the part of the General Conference, which was soon thereafter to meet in Richmond. On October 20, 1913, a horizontal tablet of marble was placed over the grave of the Great Commoner by the historic Gate City Guard of Atlanta, an organization to which Mr. Stephens was warmly attached, and one of the first companies to enlist for the Civil War in 1861. Short addresses were made on this occasion by a number of well-known Georgians, among them Colonel Joseph F. Burke, a former captain of the company and organizer of the Old Guard, an honorary band composed of survivors; Hon. J. R. Smith, State School Commissioner M. L. Brittain, State Historian and Compiler of Records L. L. Knight, Mr. Joseph A. McCord, Hon. George M. Napier and others.

This description of the Great Commoner's home is from the pen of his intimate friend and biographer, Richard M. Johnston, author of the famous "Dukesboro Tales." Says he: Liberty Hall is just beyond the village of Crawfordville, in a skirt of native forest. Large oaks and hickories, interspersed with many fine transplanted trees and choice exotics, are scattered over an enclosure of about three acres, casting a delightful shade over a grassy lawn. The house is a spacious one, furnished with elegant simplicity; and, at the rear, separated by a piazza, are the owner's study and library, the latter more richly stored than is usual among Southern country gentlemen. His law library contains about fifteen hundred volumes; his miscellaneous library about five thousand, collected during many years, at a cost of more than sixteen thousand dollars.

This is probably the only mansion in the country where the domestic and social arrangements are entirely un-

affected by the sickness or health of the master of the establishment. Visitors come and go, partake of his hospitality, make themselves at home, whether or not he is able to receive them in person. Almost every train brings coming guests and bears away departing ones; dinner is served at one o'clock; late visitors take supper and early ones breakfast; and as night trains are sure to bring one or more who take what sleep the time allows, the breakfast table always presents new faces. It was the habit of Mr. Stephens, during his latter years, to rise at nine, and after dressing to be rolled in his easy chair out upon the piazza, where he usually called for a game of whist, an amusement which had grown to be a habit with him and which helped to solace many an hour of suffering. The mid-day meal was the only one which he took in the dining room, at which time he sat at the head of the table. Dinner over, he engaged in conversation, or played whist; and at seven he went to bed.

For many years, during court week, it was the habit of Mr. Stephens to entertain the entire visiting bar. As for the people of Taliaferro County, there was not a soul who did not feel at home in the house of Mr. Stephens, who was not free to enter it whenever he pleased and to remain an inmate as long as he liked. Though his personal manner of living was of the simplest kind, it can easily be surmised that his personal expenses were quite burdensome; and besides the sums which he bestowed upon the education of young men, he expended much of his income in gifts of charity to the poor.

But little change, to the eye of the guest at least, was made in Liberty Hall after the war. The same servants were there, and the same order of domestic economy; Harry was still at the head of outdoor affairs; Eliza, his wife, was still cook and laundress; and the children of these servants did the housework. When we drove out in the afternoon, Pluck, who had then, like his predecessor, Rio, become blind, and old Frank, were lifted into the carriage beside the master, from whom they could

not bear to be separated. When night came, and Harry had put Mr. Stephens to bed, some newspapers were spread at the foot, on which Pluck mounted to sleep for the night. A small riding-whip was stuck under the master's pillow, with which he could repress any encroachments of his companion. Then the guest would read aloud until Mr. Stephens had fallen asleep, after which he retired to his own apartment.

When Mr. Stephens was absent from home, Harry remained at Liberty Hall, and took care of everything with the fidelity which always characterized him. The only alteration in his domestic arrangements was in the management of his plantation, which, after the war, he divided into a number of small farms, most of which were occupied by his former slaves. Old "Aunt Mat" and her husband, "Uncle Dick," both superannuated, remained with him as long as they lived. There was the same simplicity as before in everything, and the same freedom from constraint which induced him to give his home the name it bears: Liberty Hall.[1]

Better still is the picture furnished by another biographer, who writes thus:[2] Half-hid by the magnificent grove of oaks in which it stands, on an elevated hill, is the unpretentious mansion. There are eight rooms in the main building; and two more, with a wide veranda, have been built to the rear. From the front porch, a door opens into the hall or passage, its floor spread with oil cloth in mosaic, and without furniture, except for an iron hat-rack and a gigantic barometer. On the right of the hall is the parlor, its carpet of green, neat and cheerful, with arabesques in colors. The windows are without curtains, but have green shades frosted with gold. On the mantel is an engraving of the United States Senate, during the great speech of Daniel Webster, in 1830; there is also

[1] R. M. Johnston and W. H. Browne, in Life of Alexander H. Stephens.
[2] Henry Cleveland, in Life of Alexander H. Stephens.

a small bust of Senator Berrien; and a fine cast by Saunders, intended as a model for a statue of General Oglethorpe. Lastly, a cigar case, the much prized gift of a lady friend.

On the right and left of the fireplace are fine old family portraits. On the wall hang two medallions, one of Mrs. Steele, of the Revolution, offering a purse to General Greene; and one of Oglethorpe, with curly wig, looking like Milton, but the neck fractured. Besides there are a lithograph of Mr. Stephens himself and an excellent likeness of his life-long friend, the superb Robert Toombs. Upon a small table is the large family Bible, which contains the usual entries, not only of members of the immediate household, but also of plantation servants; and, resting upon a pillar of green and white marble, is a bust of the great statesman himself, among the very first executed by the young artist, J. Q. A. Ward. With the sofa, easy chairs, and other ordinary drawing-room furniture, these were all which met the eye upon entering the neatly papered room.

Opposite the parlor is the dining-room. It contains an extension table, an ancient sideboard, a silent clock on the mantel-piece, before whose modest face no hands are held, and a frozen traveler watched by St. Bernard dogs, displayed upon the fire screen. Next a pantry. Then a bed-room, carefully reserved for an occasional visitor. There is another bedroom next to the parlor. The upper rooms, four in number, are neatly furnished and kept for the guests, male and female, who often come and are always made to feel at home. In the back passage there is always a cedar pail of pure cold water; and, connecting the two rooms built to the rear, with the main building, runs a wide veranda, with massive square pillars. The first of the rear rooms is the library, fifteen by twenty feet. Many rare books belong here, but numbers of them are in the hands of borrowers. Numerous trunks contain the accumulated letters of a lifetime; and a bronze bust of Daniel Webster looks gloomily down from a shelf over the inner door.

Next is the sanctum sanctorum. If the visitor come in winter, a light tap is given at the door, and a quick but pleasant voice bids him enter. All is open in summer. There is a neat carpet of flowered green, and a low French bedstead draped in white. The walls, too, are white. There is a bureau and a mirror, besides a cot-bed for the waiting-boy, Tim. Over the mantel is Brady's imperial photograph [of Mr. Stephens], taken in 1855. It is flanked on the right by "Faith at the Cross," a picture given to him while at Fort Warren by a much valued lady friend; on the left by an embroidered watch-stand and a pair of lamps. Then a bookcase, with broken glass, and bundles of paper in great seeming disorder. But the owner can readily find what he wishes, and before the confusion incident to the late war, no statesman kept such perfect order among so many various papers. There is a little round-top writing table, with eyelet press. Papers and scraps are on it, but still more are in the little table drawer, and the mind of the owner is an index to them all, if they are not disturbed; and any disturbance greatly annoys him. At the court-house is his old office, and another library, to which, however, he seldom goes.

On the worsted hearth-rug of this room, in winter, and on the grass in the yard, in summer, lounges a huge brown mastiff named Troup. Near this large specimen of the canine species is usually to be seen a little black terrier, with a chronic growl; he is called Frank. Sometimes a restless yellow pup intrudes, but he is generally sent away with the proper rebuke from his grave seniors. He bears the appropriate name of Sir Bingo Binks, one of the characters of Sir Walter Scott [St. Ronan's Well]. Rio, the famous poodle dog, for years the favorite pet and companion of the great statesman, both at home and abroad, has had, since 1863, a dreamless sleep in the garden. The red clay mound, which marks the spot of his burial, still awaits the tablet for which an appropriate epitaph was once written:

Here rest the remains
Of what in life was a satire on the human race
And an honor to his own—
A faithful dog.

On the left of the fireplace of the room, in winter, and on the veranda in summer, is generally seen the owner of the premises: a man known from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. The face is so kind it is almost handsome; and many years of high thought and patient suffering have given it the peculiar look of the maturely good which is almost beautful. He now weighs ninety-two pounds, but weighed only eighty-four when he began to practice law.

CHAPTER XIII

The Last Order of the Confederate Government

ON May 5, 1865—the same day on which the final meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held in the old Heard House, at Washington, Ga.—Major W. F. Alexander, assistant to the Quartermaster-General, issued the last order of the Confederate government to Major Raphael J. Moses, by whom it was promptly executed. The story is best told in the language of Colonel Isaac W. Avery, a recognized authority on the events of the war period. Says he: "We now come to the last official writing ever issued by the Confederate administration. The paper is both intensely interesting and touchingly pathetic. As historic a curiosity as the world affords is this last flicker of a mammoth revolution. Such thoughts cluster around it as would make a grand epic. It is a short document, written on paper manufactured in those days, a yellow, coarse, porous material, itself a significant symbol of Confederate times. As an ordinary document of everyday life, it would be valueless. It merely directs the payment of $10,000 of gold bullion and the receipt written on the order testifies to the honesty and promptness of the disbursing officer of a great shattered government. But as the last order of the Confederacy it possesses an interest and a poetry which will grow with time. By some curious chance the receipt comes first. Then follows the order, indicating that it was one transaction. We give the order first:

"Major R. J. Moses, C. S., will pay $10,000, the amount of bullion appropriated to Q. M. Dep. by Sec. of War, to Major R. R. Wood. By order of Q. M. Gen.

"W. F. ALEXANDER,
"Maj. and Asst. to Q. M. Gen."

The receipt is as follows:

"Washington, May 5th, '65.

"Received from Major R. J. Moses three boxes, estimated to contain $10,000 in bullion. This has not been weighed or counted, and is to be opened before two commissioned officers and a certificate of contents made, which certificate is to be forwarded to Major R. J. Moses, and by the amount certified to the undersigned is to be bound.

"R. R. WOOD, Maj. and Q. M."

CHAPTER XIV

Memorial Day: Its True History

TO the State of Georgia belongs the credit of having inaugurated what has since become the universal custom of decorating annually the graves of the heroic dead. The initial ceremonies which ushered Memorial Day into life were held in Linnwood Cemetery, at Columbus, on April 26, 1866; and the patriotic Southern woman in whose loyal heart the idea first took definite form was Miss Lizzie Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Roswell Ellis, the wife of a gallant ex-Confederate officer. The date in question was selected for two reasons—it marked the anniversary of General Johnston's surrender, an event which terminated the Civil War; and it registered the maturity of the vernal season, when flowers in this latitude are most abundant. Colonel James N. Ramsey, an old soldier and an eloquent member of the local bar, was the first Memorial Day orator. The exercises began with an impressive program in St. Luke's Methodist Church, following which the multitude repaired to Linnwood Cemetery, where the graves of the silent heroes in gray were lovingly decorated with blooms.

Next to Miss Lizzie Rutherford, the honors of pioneerhood belong to Mrs. Charles J. Williams. As secretary of the Columbus Memorial Association it fell to the lot of this sweet-spirited and gifted lady to frame the first letter which appeared in the newspapers of the State on this subject, urging the formation of similar organizations. It was not alone the beautiful thought itself, but

the delicate and subtle power of the writer's eloquent appeal to sacred memories which fired the popular imagination; and Mrs. Williams has ever since shared with her fair rival in the homage which the multiplying years have brought.

For a long period of time there waged in the public prints a controversy between enthusiastic partisans respecting the true parentage of the Memorial Day idea; but the issue has at length happily been settled by an authoritative pamphlet. On April 26, 1898, the return of the day was made an occasion for dedicating the "Lizzie Rutherford Chapter" of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Columbus; and the orator, Hon. Henry R. Goetchius, was introduced to the audience by Mr. Robert Howard. At the same time, an official paper from the Ladies' Memorial Association of Columbus—the mother organization—setting forth the true history of Memorial Day, with affidavits thereto attached, was read by Mr. Frank U. Garrard. Three survivors of the period —Mrs. Jane E. Ware Martin, Mrs. William G. Woolfolk, and Mrs. Clara M. Dexter—testified to the facts therein recited. This document, which was afterwards published, with a full account of the exercises of dedication, constitutes the chief source from which the following information has been derived. At the cemetery a special salute was fired over the grave of Mrs. Ellis. The last resting place of the author of Memorial Day was draped on this occasion with the battle-flag of the Confederacy and covered with flowers.

During the last days of the Civil War there existed at Columbus, in common with many other towns and cities throughout the South, an Aid Society, the purpose of which was to serve the Confederacy by such means as lay within the power of the gentler sex. Garments were made and sent to the boys at the front. The wounded in the hospitals were nursed and the dead were

given the rites of Christian burial. Some of the hardest fighting incident to the last days of the war took place on the slopes around Columbus. As a consequence, the offices of the local Aid Society were frequently called into requisition. Mrs. Absalom H. Chappell was the first president. But she was soon succeeded by Mrs. Robert Carter, who remained at the helm of affairs until the Aid Society was merged into the Ladies' Memorial Association. When the war closed the work of the Aid Society seemed to be at an end. Beyond the simple task of caring for the graves in the various cemeteries there was little left for the women of the South to do—no other way apparently in which they could still serve a Lost Cause; but the idea of setting apart some particular day of the year, to be formally observed as Memorial Day, still lay hidden in the realm of beautiful things.

Briefly stated, the circumstances leading to the origin of Memorial Day are these: Some time during the month of January, 1866, Mrs. Jane Martin was visiting Columbus. One afternoon, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, making her a visit, asked Mrs. Martin to accompany her to the cemetery, there to join some other ladies in looking after the graves of the soldiers who had died in the Columbus hospitals. The invitation was accepted. On returning home, the two ladies discussed the work in which they had been engaged. Miss Rutherford remarked that she had just been reading "The Initials," a popular novel by the Baroness Tautphoeus, and that from this book she had derived an idea in regard to decorating the graves of the dead which the Aid Society, with no special work to engage them for the present, other than caring for the sacred shrines, might profitably put into effect; and she stated that for her own part she would like very much to see the Aid Society reorganized, with this definite object in view. Happening to meet Mrs. John A. Jones some few moments later, the matter was discussed with her; and still later it was mentioned to Mrs. Robert Carter, president of the Aid Society, with the result that

both ladies were most favorably impressed with the suggestion. As it devolved upon Miss Rutherford, as secretary of the Aid Society, to call a meeting for the purpose of disposing of certain personal property which belonged to the organization, it was thought best to present the matter in a formal way at this time. Accordingly, not long thereafter, a meeting was called for a given date, to be held at Mrs. John Tyler's, on what is now the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue; and the ladies responding to the call were: Mrs. Robert Carter, Mrs. R. A. Ware, Mrs. William G. Woolfolk, Mrs. Clara M. Dexter, Mrs. J. M. McAllister and Mrs. Charles J. Williams. On account of a message which summoned her somewhat unexpectedly to the bedside of a sick relative, in Montgomery, Ala., Miss Rutherford was not present at the meeting; but her resolution was duly offered by one of her friends and adopted without a single vote in opposition. Thereupon the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Columbus, was formally organized, with the following set of officers: Mrs. Robert Carter, president; Mrs. R. A. Ware, first vice-president; Mrs. J. M. McAllister, second vice-president; Mrs. M. A. Patton, treasurer; and Mrs. Charles J. Williams, secretary. There was no date set for the formal observance of Memorial Day; but after Miss Lizzie Rutherford returned to Columbus, when she, with other members, were working at the cemetery and discussing the best day for the observance, she suggested April the 26th, the anniversary of General Johnston's surrender, and it met with subsequent adoption. Mrs. Williams, as secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association, was then requested to draft a letter, addressed to the various patriotic societies throughout the South, urging them to unite in making the observance of Memorial Day a universal custom. This she did in a manner which was soon destined to make her name a household word throughout the land; and with what effect she gave herself to the task is attested by the fact that today there is scarcely to be

found a hamlet, in the remotest corner of the South, where the day is not fittingly observed. Nor is it too much to claim that the action of the Grand Army of the Republic, in setting apart a day on which to honor the memory of departed comrades, is an offspring of the modest seedlet which, on April 26, 1866, was planted upon the banks of the Chattahoochee River, to furnish a harvest of incense for a continent; and thus even the victorious North has deigned to emulate the example of the vanquished South.

In addition to the names hereinbefore mentioned, the membership of this pioneer organization included the following ladies of Columbus: Mrs. George W. Woodruff, Mrs. Henry L. Benning, Mrs. John A. Jones, Mrs. H. R. Goetchius, Mrs. L. T. Downing, Mrs. John A. Urquhart, Miss Anna Benning, Mrs. John Tyler, Miss Mary Tyler, Miss Emma Tyler, Miss Anna Tyler, Mrs. L. E. Carnes, Mrs. M. E. Hodges, Mrs. Anne Shepherd, Miss Mary Elizabeth Rutherford, Mrs. Seaborn Jones, Miss Mary Hodges, Mrs. David Hudson, Mrs. M. A. Patten, Mrs. R. B. Murdoch, Mrs. Laura Beecher Comer, Mrs. John D. Carter, Miss Harriet Torrence, Miss Matilda Torrence, Mrs. Brad Chapman, Miss Anna Forsyth, Mrs. F. O. Ticknor, and others.

The following is the statement of Mrs. Jane E. Ware Martin, as to the origin of Memorial Day:

Mrs. Martin states that she is the daughter of Mrs. Dr. Robert A. Ware, who was one of the original members of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Columbus, Ga., and later of the Memorial Association. That in 1865-1866 she was not a resident of Columbus, Ga., but a frequent visitor here to her mother's family, and one of her especial friends in this city was Miss Lizzie Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Roswell Ellis; that some time in January, 1866, to the best of her recollection, she was on a visit to Columbus; that she had been reared in Columbus, and had spent her girlhood and young ladyhood in Columbus, and was well acquainted with the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society, and especially with Miss Lizzie Rutherford, who was among her dearest friends. That during her visit, as

aforesaid, in January, 1866, in Columbus, in the afternoon, Miss Rutherford called by her house and requested her to accompany her to the cemetery—now Linnwood Cemetery—stating that she was going out for the purpose of joining other ladies to do some work in looking after the graves of soldiers who had died in the hospital in Columbus, and had been buried under the direction of the Aid Society; that she went with Miss Rutherford, and the afternoon was spent in company with other ladies looking after the graves, as aforesaid. On returning from the cemetery, Miss Rutherford and herself, while alone, passing what is now Fourth Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, in Columbus, Ga., were in conversation about the work which the ladies were doing at the cemetery that afternoon. Miss Rutherford remarked to her that she had just been reading a very pretty story, in which the writer had told of a beautiful custom among the Germans of decorating the graves of friends on a special day of the year, and she added that she thought it would be a good idea for the ladies of the Aid Society to organize and continue as a society for the purpose of adopting a custom of this kind and to set apart some particular day for caring for and decorating the graves of all the soldiers buried at the cemetery. Mrs. Martin says that she replied to the suggestion by saying that she thought it an excellent idea. At this point, they had reached the corner of Fourth Avenue (formerly Forsyth Street) and Fourteenth Street (formerly Franklin Street) and met, coming up Fourteenth Street, Mrs. John A. Jones, the widow of Colonel John A. Jones, who fell at Gettysburg, and she—Mrs. Martin—stated to Miss Rutherford that there was Mrs. Jones, and as Mrs. Jones was a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, suggested that she talk with her upon the subject. She did so, in Mrs. Martin's presence. Mrs. Jones replied that she thought the idea an excellent one, and Miss Rutherford stated that as she had to call a meeting of the Society, as secretary, for the purpose of disposing of certain personal property belonging thereto, that she thought that would be a proper time to bring the matter up. Mrs. Jones concurred with her, and suggested that she talk with Mrs. Robert Carter, who was president of the Aid Society. Mrs. Martin states that she afterwards learned that the German story referred to by Miss Rutherford was "The Initials," and she states further that as a result of this suggestion of Miss Rutherford the ladies of the Aid Society did subsequently meet at the residence of Mrs. John Tyler, which at that time was on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and located exactly where this accidental conversation took place between Miss Rutherford and Mrs. Jones; that her mother, Mrs. Robert A. Ware, was present at the meeting aforesaid, and that out of it grew the establishment of Memorial Day for the South.

Mrs. Martin states that she moved to Columbus from her home near Greenville, Ga., in the year 1866, and has resided in Columbus since that time, and has been secretary of the Memorial Association of Columbus since the year 1874. That she was repeatedly told by her mother, prior

to her death in 1894, that Miss Lizzie Rutherford originated the idea of Memorial Day, and that she knows of her own knowledge that this has been accepted as a fact by the ladies of the Memorial Association since the organization of the Association.

(Signed) MRS. JANE E. WARE MARTIN.

Attested by L. H. Chappell, Notary Public and Mayor of Columbus, March 23, 1898.

Mrs. William G. Woolfolk testified as follows concerning her knowledge of the origin of Memorial Day:

COLUMBUS, GA., March 18, 1898.

I was a member of the Soldiers' Aid Society, which was organized by certain of the ladies of Columbus during the Civil War for the purpose of aiding the soldiers. After the war there was a sentiment among the members of this society to continue the organization as a Memorial Association, to commemorate the brave deeds of the Confederate soldiers. In the spring of 1866, a call was published for the ladies to meet at the home of Mrs. John Tyler, now the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, formerly Forsyth and Franklin Streets. In response to this call there were present: Mrs. Robert Carter, Mrs. R. A. Ware, Mrs. William C. Woolfolk, Mrs. J. M. McAllister, Mrs. Charles J. Williams, Mrs. Clara M. Dexter and Mrs. M. A. Patten.

This meeting organized the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Columbus, Ga., and elected as President, Mrs. Robert A. Carter; first Vice-President, Mrs. Robert A. Ware; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. M. McAllister; Treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Patten, and Secretary, Mrs. Charles J. Williams. All the ladies who had been members of the Ladies' Aid Society and other ladies of Columbus at once became members.

The object of this Association was to set apart some one day in each year for specially caring for the soldiers' graves and decorating them with flowers. Many of the soldiers buried at the cemetery, now Linnwood, had died in the hospital in Columbus, which was under the care of the Ladies' Aid Society, and the ladies had already been giving attention to the graves. Members of this Aid Society, of which Miss Lizzie Rutherford was an active member, had been devoting much time thereto, and in the spring of 1866, when this sentiment had become so general of making permanent the idea of a memorial, the above meeting was held, but no day for Memorial Day was then fixed. Some two days after the meeting, several of the ladies, while at work at the cemetery caring for the graves, discussed the subject of a day. I was among the number, and Miss Lizzie Rutherford suggested April 26th of each year as a suitable time, and it was so decided. Mrs. Charles J. Williams, as secretary of the first Memorial

Association, had been requested to address a letter to the ladies of other Southern towns and cities, requesting them to unite with the ladies of Columbus, and after the day had been thus determined upon, Mrs. Williams wrote the letter.

The Association elected Colonel James M. Ramsey as its first orator, and the 26th of April, 1866, was duly celebrated, the exercises taking place in St. Luke's Methodist Church. I cannot say who originated the idea of Memorial Day. At the time the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Tyler there was a general sentiment upon the subject among the ladies of the Ladies' Aid Society. It has always been understood by members of the Memorial Association that Miss Lizzie Rutherford suggested the idea. Of this I am not able to speak of my own knowledge.

(Signed) MRS. WILLIAM G. WOOLFOLK.

Attested by F. M. Land, Notary Public, Muscogee County, March 23, 1898.

The following is the statement of Mrs. Clara M. Dexter as to the origin of Memorial Day:

Mrs. Dexter states that she was one of the original members of the Soldiers' Aid Society, which was organized in Columbus, Ga., in 1861; that soldiers who were cared for by this society and who died while under its care, were buried in Linnwood Cemetery, and one lot is known as the upper lot, commonly called the "Columbus Guards' Lot," and the other, the lower lot, commonly called the "City Light Guards' Lot." She was chairman of the committee having in charge this lower lot. The ladies of the society, after the war closed, continued to take care of and to look after the graves of these soldiers. Miss Lizzie Rutherford was one of the members of this society, and, in common with other ladies, was active in the work. Mrs. Dexter says that she has read the statement of Mrs. William G. Woolfolk, dated March 18, 1898, giving an account of her remembrance of the origin of Memorial Day and that this statement of Mrs. Woolfolk is substantially correct; that she—Mrs. Dexter—was present at the meeting at the residence of Mrs. John Tyler, and the account of how Memorial Day originated, as given by Mrs. Woolfolk, is correct; that the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, when organized in 1861, was Mrs. A. H. Chappell, who resigned shortly thereafter, and Mrs. Robert Carter was elected in her place. Mrs. Robert Carter continued as president until the Aid Society was merged into the Memorial Association, and remained so until her death, in January, 1896. Mrs. Louis F. Garrard was elected her successor, and is now the president of said Association. In addition to the facts as set forth in the statement of Mrs. Woolfolk, Mrs. Dexter says that she is satisfied in her own mind that the idea of Memorial Day was suggested by Miss Lizzie Rutherford and that the letter author-

ized to be sent out by the Memorial Association through Mrs. Charles J. Williams, corresponding secretary, was composed by Mrs. Williams, and that both ladies were very active in the work of the Memorial Association as long as they were in life, and in recognition of their services the Memorial Association of Columbus, in 1892, placed headstones at their graves similar to those placed by the Association at the graves of the soldiers, and on these headstones the Association ascribed to Miss Rutherford the honor of originating the idea of Memorial Day, and to Mrs. Williams the honor of having been a faithful co-worker with the ladies of the Memorial Association of Columbus in perpetuating the custom. Mrs. Dexter states that she and Mrs. Woolfolk are the only survivors of the ladies who met at the residence of Mrs. John Tyler, in the spring of 1866, for the purpose of organizing the Memorial Association and establishing Memorial Day.

(Signed) MRS. CLARA M. DEXTER.

Attested by James G. Moon, Notary Public and ex-officio J. P., Muscogee County, Ga., March 25, 1898.

Below will be found an exact copy of the original letter drafted by Mrs. Charles J. Williams, as secretary of the Columbus Memorial Association, and sent by her to the various representative newspapers throughout the South, urging co-operation in an effort to make the yearly observance of Memorial Day a universal custom. It first appeared in the columns of the *Columbus Times*:

COLUMBUS, GA., March 12th, 1866.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The ladies are now and have been for several days engaged in the sad but pleasant duty of ornamenting and improving that portion of the city cemetery sacred to the memory of our gallant Confederate dead, but we feel it is an unfinished work unless a day be set apart annually for its especial attention. We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by dedicating, at least one day in each year, to embellishing their humble graves with flowers. Therefore, we beg the assistance of the press and the ladies throughout the South to aid us in the effort to set apart a certain day to be observed, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and be handed down through time as a religious custom of the South, to wreathe the graves of our martyred dead with flowers; and we propose the 26th day of April as the day. Let every city, town and village join in the pleasant duty. Let all alike be remembered, from the heroes of Manassas to those who expired amid the death throes of our

hallowed cause. We'll crown alike the honored resting places of the immortal Jackson in Virginia, Johnson at Shiloh, Cleburne in Tennessee and the host of gallant privates who adorned our ranks. All did their duty, and to all we owe our gratitude. Let the soldiers' graves for that day at least, be the Southern Mecca, to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings. And when we remember the thousands who were buried "with their martial cloaks around them," without Christian ceremony of interment, we would invoke the aid of the most thrilling eloquence throughout the land to inaugurate this custom by delivering, on the appointed day this year, a eulogy on the unburied dead of our glorious Southern army. They died for their country. Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for nations to decide in future. That it was demanded, that they fought nobly, and fell holy sacrifices upon their country's altar, and are entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny.

The proud banner under which they rallied in defense of the holiest and noblest cause for which heroes fought, or trusting women prayed, has been furled forever. The country for which they suffered and died has now no name or place among the nations of the earth. Legislative enactment may not be made to do honor to their memories, but the veriest radical that ever traced his genealogy back to the deck of the Mayflower, could not refuse us the simple privilege of paying honor to those who died defending the life, honor and happiness of the Southern women.

It is not strange that the observance of Memorial Day should have originated in this section. The South is proverbially the land of flowers. During the late Civil War, it was also the area of invasion. The burning plow-shares of battle prepared the soil for an imperial harvest of heroic legends. Besides, the history of the world teems with testimony to the fact that the most enduring chaplets have ever been woven for the vanquished. It is only necessary to cite Thermopylae and Troy to prove that literature, whether it takes the form of prose or of verse, is partial to a Lost Cause. Perhaps another reason for the Southern origin of Memorial Day is to be found in the fact that the heroism of the Southern soldier was inspired not alone by his resolute fidelity to principle, but by his paramount allegiance to

the gentler sex. He was instinctively a Cavalier. It was the work of some fair woman to buckle on his belt; and whether she printed upon his brow a mother's or a sweetheart's kiss, he jauntily sallied forth to the wars, like an armored knight. He went to the front, bearing her colors — to revive the old romantic days of chivalry and to write with his trusty sword or his brave musket, on many an ensanguined field, the bloody sequel of the tournament. If heroism alone could have prevailed, he would not have lost an unequal fight; and, around the fireside of an after-time, he would have told in another key the story of Appomattox. But an all-wise God held the scales of battle in His omnipotent hand; and while the North was elated with her laurels, the South was left to her memories. It was in this sorrowful extremity that the Daughter of Dixie began to think of the humble graves on the hillside. She could rear no costly monument over her champion, but she could make the earth above him fragrant with her unbought forget-me-nots. In the first gray mists of the early morning, these gentle Marys of our Southland—shedding tears and bearing incense—sought the sepulchres in which lay buried the Templar Knights of the Southern Cross. It was love's sweet "In Memoriam"—an elegy of the most exquisite perfume written in the unlettered language of flowers.

CHAPTER XV

Thomas Holley Chivers: An Erratic Genius

ONE of America's most gifted poets, an erratic genius from whom the renowned author of "The Raven" is said to have borrowed the strange metrical lilt of his immortal masterpiece, was a Georgian, the closing years of whose life were spent in the town of Decatur, Thomas Holley Chivers. Older than Poe, he was an earlier contributor of verse to the periodicals of the day, and there is no lack of solid basis for the inference that the latter was unconsciously influenced by him to a marked extent. Both were men of peculiar mental temperaments, whose writings are tinctured throughout by an habitual melancholy; both wrote in doleful measures and dealt with weird and fantastic subjects, the spectral character of which haunts the imagination; both sang mystical songs, whose meaning it is difficult to interpret; both reveled apparently in weaving shrouds and shadows for the dead. There can be no difference of opinion concerning the marvelous similarity in mechanical structure between the rythm of Poe's "Raven" and the lines of some of the best known poems of Chivers, for example: "Lily Adair" and "To Allegra Florence in Heaven." The coincidence is startling.

But most of the critics scout the idea of Poe's indebtedness to Dr. Chivers. Says one of these:* "Of course, Poe read the poems of Chivers, and they probably influenced him as much as any other poems in the world's

*John Townsend Wilson, in The Library of Southern Literature, Vol. II, p. 848.

literature; but beyond the fact that they both reveled in extravagant, weird, mystical language, one cannot go." He is inclined to think that by reason of long correspondence between the two men it was Poe who influenced Chivers; he deplores the controversy started by the doctor, stating that he made his great mistake in supposing plagiarism and parallelism to be identical, and that it will ever be a source of regret that he refused to let his poetry stand on its own merits. But this same critic adds: "After all is said, Chivers, with his nine hundred pages of poetry and his unsubstantiated claims, remains among the most picturesque, the most pathetic, and the most elusive figures in the whole range of Southern letters."

Dr. Chivers was reared a Baptist. He became, however, a Swedenborgian and a Transcendentalist. He lacked friends at the North, because he was the son of a slave-holder. He lacked friends at the South, because he was in sympathy with Boston vagaries. He was, moreover, a devotee of Shelley, whose religious views were not popular; and altogether he had fallen upon unpropitious times. Some have harshly declared that he was solely dependent upon his fictitious claims for what little notoriety he gained, and that only by attaching himself to Poe has he rescued himself from oblivion. But there is neither truth nor justice in this unkind slur. Says Major Hubner:* "His versatility of talent was remarkable; even as an inventor he achieved success, receiving a prize at a State fair held in Savannah for his invention of a machine adapted to the unwinding of the fiber of silk cocoons; and he was also noted for his skill as a portrait painter. His decease was widely noted in the press of the United States and was mentioned by several European journals. Besides, a distinguished Danish author, Professor Gierlow, wrote and published a beautiful poem

*Chas. W. Hubner, in Representative Southern Poets, p. 177.

as a tribute to the memory of Dr. Chivers. In a neglected and obscure spot, in the little cemetery at Decatur, in an unnoticed grave, the poet's remains lie buried. Well may we ask, What is fame?''

With respect to the personal characteristics of this most extraordinary man, he adds: ''Judged by the portrait of him, which I have seen, Dr. Chivers was a very handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman. His mouth was full and expressive, while a broad forehead, large and lustrous eyes and long dark hair marked him distinctly as a person of culture and of intellectual prominence. Those who knew him personally bear witness to his courtly manners, and the charm of his conversational powers. William Gilmore Simms took great interest in Chivers, playfully calling him the 'wild Mazeppa of letters,' teasing him about his choice of strange words, and rallying him on the 'monotony of his sorrow,' to which friendly censure Chivers is said to have replied, with equal good humor, advising Simms to stop writing stupid novels and to take up literature as a pleasure.'' If not the forerunner of Poe, Chivers was undoubtedly a man of singular gifts, bearing no fanciful or slight resemblance to the unhappy bard, like whom also he was an ill-starred child of genius.

CHAPTER XVI

Georgia's First Governor: His Mysterious Death

GEORGIA'S first Governor under the Constitution was John Adam Treutlen. When the Revolution began he was an official member of the famous Salzburger Church at Ebenezer and, though the congregation was somewhat divided on the issues of the period, he zealously espoused the cause of the Colonies. Little is recorded of the sturdy patriot, but his election to the office of Governor, on the formal assumption of statehood by Georgia, implies his prominence in political affairs. During his term of office an effort was made by South Carolina to absorb the State of Georgia, and William H. Drayton came to Savannah as the bearer of the proposed overture for consolidation. It meant the practical elimination of Georgia from the map and the expansion of South Carolina to the waters of the Mississippi. Strange to say, not a few shrewd Georgia financiers had been won over to the contemplated merger, and it required great firmness to deal with an emergency thus created. On July 14, 1777, the Executive Council requested the Governor to offer a reward for the apprehension of Mr. Drayton. He did so in a proclamation, which was most vigorously written and widely distributed. The sum of one hundred pounds was put upon the head of the offender, but he wisely kept on the South Carolina side of the river, and thus escaped the clutches of an indignant Commonwealth.

But strange are the caprices of fortune. Though the first of Georgia's citizens to be honored with the high

office of chief magistrate, Governor Treutlen completely disappears from view, after relinquishing the administrative reins, and, beyond any other Georgian who has served the State in exalted positions of usefulness, his life is shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery, which time has not yet dissolved. There is a tradition to the effect that on a visit to relatives in Orangeburg District, S. C., he was tracked by the Tories, who murdered him in the most brutal manner. It is said that he was hacked to pieces with swords in the presence of his family, after first being tied to a tree, and that what was left of his body was then buried. But whether the rites of interment were performed by friends or by foes, his grave has never been discovered, and his memory likewise has become entangled with the weeds and briars of neglect. There is no one today in Georgia who bears his name—no town, village, county or precinct which perpetuates his services—and no memorial of any kind to tell posterity of Georgia's first Governor, who passed from earth doubly the victim of one of the most pathetic of tragedies.

CHAPTER XVII

Two Pioneer Baptists: The Story of the Mercers

THERE is a well-authenticated tradition to the effect that Jesse Mercer was immersed in a barrel of water, while his father was still a member of the Church of England. It is said that the elder Mercer began to question the validity of sprinkling as the scriptural mode of baptism long before he became a follower of Daniel Marshall, and that, with no thought of entering the ranks of a sect for which he entertained a traditional antipathy, he insisted upon having his two eldest children immersed according to apostolic precedent. Thus Jesse Mercer was twice immersed, first into the Church of England, and afterwards—when he was eighteen—into the Baptist Church, of which he became one of the most illustrious pioneers and pillars.

But it was Silas Mercer who first planted the standard of the Baptist faith on the frontier belt of Wilkes. Strange to say, he continued to be a devout member of the Church of England until he was nearly forty years of age, despite his peculiar views on the subject of baptism. The frost was upon his brow when he became a member of the famous old Kiokee Church; but there was a suggestion of buoyant youth in the quick and eager step with which he entered the waters of the creek, to be immersed by Alexander Scott. The traditional accounts tell us that as soon as the ceremony was performed he leaped upon a log in the middle of the stream and began to exhort the multitudes on the bank to flee from the wrath to come.

There is no reason why this story should be discredited. It is not in the least at variance with the character for zeal and fervor which belonged to this bold apostle of righteousness; for Silas Mercer was trained in the same school of homiletics which produced Elijah and John the Baptist, and, through the forest stretches of Wilkes, his voice reverberated in accents of thunder. The records of the Phillips' Mill Church—where Jesse Mercer was converted under his father's powerful preaching of the Word—show that when the former was immersed for the second time it was by the hand of the elder Mercer that the solemn rite was administered.

Silas Mercer was of Scotch-Irish lineage—a typical Highlander in his rugged molds, both of speech and of character. He came from North Carolina to Georgia some time before the Revolution, but refugeed with his little family to the mountains of his home State for safety when the tide of war threatened to invade the foot-hills. At the close of hostilities he returned to Georgia, where the remainder of his days were spent, making the rounds of the wilderness on horseback and preaching the Gospel wherever he went. He founded the famous old church at Powelton, a landmark of Baptist history; Sardis and Bethesda were also vines which he planted, and, last but not least, the church at Phillips' Mill, where Jesse Mercer first saw the new light, was another stronghold of faith which he added to the kingdom. Rude temples of worship in numberless places sprang into existence at the call of this good man, blooming like wild flowers along the woodland paths; and, if the notes which he sounded were sometimes harsh and stern, it may also be said of him that he testified for the Master until the whole region of Wilkes breathed of the wayside balms of Galilee.

He established his home on a plantation seven miles to the south of Washington, where he died in 1796, at

the age of fifty-one. The place is today known as the Ficklen plantation, so called after Dr. Fielding Ficklen, a subsequent owner; and here in the Mercer burial ground may still be seen the grave of Silas Mercer—one of the most unique figures in the Baptist annals of America.

Converted at the age of eighteen, it is said that the younger Mercer's first attempt at public speaking was witnessed by an audience of only one person, at which time he preached to his grandmother on the final judgment. Though a native of Halifax County, N. C., where he was born in 1769, he spent the greater part of his boyhood in Wilkes, on his father's plantation. Jesse Mercer became the most influential minister of his day in Georgia. He was not a scholar like Dr. Henry Holcomb. It is doubtful if he was quite the equal of either Silas Mercer or Daniel Marshall as a hair-lifter in the pulpit. But he was nevertheless a man of peculiar power. The secret of his success lay doubtless in his saintliness of character. He was the Sir Galahad of his day among the Baptists of Georgia—a champion strong in the strife for righteousness because his heart was pure.

It cannot be said that Mr. Mercer was even an educated man in the present-day sense of this term. Perhaps it was due largely to his own lack of advantages in early life that he became such an ardent friend of learning in later years. It was not until after his first marriage that he put himself under the tutelage of Dr. Springer, a Presbyterian divine who conducted a school at Walnut Hill, four miles from Washington. In the great anxiety of Mr. Mercer to increase his scanty store of knowledge, he sold his little farm and either rented or built a modest home on Fishing Creek, to be near Dr. Springer; and here he laid the educational foundations upon which his future work as a minister was reared. Brown University conferred upon him, when

at the height of his career, the degree of D. D.; but he was seldom recognized or addressed as Dr. Mercer.

Titles could add nothing to the inherent greatness of one who, equally, in the ecclesiastical courts and in the religious assemblies of the people, wielded a scepter of power and who, more than any other man of his time, shaped the destinies of the great denomination to which he belonged. For nearly forty years he served a group of country churches organized by his father. At one time he made a tour of three thousand miles through the Alleghany Mountains, for the purpose of strengthening weak outposts. There was scarcely a cabin in the remotest part of the wilderness to which his name was not familiar; and he virtually founded the Georgia Baptist Convention, in his zeal for co-operative effort. But it was not until after his second marriage that Mr. Mercer acquired the large means which enabled him to further the interests of religion by liberal gifts.

At the age of fifty-seven Jesse Mercer found himself a widower, bereaved of the gentle helpmeet who had been his fireside companion for nearly forty years. The name of his first wife was Sabina Chivers. She died while on a visit to relatives in South Carolina, but was brought back to Georgia, where she was laid to rest in the Mercer burial ground, at Ficklen. But living near the brick school where he held meetings in Washington there was a lady by whom he was soon consoled; and without any suggestion of improper haste he laid siege to the heart of the Widow Simons, a member of his flock, who had lately inherited from her husband a fortune of ample proportions. She smiled upon his suit, and when the Christmas holidays arrived, in the year following, she became his bride. This auspicious event supplied the golden lever which, under divine providence, was employed by Jesse Mercer to lift the Baptist Church in

Georgia to a higher vantage ground of power and usefulness.

In 1827—the year after his second marriage—he organized the Baptist Church in Washington, Ga., where, dating from this time, he established his permanent Ebenezer. The flock was constituted of ten members, most of whom came from the old Phillips' Mill Church, and over this congregation Jesse Mercer presided for the remainder of his days.

He relinquished at this period his long journeys into the wilderness and devoted himself more largely to literary labors.

In 1833 he acquired the *Christian Index*, a paper which was then edited and published in Philadelphia by Rev. W. T. Brantley. He then removed the plant to Washington, Ga., where it became the first organ of the Baptist denomination in this State—if not in the entire South. In 1840, when his health began to fail, Mr. Mercer generously donated the *Christian Index* to the Georgia Baptist Convention. From Washington, it was afterwards removed to Penfield. Dr. James H. Lane bought and remodeled the old building in which the paper was formerly printed; and, when the mantels and wainscotings were taken down, some rare old manuscripts were discovered. There is still in the possession of the Lane family an old desk which was used by Mr. Mercer in the writing of editorials. He found the labor of the pen somewhat irksome. Consequently, the bulk of the work devolved upon the Rev. W. H. Stokes. But he contributed, with great effectiveness, an occasional leader. At the close of the war, Atlanta became the home of the *Christian Index*. It is still in existence—one of the best edited and one of the best equipped weekly religious newspapers extant.

The first Baptist hymnal ever used in Georgia was also the work of Jesse Mercer. It was compiled and published in 1823, and was entitled Mercer's Cluster.

Purchasing the old Academy Building, near his home, on Mercer Hill—where the Convent of St. Joseph today stands—he next turned his attention to education. It was the dream of his life to establish a college in Washington; and when Josiah Penfield left $2,500 with which to found a school, provided an equal sum was raised, Jesse Mercer endeavored to swing the proposed institution to Washington, and he was keenly disappointed over the result. But there was no taint of selfishness in his great soul. He became the largest contributor to the new institution, which was finally christened with his name; and at the death of Mr. Mercer, with his wife's hearty approval, the bulk of the estate went to the great university which is today his noblest and best monument.

Mrs. Mercer preceded her husband into the vale of shadows. While walking one day in her flower garden she was stricken with paralysis; and though she lingered for more than a year afterwards, she was never able to walk a step or to utter a word. She was buried under the boughs of an ancient cedar, beside the Baptist Church in Washington, Ga., where her grave is still to be seen on the grassy lawn, in plain view of the Sabbath worshipers. It is said that the entire area was covered with blossoms from her own flower garden on the hill; and some of the descendants of these same rare plants may still be seen in the flower beds tended by the gentle sisters of St. Joseph, who walk where the feet of Mrs. Mercer once trod.

Feeble in health, the great preacher survived his wife by only a few months. He attended a meeting in the fall of the year at Indian Springs, after which he went to the residence of Mr. James Carter, some eight miles distant. Here he was taken violently ill and, on September 6, 1841, breathed his last. The burial occurred at Penfield, on the campus of the great school which was named in his honor.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Mr. Mercer's positive nature could have lived at a time when the great

feud between Clark and Crawford was upheaving the State, without taking an active part in politics. We find him, therefore, in the Convention, at Louisville, which framed the Constitution of 1798. It is said that some one on the floor moved to debar ministers from serving in the General Assembly of Georgia, a resolution which Mr. Mercer moved to amend by substituting lawyers and doctors. He finally withdrew his substitute, on condition that the original motion be withdrawn also. In 1816 he was defeated in a race for the State Senate; and, in 1833, when friends urged him to make the fight for Governor, he politely informed them that he was surfeited with politics. The personal appearance of Mr. Mercer was strikingly impressive. In height he towered above the normal standard and was inclined, as he grew older, to be somewhat corpulent. His head, the peculiar size and conformation of which was revealed by his extreme baldness, has long been an object of interest to phrenologists and students of character who have looked upon his portrait. The horizontal length from the eyebrows back was very great, while his forehead rose with a gently receding slope to the very crown, exhibiting a most extraordinary development of what is termed the organ of benevolence. He was characterized by great moral firmness, and whenever principle or conscience were involved he stood like a wall of adamant, four-square, to every wind of heaven.

CHAPTER XVIII

Ebenezer: The Story of the Salzburgers

TWENTY-FIVE miles above Savannah, on an eminence which at this point overlooks the historic stream, there is still to be seen a quaint little house of worship, from the belfry of which glistens a swan, copied from the coat-of-arms of Martin Luther. It stands alone in the midst of a silent waste; for the sturdy Germans who once peopled the surrounding area have long since disappeared from the region. Near the church is the ancient burial ground. The inscriptions upon the yellow tombstones can hardly be deciphered, so busily have the destructive forces of time been here at work. But some of the graves are almost, if not quite, as old as the Colony of Georgia; and, with naught to disturb them in this quiet spot, save the pitiless elements, most of the inmates have here slept for the better part of two centuries. It is the old deserted settlement of the pious Salzburgers: Ebenezer.

To the outside world there were various names by which the little church was known. It was sometimes called the "Lutheran Meeting House." Occasionally, it was called the "Salzburger Church" or the "German Church," but in the official records of the parish it was always "Jerusalem Church," so named for the old original church of the Apostles at Jerusalem. It was indeed the center of a little German Palestine, here planted among the lowlands of Georgia, a religious capital where the divine law was promulgated. The present unpretentious but substantial edifice of brick was

commenced in 1767 and completed in 1769, on the site formerly occupied by a temporary structure of wood. It was invested by the British during the Revolution, who used it first as a hospital for the sick and then as a stable in which the horses of the officers were kept. The house of worship was also desecrated in other ways. With unbridled license, these ruffians, who were most of the time under the influence of bad liquor, converted the pulpit, the windows, the mottoes on the walls, and other objects into targets, at which they discharged firearms. The result was that at the close of hostilities it was little better than a ruin; but the walls were intact, and, subsequent to the Revolution, it was restored to something like the appearance which it formerly presented.

On April 21, 1911, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a handsome tablet of bronze was unveiled on the walls of the old church at Ebenezer by the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames of America; and lettered upon the tablet is this inscription:

> To the Glory of God. In Memory of the Salzburger Lutherans who landed at Savannah, Georgia, March 12th, 1734, and built this Jerusalem Church in 1767-1769. Erected by the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames of America.

On behalf of the Colonial Dames, the tablet was presented by the Reverend D. Hoppe, and, on behalf of the congregation, was accepted by the Rev. P. E. Shealy, pastor of the Jerusalem Church, of Ebenezer. Addresses were also delivered by the following distinguished guests of honor—the Rev. F. A. Brown, rector of Christ Church, Episcopal, Savannah; the Rev. M. J. Epting, president of the Synod of Georgia; the Rev. W. J. Finck, vice-president of the Synod of Georgia; the Rev. T. W. Shealy, secretary of the Synod of Georgia; and others. Quite a large assemblage witnessed the impressive ceremonies.

To this gentle religious sect Georgia owes much. They were not given to martial deeds, but they were law-abiding, industrious and frugal people, and they have left behind them an incense of memory which has sweetened the whole history of the State. The story of how they came to settle in Georgia may be told in very few words. Says Dr. Lee:* "In the lovely district of the Tyrol there is to be found an historic city which the painter Wilkie has described as 'Edinburg Castle and the Old Town, brought within the cliffs of the Trosachs and watered by a river like the Tay.' It is the city of Salzburg, on the Salza, famous as the birth-place of Mozart and as the burial-place of Haydn. Almost simultaneously with the accession of George II there came to the principality, of which Salzburg was the capital, a new ruler, who inaugurated an era of persecution. The Thirty Years War in Germany had ended with the complete suppression of Protestantism in Austria. In quiet nooks, here and there, however, it still lingered on; and Salzburg was one of these. The rulers of Salzburg were ecclesiastics, and bore the title of archbishop. To this class belonged Count Firmian, who, on coming into power, determined to uproot the heresy which was contaminating his flock. He put into force all the terrors of the law—fine, confiscation, imprisonment. When the suffering people pleaded the provisions for religious tolerance contained in the treaty of Westphalia, signed eighty years before, he dubbed them rebels, and borrowed Austrian grenadiers to suppress what he was pleased to call a revolt. The matter then became a national one, and Frederick William of Prussia espoused the cause of the Salzburgers. Under the provisions of the treaty of Westphalia, peaceful emigration offered the best solution of the problem. The Prussian king, Frederick the Great's stern old father, was the most powerful Protestant ruler in Germany, and he insisted upon fair treatment for the refugees. Count Firmian

*Illustrated History of Methodism.

was about to banish them in the winter season, without provisions for the long journey, but he was compelled to comply with the dictates of humanity, and to allow them a daily dole. The story of the sad departure has been told by Goethe in the sweetest of his verse narratives, 'Hermann and Dorothea,' the only poem of his early life which he cared to read when old.

"Journeying eastward, the main body of exiles passed through Frankfort-on-the Main. This was Goethe's native town. The Prussian king was ready to welcome the whole army of refugees, over 10,000 in number, but a band of them, conducted by Herr Von Reck, a Hanoverian nobleman, sailed down the Rhine and took refuge under the British flag. They finally landed on the shores of America, where they settled at Ebenezer, in the new colony of Georgia. None of the settlers were superior to these excellent Salzburgers, whom George Whitefield considered the cream of the population for industry and uprightness. The orphan home, which he afterwards instituted at Bethesda, was based upon an institution of like character at Ebenezer."

Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., adds some additional particulars in regard to the emigration of the Salzburgers to Georgia.* Says he: "During the four years, commencing in 1729 and ending in 1732, more than 30,000 Salzburgers, impelled by the fierce persecutions of Leopold, abandoned their home in the broad valley of the Salza, and sought refuge in Prussia, Holland, and England, where their past sufferings and present wants enlisted substantial sympathy from Protestant communities. Persuaded by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge and acting upon the invitation of the Trustees of the Colony of Georgia, forty-two Salzburgers, with their wives and children—numbering in all seventy-eight souls—set out for Rotterdam, whence they were to be transported free of charge to Dover, England. At Rotterdam they were joined by their chosen

*Dead Towns of Georgia, p. 11, Savannah, 1878.

religious teachers, the Rev. John Martin Bolzius and the Rev. Israel Christian Gronau." According to the same authority, the Georgia Trustees engaged not only to advance the funds necessary to defray the expenses of the journey and to purchase the requisite sea stores, but also to allot to each emigrant on his arrival in Georgia fifty acres in fee and provisions sufficient for maintainance until such land could be made available for support.

After taking the oath of loyalty at Dover, the emigrants, on December 28, 1733, embarked for the new world in the ship Purisburg, which, in due season, anchored safely at Charleston, S. C. It so happened that Oglethorpe was in Charleston at this time to meet them and, without delay, he arranged to take the emigrants to Savannah, reaching port on March 10, 1734. It was Reminiscere Sunday—according to the Lutheran calendar—when the boat arrived. By a queer sort of coincidence the Scripture lesson for the day, so the good Mr. Bolzius informs us, was the passage which tells how the Saviour, after suffering persecution in his own country, came to the borders of the heathen. He then describes the vessel as "Lying in fine and calm weather, under the shore of our beloved Georgia, where we heard the Birds sing melodiously;" and notwithstanding the sacred character of the day and the gentle disposition of the new arrivals, he adds that the inhabitants of the town of Savannah "fired off some Cannons."

While the Salzburgers rested from the fatigues of the long trip across the seas, Herr Von Reck, in company with Oglethorpe, set out on horseback to select a place of settlement for the emigrants. It was finally reached on the morning of March 17, 1734. The site chosen for the purpose was four miles to the South of the present town of Springfield, in a region which was wholly destitute of fertility and without the least claim to attractiveness. But to judge from the description of Herr Von Reck it was veritably a bit of Eden. On the banks of

a creek which was found after meandering several miles eastward to empty into the Savannah River, he marked off the future town, which he called Ebenezer, in devout recognition of the Lord's help; and he likewise bestowed the name upon the adjacent stream. As soon as the reconnoitering party returned to Savannah, eight able bodied Salbzurgers were dispatched to Ebenezer to fell trees and to erect shelters for the colonists. Early in April the rest followed. Substantial cabins were built, bridges were thrown across the water-courses, and a road way constructed to Abercorn. The people of Savannah gave the settlers a number of cows and a lot of seed with which to begin industrial activities. Altogether the outlook was most promising, and with none to molest them or to make them afraid the once-persecuted Salzburgers began anew the struggle of life in the free wilderness of Georgia.

On February 5, 1736, there was another arrival of Germans at Savannah; and, though a few of them under Captain Hermsdorf were dispatched to Frederica, for the purpose of strengthening the military post on St. Simon's Island, the majority of them preferred to settle at Ebenezer, a wish in which they were indulged by Oglethorpe. With this addition the population of the new town was little short of two hundred souls. But the community was not prosperous. The climate proved to be malarial. The water disagreed with them. The soil refused to reward even the most diligent efforts to cultivate it; sickness prevailed among the colonists; and, to lengthen the catalogue of complaints, it was found that the distance from the settlement to the Savannah River, though only six miles over land, was twenty-five miles by water. The matter was finally laid before Oglethorpe who, realizing the difficulties under which the Salzburgers labored at Ebenezer, gave them permission to move elsewhere. Accordingly they selected a high ridge, near the Savannah River, at a place called Red

Bluff, because of the peculiar color of the soil; and, setting themselves to work, the change of abode was speedily effected.

Less than two years were consumed in transferring the household goods of the Salzburgers to the new site. It was called New Ebenezer, to distinguish it from the former place of abode, which in turn became Old Ebenezer. Whatever could be moved with the means at hand was conveyed to the new town. Even the cabins were taken down and carted through the woods, log by log. It was slow and tedious work, but the Salzburgers were marvelously patient. By the summer of 1738 the old town had degenerated into a cow pen, where one Joseph Barker resided, in charge of some cattle belonging to the Trustees. William Stephens, who visited the locality about the same time, found it an abandoned settlement; and it need hardly be added that not a vestige of the old town today survives.

The choice of the new place of abode was wisely made. It was only six miles to the east of Old Ebenezer, but it was located to much better advantage with respect both to fertility of soil and to general healthfulness. As described by Mr. Strobel, the situation was somewhat romantic.* Says he: "On the east lay the Savannah with its broad, smooth surface. On the south was a stream, then called Little Creek, but now known as Lockner's Creek, and a large lake called Neidlinger's Sea; while to the north, not very distant from the town, was to be seen an old acquaintance, Ebenezer Creek, sluggishly winding its way to mingle with the waters of the Savannah." The landscape was here gently undulating, so he tells us, the countryside covered with a fine growth of forest trees, the fields luxuriant with many-colored flowers, among them, the woodbine, the azalea and the jessamine. But the pestilential germs were found to be here, too, for on three sides the town was encompassed by low swamps, which were subject to periodical inundation, and which

*Salzburgers and Their Descendants, p. 91, Baltimore, 1855.

generated a poisonous miasma prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants.

For years New Ebenezer prospered. The Salzburgers did not know what it was to eat the bread of idleness. John Wesley was lavish in praise of the neat appearance which the town presented when he called to see them. He found the houses well built. He was also impressed with the frugality of these Germans. They did not leave a spot of ground unplanted in the little gardens belonging to them, and they even made one of the main streets yield a crop of Indian corn. From first to last, they were an agricultural people. As early as 1738 they began to experiment with the culture of cotton. But the Trustees were partial to silk and wine. Consequently the growth of this plant was discouraged. By 1741 it is estimated that in the Colony of Georgia there were not less than twelve hundred German Protestants, most of whom were at Ebenezer.

Ebenezer in the Revolution.

The Salzburgers were slow to side against England. It was perfectly natural for them to feel kindly disposed toward the country whose generous protection was extended to them in days of persecution; but they were also the sworn enemies of tyranny, whether at home or abroad. When the question of direct opposition to the acts of Parliament was discussed at Ebenezer in 1774 there arose a sharp division of sentiment. Quite a number of the inhabitants favored "passive obedience and non-resistance." But the majority refused tamely to submit. At the Provincial Congress, which assembled in Savannah on July 4, 1775, the following Salzburgers were enrolled from the Parish of St. Matthew: John Adam Treutlen, John Stirk, Jacob Casper Waldhaur, John Floerl and Christopher Cramer. As a community, the Salzburgers espoused the cause of the Revolutionists,

but headed by Mr. Triebner some of them maintained an open adherence to the Crown. Between these parties there sprang up an angry feud, in the midst of which the Rev. Mr. Rabenhorst, "who exerted his utmost influence to curb the dominant passions, crowned his long and useful life with a saintly death."

Situated on the direct line of travel, Ebenezer was destined to play an important part in the approaching drama of hostilities. The account which follows is condensed from Dead Towns of Georgia: "Three days after the capture of Savannah by Colonel Campbell, a strong force was advanced, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, to Cherokee Hill. On the following day—January 2, 1779—Ebenezer was occupied by the British troops. They at once threw up a redoubt within a few hundred yards of Jerusalem Church and fortified the position. The remains of this work are said to be still visible. As soon as he learned of the fall of Savannah, Mr. Streibner hastened thereto, proclaimed his loyalty, and took the oath of allegiance. The intimation is that he counselled the immediate occupation of Ebenezer and accompanied the detachment which compassed the capture of his own town and people. Influenced by him, not a few of the Salzburgers took the oath of allegiance to England and received certificates guaranteeing the royal protection. Prominent among those who maintained adherence to the rebel cause were: John Adam Treutlen, afterwards Governor; William Holsendorf, Colonel John Stirk, Secretary Samuel Stirk, Captain Jacob Casper Waldhaur, who was both a magistrate and a soldier; John Schnider, Rudolph Strohaker, Jonathan Schnider, J. Gotleib Schnider, Jonathan Rahn, Ernest Zittrauer, Joshua Helfenstein, and Jacob Helfinstein."

Mr. Strobel draws a graphic picture of the situation at this time. Says he:* The citizens of Ebenezer were made to feel severely the effects of the war. The property of those who did not take the oath of allegiance

*Salzburgers and Their Descendants, pp. 203-207, Baltimore, 1855.

was confiscated and the helpless sufferers were exposed to every species of insult and wrong. Besides, some of the Salzburgers who espoused the cause of the Crown became inveterate Whigs, placed themselves at the head of marauding parties, and committed the most wanton acts of depredation, including arson itself. The establishment of a line of British posts along the western bank of the Savannah River to check the demonstrations of the rebel forces in South Carolina, made it a kind of thoroughfare for British troops in passing through the country from Savannah to Augusta. To avoid the rudeness of the soldiers who were quartered among them and to escape the heavy tax upon the scant resources which remained to them, many of the best citizens abandoned the town and settled in the country districts. Those who remained were forced almost daily to witness acts of cruelty perpetrated upon American prisoners of war; for Ebenezer, while in the hands of the British, was the point to which most of the prisoners were brought, thence to be taken to Savannah. It was from this post that a number of prisoners were being carried southward, when the two Sergeants, Jasper and Newton, rescued them at Jasper Spring."

"There was one act performed by the British commander which was peculiarly trying and revolting to the Salzburgers. The fine brick church was converted into a hospital for the accommodation of the sick and wounded and was afterwards desecrated by being used as a stable for the horses. The records were destroyed, targets were made of different objects, and even to this day the metal swan bears the mark of a musket ball. Often, too, cannon were discharged at the houses. But the Salzburgers endured these hardships and indignities with fortitude; and though a few of them were overcome by these severe measures, yet the mass of them remained firm."

According to Colonel Jones,* the establishment of tippling houses in Ebenezer, during the British occupa-

*Dead Towns of Georgia, p. 39, Savannah, 1878.

tion, corrupted the lives of not a few of the once sober Germans. Says he: "Indications of decay and ruin were patent before the cessation of hostilities. Except for a brief period, during the siege of Savannah, when the garrison was summoned to assist in defence of the city against the allied army, Ebenezer remained in the possession of the British until a short time prior to the evacuation of Savannah, in July, 1783. In advancing toward Savannah, General Wayne established his headquarters in the town. As soon as the British forces were withdrawn, the Tory pastor, Triebner, betook himself to flight and found a refuge in England, where he ended his days in seclusion."

Last Days of Ebenezer. It was an altered scene upon which the poor Salzburgers looked when the refugees began to return to Ebenezer at the close of the Revolution. Many of the homes had been burnt to the ground. Gardens once green and fruitful had been trampled into desert places. Jerusalem Church had become a mass of filth, and the sacred edifice was sadly dilapidated. But the Germans set themselves to work. Fresh life was infused into the little community upon the arrival of the Rev. John Ernest Bergman, a clergyman of pronounced attainments. The parochial school was revived, the population began to increase, the church was substantially rebuilt, and much of the damage wrought by the British was in the course of time repaired. But the lost prestige of the little town of Ebenezer was never fully regained. The mills remained idle. The culture of silk was revived only to a limited degree; and, after a brief interval of growth, the old settlement began visibly to take the downward path.

On February 18, 1796, Ebenezer became for a short interval the county seat of Effingham. The following commissioners were appointed to make the preliminary surveys and to superintend the erection of the public

buildings: Jeremiah Cuyler, John G. Neidlinger, Jonathan Rahn, Elias Hodges, and John Martin Dasher. But three years later the seat of government was changed to Springfield.

For more than fifty years the religious services of the Salzburgers were conducted in the German language; but Methodist and Baptist churches began to spring up in the community and to draw away the young people from the ancient paths. The introduction of the English tongue was finally effected in 1824 through the instrumentality of the Rev. Christopher Bergman.

But the days of Ebenezer were numbered. Before reaching the century mark, the old settlement was destined to take its place among the dead towns of Georgia. In 1855, when Mr. Strobel last visited the site, it was a picture of desolation. Scarcely a pulse-beat of life could be detected. The faithful historian of the Salzburgers thus describes it. Says he: "To one visiting the ancient town of Ebenezer, in the present day, the prospect which presents itself is anything but attractive; and the stranger who is unacquainted with its history would perhaps discover very little to excite his curiosity or awaken his sympathies. The town has gone almost entirely to ruins. Only two residences are now remaining, and one of these is untenanted. The old church, however, stands in bold relief." Nor is it unmeet that the sacred edifice should survive the wreck of all else to bear testimony to the simple virtues and to the blameless lives of these pure-hearted Germans, whose sole aim in life was to honor God.

Present-Day Salzburgers of Effingham.

There are still numerous descendants of the Ebenezer settlers living today in the County of Effingham; and from a writer who has long been familiar with this section of Georgia the following graphic picture of present day conditions has been obtained. Says this writer:* Where

*John C. Hollingsworth, Jr., in the Mercerian, for January, 1907.

the Savannah and the Ogeechee Rivers form the east and the west boundaries respectively of Effingham County, these streams are still twenty miles apart. But the country is so low here that, during the Harrison freshet of 1841, the two streams defied fate, overflowed their banks, and stealing under the trees, across the plains and through vines and brambles, met at last, as if by appointment, ten miles from either bank. Then the sunshine and the dry weather broke in upon them; and they slipped away to their own banks from their first and perhaps last meeting. It is here, on this low plain, between these two rivers, that the descendants of the Salzburgers dwell. Dotted here and there among the "cypress ponds," "gallberry flats" and "runs" are to be found the humble cottages of these pastoral people.

The first question that arises in the mind of the visitor among the Salzburgers is how such large families are sustained on such small farms. The secret is that everybody works. There you will find the most economical housewives and the most frugal husbandmen in Georgia. It is said that one of these "Dutch" housewives can take a large sweet potato and serve it to the family in a half dozen different forms, and feed "Fido," "old Brindle" and the pigs on the residue. She does all the housework cheerfully and is ready to assist on the farm in a pinch. The husbandman is always up with the birds and moving, but yet too often accomplishing little. He is engaged in truck-farming principally, and finds a ready market for his vegetables in Savannah, while he ships his potatoes, beans, cucumbers and tomatoes often to Northern markets. There are some few farmers among them who still have their mulberry orchards, raise silk-worms and manufacture a grade of silk fishing lines surpassed by none in the State of Georgia.

As a rule these are a happy people. At night they discuss, about the fireside, with great gravity, the happenings of the neighborhood; and in the role of neighbor and friend the average "Dutchman" is always at his best.

He is also honest in his dealings. The Superior Court of Effingham County seldom lasts more than three days now, and it rarely happens that one of these men is haled into court for breach of contract or for any offence where honor is involved. There are two or three annual festivals that everybody attends, the "Farmers' Dinner," the Fourth of July picnic, and the festival of the Effingham Hussars. These are the big events of the season; but of all the social occasions none are so thoroughly enjoyed as the "kraut cuttings." They correspond to the Georgia corn huskings. . . . When the kraut is cut and neatly packed in a vat a feast is then spread, in the preparation for which the old Dutch oven has been busy for more than a week. The twang of the banjo and the swelling notes of the fiddle then call them to a room made vacant for the dance; and thus they go, oftentimes until gray streaks in the East announce the coming morn.

CHAPTER XIX

Sunbury: An Extinct Metropolis

ONCE a rival of Savannah, there is not a vestige left of the ancient town which in Colonial days arose on the gentle slopes of the Midway River, near the point where it widens into St. Catherine's Sound. The streets and squares and market places of the town have been completely obliterated. Weeds today choke the deserted docks where vessels used to land rich cargoes. Oyster shells in great white heaps mark the rugged shore lines; and on the hilltops, where formerly blazed the hearthstone fires, long rows of tasseled corn may be seen in summer, forming a coat of green wherewith to hide the tragedy which time has here wrought. The only link between past and present on these long-abandoned heights is the pathetic little graveyard; but even here the brambles riot among the crumbling tombstones.

Perhaps nowhere else in Georgia has the ruthless plowshare of Fate exemplified more strikingly the final estate to which things human and terrestrial are at last doomed. Yet this buried metropolis produced two signers of the Declaration of Independence, a distinction enjoyed by few cities in America. The commercial importance of Sunbury at the beginning of the Revolution is attested by the fact that seven square-rigged schooners have been known to enter the port in one day, and Captain Hugh McCall,* Georgia's earliest historian—our

*History of Georgia, Edition of 1909, Vol. I, p. 177.

authority for this statement—adds that Sunbury competed with Savannah for the coast trade during the late Colonial period. Colonel Jones* estimates the population of Sunbury at something like one thousand inhabitants, a number which was quite large, considering the times, and doubtless but little short of the figures for Savannah. It was also the seat of a pioneer school of learning—the famous Sunbury Academy, taught by Dr. McWhir. Only ten miles distant from the Midway Church, it became the abode of a number of the members of this flock. But the excellence of the harbor facilities attracted settlers from remote points. Some came from Savannah, some from Charleston, and some even from far-off Bermuda. As early as 1762 it was made a port of entry by Governor Wright, who considered it a place of great promise; but it lay in the path of the despoiler, and from the ravages of the Revolution it never rallied.

General Oglethorpe, during his reconnoisance of the southern frontier of the Province, in 1734, is said to have been impressed by the bold and beautiful bluff near the mouth of the Midway River, but it was not until twenty years later that the foundations of the future town were laid. The members of the Dorchester settlement, who were located for the most part in the close neighborhood of the Midway Church, were thrifty as well as pious, and they realized the need of a town on the ocean front near-by, where they could market rich crops of rice and indigo, from which, if handled to commercial advantage, there were large profits to be realized. The result was that, on June 20, 1758, Captain Mark Carr, who owned five hundred acres of land on the heights overlooking the river, deeded three hundred acres of this tract to a set of trustees, who were charged with the duty of laying out the proposed town.

*History of Georgia, 1883, Vol. I, p. 498.

It appears that the owner acquired the property only a short time before the date of this transfer by deed of conveyance from his Majesty, King George II. The trustees to whom he conveyed the land for the founding of Sunbury were: James Maxwell, Kenneth Baillie, John Elliott, Grey Elliott, and John Stevens, most of whom were either members or supporters of Midway Church. Captain McCall* suggests that the town was called Sunbury because the slopes on which it was built faced the sunrise, reasoning from the etymology of the word, the interpretation of which is—"the residence of the sun." Colonel Jones is inclined to think that it was named for the town of Sunbury, on the River Thames, in England. The trustees divided the area of the town into four hundred lots and also planned for three squares. The lots were to be seventy feet in breadth by one hundred and thirty feet in depth, and four of these were to constitute a block, bounded on three sides by streets, while a lane was to be the boundary of the fourth. The width of the streets was to be seventy-five feet and of the lanes twenty feet. King's Square, an area well to the front of the town, was to be twice the size of the other two, viz: Church and Meeting, and these were to be in the opposite wings.

Such, in brief, were the specifications upon which the town was built. It commanded the rice crops from the adjacent swamps, together with large supplies of indigo from Bermuda Island. The principal trade was with the West Indies and with the Northern colonies. On being made a port of entry, Thomas Carr was appointed collector, John Martin, naval officer, and Francis Lee, searcher. The growth of the town was rapid. Schemes for public improvement were projected on quite an impressive scale, and it was proposed, among other things, to construct a canal through the marshes to Colonel's Island. But the dream dissolved into thin air with the outbreak of hostilities; and, after the struggle for inde-

*History of Georgia, Edition of 1909, Vol. 1, p. 177.

pendence was over, Sunbury seems to have declined in commercial importance and to have become more of an educational centre—in which respect it continued for years to enjoy an undisputed leadership.

According to tradition, the first Masonic lodge ever organized in Georgia was instituted under an old oak tree at Sunbury by Oglethorpe himself. It was more than twenty years before the town was located at this point, and when the founder of the colony was reconnoitering along the southern coast. The Society of St. George, now the Union Society, of Savannah, is said to have held a meeting under the same tree, by virtue of which its charter was saved, and the incident caused the old landmark to be designated in after years as the Charter Oak. It was during the troublous days of the Revolution; and, among the prisoners of war brought to Sunbury were Mordecai Sheftall, John Martin, John Stirk and Josiah Powell, all of whom were members. The charter of the organization provided for its own forfeiture, in the event meetings were not held annually; and here, under the walls of Fort Morris, in order to save the charter from extinction, these prisoners of war met and elected officers, and thus one of the noblest organizations of the State was spared for future usefulness. Today, the Union Society is the legatee and guardian of Whitefield's Orphan Home, at Bethesda. In the family of the Sheftalls a piece of the old oak tree is still preserved.

It was at Sunbury that some of the most noted men in the Colony of Georgia resided. Here lived Dr. Lyman Hall, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia, a Governor of the State, and a patriot who, single and alone, represented the Parish of St. John in the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, before the

Province at large could be induced to join the federation. Here Button Gwinnett, another patriot whose name is on the immortal scroll of freedom, spent most of his time officially, while a Justice of the Peace for St. John's Parish, though he resided on St. Catharine's Island. Here George Walton, the last member of the illustrious trio who represented Georgia, was brought a prisoner of war, upon the fall of Savannah; and here he remained for months until the wound which he received in defence of the city was healed and his exchange was negotiated. Both Walton and Gwinnett were also Chief Magistrates of the Commonwealth.

There also lived here Richard Howley and Nathan Brownson, both Governors; John Elliott and Alfred Cuthbert, both United States Senators, and John A. Cuthbert, a Member of Congress. Here also was the home of Major John Jones, who was killed by a cannon-ball, at the siege of Savannah; and here John E. Ward, the first Minister to China, was born. Commodore McIntosh, his sister, Maria J. McIntosh, the famous novelist, Judge William E. Law and many others of note, were also natives of Sunbury. On February 1, 1797, the town having commenced to decline, the county seat was changed to Riceboro, a point which was nearer the centre of population. Two hurricanes, one in 1804 and one in 1824, hastened the final hour of doom for the once populous seaport; malarial disorders multiplied amid the wreckage, and, in 1829, Sherwood gave the town a population of only one hundred and fifty inhabitants. Twenty years later it was completely extinct.

CHAPTER XX

Fort Morris: The Last to Lower the Colonial Flag

OCCUPYING an eminence somewhat to the south of old Sunbury, on lands belonging to the Calder estate, are still to be seen the ruins of the old stronghold which played such an important part in the drama of independence: Fort Morris. Large trees are today growing upon the parapets. Even the foot-paths which lead to it, through the dense thickets, are obscured by an undergrowth of weeds and briars, bespeaking the desolation which for more than a century has brooded over the abandoned earth-works. But the massive embankments of the old fort can still be distinctly traced. It commands the entrance to the Midway River, from which, however, both the sails of commerce and the ironclads of war have long since vanished.

To one who is in any wise familiar with the history of the Revolution in Georgia, it is pathetic to witness the wreckage which time has here wrought; but the splendid memories which cluster about the precincts, like an evergreen mantle of ivy, are sufficient to fire the dullest imagination. There is little hope for the Georgian who can stand unmoved upon these heroic heights. It was here that General Charles Lee assembled his forces for the expedition into Florida. It was here that Colonel Samuel Elbert, under executive orders from Button Gwinnett, embarked his troops for the assault upon St. Augustine. It was here that Colonel John McIntosh, refusing to surrender the fort to an overwhelming force

of the enemy, sent to the British commander his defiant message: "Come and take it!"

But what invests the old fort with the greatest interest perhaps is the fact that when the State of Georgia was overrun by the British, consequent upon the fall of Savannah, it was the very last spot on Georgia soil where the old Colonial flag was still unfurled. Even an order from General Howe, directing an abandonment of the stronghold, was disregarded by the gallant officer in command, who preferred to accept the gage of battle. It was not until beleaguered and stormed and overrun by superior numbers that it finally yielded to the terrific onslaught; and the next memorial erected by the patriotic women of Georgia should be planted upon these brave heights to tell the world that when Savannah and Augusta were both in the power of the British there was still waving from the ramparts of the old fort at Sunbury the defiant folds of an unconquered banner.

According to the Midway records, it was as early as 1756 that a number of the residents of the district, at the suggestion of Jonathan Bryan, one of the members of his Majesty's Council of Safety, began to take steps looking to the erection of a fort at some point in the immediate neighborhood along the exposed coast. It also appears that batteries were erected on which eight cannon were mounted and that when Governor Ellis made his tour of inspection in 1758 he was pleased to find the work completed, in connection with the fortifications around Midway Church. But whether reference is here made to the historic stronghold is uncertain. The need of adequate protection at this strategic point, which guards the approach to the Midway settlement, must have been apparent from the start. The rumor of an Indian invasion reached the settlers soon after arriving in Georgia, only to be succeeded by the dread of French privateers; and there was constant danger due to an unfor-

tified ocean front. It is safely within the bounds of historic inference to state that the famous earthworks must have been constructed at some time prior to the Revolution. There was probably at least an excellent beginning made for the future stronghold on this identical spot.

At any rate, the structure which came to be Fort Morris was erected chiefly by the residents of Bermuda, now Colonel's, Island, who, in building it, employed almost exclusively the labor of slaves. It was called Fort Morris, in honor of the captain who here commanded a company of Continental artillery raised for coast defence, on the eve of hostilities with England. The old fort was located about three hundred and fifty feet outside the southern limits of Sunbury, at the bend of the river. Though an earthwork, it was most substantially built and enclosed fully an acre of ground. It was two hundred and seventy-five feet in length on the water front. The two sides were somewhat irregular in shape and were respectively one hundred and ninety-one and one hundred and forty feet in length. The rear wall was two hundred and forty feet in length. The parapets were ten feet wide and rose six feet above the parade of the fort, while the superior slope of the embankment toward the river was twenty-five feet above high water. There were seven embrasures, each about five feet wide. Surrounding the pile was a moat ten feet wide at the bottom and twenty feet wide at the top. The sally port was in the rear or western wall.

Says Dr. Stacy: "The guns have all been removed. One was carried to Hinesville when the place was first laid off sixty years ago, and has been often and long used on Fourth of July and other public occasions and may still be seen there in the court-house yard. Two of them were carried to Riceboro during the late war between the States, but no use was made of them. Two more were taken by Captain Lamar and, after being used as signal guns at Sunbury, were transported to

Fort Bartow at Savannah and fell into the hands of the Federals. Two more were left lying half buried in the soil of the parade ground, and still another in the old field half way between the fort and the site of the town. These have all since been removed. At least the writer did not see them when he visited the spot. One of the two carried to Riceboro was removed by the late Colonel Charles C. Jones in 1880 to his home on the Sand Hills near Augusta, and now adorns the lawn in front of the residence which has passed into the hands of his son, Charles Edgeworth Jones. Like the one at Hinesville, it is undoubtedly genuine: one of the number which took part in the defence of Georgia soil in Revolutionary time."*

During the War of 1812, the famous old fortification at Sunbury was remodeled by the local Committee of Safety and called Fort Defence, but the name soon passed. Captain John A. Cuthbert organized a company of citizens, some forty in number, while Captain Charles Floyd commanded a body of students, in readiness for an attack. But the enemy failed to appear.

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*James Stacy, in History of Midway Congregational Church, pp. 232-238; Charles C. Jones, Jr., in Chapter on Sunbury, in Dead Towns of Georgia.

CHAPTER XXI

New Inverness: The Story of the Scotch Highlanders

ON the banks of the Altamaha River, twelve miles above St. Simon's Island, on the site today occupied by the town of Darien, was planted the earliest Scotch settlement in Georgia. There was need of an outpost at this point. The Spaniards to the south were very unpleasant neighbors, and the clouds of war were beginning to gather upon the horizon. The trained eye of Oglethorpe perceived the need of fortifications with which to repel an expected invasion. But he also realized the need of stout arms and brave hearts with which to man these defences; and in casting about for colonists of sturdy mettle his gaze was attracted to the little country north of the Tweed. He invited the Highlanders to come to Georgia. It was a day dark with fate for hundreds of these plucky men of the mountains when they agreed to accept. Few of them escaped the perilous scourge of war, which almost completely obliterated the hamlet in which they settled; but they proved themselves in the ordeal of battle to be worthy countrymen of Robert Bruce. They saved the day for Georgia, and they enriched with fresh traditions of valor the bonnie blue flag of Scotland.

But the tragic story must not be anticipated. At the earnest request of the Trustees of Georgia, whose prayer was supplemented by an appeal from South Carolina, the sum of 26,000 pounds sterling was appropriated by the

English Parliament for the purpose of safeguarding the exposed frontier. The treasury thus replenished, an effort was made by the Trustees to secure settlers for the new outposts in the danger-infested wilderness. They issued a commission to Captain Hugh Mackay, then a lieutenant, who was authorized to gather recruits among the Highlands. The well-known Jacobite sympathies of Oglethorpe were doubtless instrumental in arousing widespread interest in the proposed scheme of colonization.

There was no attempt made to overpaint the charms or conceal the hazards of life in Georgia. The situation of affairs was well understood. But the rugged mountaineers were inured to hardships; and to men who touched elbows with peril every day of the world and who took little counsel of fear there was an element of zest added to the prospect of adventure in an unknown world. John Mohr McIntosh, a chief of one of the most powerful clans of Scotland, whose support of the Pretender cost him the forfeiture of his estates, was one of the first to enlist; and he induced many of his kindred to accompany him. Not less than one hundred and thirty Highlanders, with fifty women and children, were enrolled at Inverness; and these, together with some who held special grants and who went without expense to the Trustees, sailed from Inverness, October 18, 1735, on board the Prince of Wales, commanded by Captain George Dunbar.

Three months were consumed by the voyage. They carried a clergyman, the Rev. John McLeod, a native of the Isle of Syke, to minister to them in sacred things, and he became the pioneer evangel of Presbyterianism in Georgia. Most of the emigrants were soldiers; but some of them, like the Cuthberts, the Bailies, the Mackays, and the Dunbars, went in the capacity of freeholders. They were accompanied by servants and were possessed of titles to large tracts of land.

In due season, the vessel entered the mouth of the Savannah River; and the new arrivals, after a period of

rest spent in the village to which they were given a cordial welcome by the inhabitants, were transported in rude canoes through the various inlets and up the Altamaha River, to the appointed place of settlement selected by Oglethorpe. The alluvial bottoms of the low-lying region which they reached at length bore little resemblance to the hills of heather which they left behind them; and the homesick Highlanders must have experienced a chill of disappointment when they disembarked upon the monotonous stretch of level ground on which they were henceforth to dwell.

But they wasted no time in vain regrets. At a point which was best adapted to defensive purposes, they at once erected a fort, mounted four pieces of cannon, built a guard-house, a store, and a chapel, and constructed huts for temporary accommodation, preparatory to erecting more substantial structures. Dressed in plaids and equipped with broad-swords, targets, and firearms, the Scotch soldiers presented quite a unique and novel appearance on this remote belt of the savage wilderness, separated by three thousand miles of water from the familiar highlands which now smiled upon them only in the sad retrospect of the past. In honor of the town from which they sailed they gave to the young settlement the name of New Inverness, while to the military post and to the outlying district they gave the name of Darien.

To the colony of Oglethorpe, the arrival of these sturdy Highlanders proved an important acquisition. They were more than mere sinews of war. They were representatives of the thriftiest and best elements of the Scotch population. They brought with them the highest ideals of citizenship and the profoundest reverence for divine truth. Says Dr. Stevens:* "They were not reck-

*History of Georgia, by Wm. Bacon Stevens, Vol. I, pp. 126-127, New York, 1847.

less adventurers or reduced emigrants, volunteering through necessity or exiled by insolvency and want. In fact, they were picked men. They were commanded by officers most respectably connected in the Highlands, and the descendants of some of them have held and still hold high offices of honor and trust in the United Kingdom."

According to Colonel Jones, the Scotch emigrants, while in Savannah, were told by some Carolinians that they were foolish to interpose themselves between Savannah and Florida, that it was perilous in the extreme thus to court danger on the frontier, and that the Spaniards, from the secure forts in which they dwelt on the border, would shoot them upon the very spot which they were expected to defend. But the Scotch Highlanders were in no wise intimidated, and they replied by saying that they would beat the Spaniards out of the forts which they occupied and would thus find houses ready built in which to live. Such an answer was well in keeping with the record which they were destined to make as courageous fighters. It was full of the spirit of Bannockburn, and to men like John Mohr McIntosh, Captain Hugh Mackay, Ensign Charles Mackay, Colonel John McIntosh, General Lachlan McIntosh and others of the same heroic stock, Georgia, both as a Colony and as a State, owes a debt of gratitude which time cannot diminish.

At an early date, Captain Hugh Mackay, with the assistance of Indian guides furnished by Tomo-chi-chi, located a road between New Inverness and Savannah, and the same route is today followed by the splendid highway which runs between Savannah and Darien. The town which was settled by the Highlanders began to prosper. It was beautifully situated on a bluff of the river, in a grove of wide-spreading live oaks, while around it for miles stretched the level forests of Georgia. In after years it was destined to become an important commercial seaport; but before this time arrived it was fated to suffer almost complete annihilation. The High-

landers at New Inverness were the chief dependence of Oglethorpe in the Spanish hostilities which ensued; and while they saved Georgia from destruction, it was at grim cost to themselves.

Most of the gallant band were either killed in battle or taken prisoners. The greatest fatalities occurred during the disastrous assault upon St. Augustine. It seems that Colonel Palmer, who commanded a force of Highlanders at the time of the seige, disregarded the instructions of Oglethorpe, only to be surprised by the enemy at Fort Moosa, with tragic results. The Highlanders fought like tigers, but fell in great numbers. Those who survived were afterwards permitted to taste the sweets of victory when the Spanish power was overthrown at the battle of Bloody Marsh. But the remnant was pathetically small, some moved to other localities, and the little town of New Inverness finally passed into other hands, to emerge eventually into the modern city of Darien.*

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*Charles C. Jones, Jr., in History of Georgia, Vol. I; Stories of Georgia, by J. Harris Chappell, Chapter V; Stevens, McCall, Evans, Smith, etc.

CHAPTER XXII

The Acadians in Georgia

THERE is nothing sadder in the Colonial annals of America than the story of the unfortunate Acadians: the original French settlers of Nova Scotia, some of whom sought refuge in Georgia when driven out of Canada by the cruel edict of the English. These Acadians called the country in which they settled Acadie. It was a bleak region, in the cold latitudes of the far North, but to them it was home, and by industrious cultivation they gave to it many of the charms of beauty. But, in 1713, under the treaty of Utrecht, the Acadians were forced, after various wars and changes, to relinquish these lands to the Crown of England; and, though speaking the French language and professing the Catholic faith, they were required at its cession to Great Britain to take the oath of allegiance to the English monarch. It was a harsh exaction. But the Acadians consented to take this oath, provided they were not required to sever relations with friendly Indian allies or to take up arms against France. The Governor acquiescing in this proviso, the oath was registered in due form; but the action of the local authorities was overruled by the court, a decision of which required an unconditional oath or immediate expatriation. The Acadians refused to comply with these demands, but, as a body, maintained a neutral position; and, thus matters remained unsettled until 1755, when radical measures were adopted.

Bishop Stevens* has given us a graphic picture of these Acadians. Says he: "They were an agricultural and pastoral people—tilled the lands with great art and industry—reared large flocks and herds—dwelt in neat and convenient houses—subsisted upon the varied stores gathered from sea and land, and, with few wants and no money, lived in peace and harmony under the mild jurisdiction of elders and pastors. The Abbe Raynal has described them in terms too eulogistic for human nature, representing a state of social happiness more consonant with the license of poetry than with the fidelity of truth. It cannot be denied, however, that they presented a picture, full of charming scenes and lovely portraits, simple manners, guileless lives, scrupulous integrity and calm devotion. But the eye of English envy was upon them. The uprooting of this people was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow, commanding the Massachusetts forces, a gentleman of great moral and military worth, whose strict ideas of obedience alone induced him to consent to undertake the task.

"By a proclamation, so artfully framed that its design could not be discovered, yet requiring compliance by penalties so severe as prevented any absence, the attendance of the male Acadians was required at a specified time and in a specified place. At Grand Pre, where Colonel Winslow commanded, over four hundred men met on the appointed day, September 5, 1755, at 3 p. m., in the village church, when, going into their midst, he revealed to their astonished ears, the startling resolutions of the Governor and Council. The late happy, but now wretched, inhabitants, eighteen thousand in number, were appalled by the magnitude of the calamity which thus suddenly burst upon them. No language can describe their woes: turned out of their dwellings, bereft of their stock, stripped of their entire possessions, the bright hopes of the future blasted in a single hour, the labor of years wrested from them by a single effort, and torn

*Wm. Bacon Stevens, M. D., D. D., in History of Georgia, Vol. I.

from each and every association which binds the heart to its native fields, they were declared prisoners, though guiltless of any crime, and were destined to expatriation only because English blood flowed not in their veins and English speech did not dwell upon their lips. To make it impossible for them to remain, their houses were burnt down, their fields laid waste, their improvements destroyed—everything in one general conflagration.

"Forced to embark at the point of the bayonet, crowded into small vessels, provided with neither comforts nor necessaries, broken up as a community into many fragments—wives separated from husbands—children from parents—brothers from sisters—they were stored on board like a cargo of slaves, and guarded like the felons of a convict ship. Thus they were hurried away and scattered like leaves by the ruthless winds of autumn, from Massachusetts to Georgia, among those who hated their religion, detested their country, derided their manners, and mocked at their language. This was English policy, outraging English humanity. It was an act, blending fraud, robbery, arson, slavery and death, such as history can scarcely equal. English philanthropy planted Georgia; English inhumanity uprooted the Acadians. How can we reconcile the two? The one was prompted by the mild spirit of peace; the other by the stern councils of war. It was a detachment of this persecuted people whose arrival in Savannah recalled Governor Reynolds from Augusta to the seat of government.

"But what could the Governor do with such a body of strangers? It was one of the express conditions upon which Georgia was settled, that no Papist should be permitted in it; yet here were four hundred in one body, set down in its midst. It was also of the greatest importance to break up French influence on the frontier, but now nearly half a thousand French were consigned to the weakest and most exposed of all the thirteen colonies. On account of the lateness of the season and the destitute condition of the exiles, they were distributed in small

parties through the province, and maintained at the public expense until spring, when, by leave of the Governor, they built themselves a number of rude boats, and in March most of them left for South Carolina, two hundred embarking at one time, in ten boats, indulging the hope that they might thus work their way back to their native and beloved Acadie."

CHAPTER XXIII

The Moravians in Georgia

SCARCELY a vestige today survives in the way of a memorial to tell of the brief sojourn in this State of the pious Moravians. But the early annals of Georgia are too fragrant with the memories of this sweet-spirited sect to justify any omission of them in this historical retrospect. Both in simple habits of life and in deep religious fervor, they were not unlike the Salzburgers, to whom they were remotely allied by ties of kinship. The missionary activities of the Moravians among the Georgia Indians were successful in a marked degree; and, with little opposition from the red men of the forest, who learned to trust them with implicit confidence, they penetrated far into the Blue Ridge Mountains and established at Spring Place, in what is now Murray County, a mission which exerted a powerful influence among the native tribes, converting not a few chiefs and warriors, and continuing to flourish down to the final deportation of the Cherokees, in 1838. Both Elias Boudinot and David Vann were Moravian converts.

But who were these Moravians? To answer this question, we must cross the sea to Bohemia. Coincident with Oglethorpe's humane project, there was an effort made by Count Zinzendorf, a Protestant, to organize on his estate a community of believers, modelled upon the old original church of the Apostles. When a charter was granted for the Colony of Georgia, the Count sought and obtained a concession of five hundred acres of land from the Trustees, with permission to absent himself in

person from the Colony, on condition that he send over ten male servants, in his own stead, to cultivate the soil. Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Gottlieb Spangenberg, the first emigrants of this religious persuasion arrived in Georgia in the spring of 1735, and settled near the Savannah River, on a body of land between the Salzburgers and the town of Savannah.

To quote Colonel Jones:* The history of the Moravians in Georgia may be quickly told. Under the auspices of Count Zinzendorf, seconded by the good offices of the Trustees, additions were made from time to time to this settlement. A school-house called Irene was built near Tomo-chi-chi's vilage, for the accommodation and instruction of Indian children; and in its conduct and prosperity the aged mico manifested a lively interest. With the Salzburgers the Moravians associated on terms of closest friendship. In subduing the forest and in the erection of homes they manifested great zeal. Above all others were they successful in tilling the ground, and in the accumulation of provisions, which sufficed not only for their own wants, but also met the needs of their less provident neighbors. . . . They were in all respects useful colonists.

When summoned, however, to bear arms in defence of the province against the Spaniards, they refused to do so, alleging that since they were not freeholders there was no obligation resting upon them to perform military duties. They further insisted that they were prevented by religious convictions from becoming soldiers, and stated that before coming to Georgia it had been expressly stipulated that they should be exempt from such obligations. After mature deliberation, it was agreed that the Moravians be excused; but this exemption embittered the minds of the other colonists against them and

*Jones: History of Georgia, Vol. I.

rendered a further residence in the province unpleasant. Accordingly, in 1738, some of them, having first refunded to the authorities all moneys disbursed for them, abandoned the settlement in Georgia . . . and removed to Pennsylvania, . . . where the settlements of Bethlehem and Nazareth preserve to this day some of the distinguishing features of this peculiar people.

This anecdote has been preserved: On one occasion, during the voyage of Oglethorpe with the Moravians and Salzburgers, the sea broke over the vessel from stem to stern, burst through the windows of the state cabin, and drenched the inmates. John Wesley came near being washed overboard by one of the waves. In all these storms and dangers the Moravians were calm and unterrified. The tempest began on Sunday, just as they commenced services; the sea broke over the ship, split the mainsail, and poured down upon the vessel, threatening instant destruction. The English screamed, but the Germans sang on.

"Were you not afraid?" asked Wesley, speaking to one of them.

"I thank God, no," he replied.

"But were not your women and children afraid?" he inquired.

"No," answered the Moravian, "our women and children are not afraid to die."

Mr. Wesley afterward said that the example of these Moravians exerted so powerful an influence upon him as to make him doubt if he were really converted before he met them.*

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*Lawton B. Evans, in School History of Georgia.

According to Bishop Stevens:* Several of the Moravian ministers who came to Georgia were men of eminent distinction. Christian Gottlieb Spangenberg had been an adjunct professor in the University of Halle, in Saxony; and after leaving Savannah he went to Europe, where he was ordained bishop. He returned to America and took entire charge of the affairs of the Brethren in the British Colonies. He was also an author and wrote the Life of Count Zinzendorf, besides a number of religious books. David Nitschman was one of the companions of Wesley on his visit to Georgia. He rose to be a Bishop, and was one of the first missionaries to the blacks in the Danish West Indies. Peter Beuler also became a Bishop. He was a graduate of the University of Jena and a man of ripe scholarship. Martin Mack, after leaving Savannah, labored for years among the Indians in Pennsylvania, and was then made a Bishop and assigned to the Danish West Indies. The Moravians did not remain long enough in Georgia to fashion the plastic mass; but could they have aided in moulding the institutions of the Commonwealth, many calamities might have been avoided and many virtues might have been developed which would have reflected glory upon Georgia's name.

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*Stephens: History of Georgia, Vol. I.

CHAPTER XXIV

Roswell: The Home of Mr. Roosevelt's Mother

THERE is scarcely to be found in Georgia a community of eight hundred inhabitants which can boast anything like the historic memories which belong to Roswell. Situated on the western slopes of the Chattahoochee River, in the extreme northeastern angle of Cobb County, this former abode of wealthy slave-owners is today only a straggling village; and, though reached by a little branch railway, which meets the main trunk line at Chamblee, some ten miles distant, it seems to be effectually hidden from the world in an obscure pocket of the mountains. There are still a number of fine old families left in Roswell; but the population at the present time is chiefly dependent upon the mills. The splendid water facilities at this point have made the manufacturing establishments at Roswell famous among the industrial enterprises of Georgia; and the products of these local plants are shipped in large quantities to various parts of the South. But the stately pomp which formerly reigned in the elegant mansions upon the hills has long since disappeared. The luxurious life of the old regime, like the water which can never again turn the wheels of the old factory, has vanished forever down the stream.

For a distance of nearly three miles, the homes of Roswell at the present time are strung along the main road, and the tenacity with which they hug the old highway has caused Alex Bealer to dub Roswell "the shoestring town of Georgia."

But what a world of history has been written in this secluded hamlet. It was the home of Dr. Goulding, who wrote "The Young Marooners." It was the home of Theodore Roosevelt's mother. It boasted a President of the United States, by whom it was visited when he was clothed with the mantle of his high office. It gave an Admiral to the Confederate Navy. It produced the officer who fired the last shot from the gunwales of the ill-fated Alabama. The old Presbyterian Church, at Roswell, is one of the landmarks of Cherokee Georgia, while the bell which summons the flock to worship in this ancient little structure was fifty years old when it was first brought from Savannah to be hung in the tower. It is said that the first residence in Cherokee Georgia to be supplied with window glass was built at Roswell. There was no little wealth centred at this point during the pioneer days. The people reared substantial homes from the very start, employed the best educational instructors to teach the village school, and gave to the virgin wilderness an atmosphere of culture, while the tracks of the Indians were still fresh. Dr. Nathaniel Pratt for years taught a select school at Roswell, and some of his pupils afterwards became eminent in public affairs. He was also pastor of the Presbyterian Church for two full decades.

As a center, both of trade and of population, Roswell was for years a more important town than Marietta. It was not until the Western and Atlantic Railroad was built that the latter began to flourish. It was then on the main highway of travel. But some time elapsed, even with this advantage, before it could measure strides with the little town to the north.

Roswell King, for whom the town was named, was no ordinary man. He was a native of New England and a descendant of Captain John King, of Northampton, Mass. His maternal uncle was John Fitch, the celebrated inventor, who made successful experiments with the steamboat on the Delaware before Fulton launched his

craft on the Hudson. Roswell King therefore came of sturdy stock and inherited from his ancestors a genius for practical affairs. It is said that he discovered the water-power of the Chattahoochee River at this place, when on a visit to the Cherokees with whom he enjoyed friendly relations. Impressed with the possibilities of the site for manufacturing purposes, he here founded the town of Roswell, established the famous cotton and woollen mills at this point, which he successfully operated for years, and accumulated an ample fortune. The earlier part of his life in Georgia was spent near Darien, and when he settled upon the Chattahoochee River he brought with him a colony of thrifty people from the Georgia Coast.

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Perhaps the most famous landmark which time has spared in Roswell is Bulloch Hall. It was built apparently with an eye to the associations which were destined to invest it in after years. At any rate, the plans were carefully made by the original owner—Major James S. Bulloch. He superintended the work himself, and the mansion was substantially and handsomely built, not only upon a scale of splendid proportions, but of the very best materials. It was modeled upon the plan of the ancient Parthenon at Athens, with massive pillars in front. Major Bulloch was well connected. His grandfather was Archibald Bulloch, the famous old Revolutionary patriot. His mother was an Irvine, the daughter of an old pioneer physician of some note in Georgia; and to strengthen his social status still further he married first the daughter and afterwards the young widow of Senator John Elliott. The maiden name of the latter was Martha Stewart, and her father was General Daniel Stewart, of the Revolution. From this union sprang Martha Bulloch, the ex-President's mother. The name by which she was known to her intimate friends and relatives was "Mittie." Here at Bulloch Hall the mother of the future President spent her girlhood days, barring an occasional

trip to Savannah, and here, with visiting companions, she enjoyed the gay and happy life of an ideal country seat during the prosperous days before the war. The old mansion stands some distance from the main highway, enveloped in a grove of forest oaks. It is well preserved by the present owner, Mr. J. B. Wing, who keeps it in perfect repair, and much of the dignified air of importance which it wore in the old days, it still retains.

Tradition states that it was on one of her visits to Savannah that Martha Bulloch first met the man of her choice—Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. Friendship speedily ripened into affection, and on an evening in December, during the fifties, the marriage ceremony occurred at Bulloch Hall. The occasion was marked by unusual splendor. It is said to have been bitterly cold out-of-doors; but the cedar logs in the deep open fire-places imparted a genial warmth to the four spacious rooms which opened upon the main hall. Lights shimmered from the many-branched candelabra, and from the countless tapers which were ranged about the elegant apartments, in candle-sticks of brass and silver. Besides the whole interior of the house downstairs was brilliantly festooned with holly and mistletoe, emblems which were doubly appropriate to the season. The marriage rites were solemnized in the spacious drawing room of the Bulloch mansion, Rev. Nathaniel Pratt, the pastor of the local Presbyterian Church, performing the ceremony, assisted by Rev. James Dunwody, a kinsman. The handsome bride wore a Princess gown of white silk, covered with a veil of delicate illusion, and was a picture of loveliness. The bridesmaids were: Miss Julia Hand, Miss Margaret Cooper Stiles, Miss Anna Bulloch and Miss Evelyn King. The groom's attendants were Corneille Roosevelt, a brother of the groom; Thomas King, Ralph King, and Stewart Elliott. Only one member of this youthful group today survives: Mrs.

BULLOCH HALL:

The Old Home of Ex-President Roosevelt's Mother, at Roswell, Ga.

William E. Baker. She was formerly Miss Evelyn King. The greater part of her long life has been spent at Roswell, where she is today the mistress of her girlhood's home: Barrington Hall. This stately old mansion is surrounded on three sides by a spacious veranda, whose handsome pillars form a magnificent colonnade; while the house itself is most delightfully embowered in a grove of forest oaks. Within an easy walk of the Baker home is another impressive old landmark, once the centre of brilliant social gatherings: Phoenix Hall. Here lived General Andrew J. Hansell, one of the courtliest men of his time and long president of the Roswell Mills.

It is not the least among the claims of Roswell to distinction that it furnished two gallant officers to the navy of the Confederate States: Admiral James Dunwody Bulloch and Captain Irvine Bulloch. Both were uncles of ex-President Roosevelt. These two distinguished officers were half-brothers. They were sons of Major James S. Bulloch, the former by his marriage to his first wife, the latter by his marriage to Mrs. Elliott, nee Martha Stewart.* Irvine Bulloch, therefore, was an uncle of the full blood to Theodore Roosevelt, and an own brother to Mrs. Roosevelt. James Dunwody Bulloch was related to them only on the father's side.

Captain Irvine Bulloch was an officer on the famous Alabama. He was in command of one of the big guns on board the vessel, and it was reserved for him to pull the lanyard which fired the last shot as the noted cruiser sank to her grave in the English channel. He was afterwards sailing-master of the famous Shenandoah. Upon the decks of this ship he was engaged in an open battle

*Major Bulloch's first wife was the daughter of Senator John Elliott, by his first marriage. The only child by this marriage was James Dunwody Bulloch. His second wife was the widow of Senator Elliott, nee Martha Stewart. The children by this marriage were Irvine, Anna and Martha.

upon the high seas some three weeks after General Lee surrendered. The wireless system of telegraphy was then unknown.

Admiral James Dunwody Bulloch was sent to Europe at the beginning of the war as the special agent of the Confederate government to secure vessels for the navy, which then existed only in prospect. He purchased the Florida, the Alabama, and the Shenandoah, all of which he succeeded in putting afloat under the Confederate flag. It was a distinct violation of the laws of neutrality for England thus to aid the South, but the sympathies of the people were with the secessionists. Moreover, the shrewd commander employed the arts of diplomacy to good advantage, in avoiding trouble with the governmental authorities. Subsequent to the war, he wrote a "History of the Secret Service of the Confederacy in Europe." Mr. Roosevelt once said of him that he was the embodiment of Thackeray's beau ideal creation: Colonel Newcomb.

This accomplished officer made his home for several years in Scotland. The exact locality is not recalled by his surviving kindred in this country; but some time ago a son of Barrington King, when travelling abroad, undertook to make inquiries. At first the search promised to be fruitless; but finally he discovered his magnificent estate among the Highlands. It was a residence fit for an officer of the crown; and over the massive gateway which opened upon the grounds was chiseled the magic name: "Roswell."

October 20, 1905, is a day long to be remembered in the calendar of the little town of Roswell. It was the occasion of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to his mother's old home. He was then holding the high office of President of the United States; but clothed in the mantle of authority though he was, Mr. Roosevelt nevertheless found time to visit this remote little country town, on a pilgrimage

of filial devotion. He was met at the village station by a committee of citizens, headed by the mayor. But there were thousands of people in Roswell to meet the distinguished visitor. They came by every road leading into the town and they came from every plantation within a score of miles. Most of them had never seen and never expected to see a President. The reception was held in the little Presbyterian Church, to which, on account of the pressure of the crowd, it was necessary to limit the attendance to invited guests. Senator Clay, who accompanied Mr. Roosevelt to Georgia, and who acted as host during his stay in the State, introduced him to the people; and a young student at Mercer, Mr. Charles W. Reid, made an eloquent address of welcome.

Though only two hours were spent by the President in Roswell the time was improved to the best advantage, and he was taken to the various places of interest by the committee, who made good use of automobiles. Something like half an hour was spent at Bulloch Hall. He inspected the old mansion from cellar to garret. On account of the briefness of his visit, he was obliged to decline an invitation to breakfast at Barrington Hall. But he made a call upon his mother's old friend. Mrs. Baker greeted him with tears of joy in her eyes and called him "Theodore." The President was most profoundly touched by the interview. It was a scene which no brush can paint. More than all of the garish pomp of the great pageants which he had witnessed so often it must have touched the heart of Mr. Roosevelt to receive from his mother's people a welcome so cordial, welling up from thousands of honest hearts around him, like the crystal mountain springs of the great Blue Ridge, clear and limpid. Nor least among the choice recollections which he carried back with him to Washington was the picture of an old black mammy—the very one, so it is said, who held his mother in her sable arms and crooned the tender lullabies, which were destined to become his cradle songs.

CHAPTER XXV

Dr. Francis R. Goulding: The Author of "The Young Marooners"

FAMILIAR to thousands of readers on both sides of the water is the name of an author who lies buried on the banks of the Chattahoochee River at Roswell: Dr. Francis R. Goulding. He was an old Presbyterian preacher, who achieved renown rather late in life by writing a tale of adventure, whose recital has charmed three generations: "The Young Marooners." It is said that when the manuscript of this wonderful classic was first submitted to the publishers it was rejected, but before the story was returned to Dr. Goulding it chanced to fall into the hands of a child, who read it with the most absorbed interest. From this circumstance it gained favor, was re-read by the publishers, appeared in due season thereafter, bound in attractive covers, and proceeded at once to take the world by storm.

Few books have ever leaped more rapidly into favor. To meet the demand in Great Britain numerous editions were printed by leading establishments, both in Edinburgh and in London; and so widespread became the interest which the story aroused that it was translated forthwith into several different European languages. There is said to be nothing in English literature to compare with the chapter in which the author describes the abduction of the marooning party by a devil-fish, off the coast of Florida. In thrilling interest it vies with Robinson Crusoe and in dramatic elements it is not surpassed,

even by Swiss Family Robinson. Withal, it is wholesome, a book full of instructive lessons and of pure morals. It is chiefly as the author of this great juvenile masterpiece that Dr. Goulding is today remembered. But he also wrote numerous other books, an interest in which will doubtless some day be revived.

During the latter years of his life, Dr. Goulding wore a tightly fitting cap, in which he was usually seen in public, and most of the pictures of the famous author still extant represent him with his head covered in this manner. It was probably a precaution which he took against exposure to cold draughts. His erect figure as he stood in the pulpit or appeared on the streets of the little town is still vividly recalled by some of the older people of Roswell. Mr. Clinton M. Webb, a prominent citizen of the town, in a letter to the author, says: "I knew and loved Dr. Goulding as I have known and loved few men. Meeting him almost daily, during the years in which he lived in Roswell, I learned to appreciate him and to value his friendship. He was truly a type of the Southern gentleman of the "Old School." He greeted every one with a smiling face, and children especially were attracted to him by his genial ways. He possessed a vast fund of useful knowledge. In this respect, I have never known his equal. He was veritably an encyclopaedia of general information. One could hardly ask him a question which he could not answer. He was a broad-minded, deep-thinking man, and his place has never been filled in the town of Roswell. I have often thought that his memory should be honored with an appropriate monument. It could easily be accomplished by getting the children who have read 'The Young Marooners' interested in the matter. I hope to see it done yet." Mrs. Webb has a metrical version of the Twenty-third Psalm which Dr. Goulding composed and copied for her with his own hand, and she values it among her most precious keepsakes.

Dr. Goulding was born in Liberty County, Ga., September 28, 1810. His father was Dr. Thomas Goulding,

the first native-born Presbyterian minister in this State. Francis R. Goulding was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-three. He filled a number of pastorates. Greensboro, Waynesboro, Bath, Darien—these were among his earlier charges. As soon as he was licensed to preach, he married Miss Mary Wallace Howard, of Savannah. The health of his wife failing, he located at Kingston, Ga., hoping that she might derive some benefit from the mountain air. But Mrs. Goulding died in 1853, leaving him six children. He then opened a select school for boys at Kingston, and collected notes for a work on "Instincts of Birds and Beasts." Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, Mass., the great naturalist, was a friend with whom he frequently corresponded. In 1855, he married Miss Mildred Rees, of Darien, who bore him two daughters.

During the Civil War, Dr. Goulding was a Confederate chaplain. In 1862, his splendid library at Darien was destroyed by the Federal soldiers. Encouraged by the success of "The Young Marooners," he was induced to write a sequel to this story, which he entitled: "The Marooners' Island." He also wrote the "Woodruff Stories." His other writings include: "Sapelo, or Child Life in the Tide-Water," "Tallequah, or Life Among the Cherokees," and "Nacoochee, or Boy Life from Home." But the great author's masterpiece is "The Young Marooners." Harold McIntosh and Frank Gordon are familiar names to the children of two hemispheres, and brave little Mary, too, has bewitched the world. Dr. Goulding settled in Roswell at the close of the war, where he died, August 22, 1881, after a ministry of forty-eight years, beloved by the people among whom he lived, and enrolled with the immortals, both of earth and of heaven.

CHAPTER XXVI

Who Invented the Sewing Machine?

AS AN author of stories for the young, Dr. Francis R. Goulding admittedly ranks with the great English dissenter: Daniel DeFoe. But did Dr. Goulding further increase the debt which humanity owes him by inventing the sewing machine? To this question, Joel Chandler Harris returns the following answer.[1] Says he: "The first sewing machine was invented by Rev. Frank R. Goulding, a Georgian, who has won fame among the children of the land as the author of 'The Young Marooners.' He invented the sewing machine for the purpose of lightening the labors of his wife; and she used it for some years before another genius invented it, or some traveler stole the idea and improved on it."

Walter A. Clark,[2] of Augusta, has written a book in which he gives an account of some of the early settlements of Richmond. The old village of Bath, where Dr. Goulding held a pastorate at one time, is included among this number; and in regard to the matter in question, Mr. Clark says: "Dr. Goulding must have been a moderately busy man, for in addition to his ministerial and literary labors, he devoted a portion of his time to mechanics. In the early forties his hand and brain evolved a sewing-machine, which is claimed to have been

[1] Stories of Georgia, p. 169, New York, 1896.
[2] A Lost Arcadia, pp. 112-113, Augusta, 1909.

the first invention of its kind operated on American soil. The practically universal use into which such machines have grown and the princely incomes secured by Howe and Wilson and Singer and others, from similar inventions, have led me to investigate the reasons why he failed to profit financially by his mechanical genius. Since I began this story the following variant accounts have been received:

"First, the inventor's trip to Washington, D. C., in the interest of his patent, was delayed by flooded streams, and a rival claiming the same mechanical principle, in this way, reached the patent office in advance of him.

"Second, on the aforesaid trip, the stage was overturned, and, in the confusion incident thereto, the model was stolen and never recovered.

"Third, the model dropped from the buggy into a deep stream as he crossed it and was never found.

"Fourth, he failed to locate the eye or opening of the needle used, near its point, and, for this reason, the machine was never a success.

"I have been told also that Howe, during a visit to Augusta, was allowed by his friend to inspect the working of the model; that he saw the defects, applied the remedy, appropriated the motive mechanism, and secured a patent, which bountifully filled his coffers.

"The needle theory named above was given to me by my old friend, Mr. John H. Jones, whose memory, although he has passed his four-score years, is as retentive as a tar-bucket. It is also confirmed by my friend, Mrs. C. A. Rowland; and since they were both personal friends of Mr. Goulding, from the lips of whom they received the story, it is evidently the correct version of his failure to utilize his invention. After leaving Bath in 1853, Dr. Goulding lived for a time at Darien, Ga., but spent his last years at Roswell, Ga., where he died in 1881." To the foregoing statement, Mr. Clark afterwards added this paragraph: "Since writing the above I have learned through a lady friend that Mrs. Mary Hel-

mer, of Macon, Ga., daughter of Dr. Goulding, has in her possession beautiful samples of the handiwork of this machine, showing conclusively that there was no defect in construction, and it must have been at last his kind consideration for the interest of the gentler sex that held his genius in abeyance."

Miss Rutherford, of Athens, an educator of wide note, whose writings upon historical topics show thorough research, gives us the following piece of information: "In 1842, while in Eatonton, Ga., Dr. Goulding conceived the idea of the sewing machine, and to this Georgian is due the first practical sewing machine ever known. During 1845, the year before Howe's patent was issued, or Thirmonnier had obtained his, Goulding's sewing machine was in use. He said in his journal: 'Having satisfied myself about this machine, I laid it aside that I might attend to other and weightier duties.' Thus it happened that no patent was applied for." Dr. James Stacy, the historian of the Midway settlement, from which parental source Dr. Goulding sprang, is another witness to the latter's invention. He says that while visiting at Bath in the summer of 1848 he saw the remains of an old machine in Dr. Goulding's home; and in the opinion of this commentator the great author is undoubtedly entitled to the honor which the world has accorded to Elias Howe.

CHAPTER XXVII

"The Savannah:" Her Maiden Trip Across the Atlantic in 1819

TO THE merchants of Savannah, foremost among whom was William Scarborough, belongs the credit of having built the first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean. There is no question concerning the premier honors to which this pioneer vessel is entitled. On December 19, 1818, an Act of the Legislature was approved by Governor Rabun, incorporating "The Savannah Steamship Company," composed of the following charter members: William Scarborough, A. B. Fannin, J. P. McKinnie, Samuel Howard, Charles Howard, John Haslett, Moses Rodgers, A. S. Bulloch, John Bogue, Andrew Low & Co., Robert Isaacs, J. Minis, S. C. Dunning, J. P. Henry, John Speakman, Robert Mitchell, R. and J. Habersham, James S. Bulloch, Gideon Pott, W. S. Gillett and Samuel Yates.* At a subsequent meeting of the stockholders, on February 25, 1819, the following persons were elected directors: William Scarborough, Robert Isaacs, S. C. Dunning, James S. Bulloch and Joseph Habersham. There was a ready sale for the shares of the company, due to the well-known character and high standing of the incorporators. Potts and McKinnie, of New York, were selected by the company as agents to superintend the work of construction. It was strictly

*Lamar's Digest, p. 523.

an American product. The hull of the vessel was built in New York, while the machinery was cast at Elizabeth, N. J. Early in the spring of 1819, the "City of Savannah," with streamers afloat, slipped from her moorings.

Says a well-known writer:[1] On March 28, she made her trial trip from New York to Savannah, receiving a most enthusiastic reception from hundreds of citizens, assembled upon the wharves to welcome her.[2] The vessel was commanded by Captain Moses Rodgers, an experienced engineer. On May 20, she sailed for Liverpool, according to the advertisement, in ballast, without, however, any passengers. Just one month later she came to anchor in the harbor of Liverpool. The paddles were so made that they could be removed from the shaft, without difficulty, in twenty minutes. Approaching Liverpool, they were used with spectacular effect to awe the British onlookers. With her sails set and her wheels plying, she steamed into the Mersey, "proud as any princess going to her coronation."

Remaining in Liverpool for a month, visited by thousands, she then continued her way to St. Petersburg, where Captain Rodgers, with his novel craft, was received with every mark of respect and admiration. The 20th of November of the same year found her steaming into the port whose name she bore, with neither a screw, bolt, or rope-yard parted, according to her proud commander, notwithstanding much rough weather experienced. Later sold to a company of New York merchants, and divested of her steam apparatus, she was converted into a sailing-packet between Savannah and New York, and was finally lost off the coast of Long Island. Unfortunately, as a financial venture, she was fifteen years in advance of the

[1] Adelaide Wilson, in Historic and Picturesque Savannah.

[2] In the spring of 1819, President James Monroe visited Savannah, where he was entertained by William Scarborough, at his palatial home on West Broad Street. For more than fifty years, the handsome residence bore the marks of its former grandeur, but it was finally converted into a school for colored children. Mr. Monroe was present at the dedicatory exercises of the Independent Presbyterian Church. He also made a trip to Tybee, on the new steamship, the "City of Savannah."

times. In 1856, upon the opening of the Crystal Palace in London, the Allaire Works, in New York, exhibited the identical cylinder of the old steamship, the "City of Savannah." The only known part of the steamship in existence, it is now on exhibition in the Crystal Palace, where the "Savannah's" log book is also to be seen.

CHAPTER XXVIII

How the "General" Was Captured: The Story of the Famous Andrews' Raid

PERHAPS the most accurate account which has yet appeared in print of the thrilling episode of the Civil War known as the Andrews' Raid, has come from the pen of Mr. Wilber G. Kurtz, of Chicago. Before writing this article, Mr. Kurtz traversed every foot of ground upon which this stirring war drama was staged; he interviewed every survivor of the affair who could possibly be found; he inspected every valve, screw, joint, and wheel belonging to the engines which participated in the famous episode; and when he finished his task there was nothing more to be said or written upon the subject. It adds a delicate flavor of romance to the story which the author has so charmingly told to state that Mr. Kurtz, who is a gentleman of Northern birth, afterwards married a daughter of Captain W. A. Fuller, one of the heroes of this episode. Mr. Kurtz occupies a high position in the social and business world of the Middle West. The story of the famous raid is as follows:

In April, 1862, a division of Buell's army, in command of General O. M. Mitchel, was encamped near Shelbyville, Tenn. While here a Union spy and contraband merchant, James Andrews, was given permission by Mitchel to conduct a party of volunteers to some point on the W. and A. Railroad (the State road) in Georgia, seize a locomotive and run northward, burning bridges and destroying track behind them.

Some engineers were to be in this party to insure the handling of the locomotive, and, because of his frequent trips within Confederate lines, An-

drews was familiar with all the details of the road. It was arranged that Mitchel's division should capture Huntsville, Ala., the same day (April 11) that Andrews destroyed the railroad; this being successful and Chattanooga thereby cut off from Atlanta and the South, Mitchel would then invest the mountain city and hold it for reinforcements.

The capture of Chattanooga meant the possession of East Tennessee, with its loyal mountaineers—a scheme that anticipated what actually took place a year later, when Rosecrans battled at Chickamauga for the possession of that which now only a handful of men sought to gain. Mitchel's signal to advance along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to Chattanooga from Huntsville, was to be the arrival of the victorious Andrews party with the report that the only road going southward from Chattanooga was in ruins. Such was the scheme; the story of the raid sets forth its singular and tragic failure.

Marietta, Ga., twenty miles north of Atlanta, was the point selected from which the return trip should be made. Here the raiders were to spend the night of April 10, and on the next day the morning train north was to be boarded, and when the breakfast station at Big Shanty was reached, the locomotive was to be seized. But the raiders were so hampered by the heavy rains while traveling overland from Shelbyville to Chattanooga that Andrews decided to postpone the raid one day, reasoning that if his small party was so delayed Mitchel's division surely would be. So it was on the night of the 11th when the party, twenty-two in number, found themselves in Marietta.

The next morning twenty of them, including Andrews, boarded Conductor William A. Fuller's train, bound for Chattanooga. Two of the party failed to make this train. Just as was planned, the raiders seized the engine and three box cars which happened to be next the tender, while crew and passengers were at breakfast at the Lacey Hotel, Big Shanty, seven miles north of Marietta. This point of seizure had been selected because it afforded the best opportunity—there being no telegraph office from which to send any intelligence of the affair.

With four men in the cab and the rest of the score in the rear box car the locomotive "General" started northward. To all inquirers, who showed a most exasperating interest in the strange outfit—Fuller's regular engine and schedule, but an unknown crew—Andrews declared he was running a powder train through to General Beauregard, then at Corinth—a plausible story, since this was but a few days after Shiloh.

The "General" and the "powder train" were delayed quite a while at Kingston on account of some freight trains coming southward. Whether or not these were "extras" flying southward from Mitchel's investure of Huntsville the preceding day is a mooted question. Be that as it may, Mitchel did capture Huntsville April 11, just as planned.

Of course, the unexpected seizure of the locomotive at Big Shanty threw all in a commotion. Conductor Fuller, being responsible for his train in more ways than one, was the first to set about its recovery. He ran after

the steaming locomotive afoot! With him were Mr. Anthony Murphy, then the foreman of machine and motive power of the road, and Jeff Cain, the engineer. The runners found a platform handcar at Moon's Station, and on this they poled and pushed their way down grade to the Etowah River, being assisted by two section hands from Moon's and two citizens of Acworth. At first, pursuers surmised the seizure of the engine was by some deserters, who took this means to get to the woods, but reports of persons along the road, together with evidences of hostility and destruction, such as cut wires, cross-ties on the rails and even missing rails, convinced them that a formidable enemy was ahead.

At the Etowah bridge they found an old locomotive, the "Yonah," used on a spur road leading to some iron works up the river. This they pressed into service and ran the distance to Kingston at a record-breaking speed, for, strange to relate, the raiders had removed no rails between the river and Kingston. Here they were halted by the same freights that had delayed Andrews, with no possibility of passing anyway soon, seeing which, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Murphy at once pressed into service the little locomotive, William R. Smith, of the Rome Railroad, Oliver Wiley Harbin, engineer. The raiders had left the place but a few minutes earlier.

Four or five miles north of Kingston the "Smith" was forced to give over the chase on account of a missing portion of the track. Mr. Fuller and Mr. Murphy ran on, leaving the Rome road engine and its crowd, and a few miles ahead they met the "Texas," with a train of freight cars, and for its engineer Peter Bracken, late of Macon, Ga. Bracken stopped his train, and at the behest of the two pursuers, backed to Adairsville, where the cars were placed on a siding. Then, running backward, the chase was resumed. This was the last locomotive used by the pursuers. Aboard it were Captain William A. Fuller, Anthony Murphy, Peter Bracken, Henry Haney (fireman), Alonzo Martin and Fleming Cox. At Calhoun another member was added to this party—a lad of 17 years. This was Edward Henderson, of Dalton, telegraph operator. The industrious use of wire cutters by Andrews had started the lad southward on the morning passenger to investigate. He got no further than Calhoun, and when the "Texas" came along, was recognized by Fuller, who assisted the lad aboard the moving engine. The conductor then wrote out a message to General Ledbetter at Chattanooga, apprising him of events and the coming of the captured locomotive. This he gave Henderson, with the instruction to send as soon as Dalton was reached.

Just a few miles north of Calhoun, the pursuers came in sight for the first time, of the pursued. The latter's efforts to raise another rail here were fruitless; their frantic attempts to impede and wreck by the use of cross-ties dropped from their rear and even the cutting loose of two box cars failed to daunt the intrepid crew of the "Texas." The cross-ties were removed, the box cars were shoved on to the next siding and from this on it was a test of endurance; the locomotives made records that day little dreamed of by builder and owner. Screaming whistles alarmed the

towns and soldiery of the mad chase; pursuers joined in the wake of the reversed and careening "Texas," whose passage of the tunnel was but one of its many thrilling and fatalistic moments.

Hard pushed, the raiders played their last card; they set fire to their remaining car, in the hopes of burning a covered Chickamauga bridge just south of Ringgold. But the game was lost—the fire refused to work its destruction, largely owing to the drizzling rain and dampness that had marred any previous attempts during the course of their run.

The failure of wood and water brought them to a dead stop at the summit of the grade, a mile and a half north of Ringgold, while leader and men took to the dense wood bordering the road. Their scheme had been foiled; had there not been this catastrophe at Ringgold they would have been stopped below Chattanooga, for Fuller's message had gone from Dalton ere Andrews could sever the wire. The neighborhood was alarmed, and within two weeks the whole of the twenty-two men were in prison at Chattanooga—most of them being taken that day and the next. Mitchel made some show of advancing on Chattanooga without his expected knowledge of the raid's outcome, but he was forced to retire and the town was not captured until September, 1863.

Andrews, tried as a spy at Chattanooga, and seven of his men, tried on similar charges at Knoxville, were sentenced to hang—the leader perishing in Atlanta, June 7, 1862, at a place now on the corner of Peachtree Street and Ponce de Leon Avenue. The seven men were taken from the old county jail that stood at Fair and Fraser Streets, and hanged near Oakland Cemetery, on ground now owned by the street railroad company, corner of Fair and Park Avenue. Military events delayed further trials, and on October 16 the rest of the party broke jail in broad daylight, and eight succeeded in reaching the Union lines. The other six were exchanged from Richmond, in March, 1863.

CHAPTER XXIX

How Mr. Bryan Secured His Nomination in 1896

AS the result of a single speech delivered with marvelous oratorical effect, at an opportune moment, in the famous Chicago convention of 1896, William J. Bryan made himself the standard-bearer of the National Democracy in three separate Presidential campaigns, and shaped the history of the Democratic party in the nation for more than a score of years. But it was due largely to the prompt initiative and to the bugle-toned eloquence of a gifted Georgian that his nomination for the high office of President, in 1896, became an accomplished fact. The distinguished member of the Georgia delegation who presented his name to the convention was the late Judge Henry T. Lewis, of Greensboro, afterwards elevated to a seat on the Supreme Court Bench. Hon. Clark Howell, for years a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, took a prominent part in the proceedings of this convention; and, in a racy article which he afterwards wrote for his great paper, he tells the story of Bryan's nomination. Says Hr. Howell:

"The Democratic convention of 1896 was fruitful of dramatic episodes. The second Cleveland administration was drawing to a discredited close when the 1896 convention met. The opponents of Cleveland and the friends of free silver were in control. It was a crusading lot of Democrats who gathered in Chicago that year to nominate a President and to sail the Democratic ship into unknown seas.

"Several men were candidates for the nomination, among them 'Silver' Dick Bland and 'Horizontal Bill' Morrison. The man who secured the

nomination had never been thought of in that connection, save by himself and one member of the Georgia delegation. The man who thought he would be nominated, and who was nominated, was, of course, William J. Bryan. The member of the Georgia delegation who had thought of Bryan in connection with the nomination was Hal Lewis, an ardent free silver man, as were all the members of the Georgia delegation, and he had been attracted by some speeches Bryan had made while in Congress.

"Bryan was not even a delegate when he reached Chicago. He came as a member of a contesting delegation. J. Sterling Morton, who was in Cleveland's Cabinet, controlled the machinery in Nebraska, and he had sent an anti-silver delegation to Chicago. Bryan came with a delegation to fight the admission of the Morton faction. I was a member of the sub-committee of the national committee which passed on this contest and reported in favor of Bryan and his friends, and they were seated. That report gave Bryan an opportunity to get into the convention and to make his 'Cross-of-Gold' speech, which made him the nominee. It is curious to speculate as to what would have been the history of Bryan and the Democratic party if our report had been in favor of the J. Sterling Morton faction.

"Bryan, once seated in the convention, watched for his opportunity, and when it came unloosed that crown-of-thorns and cross-of-gold speech, which not only gave him the nomination for the Presidency, but shaped the course of the Democracy through many campaigns.

"Bryan's speech was a great oratorical effort, and it spell-bound the convention. Hal Lewis, of Georgia, however, was the man who turned that speech into practical benefit for Bryan. When the Georgia delegation got together, after Bryan's speech, Lewis at once began to urge the Nebraskan as available for the nomination, and soon had the delegation agreeing with him. Bryan was seen, and it was agreed that his name should be presented by Lewis.

"When Georgia was called, Lewis was carried to the platform on the shoulders of the Georgia delegation. Lewis was a remarkable man. He was a fine speaker, with a magnificent voice, but he spoke only on the rarest occasions. When he did speak, however, he was like a volcano in eruption, and he was certainly volcanic when he presented the name of Bryan to the convention. His speech was second only to the cross-of-gold effort of Bryan, and long before Lewis ceased to speak the nomination of Bryan was a foregone conclusion."

In presenting Mr. Bryan's name to the convention in Chicago, Judge Lewis spoke as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention—I do not intend to make a speech, but simply, in behalf of the delegation on this floor from the State of Georgia, to place in nomination, as the Democratic candidate

for the Presidency of the United States, a distinguished citizen, whose very name is an earnest of success, whose political record will insure Democratic victory, and whose life and character are loved and honored by the whole American people."

"Should public office be bestowed as a reward for public service? Then no man more than he merits this reward. Is public office a public trust? Then in no other hands can be more safely lodged this greatest trust in the gift of a great people. Was public office created for the welfare of the public and for the prosperity of the country? Then, under his leadership in the approaching campaign, may we confidently hope to achieve these great ends in human government. In the political storms which have hitherto swept over the country he has stood on the field of battle, among the leaders of the Democratic hosts, like Saul among the Israelites, head and shoulders above the rest. As Mr. Prentiss said of the immortal Clay, so we can truthfully say of him, that 'his civic laurels will not yield in splendor to the brightest chaplet that ever bloomed upon a warrior's brow.'"

"Sir, he needs no speech to introduce him to this convention. He needs no encomium to commend him to the people of the United States. Honor him, fellow Democrats, and you will honor yourselves. Nominate him, and you will reflect credit upon the party you represent. Place in his hands the Democratic standard and you will have a leader worthy of your cause and will win for yourselves the plaudits of your constituents and the blessings of posterity. I refer, fellow citizens, to the Hon. William J. Bryan, of the State of Nebraska."

But to resume Mr. Howell's narrative. Continues he:

"The curious thing about the 1896 convention was that the result, so far as Bryan was concerned, was no surprise. Bryan came to the convention believing he would be the nominee and had everything arranged to that end. Mr. Bryan himself is authority for this statement. I was very close to Mr. Bryan in those days, and remained close to him long afterwards. After the convention I had a conversation with Bryan in the old Clifton Hotel in Chicago, and I asked him if he were not surprised when the convention turned to him.

"'Not a bit,' said Bryan. 'I came to Chicago expecting to capture the convention by a speech and be nominated. It has worked out just as I expected.'

"I then asked Bryan if the cross-of-gold speech was extemporaneous, resulting from the inspiration of the moment. Bryan greeted the question with a hearty laugh.

"'There was nothing extemporaneous about it,' he said. 'I prepared that speech weeks in advance; memorized it so I could repeat it backward or forward and declaimed it over and over again. Extemporaneous! No, indeed!' And Mr. Bryan continued to laugh. So you see the climax of

the 1896 convention was as carefully rehearsed and staged as any production ever presented by that master of stage-craft, David Belasco. By way of contrast, it is worth mentioning that Georgia, which did so much for Bryan in 1896 and 1900, had completely broken with him by 1908. In the latter year at the Denver convention, although Bryan controlled, he never received a vote from the Georgia delegation."

CHAPTER XXX

The Wren's Nest: Its Memories of Joel Chandler Harris

ON Saturday, May 23, 1914, with simple but impressive ceremonies, one of the most famous literary Meccas of America was formally dedicated as a public memorial to the gentle author who here lived. It was the home of Joel Chandler Harris, honored and beloved the world over under the familiar name of "Uncle Remus." Several hundred people were gathered on the spacious lawn in front of the beautiful Harris home, to witness an event which for months had been anticipated with keenest interest, especially by Atlanta's army of children. "Snap Bean Farm" was the name which Mr. Harris gave to the plot of ground on which he built his home in West End; but the cosy little dwelling-place itself, wreathed with luxuriant vines, he called "The Wren's Nest." There was a world of tenderness locked up in this name, for no one ever surpassed Mr. Harris in his love for dumb creatures. The birds were his feathered friends. But there was one in particular, a little wren who built her nest in the vines above his front door; and from this circumstance arose the name by which the Harris home was ever afterwards known. He allowed no one to disturb the bird; and, so long as she chose to honor his home in this way, the nest in which she cradled her young was as sacred to him as an ark of the Temple.

Two of the largest contributors to the Uncle Remus Memorial Fund were former President Theodore Roose-

velt and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, both of whom were warm personal admirers of Mr. Harris. The former devoted to this end the proceeds of a special lecture which he delivered in Atlanta, immediately following his return from the African jungles, in 1910, at which time, in a world-wide sense, he was the man of the hour; and the receipts from this lecture netted, in round numbers, $5,000. The latter, in fulfilment of a promise to duplicate whatever sum was realized from the Roosevelt lecture, promptly sent his check for a like amount. But when due credit is given to everyone who made a contribution, however great or small, it still remains that to the unwearied efforts of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, under the wise leadership of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson as president, the real success of the movement must be credited; and so long as the Wren's Nest endures as a memorial to Mr. Harris, it will be fragrant with the memories of these gentle women.

We clip the following brief account of the exercises from a local newspaper:*

"For some months the Wren's Nest has been open to the public and thousands of persons who knew and loved Joel Chandler Harris, as well as hundreds who only knew him through his writings, have made the trip to West End to view the quaint cottage where the happiest hours of Uncle Remus were spent in the quiet of his family circle. Thousands have viewed the room where he slept and did his literary work, or sat in the shade of the broad veranda where in the cool of the evenings the gentle master of Snap Bean Farm was in the habit of watching the birds and the bees and the rabbits and other forms of animal or insect life, each one of which held some message for him which at some time or other he translated into classics which will be handed down to future generations.

"But while the Wren's Nest has been the Mecca of many, it was not until Saturday that it was formally dedicated. Eloquent as were the speeches of Governor John M. Slaton, Colonel Frederic J. Paxon and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, an even more eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed sage of Snap Bean Farm was the large crowd of little children who filled the grounds and overflowed the house and the spacious

*Atlanta Constitution, May 24, 1914.

THE WREN'S NEST:

Where the Famous "Uncle Remus" Stories were Written by Joel Chandler Harris, in West End, Atlanta, Ga.

porches. All of them had heard the Uncle Remus stories, and the spirit of them—the mystery and the awe of the fabled creatures of Uncle Remus' fancy—seemed to pervade the little one. The home of Uncle Remus was to them almost holy ground. Many of them looked as if they expected to see Br'er Fox or Br'er B'ar or Miss Meaders and the Gals appear in the very flesh and confront them. It was a silent but an eloquent tribute to the memory of Joel Chandler Harris—one that would have touched his heart!

"Following the formal exercises and the unveiling of the bronze bas-relief of Joel Chandler Harris, presented to the Uncle Remus Memorial Association by Roger Noble Burnham, the annual May day festival, which has been a feature of the Wren's Nest for some four years, was held.

"Colonel F. J. Paxon acted as master of ceremonies, and Rev. Father Jackson, a close personal friend of Joel Chandler Harris, delivered an eloquent invocation. Governor John M. Slaton, the principal speaker of the day, spoke next. Governor Slaton's tribute to Uncle Remus was a literary gem. He seemed to have caught the spirit of Joel Chandler Harris and his words brought the departed author in closer touch with those who had known him in life. Detached excerpts from the speech would give but little idea of its beauty and tenderness.

"Colonel Paxon paid a high tribute to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, president of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, to whose untiring efforts the preservation of the home was made possible. Mrs. Wilson spoke briefly of the work of the association and told how, through tireless effort, the association had at last been able to purchase the home and throw it open to the public. Following Mrs. Wilson's speech, the bas-relief of Joel Chandler Harris—a splendid likeness of the dead author—was unveiled."

Mr. Ivy Lee, now of Philadelphia, but formerly of West End, has given us an intimate appreciation of Uncle Remus, with quite a number of charming glimpses into the author's home life at Snap Bean Farm. Says he:

It was at "Snap Bean Farm," a plot of ground in West End, about two miles from the center of Atlanta, that Joel Chandler Harris lived. He loved the place, its simplicity, its rural-like charm. Here he wrote his stories, using generally a lead pencil and the arm of a rocking-chair, on his wide front veranda. Here strangers visiting Atlanta came to see what manner of place it was. "We have no literary foolishness here," said Mr. Harris one day concerning Snap Bean Farm. "We like

people more than we do books, and we find more in them." It was at Snap Bean Farm that Andrew Carnegie visited the author of Uncle Remus. Here, too, the children have grown up. Here Mr. Harris built houses for them when they married, and here his grandchildren began to breathe an atmosphere of purity and wholesomeness. Here he died, and here now they talk of establishing a memorial to his memory: that men of future generations may come and see the same trees, flowers and haunts of birds which he so deeply enjoyed.

As the years went by, Mr. Harris did more and more of his work at Snap Bean Farm. He would come in town for the morning editorial conference at the *Constitution* office, and then return home to do his work. He saw few people, as a rule, and did but little traveling. However, a few years ago, he did go to Washington to see the President; and he described his visit most charmingly for his magazine, in an article under the heading: "Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale—He Visits the White House." Before coming to Atlanta to live, in 1876, Mr. Harris, while in Savannah, married Miss Essie La Rose. Nine children blessed the union, of whom six are still living: Julian, who succeeded his father as editor of the *Uncle Remus Magazine*, a paper founded by the author shortly before his death; Lucien, Evelyn, Joel Chandler, Jr., Essie, now Mrs. Fritz Wagner, and Mildred, now Mrs. Edwin Camp.

Joel Chandler Harris was making great strides on the *Savannah News*, when, in 1876, an epidemic of yellow fever swept the town. With his family he fled to Atlanta. Here Evan P. Howell gave the ambitious young journalist a place on the *Constitution*, and here he was to remain continuously for more than twenty-five years. Up to this time Mr. Harris had never written in negro dialect. Sam W. Small, however, had made quite a hit with his "Old Si" stories; and, having been taken ill, or from

some other cause, they were discontinued. Soon letters began to come in inquiring why "Old Si" was left out of the paper; and one day Captain Howell, in a most common-place way, said to Harris:

"Joe, why don't you try your hand at writing this sort of thing?"

Harris remonstrated, but Howell insisted. The next day there appeared in the columns of the *Constitution* the first of the Uncle Remus stories. Mr. Turner, on the old Eatonton plantation, had prepared the soil, Uncle George Terrell had sown the seed, Captain Howell brought forth the blossom. They were the same stories which other Southern boys had been hearing from infancy, but somehow with the new telling they seemed altogether different. It was art in action; and most of them were born at Snap Bean Farm. Though Mr. Harris seldom went away from home, his family occasionally took a summer outing, leaving Uncle Remus to hold the fort. Mr. Forrest Adair relates an interesting story of what took place on one of these occasions:

Uncle Remus was alone in his house working on an editorial, when a ring at the door disturbed him. He answered the bell, and a rather genteel-looking, middle-aged man saluted him, offering toilet soap for sale, at ten cents a cake, or three cakes for a quarter. Annoyed by the interruption, Harris said rather brusquely that he did not need any soap.

"But I am on the verge of starvation," said the man.

"The idea," laughed Mr. Harris. "Why, you are wearing a better coat than I have."

"You would not talk so," he replied, in a tremulous voice, "if you had seen how hard my poor wife rubbed and brushed my coat this morning so that I would present a decent appearance."

Harris then saw that the coat was old, almost threadbare, but exceedingly clean and neat. He glanced again at the man's face.

"Excuse me," he said, "I was very busy when you called, and spoke thoughtlessly. Now that I think of it, I do need some soap. The fact is, I am completely out."

"Thank you," interrupted the man. "Here are three cakes for a quarter."

"Nonsense," said Harris. "Here is a five-dollar bill. I will take it all out in soap. Have to have it—couldn't do without it—always buy it in five-dollar lots." The peddler left his stock and delivered another lot

later. It was a good day's work for him. This was just like Uncle Remus. He was always doing such things.

Mr. Harris repeatedly declined offers of large sums of money to appear before audiences and to read selections from his own writings, like Mr. Riley and Mr. Page. But he was too modest. He replied that he could not do it if he were offered $100,000 an evening. Mr. Harris was the most timid of men. In the presence of strangers his tongue refused to act. But he accompanied Mr. Grady once to his old home in Eatonton, where the latter delivered one of his great speeches; and at its close some of the old neighbors of Mr. Harris called him out. It seemed that for once he would have to speak. But an idea struck him; he arose to his feet and remarked: "I have never been able to make a speech without taking a drink of water, so you must wait until I can get some water." Whereupon he left the platform and did not return. They laughed and cheered as he walked down the aisle, for they knew what it meant. The last year and a half of his life was devoted to the magazine which he established and edited.*

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*Condensed from Memories of Joel Chandler Harris, edited by Ivy L. Lee.

CHAPTER XXXI

Stone Mountain: A Monolith of Prehistoric Times

IN SOME respects at least, there is not a landmark in America to compare with the gigantic boulder which towers to the north of the Georgia Railroad, in DeKalb County, sixteen miles east of Atlanta—Stone Mountain. Rising out of a comparatively level and monotonous area of country, it is certainly unparalleled as a curiosity of nature, if not the largest solid mass of exposed rock on the Continent. It rises to an altitude of nearly two thousand feet above the sea, is between six and seven miles in circumference at the base, and towers above the surrounding plain like an Egyptian pyramid. If it be a spur of the Blue Ridge, there is nothing above ground to indicate it. On every side, the landscape, over which it commands an unbroken outlook, is perfectly level, though underneath it for miles there runs into the neighboring County of Rockdale a buried mass of granite, which can be traced from the base of Stone Mountain to the region east of Lithonia. The character of the rock for building purposes is unsurpassed. It has been used extensively in paving streets and in rearing public structures in various parts of the United States.

From the earliest times it has been a conspicuous object upon the horizon. Reared by no human agency, it suggests a memorial to the gods; and upon its rugged breast of adamant the lightnings alone have been powerful enough to chisel an inscription. The Indians looked upon it with superstitious awe. Among the red men of

the wilderness, it was a favorite place of meeting; and when Alexander McGillivray, the noted half-breed chief of the Creeks, started to New York to treat with the United States Government, in 1790, it was here that he met the subordinate chiefs who were to accompany him on the trip. By the early inhabitants of the State it was called Rock Mountain. Dr. Sherwood, who wrote the famous Gazeteer, was perhaps the first to depart from this custom. He called it Stone Mountain. At one time there was a tower erected upon the summit, but it long ago fell a prey to the storms. Further back still an ancient wall encompassed the mountain, but not a trace of it remains. As a place of resort for holiday excursionists, Stone Mountain has long been popular, despite the tragic accidents which have sometimes occurred along the eastern declivities. To scientists it presents a curious study, if not a positive puzzle; and behind it there doubtless lies the story of some tragic convulsion in prehistoric times.

Long before there was a house built at Decatur there was a settlement at Stone Mountain. As early as 1825, a stage-coach line ran from Milledgeville to this place, coming by way of Eatonton and Madison. There is nothing to show that it ran to Decatur. In 1830, the Macon *Telegraph* printed this item in regard to Rock Mountain: "About one-quarter of a mile from the top are seen the remains of an old fortification which formerly extended around the summit, and which was built to guard every approach leading thereto, the only entrance being through a natural passage under the loose rock, where only one person could enter at a time, by crawling upon all fours. The whole length of the wall at first was probably a mile, breast high on the inside. It consisted of loose fragments of rock." The account goes on to tell the pathetic story of two dogs, both of which were killed by falling over the precipitous slopes of the mountain. They

STONE MOUNTAIN:

The Greatest Solid Mass of Exposed Rock in the World.

accompanied a party of hunters; and, while playing too near the edge of the cliff, they were drawn over the perilous point, one of them being instantly dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Not a whole bone was left in the dog's body. The other one caught at a jutting fragment of stone; but after howling piteously for two days became exhausted, relaxed his hold, and shared the fate of his companion. The article states still further that in 1788 the mountain was visited by a British officer, who found a fort on the extreme summit. But there is nothing in the account from which we quote to tell us by whom the structure was built.

William C. Richards, in 1842, published a book entitled: "Georgia Illustrated."* He was quite a noted author in his day. The following account of a visit made by him to Rock Mountain will be of interest. It is in the nature of an important contribution to the history of this ancient landmark. Says he:

"We commenced the ascent with light and rapid steps, over the solid pathway. Before we were conscious of it, we had accomplished half the distance to the summit, and entered a narrow wood which flourishes upon a considerable plain of soil. We lingered a while at the ruins of the hut. On the western view of the mountain the scenery is grand and imposing. This side of the mountain presents an almost uninterrupted surface of rock. It is not perpendicular, but exhibits rather a convex face deeply marked with furrows. During a shower of rain a thousand waterfalls poured down these channels, and it, as sometimes happens, the sun breaks forth in its splendor, the mimic torrents flash and sparkle in his beams.

"In the afternoon we reascended the mountain, accompanied by the owner of the tower. This singular edifice, resembling somewhat a lighthouse, is an octagonal pyramid, built entirely of wood. It stands upon the rock

*Georgia Illustrated, pp. 3-6, Penfield, 1842.

with no fastenings but its own gravity, and its height is 165 feet. It was built nearly three years ago at a cost of $5,000. The erection of a lofty tower upon the summit of a high mountain is certainly a unique and curious exploit. The projector and proprietor is Mr. Aaron Cloud, of McDonough, and the work is commonly called Cloud's Tower. We ascended to the summit by nearly three hundred steps. The prospects we obtained were wide and beautiful, having the single fault of being rather too monotonous. The eyes rest upon a vast continuity of forest. The plantations and settlements appear small amid the sea of foliage. By the aid of good telescopes we distinguished five county towns. By way of parenthesis, I remark, that in 1847 I ascended this tower and took in view the surrounding territory. Among the towns I located was that of Atlanta, then a few straggling huts, just beyond Decatur.

"Among the curiosities of the mountain there are two which are deserving of notice. One is the 'cross-roads.' These are two crevices or fissures in the rock, which cross each other nearly at right angles. They commence as mere cracks, increasing in width and depth of five feet at their intersection. Another is the ruins of a fortification, which once surrounded the crown of the mountain. When, or by whom, it was erected is unknown. The Indians say that it was there before the time of their fathers. In this connection occurs the suggestion that Fernando DeSoto landed in Florida about 1539 with 600 men and 200 horses. He passed his second winter in what is now known as a part of Georgia, among the Chickasaws. At that time the Chickasaws occupied the country which is now Stone Mountain. Tradition also informs us that many years before Columbus came to America, a number of persons from Wales passed a winter in Georgia and made potash."

We are indebted to an article by Dr. R. J. Massey for the following item. Says he: "As early as July 4, 1828,

a number of visitors celebrated the day with a dinner on the top of this mountain. Among other performances, a poem entitled: "Spirits of '76," was delivered. Long after the completion of the Georgia Railroad to Atlanta, Stone Mountain retained its prominence as a pleasure resort and as a center of travel. There was a line of stage coaches which ran daily from the mountain to Dahlonega, passing through Lawrenceville and Gainesville. At this time, in very important matters, Stone Mountain was a place of gathering, preferred even to Atlanta. The Georgia Agricultural Society originated at this mountain in the early fifties of the last century, when such men as Mark A. Cooper and David J. Bailey and others like them were summering at this point. Here they conceived and organized the State Fair, which for years thereafter was held at Stone Mountain." White tells us in his Statistics that as an object of interest to sightseers there were few spectacles, either in this country or abroad, to surpass this old landmark; and from what other writers say we are led to believe that Stone Mountain, during the early days of the last century, was the most popular resort in Georgia. Thousands of people visited the place annually, some of them coming from remote parts of the State and some from distant sections of the South. With a trolley-line now connecting it with Atlanta the ancient glories of Stone Mountain may be revived.

Just as this work goes to press, there is a movement under way to chisel into the living rock of Stone Mountain, on the precipitous side, looking toward the North, a colossal statue of Robert E. Lee; and, if this startling proposition is ever put into effect it may result in a work of art which will rank among the wonders of the world. The magnitude of the proposed statue, its elevation above surrounding objects, its durability, its color, these all commend it as an inspirational idea; and with the Atlanta spirit behind it, re-enforced by the tremendous leverage of a great metropolitan newspaper, the ul-

timate success of the movement can be predicted with confidence. On Sunday, June 14, 1914, Hon. John Temple Graves, editor of the *New York American*, published in the Atlanta *Georgian* a ringing editorial upon this subject, the effect of which upon the popular mind of the South has been fairly electrical. Said Colonel Graves, in part:

"To the veterans of the dead Confederacy, to the daughters and sons, and to all who revere the memories of that historic and immortal struggle, I bring today the suggestion of a great memorial, perfectly simple, perfectly feasible, and which if realized will give to the Confederate soldier and his memories the most majestic monument, set in the most magnificent frame in all the world. Just now, while the loyal devotion of this great people of the South is considering a general and enduring monument to the great cause 'fought without shame and lost without dishonor,' it seems to me that nature and Providence have set the immortal shrine right at our doors.

"I will not build up to the proposition. I will state it briefly—bluntly—directly. It will speak for itself—more eloquently than words can speak.

"Stone Mountain is distinctly one of the wonders of the world. Its glories have never been fully appreciated or utilized by the people who see it every day. It is a mountain of solid granite one mile from its summit to its base. Much of Atlanta has been builded from it, and there is enough left to build ten more Atlantas without touching the lofty spot that is nearest to the sun.

"On the steep side of Stone Mountain, facing northward, there is a sheer declivity that rises or falls from 900 to 1,000 feet.

"Here, then, is Nature's matchless plan for a memorial. On this steep side let those who love the Southern dead combine to have the engineers cut a projection 30 feet wide and 100 feet deep. Into this projection and as high as it may be made let us ask Lorado Taft, the republic's great sculptor, to chisel a heroic statue, 70 feet high, of the Confederate soldier in the nearest possible resemblance to Robert E. Lee. Let him chisel also the insignia of the Confederate uniform, of which the gray stone is the natural base.

"And there—twelve hundred feet above the plain—let us place the old gray granite hat upon that noble head, with its grand eyes turned toward Atlanta—Phoebus and Phoenix—holocaust and miracle of the Civil War—and from this Godlike eminence let our Confederate hero calmly look history and the future in the face!

"Shut your eyes and think of it. It will grow upon you until the glow and glory of the idea will keep you awake at night—as it did with Forrest Adair and General Andrew West, to whom I first confided it.

"There will be no monument in all the world like this, our monument to

the Confederate dead. None so majestic, none so magnificently framed, and none that will more powerfully attract the interest and the admiration of those who have a soul.

"The Lion of Lucerne, carved upon the mountain rock, commemorating the courage of the Swiss Guards and attracting the attention of visitors all over the world, lies couchant five hundred feet lower than our Confederate soldier's feet. Every traveler to Egypt from Herodotus through the Roman Caesar, the French Napoleon and the English Gladstone to the American Roosevelt has stood in awe beside the silent Sphinx—massive and solemn—cut from the stone, and now remaining as a monument to a departed civilization. In far away India, a thousand miles northeastward from Bombay and as far westward from Calcutta, thousands go yearly to the little city of Agra to gaze upon the Taj Mahal, the world's masterpiece of architecture. Rome is famous for the Coliseum, Milan for its great Cathedral, Versailles for the Palace, Cairo for the Pyramids, Delhi for its Kutab-Minar, Rangoon for its Pagoda, and Kamakura for the bronze statue of the Buddha.

"And so, with this heroic statue to Robert Lee, the flower and incarnation of the Southern soldier, and all for which he stood, chiseled by an American architect into the towering crest of the most remarkable mountain of solid granite in the world, the little town of Stone Mountain, nestling modestly upon the outer garments of the Capital of Georgia, will hold henceforth an object of artistic, romantic and sentimental interest unique among the wonders of the age."*

*Hon. Wm. H. Terrell, a well-known member of the Atlanta Bar, has recently drafted a charter for the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. Mr. Terrell is quite generally credited with the authorship of this unique suggestion. At any rate he was one of the earliest champions of the project.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Old Field School

(Reproduced by special permission from an unpublished manuscript of the late Rev. James S. Lamar, D. D., LL. D., of Augusta, father of Justice Joseph R. Lamar, of the Supreme Court of the United States.)

Very few people in this decade of the Nineteenth Century know anything of the Old Field School in the Georgia of the long ago. I will try here to give a faint conception of the one which I attended, and which was a fair specimen of its class. It was kept by a man named Tomson, who had come into the neighborhood from somewhere, to hunt for a school. Nobody, I suppose, examined him, or knew anything about his qualifications, character or antecedents. He was about forty years old, clean shaved, rather good looking and a little better dressed than the ordinary farmers. He went through the neighborhood with "Articles of Agreement," to be signed by the patrons, and without difficulty got up a large school, which was soon opened and running in the usual way. Geography and English Grammar were not in the curriculum. Smiley's Arithmetic was taught with considerable success so far as "The Rule of Three." Beyond that it became a weariness to the flesh of both teacher and pupil; and when the Cube Root was attacked, it was found to be invincibly intrenched, and, as they "didn't see no use in it no how," it was deemed expedient to go back to the beginning of the book, and *review*.

In the building of the school house, which was of long pine poles with the bark left on, two of the poles

had been half cut away from end to end, and by bringing the cuts opposite each other, the long opening served as a happy provision for illuminating purposes. In front of this was a broad shelf reaching all the way and resting on stout pegs inserted with a slant into the log beneath. It was there that *I began my career as a writer,* by laboriously making pot-hooks and other chirographical elements. At the opposite end of the house was a chimney, built also of logs wholly on the outside. It was very broad and deep. The opening into the house was about eight feet wide. The hearth was made of clay mortar, resting on common dirt or sand, firmly packed. The back and jams were secured against burning by a very thick lining of the same mortar. This chimney was doubly useful. In winter it held a large fire; and in summer it subserved important *mathematical* purposes. The cipherers were permitted to take their slates out of the school house, and sit around the outside, and in the angles of that vast projecting chimney. In the afternoons it was shady and very pleasant out there. And when I reached the point of being sent out for the first time, I felt that I had attained a higher grade in *life,* as well as in school. Like the other boys, I would work a sum or two, maybe in addition or subtraction, and then carry my slate inside to show it to the teacher. Ah, it was a grand thing—marching in there before all those boys and girls as a *cipherer!* Sometimes, after working my sums on one side of the slate, I would turn it over and indulge my taste for *art.* The horses that I drew were something wonderful. The men were fairly good, though it must be admitted that their legs were very spindling, and their shoes much too large. My ladies were all in short frocks, and I regret to have to say that, though they were *intended* to be perfect beauties, their ankles were preternaturally small, and their feet altogether too big. But sometimes the creations of genius must be sacrified upon the altar of duty. Art must yield to Science. And so hastily rubbing my pictures, I would rush in to show my sums.

But I have not yet shown how the young idea was taught to shoot. To do this it will be necessary to go in and observe the processes of the school. The scholars leave home before sunrise and get to the school house a little after. They engage in plays of various sorts while waiting for the teacher, who, by the way, is cordially hated. Before a great while he is seen approaching, when immediately the girls, who have been carrying on at a high rate indoors, subside, and become as quiet as mice. The teacher, with a fresh and stout switch or two in his hand, which he has had the forethought to cut from the wayside as he came, marches with a firm and steady step to the door, and calls out: "*Books! Books! Come to books!*"

All that are outside hurry to get in, and presently the entire school is seated, some on the bench against the wall, where they can lean against the logs, the rest on long benches reaching from side to side across the room. Books are opened, places found, and in a moment comes the command, "Get your lessons." Now be it known, that in the brave boys of old, reading meant reading *out*, nor was spelling to be done in a whisper. Consequently, in order to *get* the lesson, whether it was spelling or reading, the process must go on *aloud*. This early morning study, however, was not in full voice, nor was it much subdued. It was the ordinary conversational tone. Imagine thirty scholars, and often there were many more, having perhaps, five or six different lessons, and even those having the same lesson would never all be conning the same parts at once—all spelling different words or reading all manner of different sentences at one and the same time! Listen. Here is a girl that goes racing through a familiar lesson—"b-a ba k-e-r ker, baker;" "s-h-a sha d-y dy, shady;" a young reader over there is slowly and with difficulty making known that "*She—fed—the—old—hen;*" back yonder we hear, "i-m im m-a ma imma t-e te immate r-i ri immateri a-l al immaterial i immateriali t-y ty immateri-

ality:" and this boy reads: "I—like—to—play—in—the—shady—gro—g-ro-v-e—*groove*—I like to play in the shady *groove*"—and as much as he likes it, he will probably get a thrashing for it this time. Representing the coming thus as if the parts came in succession one after another, laughable as it is, can, of course, give no adequate conception of their concurrence and commingling—every man for himself, but all together. Meanwhile the teacher sits at his desk near the fire-place, possibly mending pens or working over a hard sum in vulgar Fractions that became troublesome the evening before, but does not fail to cast a watchful eye now and again upon the tricky crowd in front of him. And alertness is soon justified, for presently he hears: "Mr. Tomson—boo-hoo—I wish you'd make Jina Braynor—boo-hoo—stop stickin' p-p-pins in me!"

"Mr. Tomson, I haint done no sich a thing—he was scrouging me off'n the bench and I jes—"

"Come up here, both of you."

And then he flogs them. But while this is going on it is deemed all the more important to keep on getting the lesson:

"C-o-m com p-r-e-double-s press compress i compressi b-i-l bil compressibil i compressibili t-y ty compressibility; l-a-d lad d-e-r der, ladder; f-o-d fod d-e-r der, fodder; I—love—to—read—the—Holy—Bible; the- hen—was—fed—by—her; s-l-i sli m-y my, slimy."

"Mr. Tomson, Mary Bivins has got my thumb paper."

"I-n in c-o-m com incom p-r-e pre incompre h-e-n hen incomprehen s-i si incomprehensi b-i-l bil incomprehensibil i incomprehensibili t-y ty incomprehensibility."

And now the lessons are called and recitations, with whipping for failures, are in order for an hour or two. The boys in Arithmetic have tables to recite, the Pot-hook and other Chirographers have a showing with their quill pens, for steel pens were not yet—and cedar pencils were unknown, and soon thereafter comes "recess," always pronounced with the accent on *re*.

During this respite from labor, the girls would perhaps play "Many, many stars," or "William my-Trimble-toe," and the boys would run races, or play "catch-the-ball," or sometimes "Antony,-over." This last was played by separating into two parties, but without choosing men or having an equal and regular division. They would take their position on each side of the house—one party having the ball. The other party would call out, "Antony, Over!" And the ball side would call back: "Here she comes!" and would throw it over. The strife was who should catch it. But as it could never be known over what part of the house the ball would come, nor yet whether it would be thrown far, or so as to fall near the house, the players would scatter out and watch for it, and when it came in sight there was rushing and pushing down and crowding for place, so as to catch it. Then, of course, the action would be reversed, and the other side would catch. This was not a game, but simply a pastime, and was only resorted to, to fill in brief intervals of leisure, such as *recess*.

Presently the school is called in, and the studies, recitations and whippings go on about as before, till half an hour or so before dinner, when all class lessons cease, the cipherers are summoned in, and the entire school, excepting the little tots, are told to "Get the spelling lesson." This feature of the Old Field Schools must have been devised as a sort of lung gymnastic. If so, it was a success—an amazing success. Every boy and girl, large and small young men and young women, the bass voices, and the treble voices, and the squealing voices, and all the voices, at full strength and without the least restraint, simply made that spelling lesson roar, and jingle and jangle and clatter and sputter and bellow like ten thousand bullfrogs in a South Georgia swamp! Edgar Poe's Bells were not a circumstance to it.

When the lesson happened to be in columns of easy and familiar words of two syllables, like baker, or ladder, or compel, the sound was more of a clatter, for the move-

ment was then very rapid. But when the column began with immateriality, or compressibility, and every word was hastily gone over in the way that was then required, pronouncing every syllable and every successive combination of syllables till the word was finally completed, as I have already indicated, and when thirty or forty people were rattling them off, some faster, some slower, but each on his own word, and all doing their very best, both in speed and loudness, the total effect was ridiculous beyond expression and beyond conception. I remember that the only whipping I ever got in school was on one of those spelling lesson occasions. I was intensely amused and I thought I would make an experiment, more, I fear, from curiosity than in the interest of science.

But the noise and clatter were so great that I naturally *wanted* to ascertain whether a little keen whistle would be heard above it! It was not much of a whistle, merely about what one might make on suddenly pricking his fingers. The experiment, however, was successful. I found out that it *was* heard, and forthwith I took my punishment. Then the teacher, book in hand, gave out the lesson to the school standing in a long crooked line, like a company of Georgia militia, and we were dismissed for dinner, and *playtime*, which lasted two hours. The dinner, taken from little tin buckets, was soon over, when all hastened to engage in the main business of the day, which was commonly Townball, but why so named I never knew.

If some future antiquarian, puzzling his brains over the evolution of baseball, should happen to find in some heap of musty old papers even a brief account of its remote progenitor, the author of said account would probably secure an immortality of renown that might else never fall to his lot. It is only in view of this remote possibility that I bring myself to tell how townball was played. It will be dry reading, but perhaps for the end contemplated, the dryer the better. My education in baseball has been sadly neglected, and hence I may often

fail in detecting points of comparison and contrast in the two games, the old and the new—but I will do the best I can.

The townball *ground* was not a diamond, but a large circle. Its diameter varied with the size of unobstructed ground available for it, and also according to the number of players. I suppose an average circle would have been about fifty yards in diameter. On this there were several equidistant marked spots called bases, each indicated by a circle about three feet in diameter. These might be more or fewer in number, according as the main circle was larger or smaller. Nothing depended upon the number, as they were simply for rest and refuge while a runner was making the grand round.

The players were not limited to *nine,* or any definite number on a side. If there were forty or more boys in the school they all would be chosen in, one by one, by the two captains, choosing turn about, in making up the sides. The first choice was settled by lot—"Heads or Tails"—or, if lacking a suitable coin, by "Wet or Dry." The first *inning* was decided in the same way. The *ins* would go by turns to the bat, and one of *their* number would deliver the ball to them from a fixed station, located a predetermined distance from the little circle in which the batter must stand. It will be seen that the pitcher's object was not to make the batter *miss* the ball, but to enable him to *hit* it. Hence, there were no "scientific curves" nor similar devices needed, as in baseball. The pitcher simply delivered the ball as the batter called for it, fast or slow, high or low. The outs had a catcher behind the striker, to catch him out if possible when he missed, but three misses put him out anyhow—that is, out of the *game* for that inning.

There was no right and left fielders nor center stops, such as I have read of in the modern game. The captain of the outs distributed his men over the field, sending them where he thought best, some near and some far.

The ball was usually made of strips of elastic rubber,

stretched tightly while winding it on a solid substance, frequently a leaden bullet. It was wound with great care to keep it perfectly round, and when it had reached a size of some two inches in diameter, it was neatly and securely covered with buckskin. Such a ball was exceedingly elastic; it would bounce very high, and could be knocked by a good striker to a great distance. There were three or four kinds of bats, some round and some flat, i. e., simply a paddle, some heavier, and some lighter, and every one might select the bat that he preferred—thus players of all sizes and degrees of strength could be suited. When the batter hit the ball, he might have another strike, or even two more, if he was not satisfied with the force of the blow delivered. But if he missed the ball at both these subsequent strokes he was out. He had discarded one, which was therefore equal to a miss, and had missed two more, which made his three. But usually when he got in a fairly good blow, he would drop his paddle and run for the first base and on to as many more as he could make. If, however, any of the fielders caught the ball, either before it struck the ground or on its first bounce, the striker was out. Otherwise, it would be thrown as quickly as possible, either at the runner or to some of the fielders in front of him, so as to shut him off from making the round. The only way to put him out was to *hit him* with the ball. A runner on a base must *stay at it* till the next striker hits the ball. There was no *stealing of bases,* and if he started before the ball was struck, it was a violation of the rules and put him out. Often a good batter could knock the ball so far that all on the bases could get home, and he himself make a complete round. Such times always marked the high tides of excitement, with all the noisy, screaming, shouting and hurrahing accompaniments, naturally engendered by such brilliant achievements.

In due course of time, what with being caught out by the catcher, with failing three times to hit the ball, with being caught out by the fielders, or put out on the run,

the whole side would be out, and then the others would have their innings.

This, I believe, gives a sufficiently clear and full description of this excellent play.

There was another game often played by us, which, though not equal to Townball, was frequently preferred as a change. This, which was called Bullpen, has gone, I believe, entirely out, not even leaving a substitute. Properly it was played with a lighter ball, made up mainly of yarn, as the game involved a great deal of hitting, which, with the rubber ball would have been too painful. The "pen" was about thirty or forty feet square, made by the deep scratches of a stick drawn along the ground, and having each of the four corners marked with a circle like an ordinary "base." The players were divided by choosing in the usual way, and the two sides were alternately "bulls" and "bull-killer." The bull side all went into the pen, and each of the four corners were occupied by a killer, the rest of that side being out of the play until brought in. The ball was in the hand of one of the four killers, and was passed from one to another of them, while the bulls were kept running to get as far away from it as possible. But while they were scampering away from it towards another corner, the ball could be thrown to the killer in that corner, and if he caught it, he could almost certainly hit a bull with it—and that bull was "dead." If the thrower missed, he was "out." As soon as he had thrown, he ran away as fast as he could, and as quickly as possible the ball would be thrown *at* him by a bull; and if he was hit *he* was out, and his place taken by another of his side who had not yet been playing. The "dead bulls" left the pen. As their number diminished it became more and more difficult to hit those that were left, and so the killers were rapidly thinned out till their number was reduced to two. These two would take the ball and go off a few steps, and there, standing close up together, with their backs to the pen, they would juggle—that is, they would decide which of

them should take the ball. When they turned around, each had his right hand concealed in the bosom of his shirt, and as these two were no longer confined to the corners, but might throw from any part of enclosing lines, they would march up and down on opposite sides of the pen; and, as nobody knew which of them had the ball, it was a right ticklish time for the bulls. They were afraid to go too near to either, and could not get far from both at once, nor was it easy to watch both at once. At length, after much jeering and daring from the bulls, the ball would be thrown, and if, without hitting, both killers were put out, and the innings changed.

For a rollicking, scampering, noisy game, it was not bad. Indeed, when played with life and spirit, it was very good.

We also played a rough and tumble game which we called "Steel Goods." The captains of the two sides would toe a mark facing each other, would clasp each other's hand, and attempt to pull each other across the the mark, while their man would cling to them and to each other behind, and try to prevent it. There was a pile of goods—hats, coats, shoes, and what not—in the rear of each party, and while some were pulling and hauling, scuffling, falling down, shouting and hurrahing, others were trying to sneak around and "steal" the enemies' goods. Here fleetness was sometimes of great advantage, for if the stealer was caught, *i. e., touched* by an "enemy," he had to stay in prison till one of his own side could deliver him, which was done by touching him.

This game was not as rough, nor yet as brutal as the present football is *said* to be (for I never saw it played), but for us boys it was rough enough, resulting in many a bruise and strain, and scratch, and tear—for we meant business, and defeat is never pleasant.

Our teacher, who, by the way, was never called teacher, but always "The schoolmaster," took part in most of these pastimes, and I think the big boys took a

special delight in hitting him hard with the heavy ball and otherwise bringing him to grief. Of course, they "turned him out" whenever they wanted a holiday. He would want it to, but if he *gave* it, the loss in tuition would be his, whereas if it was forced from him he would get pay for the day, as usual. He would, therefore, positively decline, with a great show of determination and bluster.

But next morning he would find the doors securely barred and watchfully guarded. He would command and splutter, and threaten dire consequences, and we little boys would be sorely frightened, but as he remained obstinate, he would be seized by both legs, thrown over and securely held, and, not yet yielding, strong arms would lift him from the ground, and, holding his hands and feet as in a vise, would bear him, vainly struggling, down to the spring, and if he still held out, would duck him head and ears in the water. Commonly, however, the sight of the water would suffice, and with much apparent reluctance he would yield, but was not released until he had promised to inflict no punishment for this high-handed act.

I suppose I went to this teacher the better part of two sessions, when, happily, the neighborhood got rid of him. He probably had good traits, but I remember him only as a poor teacher and a cold-blooded, cruel tyrant. True, he never whipped me but once, but he seemed to have an unappeasable spite against my older brother, Philip, whom he flogged unmercifully, as he did many others. Philip would neither cry nor beg, but look him steadily in the eye, and take the fearful punishment like a Stoic. My next older brother, William, was too large for an attempted whipping to be safe. I was in such mortal fear and dread that I took care to give no occasion; and so poor Philip was whipped for the whole family. I think Philip must have hated him with perfect hatred, and as I recall it all, I almost hope he did.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Georgia's Early Masonic History: An Important Volume Discovered.

TO find the beginnings of Masonry in Georgia, we must go back over a stretch of nearly two centuries to the fountain-head of the State's history. There is an old tradition which credits the existence of the first Masonic Lodge in Georgia to the humane Oglethorpe; and for years an old oak tree at Sunbury was venerated as the birth-place of the Society. This ancient landmark has long since disappeared. Even the town itself upon whose commons the old tree once cast its ample shade can no longer be found upon the map. Every vestige of the town has been obliterated. But while these accounts are legendary with respect to details, the substantial fact to which they point, viz., that the Masonic order in Georgia sprang from the cradle in which the Colony was rocked, can be established at the present time, upon the basis of documentary evidence, beyond any question. Within recent months, a mutilated book, throwing a calcium light upon this topic of discussion, has been discovered among the Georgia manuscripts in the Library of Congress, in Washington, D. C. This volume—some of the pages of which are missing—contains what was evidently a portion of the minutes of a Lodge held in Savannah during the year 1756. There are entries in this volume which indicate unmistakably the existence of a Lodge in Savannah, prior to the year 1734, and one in Augusta, prior to the year 1757. As

the oldest record extant, it will prove of interest not only to Masons but to readers in general, for some of the members of this pioneer Lodge were among the most prominent of the colonists. Take for example, this page:

1756	N. Jones	in Geo.....173—
	Daniel Nunes	do ..... do
	John Farmur	
M. M.	Moses Nunes	in Geo.....1733 4
	Charles Pryce	
	Sir P. Houstoun	in Geo. Oct. 9:1734 E. D.
	William Spencer	do.....1735 M. M.
	James Boddie	
	Gray Elliott	
	Thomas Blake	
	Thomas Burrington	(in Geoa. Aug. 26:1736 F. C.
	John Menzies	(In Geoa. Aug. 26: 1756 F. C.
		do July 10 1771 M. A.
	Noble Wimberly Jones	(in Geoa. Aug. 5:1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
	Samuel Gandy	(do. Nov. 1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
F. C.	James Habersham	(do Augt 5:1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
	Charles Watson	(do Augt. 26:1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
	Thomas Vincent	(do Aug. 26:1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
	Francis Goffe.	(do Nov. 1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 1756 F. C.
	James Edward Powell	(Do Nov. 1756 E. P.
		do Jan. 19:1757 F. C.
	Daniel Demetre	Iava. Decr. 3: 1756
	James Paris	in Geo. at Augusta.
	Benjamin Goldwire	do at Nov. 1756.
	John Morel	do do
	Edward Bernard	at Augusta.
	Joseph Pruniers	do do
	Matthieu Thomas	do 27
E. P.	Thomas Mariners	do Febry 22: 1757
	Telemon Phenix	do Mar. 1: — — —
	John Graham	do do
	Abraham Sarzedas	do do
	Isaac Martin	do do

William Wright	do	May
Henry Lane	do	do
James Graham	do	
George Baillie	do	
John Perkins	do	

Let us examine this list somewhat in detail. Judge Noble Jones, who seems to have been the Master of the Lodge, was for years Colonial Justice and Treasurer for Georgia. He came with Oglethorpe to America in 1733 and established his home at Wormsloe, on the Isle of Hope, an estate today owned by one of his descendants: Mr. W. J. DeRenne. Sir Patrick Houstoun, a baronet, was at one time President of the King's Council. He was also Registrar of Grants and Receiver of Quit Claims for the Province of Georgia. James Habersham, in association with the renowned Whitefield, founded Bethesda, the oldest orphan asylum in the New World. He was also at one time President of the King's Council and, in the absence of Gov. Wright, performed the duties of chief-magistrate. John Graham, at the outbreak of the Revolution, was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. Daniel and Moses Nunes belonged to an old pioneer family of Jewish immigrants. Thomas Barrington (incorrectly spelled Burrington) was the founder of the famous Barrington family of this State. Fort Barrington, on the Altamaha River, was probably named for this pioneer. Noble Wymberly Jones was a zealous patriot, afterwards deposed by the King from his office as speaker of the House of Assembly because of his violent Whig sentiments. He was subsequently sent by his compatriots of Savannah to the Continental Congress. Most of the by-laws governing this parent Lodge have been lost, but fragments, beginning with Article Eight, read as follows:

8thly.

That every member shall pay a Quartr's Lodge Money when ye Quarter commences, & ye Money to be paid for every Quarterly Feast shall be paid ye Lodge Night before such Feast. And all savings to any Member by his being absent any Lodge Night shall be allowed him at ye Comencement of ye next Quarter towards ye defraying his said next Quaterly Expences,

9thly.

That any Person desiring to be admitted a Brother shall deliver a Petition to ye Secretary wch shall be by him laid before ye next Lodge If ye Petition be approved of, it shall remain with ye Secretary till ye next Lodge after, when ye Candidate shall be balloted for, by each Member's putting into a Hat or Box, a black or white Bean and if all prove white, the Candidate is duly elected, but if any member should have thought proper to have put in a black Bean, the Candidate shall not be admitted at that Time, tho' he may be proposed at another Time when any Prejudice may be removed.

10thly.

No Person shall be made a Bror on a public Lodge Night, but any Person after being duly elected shall be made (a Bror) at any other convenient Time & when the Master thinks proper.

11thly.

That every Person admitted a Bror shall (mutilated) one Pound & one Shilling to be deposited for (rent.) uses, Ten Shillings to ye Stock and five Shil (mutilated) the Tyler, and shall decently cloath every (mutilated) present with a white Apron, and a pair of white Gloves and shall also give a Pair of White Gloves to every Brors wife, and shall likewise give the Lodge a decent Collation.

12thly.

That no Brother unless he is made in this Lodge be admitted a Member thereof untill he has applyed properly as before directed, and if he is approved of by two thirds of the Members present, he may then be admitted, paying 5 Shillings for charitable Uses and 5 Shils. to ye PUBLICK STOCK.

13thly.

Every visiting Bror present at any meeting of ye Lodge shall pay the same Sum as every Member payd towards defraying ye Expences of such Meeting.

Approved of and
Signed the 19th of
Augt. 1756. by

....

On another page of this Minute-Book, the Master of the Lodge speaks of the distance at which he lives from Savannah. At the same time he takes occasion to rap some of the members whose homes were in town. But we will let the Minute-Book speak for itself. This paragraph purports to give the Master's exact words. It reads:

The Master, living in ye Country at a great distance from ye Lodge, it sometimes happens that by reason of bad Weather, Sickness or other

unavoidable Business, he can't attend, & being inform'd that whn. it so happens as aforesd. several Members who live near, & have no excuse, but their own imagining yt in ys Mars absence, no sort of Business can be done witht his pticular License for so doin, by wch sevl. stated Lodge Nights have passed, with. any meeting. For prevts. the like invonveniencies for ye future, the Master desires & it is agreed, that a Lodge shall be held att every statd. tim agreeable to ye Bye Laws by as many Members as can be convened together, ye next officer or oldest Member ye present taking ye chair & ca. and y' all such business, that y' Numbr. of Masons are entituled to do, by ye Constitutions of Masonry, & ye Bye Laws of ye pticular Lodge, may be by ym pformed.

One of the most interesting records preserved by this Minute-Book tells of the preparations made by the Lodge for paying a formal visit to Governor Ellis, at his Honor's residence in Savannah. The account runs as follows:

5757

At a particular Meeting of the Lodge agreeable to last Nights resolution, to wait on his Honour, Governor Ellis with our Address, wch after having order'd yt 3 times 3 Guns to be fired during ye Procession, vizt. 3 at leaving Lodge, 3 at entering ye Governors, & 3 at ent'ring the Lodge again (at ye return) & desiring Bror (Capt) Boddie to let his Men fire said Guns on board his Vessel & having order'd & settled some other matters, &ca. proceeded in ye following manner, vizt.

(Capt) Isaac Martin (youngest Bror.) with ye Sword.
(in absence of ye Tyler)
Brors. N. W. Jones & Jas. Habersham (as Stewards) with wants
" Jno Groham & Abrm. Sarzedas
" Tho. Mathars & Telemn. Phenix
" Tho Vincent & Benj. Goldwire
" Charles Watson & Nicholas Lawrence
" Jas. Boddie & Jno. Menzies
" Sir Pat. Houstoun & Wm. Spencer.
" D. Nunes Jno. Farmur (ye wardens)
N. Jones (ye Master)

When come to ye Govrs. ye Bhrethren stopping, open'd & the M. walked thro' ye Centre, ye Wardens following the Brethren following in order from ye Seniors, when came in; ye Master.

Since reference is made in this Minute-Book to the existence of a Lodge in Augusta prior to 1757, it will be of interest in this connection to take a glance at the minutes kept by the trustees of Richmond Academy.*

*Trustees of Richmond Academy, Augusta, Ga.: Their Work During the Eighteenth Century in the Management of a School, a Town, and a Church, pp. 40-41.

There are certain entries in which local Masonic history is reflected. For instance, on April 1, 1790, it was resolved "that the Garret room of the Academy be arched and painted and another window put in each end; and that the Society of Free Masons be permitted to use it, provided they pay one-half of the expense." On October 5, 1791, "the old Academy was devoted to the exclusive use of the Masonic Lodge Columbia for four years at 5 pounds per annum."

Our apology for preserving these records is the importance which must necessarily attach to them as perhaps the oldest well-authenticated fragments in existence, showing the activities of the Masonic order in Georgia during pioneer days.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Mrs. Wilson Comes Home

ALL Rome was there to meet her. With the earliest glimmer of dawn the little city of the hills began to stir—but softly, like the tread of gentle snowflakes. Long before the sun was up, every road was thronged with travelers from the neighboring farms and hamlets, while every train brought its burden of souls from the remoter towns and cities. It was a day to be remembered by the youngest child when an aged man or woman, a day whose significance made it a rare forget-me-not in the year's calendar of events. But, instead of the emblems of rejoicing, the symbols of grief were displayed on every hand. Men spoke in whispers. The eyes of women were suffused with tears, and even the faces of little children were sad. No sound of hammer or anvil smote the air. Shops were closed. The great wheels of industry were stilled, and over all there brooded a deep and solemn hush. It was Mrs. Wilson's home-coming; and this vast assemblage of friends was here to welcome in silence a returning daughter of Georgia, one whose name was upon a nation's lips: the beloved First Lady of the Land.

But how vastly different this scene of sorrow from the gladsome festival to which the little city of the hills looked forward in the summer's earlier glow! The first week in October was to have been a gala week in Rome—one long to be remembered for its brilliant social gaieties. Mrs. Wilson, in a letter from the White House, had

promised to be the city's guest of honor, and invitations had been issued by the tens of hundreds. The Southern Railway, in preparation for this happy season of reunion, had planted near its depot a bed of shrubbery, whose fresh young colors were just beginning to spell the words: "Welcome Home." But little did any one anticipate the unfathomed pathos with which this symbol of greeting was soon to be applied.

As the days went by, the busy hum of preparation grew apace. Romans were anxious for the leaves to turn. There was an eagerness for summer to depart—for autumn to flood the air with her mellow musk and to flaunt her banners of gold upon the hills. But even while these plans were under way there came with appalling suddenness a message from Washington, stating that the Land's First Lady was alarmingly ill. This was soon followed by another, announcing the presence in the White House of the dread Angel of Death. Mrs. Wilson was coming home—not in October, but in August—and she was coming home to stay forever.

Savannah, Augusta, Princeton, Washington! There were many places, North and South, at which she tarried for a season; but there was only one spot to whose recollection the deepest chords of her heart responded—only one place in all the world whose memory kindled for her a hearth-stone music and threw around her a magician's spell. Amid the brightest gatherings of the White House she looked in fancy upon the old familiar scenes of her girlhood's home in Georgia, and even when the kindling smile upon her lips told of the border lights of the Better Land she turned longingly and lovingly in her thoughts to the dear old hills of Rome. Here were spent the golden years of her girlhood. Here the little cottage home still stood—its summer roses still in bloom. On these hills, with her classmates, she had delved into the deep mines of truth. Here was the little church from whose old-fashioned pulpit her father had "allured to brighter worlds." Here, last but not least, the man of her choice

MYRTLE HILL
The Last Resting Place of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

—then barely twenty-six—"a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," first breathed into her ear love's old, old story; and here, where the rivers meet and mingle, the current of her life met his in a song whose music was to echo down the years.

Beautiful for situation is the lofty burial-ground of Rome. Overlooking the city's domes and spires, it forms a majestic citadel of silence, a marble-crowned Acropolis. Beneath a giant oak, on this towering hill-top, the Land's First Lady was gently lowered to her last long rest. No fairer spot ever charmed an artist. There, tenderly upon her tomb—high-lifted above the murmuring waters—will fall the golden light of the stars. There morning's first beams and sunset's last rays will linger upon her couch of dreams. There, fragrant with her thought for God's lowly children, will cluster in springtime the bluest of the violets, and there, on wintry days, in keeping with her heart's pure sacrifice, will gather the whitest of the snows. Home at last, she sleeps on Myrtle Hill, around her a silent ring of Roman hearts and in her ear the sweet music of the Etowah.

SECTION III

Historic Church-Yards and Burial Grounds

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Historic Church-Yards and Burial Grounds

Colonial Park, Savannah

Originally the parish burial-ground of Christ Church, some of the earliest inhabitants of the Colony of Georgia here sleep. On the moldering tombstones of the little cemetery there are scores of historic names, not a few of which are still bright on the muster rolls of the Revolution; but Whigs and Tories alike lie here entombed. For more than fifty years after Georgia became a State, men of distinction in every sphere of life were here laid to rest in the very core of Savannah's heart. Just when the first burial was made in Old Colonial is uncertain; but three distinct eras have contributed to the treasury of sacred dust which this little plot of ground contains—Colonial, Revolutionary, and Commonwealth. No interments have been made here since the early fifties; but it was not until 1895 that by decree of the Superior Court of Chatham County it became the property of the city of Savannah. With this transfer of title, an old issue between the parish and the town was happily adjusted, the walls on three sides were taken down, a competent force of workmen employed to repair the tombs, to open new walks, and to beautify the grounds; and thus out of the remnants of Colonial Cemetery emerged what is today known as Colonial Park.

Bounded by three of Savannah's busy thoroughfares, the park is reached in a minute's walk from the DeSoto Hotel. Here, at almost any hour of the day, when the weather is pleasant, may be seen groups of little children, playing at hide and seek among the tombs; energetic business men moving briskly along the walks which afford them convenient passage-ways to points beyond; or sightseers strolling leisurely over the green-carpeted area to read the inscriptions upon the ancient monu-

ments. Some of the oldest of the tombstones have disappeared forever. Others rescued in broken fragments have been placed against the brick wall which still remains. It is only fair to historic truth to state that the agencies of time, in producing this harvest of ruin, were re-enforced by the vandalism of Sherman's men, during the last year of the Civil War. Not content with rifling the vaults for silver, they even made them abodes of habitation, emulating in this respect the example of a certain demoniac who lived at Gadara; and to judge from the mutilation of epitaphs the latter were no less possessed of unclean spirits than were the former.

Entering the park from Oglethorpe Avenue—formerly South Broad Street—the first object to attract the attention of the visitor is a fine old brick vault, which stands somewhat to itself. Entombed within this structure are the ashes of JAMES HABERSHAM. He came to Georgia with the great Whitfield, rose to the highest civic station; and, during the absence of Governor Wright in England, administered the affairs of the province. Though his sons were violent Whigs, he remained to the last a faithful old servitor of the Crown. The inscription on the marble tablet, which occupies a large space in the front wall, reads as follows:

> Sacred to the memory of JAMES HABERSHAM, the ancestor of the family of that name. He was born at Beverly, Yorkshire, Eng., in January, 1712, and died at Brunswick, New Jersey, 28th of August, 1775, aged 62 years. He was an eminent Christian and a highly useful man in the then Colony of Georgia, and held many important offices, among them, those of President of his Britannic Majesty's Council and acting Governor of Georgia during the absence of Governor Wright. He was also in connection with Whitfield one of the founders of Bethesda, and for a long time a co-laborer in that good and great work.
>
> Also to the memory of MARY BOLTON, his most beloved wife, who died the 4th day of January, 1763, and was also buried in this vault.

Just above the foregoing inscription is the design of a crown-encircled cross, accompanied by the following words:

> "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Included among the inmates of the same vault are the two noted patriots, whose zeal for the cause of independence was a thorn in the parental flesh—JOSEPH and JOHN HABERSHAM. The former became the first Postmaster-General of the United States, in the Cabinet of President Washington. With Commodore Oliver Bowen he also officered the first vessel commissioned for naval warfare in the Revolution. Dr. James Habersham, a third son of the old loyalist, and like his brothers, a most intense Whig, is supposed also to be one of the occupants of this tomb.

Beside the Habersham vault is a slab level with the ground, on which the following inscription appears:

> In remembrance of MRS. MARY CHARLOTTE JACKSON, daughter of WILLIAM and SOPHIA YOUNG, and widow of MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES JACKSON; also of her father and mother; of MR. and MRS. ROBERT DILLON, her uncle and aunt; and of an infant daughter; all of whom are interred near this tablet.

GENERAL JACKSON, the husband of this lady, was the famous old patriot who fought the Yazoo fraud. He is buried in the Congressional Cemetery, in Washington, D. C., on the banks of the Potomac. After holding the office of Governor, he died while a Senator of the United States.

Next the attention of the visitor is attracted to a row of brick vaults, four in number, located at right angles to

Oglethorpe Avenue. There is nothing specially ornamental about these vaults; but the most intense interest has centered around them for years. This reached a climax, in the spring of 1901, when they were severally opened by an authorized committee in search of the body of MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE. They are known as "Colonial" vaults, because they belong to distinguished families identified with Savannah since the earliest settlement of the town.

In the first of these repose the ashes of COLONEL RICHARD WYLLY, Deputy Quartermaster-General of the Continental Army in the Revolution.

The second is the famous Graham vault, in which the body of GENERAL GREENE was found. On a bronze tablet, unveiled with impressive ceremonies in the fall of 1902, is the following inscription:

> Here rested for 114 years the remains of MAJ.-GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE. Born in Rhode Island, Aug. 7, 1742. Died at Mulberry Grove, June 19, 1786. His remains and those of his eldest son, GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, now lie under the monument in Johnson Square.

This vault belonged to the confiscated estate of the royal Lieutenant-Governor Graham, whose property was bestowed by the Legislature of Georgia upon GENERAL GREENE.

In the next vault reposed for a number of years the ashes of two of the most illustrious of the early founders of Georgia: JUDGE NOBLE JONES and DR. NOBLE WYMBERLEY JONES, his son. The former commanded the first Georgia Regiment of Colonial troops. He was also for twenty-one years a member of the King's Council. The latter, by reason of his zeal for the cause of independence, was styled "one of the morning stars of liberty." Both rest today in Bonaventure, whither they were removed, with other members of the Jones family, several

years ago, under the direction of Mr. George W. J. DeRenne, of Wormslow, a lineal descendant.

The last vault in the group belongs to the Thiots, an old family of Savannah. There are no inscriptions upon any of these tombs, except the one which bears the tablet of GENERAL GREENE.

Facing Abercorn Street, in an area of ground enclosed by an iron fence, is an oval slab, even with the ground, on which the following inscription appears:

> The family vault of GEN. LACHLAN McINTOSH, of the Revolutionary Army, of CHARLES HARRIS, counsellor-at-law, and of NICHOLAS S. BAYARD.

GENERAL MCINTOSH was one of the most illustrious soldiers of the first war for independence, but he suffered somewhat in reputation by reason of the fatal consequences of the duel which he fought with BUTTON GWINNETT. Beside him sleeps his gallant nephew, COLONEL JAMES S. MCINTOSH, who fell in the Mexican War.

In honor of CHARLES HARRIS one of the counties of Georgia has been named. He was one of the foremost lawyers of Savannah a century ago.

Not far removed from the McIntosh tablet, in the same enclosed area, lies entombed another distinguished Georgian for whom a county in this State was named. The time-worn slab over his grave reads as follows:

> Sacred to the memory of JAMES SPALDING, who departed this life in the 60th. year of his age, at Savannah, on the 10th. Nov., 1794.

BUTTON GWINNETT, who fell at the hands of GENERAL MCINTOSH in a duel which occurred on the outskirts of Savannah, in 1777, is supposed to be buried in an unmarked grave in Colonial Park. He was living in Savannah at the time, and there is no evidence to show that he was ever taken back to his old home on St. Catharine's Island. He was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence for Georgia, and at the time of his death was President of the Executive Council and ex-officio Governor of the Commonwealth.

One of the strangest memorials in the cemetery is a cubical block of marble, on which is carved the figure of a serpent in the form of a complete circle. There is no inscription of any kind on the monument; and just what this strange reptilian monogram is intended to signify is one of the unsolved enigmas. But from well authenticated tradition it is the common belief that in this particular spot lies one of the foremost of Georgia's early patriots—ARCHIBALD BULLOCH.*

Marked by a tasteful monument, in a small area of ground enclosed by an iron railing, is the grave of JOSEPH CLAY. He was one of the earliest of the Sons of Liberty; and from him a number of distinguished Georgians have descended. His son, who bore the same name, became a noted Federal jurist of Savannah. He afterwards entered the ministry of the Baptist Church, and at the time of his death was the most eloquent divine of this faith in the great city of Boston. The elder Clay, during the Revolution, held the office of Deputy Paymaster-General in Georgia, with the rank of Colonel. He was a member of the bold party of rebels who broke into the

*Letter to the author from Prof. Otis Ashmore, of Savannah.

King's powder magazine at Savannah, on May 11, 1775. He was also a conspicuous leader in the subsequent meetings of the patriots.

COLONEL SETH JOHN CUTHBERT, a distinguished Revolutionary patriot, who married a daughter of Joseph Clay, the elder, is supposed to be buried in the old cemetery, but his name is not to be found on any of the tombs which time has spared. He was the father of the two distinguished Georgians: UNITED STATES SENATOR ALFRED CUTHBERT and JUDGE JOHN A. CUTHBERT. The only member of the Cuthbert family, whose monument yet stands in Colonial Park, is GEORGE CUTHBERT. Since he died in 1768, he may have been Seth John's brother—possibly his father.

Not far distant from the Habersham vault, on a horizontal tablet of marble, raised some two feet above the ground by a wall of brick, is an epitaph inscribed to the memory of MAJOR JOHN BERRIEN, a noted officer of the Revolution. It was from the old Berrien home, near Princeton, N. J., that Washington, in 1783, issued his farewell address to the American Army. In the same historic mansion, JUDGE JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN, afterwards a member of the Cabinet and a Senator from Georgia, was born. He was a son of Major John Berrien. The latter joined the patriotic ranks when only fifteen. The inscription on the tomb reads:

> This tablet records the death of MAJOR JOHN BERRIEN, who departed this life at Savannah, Nov., 6th., 1815, in the 56th year of his age. In early youth he drew his sword in defence of his country and served with reputation in the war of the Revolution. He was an upright citizen and exemplary in all the relations of social life. His disconsolate widow and afflicted children have erected this tribute to his memory in humble hope that he rests in peace in the bosom of his Heavenly Father.

Major Berrien was decorated by the illustrious Washington himself with the emblem of the famous Order of the Cincinnati.

Here also sleeps DR. RICHARD M. BERRIEN, a half-brother of Judge Berrien; ELIZA, the latter's wife; WILLIAM BERRIEN, his son, a lieutenant in the United States army, who died while on duty in Florida, at the age of twenty-seven; and NICHOLAS ANCIEUX BERRIEN, a son who died in infancy. Judge Berrien himself sleeps in Laurel Grove. His death occurred after the old cemetery was closed for burial purposes. BENJAMIN BURROUGHS, a noted Georgian and a connection by marriage of the Berrien family, occupies a handsome brick tomb fronting Abercorn Street.

On a marble box near the tomb of Major Berrien the following epitaph is inscribed to one of his gallant comrades-in-arms:

> Sacred to the memory of MAJOR EDWARD WHITE, an officer of the Revolutionary Army, who died Jany. 9th., 1812. Aet. 54.

Marked by a neat memorial in the shape of a marble cube is the grave of Savannah's first postmaster—ROBERT BOLTON, a connection by marriage of the Habershams.

Underneath a horizontal slab of marble, even with the ground, lies the earliest of Georgia's historians—MAJOR HUGH MCCALL. The inscription on the tablet reads:

> Sacred to the memory of HUGH McCALL, Brevet Major in the U. States army. Born in N. Carolina, Feb. 17, 1767. Died June 10, 1824.

He served the United States in various capacities thirty years; the last twenty years under severe bodily suffering, but with usefulness to himself, his country, and his friends.

Much historic interest attaches to an old tombstone which marks the last resting place of a gallant French officer, whose vessel gave substantial help to John Paul Jones in the renowned engagement between the "Serapis" and the "Bon Homme Richard." There is no reference to this fight in the epitaph itself, but the authentic records of the battle will establish this fact. The inscription reads:

> Sacred to the memory of DENIS L. COTTINEAU DE KERLOQUEN, a native of Navies (France), formerly a Lieutenant in his late most Christian Majesty's Navy, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Capt. commanding a ship of war of the United States, during their Revolution, and a member of the Cincinnati Society. Obit, Nov. 29, 1808. Aet. 63 years; and also of ACHILLES J. M. COTTINEAU DE KERLOQUEN, his son, obit July 11, 1812. Aet. 22 years.

When Governor Troup came to the executive chair, in the early twenties, he appointed a bright young historian of Savannah to investigate the antiquities of the two principal Indian tribes of Georgia: the Creeks and the Cherokees. With consummate skill this task was most successfully accomplished; but soon after the author completed his work he was seized with a violent illness, which, in a few weeks, terminated his mortal career. The State of Georgia sustained a grievous loss in the

unrealized possibilities of this gifted man. The following epitaph is inscribed upon his tomb in Colonial Park:

> Below this stone repose the bones of JOSEPH VALLANCE BEVAN, who was born in Liberty County, Ga., and died in Savannah, 29th March, 1830, aged 32 years. His mind was enlightened and educated. His manners were simple and unpresuming. His heart was warm and affectionate.
>
> Reader: You may have known a wiser man than JOSEPH V. BEVAN, but you have rarely known a better, and none, no none, against whose name the Recording Angel would more reluctantly have written down—Condemnation.

The pathetic story of a talented young artist who came to Savannah during the first decade of the last century, in search of the illusive boon of health, is told in the following brief inscription, lettered upon a ground slab:

> Sacred to the memory of MR. EDWARD G. MELBONE, the celebrated painter, son of the late Gen. John Melbone, of New Port, R. I. He was cut off in the meridian of Life and Reputation while travelling for the benefit of his health. Seldom do the records of mortality boast the name of a victim more pre-eminently excellent. His death has deprived the country of an ornament which ages may not replace and left a blank in the catalogue of American genius which nothing has a tendency to supply. He closed his valuable life, May 7, 1807, in the 29th year of his age.

Another flat stone tells the story of a tragedy which occurred in Savannah during the year 1831. The inscription reads:

> ODREY MILLER, a native of Scott Co., Ky., who died from a wound inflicted by ————————, on the 13th. of July, 1831, aged 33 years. Just, honest, benevolent, was his reputation among strangers. He could ask forgiveness and as readily forgive but was ever indignant at cruelty and oppression and wholly irreconcilable to ignoble submission. Though this stone is designed to mark the spot where they have laid him, his name and his virtues will be perpetuated in the affection and friendship of many who mourn his untimely fate.

SIR PATRICK HOUSTOUN and LADY HOUSTOUN, after sleeping for more than a hundred years in the old cemetery, were finally removed to Bonaventure, where they repose under a massive granite monument. But the old marble slab, containing the original inscriptions, together with the family coat-of-arms, has been incorporated in the handsome new memorial. GOVERNOR EDWARD TELFAIR was also laid to rest here in a family vault, but he, too, was removed to Bonaventure years ago, where he sleeps today in an elegant tomb. He was one of the earliest of the Colonial patriots. The old Governor married a daughter of WILLIAM GIBBONS, the most distinguished lawyer of his day in Savannah. If the latter is not included among the occupants of the Telfair vault, he occupies an unmarked grave in Colonial Park. He espoused the patriotic cause, but there is no evidence to show that he took any part in the actual hostilities. His income from the practice of law is said to have aggregated three thousand pounds sterling, an immense sum of money in those days. WILLIAM EWEN, the first President of the Executive Council; JOHN GLEN, the first Chief Justice of Georgia; MAJOR WILLIAM PIERCE, a gallant soldier of

the Revolution, who represented Georgia in both the Continental Congress and the great Constitutional Convention of 1787; and other patriots of the Revolutionary period, doubtless lie here in unmarked graves.

Included among the curiosities of the old cemetery are the following epitaphs: MRS. CAROLINE LLOYD. Died 5th. December, 1836. Aged 1171 years and 8 months. W. RICHARDSON, SR., Died 16th. October, 1828. Aged 155 years. EDWARD ELLINGTON. Died 30th. October, 1795. 152 years old. WILLIAM NEYLE. Died 9th. December, 1802. Aged 341 years. MRS. ANN MCLAUGHLIN. Died 8th. December, 1839. Aged 186 years. MRS. M. E. LONG. Died 12th. October, 1816. Aged 162 years. These phenomenal ages are due to the vandalism of some of Sherman's men, in 1865—desecrators, who by affixing one or more figures to the epitaphs by means of a chisel, made the ages antedeluvian.

Bonaventure, Savannah

From the viewpoint of natural scenery, one of the most exquisite burial places of the dead in America is situated some four miles from Savannah, on the road to Thunderbolt—historic Bonaventure. The extensive area of ground is shaded by majestic live oaks, the youngest of which was planted long before the time of the Revolution. The midsummer heat seldom pierces the dense armor of foliage which nature wears in this beautiful bower of evergreens; and beneath the gnarled and rugged boughs of the trees, in grass-covered beds of velvet turf, swept by the long pendant mosses, more than six generations of Savannah's gathered dust here sleeps. On the edge of the cemetery, the Wilmington River chants a low requiem; and if aught is needed to bind the spell of beauty it is found in this little thread of silver. Bonaventure was the picturesque old family seat of the Tattnalls. Though it was not made a cemetery, in a public sense, until 1849, the private burial ground appurtenant

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY:

A Scene in Savannah's Historic Burial Ground, Showing the Long Pendant Mosses.

to it held the remains of Governor Tattnall, who died in 1803, together with those of other members of his immediate household connection. Besides, it was not long before a number of the old pioneer guard who belonged to Savannah's heroic age—including the Joneses, the Telfairs, the Houstouns, and other Colonial families—were removed from the old burial-ground in Savannah to this spot; so that without exaggeration the registers of Bonaventure may be said to reach back in an unbroken line to the days of Oglethorpe himself. The charm of historic interest is here so great that, taken in association with the beauty of environment, it seems to invest death with a sort of fascination, and to make one almost covet the privilege of the sleeper who here

> "wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Surrounded by an iron fence, at the end of Oleander Drive, is the most historic shrine in Bonaventure. It marks the last resting place of the revered soldier and jurist who accompanied Oglethorpe to the new world, who commanded the first regiment of Colonial troops, and who, for twenty-one years, served in the King's Council. There is no other spot around Savannah—unless it be the grave of Tomo-chi-chi—which connects the Commonwealth of the present day with a period of time more remote. On the massive block of stone, mantled with ivy, the following inscription appears—half concealed by the overhanging drapery of green:

> NOBLE JONES, OF WORMSLOE, ESQ. Senior Judge of the General Court and Acting Chief-Justice of the Province of Georgia. For twenty-one years Member and sometimes President of His Majesty's Council. Colonel of the first Georgia Regiment. Died November 2, 1775. Aged, 73.

To the last moment of his life, this pioneer Georgian remained a steadfast and loyal friend to the King, though his famous son, DR. NOBLE WYMBERLEY JONES, became one of the most violent of the Whigs. The ashes of NOBLE JONES first rested at Wormsloe, afterwards in the old Colonial Cemetery, in the heart of Savannah; but when the old grave-yard was closed by the local authorities, in the early fifties, GEORGE WYMBERLEY JONES DERENNE, a lineal descendant, then the recognized head of the Jones family in Georgia, removed the body of his ancestor to the spot which it now occupies. The site of the grave faces the open marshes, looking toward Wormsloe, the old home of NOBLE JONES on the Isle of Hope.

Underneath a block of marble, at the end of Palmetto Drive, rest the ashes of DR. NOBLE WYMBERLEY JONES, one of the earliest of the Revolutionary patriots. His name was attached to the famous card calling the Sons of Liberty to meet for the first time in Tondee's tavern; and he was afterwards chosen a member of the first delegation to represent Georgia in the Continental Congress, but he did not repair to Philadelphia, on account of the critical illness of his father, who died a few months later. DR. JONES first incurred the displeasure of the Crown in 1770, when his strong republican sentiments caused him to be deposed from the Speakership of the House of Assembly; but his zeal in the cause of independence knew no abatement. The grave of the old patriot is enclosed by an iron fence. It likewise fronts the open expanse looking toward Wormsloe. The inscription on the well-preserved horizontal slab reads as follows:

> Consecrated to the memory of DOCTR. NOBLE WIMBERLEY JONES, who died January 9th., 1805. He was born in England, came over with Gen. Oglethorpe in the year 1733, at the first settlement of this State. He served as cadet officer in Oglethorpe's Regiment

(Continued)

during the wars with the Spaniards and Indians, at that period. Acquired his professional education afterwards under the immediate direction of his father, DR. NOBLE JONES, the friend, companion, and co-laborer of Oglethorpe. He was among the earliest and most strenuous asserters of the liberties of his adopted country and filled not only the Professional but the most important Civil Departments with merit to himself and the highest value and satisfaction to the community. The warm friend, the patient, judicious, and successful physician, the most affectionate husband, and a pure, and humble and sincere Christian. In the midst of usefulness, and vigorous old age, he died as he lived, without fear and without reproach. This monument has been erected by the filial gratitude of his surviving son, as a tribute to virtue.

Adjoining the grave of DR. NOBLE WYMBERLEY JONES is the tomb of his distinguished son, DR. GEORGE JONES, the only member of a large family of children to survive an illustrious father. During the last two years of the struggle for independence he experienced the horrors of war on board an English prison ship, in the harbor of Savannah. In the War of 1812 he commanded a company of reserves. Though not a lawyer by profession, he was made Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern Circuit of Georgia, a tribute of the most unusual character; and from the bench was called by executive appointment to fill an unexpired term in the Senate of the United States. The Jones family, of Wormsloe, was a family of physicians. Even Noble Jones himself brought with him to Georgia the professional prefix. Dr. Noble W. Jones was the first president of the Medical Society of Georgia; and Dr. George Jones was one of his successors at the head of the same organization. On the latter's handsome monument of granite, enclosed by a heavy iron fence, is inscribed the following brief record:

GEORGE JONES, OF WORMSLOE. Judge of the Superior Court of Georgia. Senator of the United States.

In an underground vault, which occupies an enclosed square facing Palmetto Drive, rest the remains of the distinguished antiquarian, scholar and gentleman, GEORGE WYMBERLEY JONES DERENNE. He rendered the State a priceless service by publishing early Georgia manuscripts. The famous quartos bearing the imprint of Wormsloe constitute a library of history within themselves. Inscribed on the massive block of marble which stands in the center of the DeRenne Square, beside the entrance to the vault, is the following brief epitaph:

GEORGE WYMBERLEY JONES DE RENNE.
Born July 19, 1827. Died Aug. 4, 1880.

Just beyond the DeRenne lot, facing the same driveway, in a square likewise enclosed by an iron railing, is the tomb of GOVERNOR EDWARD TELFAIR, marked by an immense block of stone, some eight feet in height. One of the earliest of the Revolutionary patriots, he was also one of the most conspicuous actors in the drama of independence, and represented Georgia twice in the Continental Congress. His name will be found affixed to the Articles of Confederation, the earliest bond of American Union. He was the chief executive of Georgia at the time of Washington's celebrated visit to the State, in 1791. Governor Telfair was perhaps the wealthiest citizen of Savannah at the time of his death, and the beneficiaries of his last will and testament included the Telfair Academy, the Telfair Hospital, the Georgia Historical Society, the Independent Presbyterian Church, the Mary Telfair Home for Aged Women, and the historic orphan asylum at Bethesda. One of the counties of Georgia bears the name of this thrifty Scotch-Irishman. The remains of Governor Telfair, together with those of other members of his family, were transferred to this place years ago from the old Colonial Cemetery in Savan-

nah. The inscription on the monument, which stands just above the family vault, reads as follows:

> In memory of EDWARD TELFAIR, of GEORGIA, who died Sept. 17, 1807, aged 64; and of his sons, EDWARD TELFAIR, THOMAS TELFAIR, JOSIAH G. TELFAIR, ALEXANDER TELFAIR.

One of his sons, THOMAS TELFAIR, served Georgia in the United States Congress. The opposite side of the tomb contains an inscription to his wife, SARAH, a daughter of WM. GIBBONS, the noted lawyer and patriot. There is no inscription on the tomb to his daughters, for the reason that it was erected by them. WILLIAM B. HODGSON, for whom Hodgson Hall was named—the home of the Georgia Historical Society—is memorialized by a handsome monument, which stands on the Telfair lot. He married one of the daughters of Governor Telfair.

Near the center of the cemetery, in a large square richly adorned with handsome memorials, is the old family burial plot of the TATTNALLS, several of whom rest here. JOSIAH TATTNALL, the stout old loyalist, who refused to bear arms against the King, is buried somewhere in England. He never returned to Georgia, after quitting Bonaventure, his beloved country seat. An illustrious son, however, who bore the same name, who, escaping to America, joined the patriot army on the eve of the recapture of Savannah, who afterwards became a brigadier-general in the State militia and a Governor of the Commonwealth; to whom also the confiscated estate of his father was restored in after years, and whose esteemed privilege it was as chief executive to sign the bill recalling the latter back from banishment, here sleeps in death where his infancy was cradled. He passed away at the early age of thirty-eight and was laid to rest in

the same grave with his beloved wife, who preceded him to the tomb by only a few months. On the horizontal slab which covers the grave is inscribed the following record:

> This stone is intended to perpetuate the memory of MRS. H. TATTNALL, consort of GEN. JOSIAH TATTNALL, who died the 3rd. December, 1802, aged 33 years. She was truly a pious Christian, affectionate wife, fond mother, and sincere friend. In life beloved, in death regretted. (Here follow the names of four deceased children, the eldest of whom was only eight.)
>
> Also of JOSIAH TATTNALL, JR., ESQ., who after having enjoyed the highest honors of the State died at the age of thirty-eight years, in the year of 1803, an honest man rich in the estimation of all who knew him.

Tattnall County, in this State, commemorates the historic name of JOSIAH TATTNALL.

Underneath a handsome monument, somewhat discolored with age, there rests in the same enclosure the mortal remains of EDWARD FENWICK TATTNALL, a gallant soldier and a former member of Congress. He was a son of the noted Governor. The inscription on his monument reads:

> EDWARD FENWICK TATTNALL, who died in Savannah on the 21st. day of Nov., 1832, aged 44 years. This monument was erected by the Savannah Volunteer Guards which corps he, for a period of years, commanded, as a tribute of affection for his great virtues as a man, a soldier, and a patriot. "Munera parva quidem sed magnam testamenta amorem."

Marked by a handsome marble sarcophagus in an area of ground next to the tomb of GENERAL JOSIAH TATTNALL is the grave of his illustrious son of the same name —the great American commodore. Carved on top of the sarcophagus there are three wreaths, connected by an officer's sword, bearing three dates: 1812-1847-1861. These represent three great wars in which he bore a conspicuous part: the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the War between the States.

On the north side of the tomb is inscribed:

> COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL, U. S. and C. S. N. Born near this spot, Nov. 9th., 1795. Died June 14th., 1871.

On the south side:

> Erected by admiring friends to the memory of a grand manhood and an exalted character. Without fear and without reproach.

His wife sleeps beside him. Other members of the Tattnall family connection who rest within the same enclosure are: JOHN ROGER FENWICK, a brigadier-general in the United States Army, born January 13, 1773, died March 19, 1842; CHARLOTTE, wife of Ebenezer Jackson and daughter of Edward Fenwick; JOSIAH MULLRYNE TATTNALL, of England, who died on a visit to Bonaventure, in 1805; and JOHN R. F. TATTNALL, 1828-1907, an officer in the Marine Corps of the Confederate States, afterwards a colonel in the Confederate Army, whose grave is the most recent one on the lot.

Swept by the pendant mosses, the beautiful burial-ground of Bonaventure holds a silent host of noted Georgians, but only one Baron and Baroness—SIR PATRICK and LADY HOUSTOUN. Both died prior to the outbreak of hostilities with England, and were laid to

rest in the old Colonial Cemetery, in Savannah, but years ago the deceased members of the Houstoun family were exhumed from the old grave-yard of the early colonists and reinterred in this green lap of Arcadia, where they have since reposed. SIR PATRICK HOUSTOUN was for some time President of the King's Council. He was also Registrar of Grants and Receiver of Quit Claims for the Province of Georgia. His attachment to the Crown of England never wavered; but two of his sons, JOHN and WILLIAM, became illustrious on the honor roll of the Revolutionary patriots. In the center of the Houstoun lot in Bonaventure, facing Live Oak Drive, stands a handsome monument of granite, surmounted by an urn. It contains the fine old marble tablet from the original tomb, the inscription on which reads as follows:

> PATRICK HOUSTOUN, BARONET. President of His Majesty's Council of Georgia. Died 5th. of Feb., 1762, aged 64. LADY HOUSTOUN, his widow. Died 6th. Feb., 1775, aged 60.

On the right side of the monument is chiseled the name of the son to whom the title descended; also the name of his wife. The inscription reads: SIR GEORGE HOUSTOUN, BARONET. 1744-1795. LADY ANNE HOUSTOUN. 1749-1821. SIR GEORGE remained a staunch loyalist throughout the Revolutionary period. His home at White Bluff, on the Vernon River, furnished an asylum of safety for his rebel brothers, on more than one occasion, when hard pressed by the British.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the cemetery is a mammoth vault of granite, cubical in shape, the only lettering on which, in large characters, is the name of one of Georgia's most noted families:

CLINCH

Entombed within this splendid mausoleum rest the ashes of BRIGADIER-GENERAL DUNCAN L. CLINCH, a distinguished soldier of the United States Army, who won his spurs in the second war with England. He afterwards achieved renown in the conflicts with the Indians. Relinquishing military life, he succeeded John Millen in the National House of Representatives. His home for many years was on the Georgia coast, near St. Mary's, where he owned an extensive plantation. Clinch County, on the Florida border line, was named for this gallant Georgian, and one of his grandsons, GOVERNOR DUNCAN C. HEYWARD, has twice filled the office of Chief Executive in the State of South Carolina.

At the extreme rear of the cemetery, occupying a site which overlooks the beautiful Wilmington River, is the grave of the famous soldier, diplomat, orator, jurist and poet—BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON. The monument which marks the spot is a handsome column of brown marble surmounted by an urn; and the inscription lettered in gold upon the broad pedestal reads as follows:

> HENRY ROOTES JACKSON. Born June 24, 1820. Died May 23, 1898.

On the opposite side, the various roles which he filled in the public service are recorded:

> Colonel 1st. Georgia Regiment in the Mexican War. Judge of Chatham Superior Court, 1849-1853. United States Minister to Austria, 1853-1858. Brigadier-General in the Army of the Confederate States of America, 1861-1865. United States Minister to Mexico, 1885-1887; and for twenty-four years President of the Georgia Historical Society. Statesman, Diplomat, Poet and Jurist. His life work faithfully done, he rests in peace.

General Jackson's second wife, Florence Barclay King Jackson, was recently laid beside him in Bonaventure. She was a daughter of the noted Thomas Butler King, of St. Simon's Island.

It was from the pen of General Jackson that the celebrated poem entitled: "The Red Old Hills of Georgia," leaped into life during the late forties or early fifties. He was born on the hills of Athens; and though he loved the tide-water region, in which the greater part of his life was spent, there was always a tender chord in his soul, which vibrated to the call of the uplands. It seems a little strange that one should be lying in this spot, whose world-renowned song concludes with this stanza—almost a prayer:

"The red old hills of Georgia
I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet;
And when my course is ended—
No more to toil or rove,
May I be held in their dear clasp
Close, close to them I love!"

Only a few feet removed from the Jackson lot is the grave of another illustrious diplomat and soldier; BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER R. LAWTON. He was for years a partner of General Jackson in the practice of law. His first introduction to fame occurred on the eve of the Civil War, when in command of an independent regiment of Savannah troops he seized Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River. At this time Georgia had not seceded from the Union. It was, technically, therefore, an act of treason against the United States Government; but from the Southern point of view it was an act of patriotism, justified by the logic of events. He was a graduate of West Point; and during the Civil War held the important office of quartermaster-general, after commanding a brigade in the field. Under Mr. Cleveland's first administration he became United States Min-

ister to Austria, an appointment held prior to the war by his old law partner. There were some little complications growing out of the part played by General Lawton in the seizure of Fort Pulaski; but his political disabilities were finally removed. He was a strong minority candidate for the United States Senate, in 1880, against former Governor Joseph E. Brown, and several years later the chosen orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the new State Capitol, in Atlanta. His beloved wife sleeps beside him in Bonaventure. The graves are united by a handsome arch of marble, sculptured in Florence, Italy, by the famous Romanelli.

On the right column is this inscription:

> ALEXANDER ROBERT LAWTON. Born November 5, 1818. Died July 2, 1896.

On the left column:

> SARAH ALEXANDER LAWTON. Born Jan. 26, 1826. Died Nov., 1, 1897.

On guard, at the entrance to the portal, stands the figure of an angel, and just beneath are these words:

> "Heirs together of the grace of life."

Two other distinguished Confederate brigadier-generals, both of them graduates of West Point, repose beneath handsome monuments in Bonaventure—HUGH W. MERCER and ROBERT H. ANDERSON. The first was a son of the gallant Revolutionary soldier, GENERAL HUGH MERCER, who fell at the battle of Princeton. He was an officer under Washington, who accompanied the latter in his famous crossing of the Delaware; and the heroic death of this sturdy patriot is today memorialized by the name of the county in which New Jersey's capitol is

located. GENERAL ANDERSON was for years Savannah's chief of police. In the same area of ground sleeps his son, CAPTAIN ROBERT H. ANDERSON, JR., who died at Manila, in the Philippine Islands, in 1901.

BISHOP JOHN W. BECKWITH, one of the foremost pulpit orators of his day, rests in Bonaventure. His grave marked by a handsome stone. Succeeding the lamented BISHOP STEPHEN ELLIOTT, in the oversight of the Episcopal diocese of Georgia, he brought to his high office not only a gift of eloquence, seldom if ever excelled, but a genius for organization of the very highest order. He assumed the episcopal robes in 1868, and wore them with honor until his death, in 1890.

Marked by one of the loftiest granite shafts in the cemetery is the grave of RUFUS E. LESTER, for sixteen years a representative of the Savannah district in Congress. His tragic death, the result of a fall which occurred in Washington, D. C., while searching for his little grandchild, in the attic of his hotel, plunged the entire State of Georgia in grief. He was a brilliant lawyer, a stainless gentleman, and a faithful public servant. On a handsome tablet of bronze, near the base of the monument, is inscribed this epitaph:

> RUFUS EZEKIEL LESTER. Born in Burke Co., Ga., Dec. 12, 1837. Died in Washington, D. C., June 16, 1906. A gallant Confederate soldier. State Senator, 1870-1879. Three years President of the Senate. Mayor of Savannah, 1883-1889. Member of Congress, 1890-1906. True to every trust.

Included among the other Georgians of note who sleep in Bonaventure may be mentioned: Brigadier-General W. W. Gordon, a distinguished veteran of both the Civil and the Spanish-American wars, a legislator and a man of affairs; John H. Estell, a gallant Confederate soldier, for thirty years president of the Union Society and for forty years proprietor of the *Savannah Morning News;* Hugh M. Comer, Sr., long president of the Central of Georgia, a noted financier and a public spirited citizen; Dr. Richard D. Arnold and Dr. William C. Daniell, both eminent physicians, the former one of the organizers of the Georgia Historical Society, the latter one of the mayors of Savannah; Judge Walter S. Chisholm, Dr. John Cumming, Thomas Arkwright, a native of Preston, Eng.; Rev. Edward Neufville, D. D., an eminent Episcopal divine; William Gaston, P. M. Kollock, George J. Kollock, Thomas H. Harden, Brantley A. Denmark, and Dr. R. J. Nunn, besides a number of others whose memories are still tenderly cherished by a grateful Commonwealth.

Laurel Grove, Savannah

Opened in 1852, Laurel Grove is still the chief burial-ground of the City of Savannah. It lacks the charm of natural beauty which belongs to Bonaventure, but in the green expanse of native woods there is much to please the eye, while a multitude of handsome vaults and monuments give it a wealth of artistic attractions. The cemetery is situated on the southwestern outskirts of the city, where it occupies an extensive area of land. It is famed as the last resting place of several thousand Confederate soldiers who perished in the operations around Savannah. Some of the most illustrious of Georgia's honored dead also sleep here, including a number for whom counties have been named. Underneath a hand-

some block of granite, some four feet in height, completely covering the grave, sleeps the dust of the gallant Bartow. One of the most zealous advocates of secession, he became one of the first martyrs of the Civil War. As a member of the first Confederate Congress he was instrumental in selecting gray uniforms for the Confederate soldier—a color which was destined to become immortally associated with heroic valor. He also participated in the dramatic seizure of Fort Pulaski. His company—the Oglethorpe Light Infantry—left Savannah for the front on May 21, 1861; and he was subsequently made Colonel of the Eighth Georgia Regiment to which he was attached. There arose between Governor Brown and Colonel Bartow, an issue concerning the propriety of the latter's taking to Virginia the guns which belonged to Georgia and which were needed for the State's defense; but the historic reply of the gallant officer was: "I go to illustrate Georgia." Two months later, he fell on the field of Manassas. Death overtook him while making a victorious charge at the head of a brigade. In honor of the brave hero, Georgia, by an act of the Legislature, changed the name of Cass County in this State to Bartow. Inscribed on his monument, in Laurel Grove, is the following record:

> FRANCIS S. BARTOW. Colonel 8th. Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, Confederate States Army. Born Savannah, Ga., September 6th., 1818. Fell at Manassas, July 21st, 1861.

On the right side:

> "I go to illustrate Georgia."

On the left side:

> "They have killed me, boys, but I never gave up."

His father, DR. THEODOSIUS BARTOW, who died in 1857, at the age of 83, occupies a grave in the same lot. He was a noted physician of Savannah in ante-bellum days but a gentleman of Northern birth.

Only a short distance removed is the grave of an illustrious Georgian in whose office Colonel Bartow began the study of law: JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN. The latter's prestige as an orator, in the days when Webster and Calhoun and Clay were still upon the stage, caused him to be styled "the American Cicero." He became Attorney-General of the United States in the cabinet of President Jackson; and twice represented Georgia in the American Senate. The monument over the grave of Mr. Berrien is an octagonal shaft of beautifully sculptured white marble, resting upon an ivy-covered mound of rock. It is one of the most artistic memorials in Laurel Grove. The inscription on the monument reads as follows:

> The grave of JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN, eldest son of Major John Berrien, and of Margaret MacPherson. Born at Rockingham, near Princeton, N. J., Aug. 23, 1781. Died at Savannah, Ga., Jan. 1, 1856.

On the right side of the column we read:

> This monument is placed over his ashes by his bereaved and loving children in memory of a life laborious in the discharge of every duty, adorned with every Christian grace, illustrious in the public service, but more glorious in the milder light of those gentle virtues which made his home beautiful and holy and beamed upon all it incircled a love over which the grave can achieve no victory.

On the other sides of the monument there are Biblical quotations.

Judge Berrien's mother was Margaret MacPherson. The Senator was named for her brother John who fell at

Quebec, where he was an aide-de-camp on Gen. Montgomery's staff. Mrs. Berrien was never vigorous in health. She died early in life at Baisden's Bluff, then a summer resort, in McIntosh County, where she was buried on the old Bailey plantation, afterwards the property of Dr. Troup. Her grave is near the old Oglethorpe road, some 12 miles from Darien.

The Senator's father is buried in Colonial Park. There, too, in the old cemetery, repose the ashes of his wife, with two of her children. The reason Judge Berrien himself is not there is due to the fact that at the time of his death the old cemetery was closed for burial purposes. Berrien County bears the name of this great orator and statesman. Judge Berrien's only rival for the palm of oratory during his day in Georgia was the gifted JOHN FORSYTH, who lived for a time in Savannah but afterwards removed to Augusta. The latter died while Secretary of State, in the cabinet of President Van Buren, and was buried in the Congressional cemetery, in Washington, D. C.

Within sight of the Berrien monument is the tomb of WILLIAM WASHINGTON GORDON, one of the great pioneer railway builders of Georgia, in honor of whom Gordon County in this State was named. There also stands on Bull Street, in the City of Savannah, a superb memorial shaft erected to him by the Central Railway of Georgia, of which he was the first president. The modest inscription on the unpretentious stone which marks his grave in Laurel Grove reads as follows:

> Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM WASHINGTON GORDON, son of Ambrose and Elizabeth Gordon, who was born near Augusta, June 4, 1796, and died at Savannah on March 20, 1842. He lived among his fellowmen distinguished for lofty independence of character, for honesty and firmness of purpose, and for patriotic public services. He died in the bosom of his family, a Christian in humble hope of a glorious immortality through the merits of his Saviour.

JUDGE ROBERT M. CHARLTON, a distinguished citizen of Savannah who was several times mayor of his native town, a jurist of note, a poet of rare gifts, and a statesman who served Georgia in the United States Senate, occupies a grave in Laurel Grove; and on the handsome marble stone is inscribed the following tribute from his beloved wife:

> My husband, ROBERT M. CHARLTON. Born January, 19th, 1807. Died January 18th., 1854.
>
> "Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of our happier days;
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise."

Charlton County, in the extreme southeastern corner of this State, was named in honor of Judge Charlton. His noted father, THOMAS U. P. CHARLTON, who wrote "The Life of Major-General James Jackson," and who was also both a former mayor of Savannah and a famous jurist, is buried in the same area of ground. The latter rested for many years in the old Colonial burial-ground of Savannah; but in the early fifties, when the historic old grave-yard was closed by the local authorities, his remains, together with those of other members of the Charlton family, were removed to Laurel Grove where they have since reposed.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Bartow lot sleeps another distinguished hero of the War between the States —MAJOR-GENERAL LAFAYETTE MCLAWS. On the handsome block of granite which covers the old soldier's last bivouac is chiselled a sword. The monument erected by the Confederate survivers and citizens of Savannah bears the following inscription:

> LAFAYETTE McLAWS, Major-General Confederate States Army. Born, Augusta, Ga., January 15, 1821. Died, Savannah, Ga., July 24, 1897.

On the left side of the monument is inscribed this tribute from his comrades:

> "He knew where to lead us and he always brought us out."

On the right side is the following sentiment quoted from the old soldier himself:

> "I fought not for what I thought to be right but for principles that were right."

General McLaws was a superb strategist—though he never held an independent command. He re-enforced Jackson's corps at Harper's Ferry in time to aid in the capture of 12,000 prisoners of war; while at Gettysburg his single division put to rout the Federal corps under General Sickles, in the second day's fight. Longstreet filed complaint against him for desisting from an attack which the former ordered upon Fort Sanders, but his conduct was justified by the court martial. In 1864 he was placed in command of the District of Georgia. On the issues of Reconstruction, after the war, he gave his support to the dominant party in politics and was appointed collector of customs at Savannah, after which he held for a time the office of postmaster.

MAJOR-GENERAL JEREMY FRANCIS GILMER, of North Carolina, a distinguished Confederate officer who commanded a division during the Civil War and who located in Savannah some time after the close of hostilities, occupies a grave in Laurel Grove, marked by a handsome block of stone. He was a graduate of West Point, and served in the old army on the western frontier. At the time of his death, which occurred Dec. 1, 1883, he was

engaged in railway enterprises in Georgia, with headquarters in Savannah.

Close by sleep two famous brothers, JOSEPH CLAY HABERSHAM and WILLIAM NEYLE HABERSHAM, who fell within a few feet of each other while defending Atlanta in the celebrated battle of July 22, 1864. The former was a lieutenant, aged 23. The latter was a private, aged 20. Between the graves in which they lie there stands a beautiful shaft of white marble, on the face of which this inscription is chiselled:

> "In their death they were not divided."

Underneath a handsome shaft of granite, to the left of the main driveway, repose the mortal ashes of the great editor and humorist, WILLIAM T. THOMPSON. He founded the *Savannah Morning News*, a paper of which he continued to be the editor for more than three decades; but he is best known to fame as the author of the renowned "Major Jones's Courtship," a classic of ante-bellum wit and humor. The inscription on the tomb of Colonel Thompson reads as follows:

> To the memory of WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON, Author and Journalist. Born August 31, 1812. Died March 24, 1882. Dedicated by the Savannah Morning News to its Founder and during thirty-two years its faithful and able Editor; and by the Georgia Press Association to a distinguished and lamented member.

Marked by a neat shaft of marble is the grave of JOSEPH W. JACKSON, a former member of Congress and a lawyer of note. He was the youngest son of the celebrated old chief executive who called down fire from

heaven to extinguish the iniquitous records of the Yazoo fraud. The inscription on the monument is as follows:

> JOSEPH W. JACKSON, youngest son of Gov. James Jackson, was born on 6th. of Dec., 1796, at Cedar Hill near Savannah, and departed this life on 29th. of Sept., 1854, a victim of the yellow fever.

GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON, the noted soldier, diplomat, statesman, and poet, who wrote "The Red Old Hills of Georgia," a nephew of the old Governor, sleeps in Bonaventure, but his first wife CORNELIA AUGUSTA DAVENPORT lies entombed in the Jackson lot in Laurel Grove. This lot adjoins the one on which Joseph W. Jackson is buried. Here, too, rests CORNELIA JACKSON BARROW, the second wife of UNITED STATES SENATOR POPE BARROW. His daughter FLORENCE BARCLAY BARROW also sleeps here, but the Senator himself is interred in the burial-ground of his ancestors, near the town of Lexington.

Longstreet's chief of staff, BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. MOXLEY SORREL, occupies one of the handsomest vaults in Laurel Grove. On the outer wall of the crypt which contains his mortal ashes may be read the following inscription:

> GEN. G. MOXLEY SORREL, U. S. Army of America. Chief of Staff, Longstreet Corps, Army of N. V. Later Brigade Commander in same. Feb. 23, 1838. Aug 10, 1901. "Et Virtute et Valore."

Another gallant Confederate officer who sleeps in Laurel Grove is BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE P. HARRISON, SR., whose son, GEORGE P. HARRISON, JR., held the same rank.

Under a handsome monument, near the Confederate reserve, rest the mortal ashes of Julian Hartridge, one of the most brilliant men of his day in public life. He served with distinction in the Confederate Congress, after a brief experience in the field with the Chatham Artillery; and subsequent to the war was twice elected to a seat in the National House of Representatives. While serving his second term in the latter high forum an illness, from which no one anticipated serious results, took an unexpected turn for the worse, ending in his death. As an advocate before a jury he possessed few equals. Though he held public office, his ambitions were not along political lines; and he even declined at one time a seat on the Supreme Bench of Georgia. Inscribed on his tomb is the following epitaph:

> JULIAN HARTRIDGE, member of the 44th. and 45th. Congress of the United States. Born Sept. 9th., 1829. Died, Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1879. Even when life promised most how many hopes have perished.

Bishop Stephen Elliott, the first Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Georgia, and the great leader and organizer of the church in this State, where he labored for more than twenty-five years, is included among the illustrious dead of Laurel Grove. He was a native of South Carolina and a son of the distinguished naturalist who bore the same name. Bishop Elliott was one of the founders of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn. He possessed a genius for organization equalled by few and surpassed by none. His labors were Herculean; and it was probably due to burdens which overtaxed his strength that he died at the age of sixty-one. His gifted son, Robert W. B. Elliott, became the first Bishop of Southwestern Texas. His daughter, Sarah Barnwell Elliott, is a brilliant writer. In almost every generation

this noted family has given birth to distinguished men. Bishop Elliott left a number of volumes to attest his varied intellectual activities; but the Episcopal Church of Georgia is his noblest monument. The Bishop's grave is somewhat uniquely marked. Upon a brick foundation rests a heavy slab of gray granite, which in turn supports a superstructure of red granite, rectangular in shape to a height of nine inches, when it assumes something of a Gothic curve, culminating at the roof in a Gothic cross, of slender proportions, which extends the entire length of the tomb. At the head, is chiseled the Bishop's mitre. On the sides there are other emblems of the Church of England. The inscription is in Latin, lettered in old English characters. Consequently it is difficult to read. Here is the inscription:

> STEPHANUS ELLIOTT. d. g. epis. Georgianus primus. Ob. in pace Jehu S. Thomas festo MDCCCLXVI. Aet. LXI.

COLONEL CHARLES A. LAMAR, one of the owners of the famous slave-ship "Wanderer" and a gallant Confederate soldier, who fell near Columbus, Ga., in one of the last battles of the war, sleeps under a handsome monument of marble, designed in imitation of a broken column, draped at the top. The inscription on the monument reads:

> CHARLES A. L. LAMAR. Born in Savannah, April 1, 1824. Killed during the fight at Columbus, April 16, 1865.

At his side reposes his beloved wife, CAROLINE AGNES, who survived him until 1902. In the same lot, which is shaped in the form of a triangle, sleeps his gifted son-in-law, one of the most magnetic orators known to the

public life of Georgia since the war; at one time also a strong minority candidate for the Senate of the United States. The inscription on the neat granite headstone reads as follows:

> FLEMING GRANTLAND DU BIGNON....July 25, 1853. Nov. 19. 1909.

In the close neighborhood of the Lamar lot sleeps JOHN MILLEN, a distinguished member of the Savannah bar, for whom the town of Millen in this State was named. He was elected to a seat in the United States Congress, but death overtook him before he could assume the honors for which he was so well fitted by reason of his great talents. The grave is marked by a most substantial shaft of marble, on which the following inscription is chiseled:

> Sacred to the memory of JOHN MILLEN, son of George and Margaret Millen. Representative-Elect from Georgia in the Congress of the United States, who died in Savannah, October 15, 1843, in the 39th. year of his age.

On the left side of the tomb appears this epitaph:

> Possessing a mind of no ordinary character and a heart warm and enthusiastic, COL. MILLEN filled the stations of son, brother, and friend surpassed by none, thereby ensuring to his mental worth and noble qualifications a remembrance that will ever live and be cherished in the hearts of those who mourn his loss. "Oh tyrant, who shall snap thy bow or stay thy arrow when they have been leveled at the heart of thy victim?"

Over the Gettysburg dead, in the Confederate area, stands a monument which attracts much attention from visitors. It is a beautifully carved statue of Silence

mounted upon a handsome pedestal of marble. The inscription upon the west side reads:

> "To the Confederate Dead. Here rest till Roll Call the Men of Gettysburg."

On the other sides of the pedestal appropriate verses are inscribed. The luxuriant ivy which clusters at the base was brought from Gettysburg with the dead who sleep around the monument.

To mention by name only some of the many other distinguished Georgians who sleep in Laurel Grove, the list includes: JUDGE JAMES M. WAYNE, for thirty years an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and for three successive terms a member of Congress; JUDGE EDWARD J. HARDEN, a noted jurist, who wrote the "Life of George M. Troup;" GEORGE W. OWENS, a former member of the National House of Representatives; MAJOR WM. P. BOWEN, to whose initiative was due in large measure the monument in Savannah to Count Pulaski; JUDGE WM. B. FLEMING and JUDGE JOHN C. NICHOLLS, both noted jurists and former members of Congress; WILLIAM LAW, one of the most celebrated lawyers of the late ante-bellum period; JEREMIAH L. CUYLER and RICHARD R. CUYLER, both noted railway pioneers and eminent members of the bar; THOMAS PURSE, the first superintendent of the Central of Georgia; JUDGE ALEXANDER PRATT ADAMS, a brilliant young jurist, whose early death at the age of forty-one, while in the prime of his intellectual powers, was a bereavement to the State; GEORGE W. STILES, ISRAEL K. TEFFT, DR. JAMES P. SCREVEN; DR. JOACHIM R. SAUSSY, a distinguished victim of the yellow fever in the epidemic of 1854; DR. EDWARD H. MYERS, a noted Methodist divine, who perished in the same fatal scourge; JOHN J. KELLY, GEORGE B. CUMMING,

Major John Foley, Dr. William R. Waring, Dr. James J. Waring, Dr. Cosmo P. Richardson, Charles N. West, William H. Bulloch, William B. Bulloch, Dr. William G. Bulloch, George W. Stiles, Rev. Henry Kollock, D. D., John Y. Noel, George Anderson, Edward G. Anderson, John Boston, Dr. John Clay Habersham, and a host of others whose names are still fragrant around the hearthstones of Savannah and in the hearts of Georgians.

Catholic Cemetery, Savannah

Situated on the road to Thunderbolt, two miles from the city, this handsome necropolis was established in 1853 by the Savannah Catholics. Here lies entombed the first Bishop of the Diocese of Savannah—the Right Reverend F. X. Gartland, whose memory is today revered by thousands, irrespective of creed. He died a victim of the yellow fever in the great plague of 1854. Bishop Barron, who held a foreign jurisdiction, is likewise buried here. He, too, perished in the fearful scourge of the same year. Bishop Barry, who, broken in health by his arduous labors, went abroad to recoup his strength, but died in the city of Paris, where he was the special guest of the Archbishop, is also buried here. He was first laid to rest in Pere-la-Chaise; but, at the request of his parishioners, he was brought back to Savannah for final interment by the side of his revered predecessor. Here also sleeps the beloved Bishop Becker.

Old Jewish Burial Ground, Savannah

On Guerard Street, near the Union Station, is the old Jewish burial-ground of Savannah. It contains the tomb of the noted Mordecai Sheftall, one of the earliest pioneer residents of the town, who donated this tract of

land to his people for burial purposes. Here also rests Sheftall Sheftall. Father and son—they were both patriots of the Revolution, and both men of the most exalted character.

St. Paul's, Augusta

The church-yard of old St. Paul's, in Augusta, is thickly sown with historic dust. It is not alone the burial-place, but the cradle, of the ancient town, reaching back to the earliest pioneer days. The site of the primitive little fort which was here built by order of Oglethorpe, in 1736, is today marked by a handsome Celtic cross, in the extreme rear of the church-yard, overlooking the Savannah River. On the beautiful grass-covered lawn, underneath the shade of trees, some of which are more than two centuries old, may be seen a number of rare monuments; but the ancient edifice itself is, in many respects, the most precious of Augusta's sacred heir-looms and memorials.

It marks the spot where Christianity was first planted in the wilderness of upper Georgia; and the name of the pioneer evangel, therefore, is an appropriate one for it to bear. The ashes of the great soldier-bishop, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK, repose underneath the sanctuary of the church. His wife sleeps beside him. Here, too, rest the mortal remains of two of the beloved rectors of St. Paul's—Dr. Edward E. Ford and Dr. William H. Clarke. Mr. Richard Tubman, one of the most generous of Augusta's public-spirited citizens, likewise occupies a crypt underneath the house of worship. There are also costly memorials within the edifice to United States Senator John P. King, for forty years president of the Georgia Railroad; to Captain John Carter, an officer in the Continental Army, who was the first senior warden of the parish after the Revolution, and to other distinguished residents of the town.

When the burial-ground was made a battle-field, in 1781, the oldest monuments were destroyed; but there are quite a number of memorials in the church-yard which have reached the century mark. On the left of the historic edifice there is only one grave of special note, but around it clusters a wealth of fragrant associations. Here sleeps the famous inventor who, twelve months before the keel of Fulton's boat began to plow the Hudson, was successfully applying steam to navigation on the waters of the same stream which his grave today overlooks. He died the victim of adverse fortunes; and in the simple epitaph inscribed on the time-worn slab above him there is a world of pathos. It reads:

> Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM LONGSTREET who departed this life, September 1, 1814, aged 54 years, 10 months, and 26 days. "All the days of the afflicted are evil; but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

William Longstreet was the father of the celebrated Judge Augustus B. Longstreet, who wrote "Georgia Scenes." He was also the grandfather of the no less distinguished General James Longstreet—Lee's old War-Horse.

Perhaps the tomb which attracts the chief interest on the part of visitors to St. Paul's is the tomb of old Governor George Mathews, in the area of ground to the right of the church. An officer of note during the Revolution, he is credited with having saved the American army from rout at the battle of Brandywine. He was notoriously a bad speller. At one time he wanted to thrash John Adams. While Governor of Georgia he committed the fatal blunder of approving the Yazoo Act. His grave is covered by an old-fashioned box of marble, on which the following inscription is recorded:

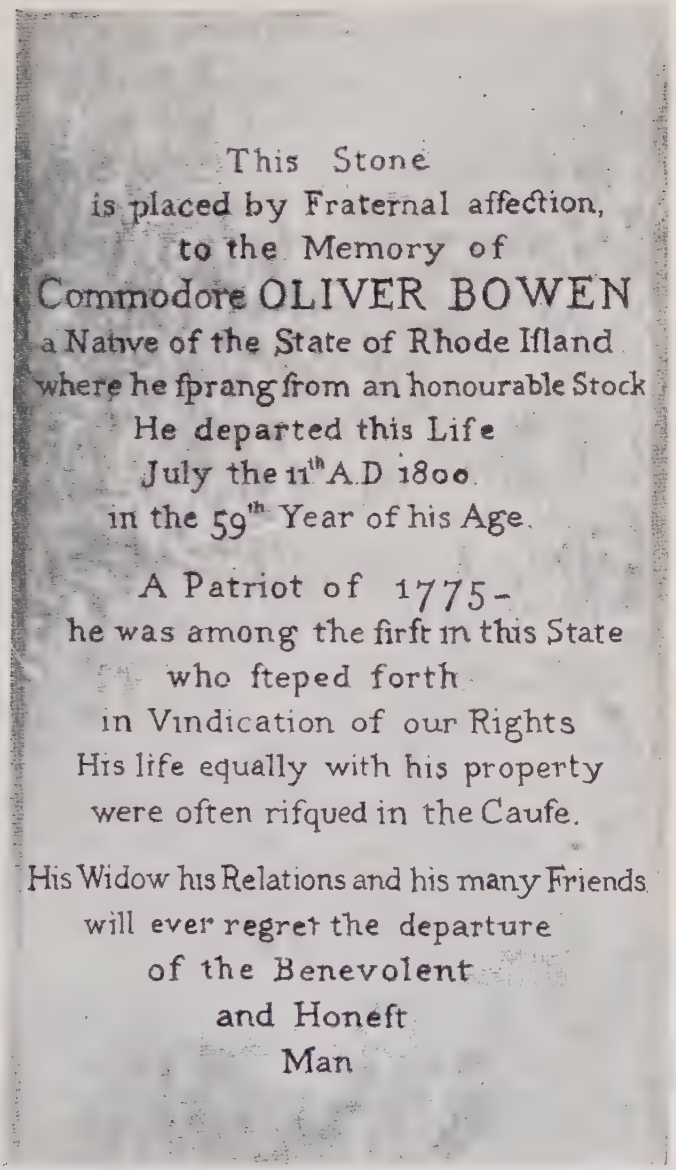
> In memory of GENERAL GEORGE MATHEWS, who died 30 of August, 1812, in the 73rd. year of his age.

Next to Governor Mathews, in a similar tomb, sleeps ROBERT FORSYTH, the father of Georgia's illustrious statesman, Hon. John Forsyth. He was killed by the notorious Beverly Allen, whom he was seeking to arrest, while United States marshal for the District of Georgia. The following epitaph is inscribed on the tomb:

> Sacred to the memory of ROBERT FORSYTH, Federal Marshal of Georgia, who, in the discharge of the duties of his office, fell a victim to his respect for the laws of his country and his resolution in support of them, on the 11th. of January 1794, in the 40th. year of his age. His virtues as an officer of rank and unusual confidence in the war which gave independence to the United States and in all the tender and endearing relations of social life have left impressions on his country and friends more durably engraved than this monument.

Underneath a horizontal slab of marble, in the foreground of the church-yard, lie the ashes of the gallant naval officer who commanded the very first vessel commissioned during the American Revolution. On account of the recognized priority of his claims in this respect, he has sometimes been styled by pre-eminence, the "Admiral of the American Navy." The inscription on the slab is as follows:

> This stone is placed by fraternal affection to the memory of COMMODORE OLIVER BOWEN, a native of the State of Rhode Island, where he sprang from an honorable stock. He departed this life, July the 11th. A. D. 1800, in the 59th. year of his age. A patriot of 1775, he was among the first in this State who stepped forth in Vindication of our Rights. His life equally with his property was often risked in the Cause. His widow, his relations, and his many friends will ever regret the departure of the Benevolent and Honest Man.


This Stone
is placed by Fraternal affection,
to the Memory of
Commodore OLIVER BOWEN
a Native of the State of Rhode Iſland
where he ſprang from an honourable Stock
He departed this Life
July the 11th A.D 1800.
in the 59th Year of his Age.
A Patriot of 1775-
he was among the firſt in this State
who ſteped forth
in Vindication of our Rights
His life equally with his property
were often rifqued in the Caufe.
His Widow his Relations and his many Friends
will ever regret the departure
of the Benevolent
and Honeſt
Man

HORIZONTAL SLAB OVER THE TOMB OF COMMODORE OLIVER BOWEN, AUGUSTA, GA.

Commodore Bowen, at the outbreak of the Revolution, was a resident of Savannah. Most of his life was spent on the ocean front; and how he came to be buried in Augusta is unknown. Dr. Chauncey C. Williams, a former rector of the parish, in speaking of his services to the cause of independence, makes this statement:

"When Washington was at Cambridge and powerless to dislodge Lord Howe from Boston, because he had no ammunition, Commodore Bowen, by a clever and daring attack, captured a shipload of gunpowder off Savannah. One-half of this was sent to General Washington, and enabled him to drive the British out of Boston. It may almost be said, therefore, that this man, buried in St. Paul's church-yard, made the success of the Revolution possible."*

Bordering upon the main walk, just within the gate, is the last resting place of Colonel Ambrose Gordon, a soldier of the Revolution and an officer in the State troops. He was the father of William Washington Gordon, the first president of the Central of Georgia, for whom Gordon County, in this State, was named. The monument over him is cubical in shape, built somewhat in the fashion of an urn. The inscription reads as follows:

> Sacred to the memory of COLONEL AMBROSE GORDON, who, in the various relations of life, discharged his duty with fidelity and diligence. He was born in the State of New Jersey, on the 28th. of June 1751 and departed this life in the State of Georgia, on the 28th. of Jan., 1804, aged 53 years.

William Thompson, an officer of the Revolution, sleeps in a grave near Governor Mathews. His tomb bears the

*The Story of St. Paul's Church, Augusta, Ga., A. D. 1750-1796, p. 7, a pamphlet.

insignia of the Order of the Cincinnati. Inscribed on the surface of the marble box is the following record:

> Here lies the body of WILLIAM THOMPSON, Esq., who was an Officer in the 9th. Pennsylvania Regt. of the late American Army from its formation in 1776 to its dissolution and amongst his American Brethren made an Offering of his Blood on the Altar of Liberty. He departed this life on 19th. day of March, 1794, Aged 45 Years. And as a testimony of her regret and in remembrance of him, his disconsolate Widow hath caused this Stone to be placed as a covering to his bed of rest.

Near the east wall of the church is buried SEABORN JONES, an uncle of the Congressman who bore the same name. He was the first speaker of the House of Assembly after the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789. His grave is marked by a massive square column, inscribed as follows:

> SEABORN JONES. Born at Halifax, N. C., June 15, 1759. Died at Augusta, Ga., July 24, 1815. Aet at 56. Eminent as a jurist, a Christian without guile, a man without reproach.

GEORGE STEPTOE WASHINGTON, a nephew of General Washington, died in Augusta on January 10, 1809, and was buried in St. Paul's church-yard, but there is no stone to mark the spot. On the east side of the church is the grave of the first Presbyterian minister in Augusta, the REVEREND WASHINGTON MCKNIGHT. It is a fact of some interest that St. Paul's, though an Episcopal Church, was leased by the town authorities, in 1804, to the Presbyterians. This grew out of complications, which are elsewhere discussed. The property was in part restored to the Episcopalians in 1818.

Summerville, Augusta

Some of Georgia's most distinguished dead—including Governors, United States Senators, Congressmen, judges, editors, historians, and men of eminence in every sphere of usefulness—lie buried on the Sand Hills, near Augusta. The land for the cemetery was deeded to the village of Summerville by Thomas Cumming, Esq., and an Act to incorporate the trustees of this burial-ground was approved by Governor Troup, on November 21, 1823. Mr. Cumming was the first intendant of the town of Augusta, and the first president of Georgia's oldest bank. His grave, near the center of the burial-ground, is marked by a substantial monument, from which we learn that he was born on May 30, 1765, and died on March 6, 1834.

Several members of his family sleep near him. One of these, a son, WILLIAM CUMMING, was a gallant soldier of the War of 1812, holding the rank of colonel in the United States army. He afterwards declined a brigadier-general's commission from President Jackson, and a major-general's commission from President Polk. In 1822 he was drawn into a duel with the famous George McDuffie, of South Carolina, an affair in which the latter was severely wounded. The inscription on the monument to WILLIAM CUMMING reads as follows:

> In memory of WILLIAM CUMMING, eldest son of Thomas and Ann Cumming, born Savannah, July 27, 1786, died, Augusta, Feb. 18, 1863. Distinguished by rare mental endowments and varied knowledge, his services as a soldier and his high sense of honor commanded the respect of his comrades-in-arms, while his acknowledged worth as a citizen, his integrity and truth, commanded for him esteem and confidence in the community and State, in which was passed a long life.

Not far removed, there stands a shaft to GENERAL ALFRED CUMMING, an early Mayor of Augusta, who after-

wards became Governor of Utah. Inscribed on his monument is the following epitaph:

> In memory of ALFRED CUMMING. Born at Summerville, Sept. 4, 1802. Died at the same place, Oct. 9, 1873. Aged 71 years.
>
> (Side)
>
> As mayor of the city of Augusta, during the epidemic of 1839, he rendered services that were gratefully acknowledged by his fellow-citizens. As Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Governor of Utah, he administered these trusts of the general government with courage and humanity, integrity and fidelity. In the relations of private life, a man of kindly, strong and generous affections.

In a lot immediately adjoining, sleeps HENRY HARFORD CUMMING, one of the ablest lawyers of his day in Georgia, to whose vigorous initiative is largely due the Augusta Canal. The following epitaph is inscribed upon his tombstone:

> In memory of HENRY HARFORD CUMMING, dear to his family as the devoted husband, the tender father; honored in this community as the distinguished lawyer, the good citizen, the faithful friend, the fearless defender of the right, the peerless gentleman. Born, Oct. 15, 1799. Died, April 14, 1866.

Two distinguished sons sleep near him, JULIAN, a man of rare gifts, who gave his life to the Confederacy, and GENERAL ALFRED CUMMING, a distinguished com-

manding officer on the Confederate side in the late Civil War. On the tomb of the former is inscribed:

> His life, rich in the promises which a rare intellect and a generous heart could give, he offered for his country; wounded and captured at Gettysburg, a martyred patriot, he died a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, March 8, 1864. He breathed his latest breath among foes and strangers; he sleeps here in the midst of friends and kindred.

GENERAL ALFRED CUMMING, nephew and namesake of the distinguished Governor of Utah, sleeps under a handsome headstone, on which the following inscription is lettered:

> ALFRED CUMMING. Born, January 30, 1829. Died, Dec., 5, 1910. God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.
>
> (Rear)
>
> ALFRED, son of Henry Hartford and Julia Ann Cumming. A Graduate of the West Point Military Academy and Brigadier-General of the Army of the Confederate States.

DR. HARFORD MONTGOMERY CUMMING, an accomplished young physician, and a soldier of the Confederacy, who died at the age of thirty-four, is also buried in this area.

Underneath a square headstone, in a remote corner of the cemetery, sleeps the widow of William Longstreet, a noted inventor, who anticipated Robert Fulton in applying steam to navigation. She was the grandmother of the noted Confederate general—Lee's "Old War-Horse." The inscription on her tomb reads:

> Sacred to the memory of HANNAH LONGSTREET. She was born in Monmouth Co., N. J., March 23, 1765 and died on the Sand Hills, Feb. 12, 1837. "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."

JUDGE EBENEZER STARNES, a distinguished jurist, is buried here.

Marked by a huge block of solid granite is the last resting place of MOSES WADLEY, one of the railway pioneers of this State, long president of the Central of Georgia. The monument bears this inscription:

> MOSES WADLEY. Brantwood, N. H., April 29, 1822. Sand Hills, Ga., Jan. 6, 1887. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

There is a monument in this cemetery to GENERAL W. W. MONTGOMERY, though his ashes repose elsewhere. The following epitaph is inscribed on the monument:

> In memory of GEN. W. W. MONTGOMERY, who rests in the cemetery in Augusta, Ga. At the close of an honored life, his spirit returned to God who gave it, Sept. 5, 1847.

His son, JUDGE W. W. MONTGOMERY, sleeps in an unmarked grave on this same lot. His widow, to whom there is an inscription on the above monument, also rests here.

Underneath a horizontal slab, lifted some two feet above the ground, on marble pillars, rest the mortal ashes of an illustrious Georgian, the inscription upon whose tomb reads as follows:

> In memory of the HON. JOHN MILLEDGE, who departed this life on the 9th. of February, 1818, aged 61 years. The deceased was born in the city of Savannah and his political life is intimately connected with the history of Georgia.

Quite a simple epitaph for one who was both Governor of the State and United States Senator, who represented Georgia also in the National House of Representatives, who gave to the State University the land on which the present city of Athens is built, and whose name was conferred upon the historic town which remained for sixty years the seat of government.

Close to Governor Milledge sleeps an honored Georgian, upon whom, as chairman of the famous Secession Convention, of 1861, devolved the duty of pronouncing Georgia "free, sovereign and independent." He filled the high office of Governor of the State, represented Georgia in Congress, and held the portfolio of war in the Cabinet of President Taylor. There is nothing whatever to mark the grave in which he lies; but the lot is enclosed by an iron railing, and on the gate is lettered the illustrious name:

GEORGE W. CRAWFORD

The distinguished Governor of the State who bore the executive seal of Georgia into exile rather than see it profaned by military usurpers in the days of Reconstruction, also sleeps here. His grave is marked by a handsome shaft of brown granite, on which may be read the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of HON. CHARLES J. JENKINS. Died June, 13, 1883. Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, 1860-1865. Governor of Georgia, 1865-1868. In arduis fidelis.

The Latin motto quoted in the epitaph was stamped upon the handsome gold medal presented to him by the State of Georgia. Translated it means "faithful in

hardships." The medal was a facsimile reproduction of the original seal which he rescued.

Further down the same walk, some fifty feet from the Jenkins lot, is a grave covered with an old-fashioned box of marble, well preserved, but yellow with age, on which appears the following record:

> Sacred to the memory of ALFRED CUTHBERT. Born in the city of Savannah, Dec. 23, 1785. Died in Jasper Co., Ga., July 9, 1856, in the 71st. year of his age.

His wife, Sarah Cuthbert, sleeps beside him. Mr. Cuthbert represented Georgia with distinction in the Senate of the United States. He also served for a number of years in the national House of Representatives. His brother, John A. Cuthbert, a distinguished Congressman and jurist, removed from Georgia to Alabama, where the last years of his life were spent.

Georgia's foremost historian, COLONEL CHARLES C. JONES, JR., a gentleman of profound scholarship, of tireless research, of elegant manners, and of rare gifts of oratory, also sleeps here, under a handsome granite stone, surmounted by an artistic cross of marble. The inscription on the monument reads:

> CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR. Born, Savannah, Ga., Oct. 28, 1831. Died, Summerville, Ga., July 19, 1893.

Beside him sleeps his beloved wife. The lot is bordered by four beautiful cedars, one at each corner.

Included among the other distinguished Georgians who rest in this little cemetery on the Sand Hills may be mentioned: H. H. HICKMAN, PLEASANT STOVALL, GEORGE T. STOVALL; JUDGE ROBERT FALLIGANT, a distinguished jurist, long a resident of Savannah, whose father fought under the first Napoleon and emigrated to America after the battle of Waterloo; JOSEPH GANAHL, a representative member of the Georgia bar; and a number of others.

The Arsenal, Augusta

When the United States Government purchased the tract of land near Summerville, on which the present Arsenal is located, it assumed an obligation to preserve the private burial-ground of the Walker family, some of the members of which are included among the most distinguished of Georgians. The little area of ground has been enclosed by a high wooden fence, but the brambles of late years have been allowed to overrun it; and some of the tombs, under an accumulated mass of dead leaves, in a thick tangle-wood of bushes, have moldered to such an extent that the inscriptions on them can hardly be deciphered. One of these is the tomb of MAJOR FREEMAN WALKER, for whom Walker County, in this State, was named. The epitaph on the raised horizontal slab has been almost completely effaced; but happily this inscription, which came from the pen of Richard Henry Wilde, the famous poet and member of Congress, who wrote the "Summer Rose," has been preserved in White's Statistics of Georgia. It reads as follows:

> Consecrated to the cherished memory and mortal relics of FREEMAN WALKER, an able and successful advocate, a graceful and fluent speaker. His influence as a Statesman, his reputation as an Orator, his urbanity as a gentleman, were embellished and endeared by social and domestic virtues. Long a distinguished Member of

(Continued)

the Bar, often elected to the Legislature of the State, he at length became one of her Senators in Congress, and retired after two years of honorable service, to resume a profitable profession which he practiced with untiring industry and unblemished character, until shortly before his death. Generous, Hospitable, and Humane, of cheerful temper and familiar manners, he was idolized by his family, beloved by his friends, and admired by his countrymen. Even party spirit, in his favor, forgot something of its bitterness, and those who differed from the politician did justice to the man. Born in Virginia, in October, 1780, his brilliant and useful life was terminated by a pulmonary complaint, on the 23rd. day of September, 1827, in the 47th. year of his age.

One of the most distinguished soldiers of the Civil War, MAJOR-GENERAL WM. H. T. WALKER, who lost his life in the battle of Atlanta, on July 22nd, 1864, is also buried in this little enclosure of ground. His grave is handsomely marked with a monument of white marble, on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

MAJOR-GENERAL WM. H. T. WALKER. Born in Augusta, Ga., Nov. 26, 1816. Killed in the Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

"His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest;
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

Some few feet distant sleeps his gallant brother, GENERAL VALENTINE WALKER, under a neat memorial stone.

Further down the main walk repose the mortal ashes of the most celebrated woman of her day and time: MADAM OCTAVIA WALTON LEVERT. Her mother was a member of the Walker family; and, after the death of Dr. LeVert, she removed from her former home in Mobile, Ala., to the Sand Hills, near Augusta, where the last years of her life were passed. The grave of Madam LeVert is in the corner of a lot, surrounded by an iron fence and overarched by a number of beautiful shade trees. The ornamental headstone over her last resting place is somewhat discolored, but the inscription is still quite distinct:

> OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT. Born, August 11, 1811. Died, Mar. 12, 1877. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

On the same lot is buried her daughter, Cara Netta Reab, who died at the age of thirty; also two grandchildren. Madam LeVert was the granddaughter of George Walton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence for Georgia, and the daughter of George Walton, Governor of the Territory of Florida. She spoke fluently several different languages, traveled extensively over Europe, where she met the crowned heads, published a delightful volume entitled, "Souvenirs of Travel," and was for years the best-known woman in the social life of America.

City Cemetery, Augusta

On the main driveway of Augusta's city cemetery, in what is called "Poet's Row," sleep the mortal ashes of three noted Georgia poets. The first of the trio is the author of the greatest war song ever written. His grave is a bed of flowers bordered with marble, and marked by a neat headstone, of ornamental design, on which the

artist has chiseled a cross, emblematic of the author's deep religious faith. The inscription reads:

> JAMES RYDER RANDALL. Born in Baltimore, Md., Jan., 1, 1839. Died in Augusta, Ga., Jan. 15, 1908. Author of "My Maryland."

Though a native of the State with whose name his matchless anthem is forever entwined, Mr. Randall spent the greater part of his life in Augusta, where he occupied an editorial chair on the *Chronicle*. He was also at one time the Washington correspondent of this paper, and still later the private secretary of Congressman W. H. Fleming. It is quite a coincidence that while Maryland has given to Georgia one of her greatest poets, Georgia, in turn, has given one of her greatest poets to Maryland. Sidney Lanier, who wrote "The Song of the Chattahoochee" and "The Marshes of Glynn," sleeps in an ivy-covered grave, otherwise unmarked, on the Turnbull lot, in Green Mount Cemetery, in Baltimore.

Just a few feet beyond the Randall lot stands a tall marble slab, on which the signs of age are quite apparent. It marks the last resting place of the celebrated poet, historian, orator, and Member of Congress, RICHARD HENRY WILDE. The grave is bordered with brick, and chiseled upon the time-worn slab is the simple epitaph:

> RICHARD HENRY WILDE. Born, Sept. 24, 1789. Died Sept., 10, 1847.

His celebrated poem, "The Summer Rose," is one of the great American classics. The opening lines are familiar to every one—

> My life is like the summer rose
> That opens to the morning sky,
> But ere the shades of evening close
> Is scattered on the ground to die.

Mr. Wilde fell a victim to the yellow fever in the city of New Orleans. Defeated for re-election to Congress, after a long period of service, he took up his abode in the Louisiana metropolis. His remains were brought back to Georgia and for a number of years reposed in a grave on the Sand Hills. The following account of the re-interment is taken from an old file of the *Augusta Chronicle*:

"Yesterday a party of ladies and gentlemen drove to the Sand Hills to witness the disinterment of the remains of the illustrious Richard Henry Wilde. The soil was light and easily yielded to the spade. Almost without a flaw as to location the original limits of the grave were disclosed. The wooden box containing the zinc or lead coffin had crumbled away, leaving only fragments of rotten timber. The metal case had shrunk, leaving only the outlines of the skeleton. A small orifice, at one end, revealed the shoes worn by the deceased, in an excellent state of preservation. By some mistake, at the time of burial, the head was placed to the east, facing westward. This is not the case now. The poet sleeps with his face to the sunlit east in our cemetery, awaiting the resurrection. The grave of Wilde will no longer be remote or neglected. It will be lovingly decorated, and, at no distant day, appropriately marked. The summer rose will bloom upon it, and many a pilgrim will journey toward it as one of the Meccas of the mind."

Adjoining the lot in which the poet Wilde lies buried is the grave of PAUL H. HAYNE, the Southern laureate. There is nothing in the way of a headstone to mark the last resting-place of this bay-crowned prince of song, but the lot is most exquisitely kept; and in this respect, when visited by the writer, in the spring of 1912, it contrasted most decidedly with the lot next to it, which holds the tamented dust of Wilde. The area in which the poet Hayne sleeps is beautifully planted in flowers. The grave

itself is neatly covered with brick, and at the head stands a luxuriant rose bush. Perhaps it is just the sort of a monument which the poet himself might have chosen. There is something about it which suggests the fragrant breath of his own songs. He loved the woods and the fields; and, far removed from the city's din, his little nest of a home at Copse Hill was couched among the verdant pines. In the absence of an epitaph, the flowers above him seemed to whisper:

"In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
The wild-rose and the violet."

In a different part of the cemetery, on a lot encompassed by an iron railing, stands a massive monument of marble. It marks the last resting place of a distinguished lawyer and legislator, for whom one of the counties of the State has been named. Inscribed on the monument is the following epitaph:

ANDREW J. MILLER. Born in Camden County, March 21, 1806. Died in Augusta, Feb. 3, 1856. His life was devoted to the service of his fellow-men, to whom his family and kindred commit the guardianship of his fame.

On one of the sides is this inscription:

The Oglethorpe Infantry to their lamented commander. "In him the elements were so mixed that nature might stand up and say to all the world—this was a man."

Judge Miller served in the General Assembly for more than twenty years. Throughout this entire period, he was the champion of a measure reserving to the married woman her separate property rights. He failed to see his favorite bill crystallized into law, for the reason that old legal customs do not readily yield; but ten years after his death it became a statute, and is today embedded in the Constitution of Georgia.

Within a very short distance of the tomb of Judge Miller sleeps a noted soldier of the Seminole Indian wars, who afterwards represented Georgia in Congress, and whose name was conferred upon one of the counties of the State in recognition of his distinguished services: GENERAL THOMAS GLASCOCK. The inscription on his monument was written by the celebrated Judge Longstreet, a warm personal friend. It reads as follows:

> Sacred to the memory of GEN THOMAS GLASCOCK. Born Oct., 21, 1790. Died May 19, 1841. He was for many years a member of the Legislature of Georgia. At one time Speaker of the House of Representatives. Twice elected to Congress, once as the candidate of both political parties, on account of distinguished services at a former session. A Captain of Volunteers, he served in the War of 1812 with England. A Brigadier General, he served in the Seminole War of 1817 under General Jackson. He retired from public life and a short time before his death removed to Decatur, in DeKalb County, intending to spend the remainder of his days in the practice of his profession, the Law, where he was suddenly cut off by a fall from his horse. As an advocate, he was eminently successful. As a speaker, he was highly popular. As husband and father, he was deeply beloved for his unchanging kindness, his devoted and enthusiastic affection. To the poor and the unfortunate, to the widow and the orphan, he was a protector and a friend. His heart was full of charity to his species. His soul abounded with good-will to man, and his best epitaph is written on the hearts that experienced his friendship and knew his love.

On this same lot, underneath a well-preserved marble box, sleeps HON. WM. GLASCOCK, Speaker of the House of Assembly during the Revolution. His wife's grave is marked by a similar memorial. JUDGE WM. TRACY GOULD and JUDGE WM. W. HOLT are buried in the same area, and each grave is substantially marked.

There is also in this part of the cemetery a monument which possesses a two-fold interest. It marks the last resting-place of an old Revolutionary patriot, who reached a phenomenal age. The inscription on the tombstone reads as follows:

> JOHN MARTIN, a soldier of the Revolution, died in Augusta, Georgia, 14th February, 1843. Aged 105 years. He served in the Cherokee war of 1755 and was ounded in the head by a tomahawk. He served through the whole of the Revolutionary War with honor. A tribute of respect by the ladies of Augusta.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT, one of Georgia's most distinguished soldiers, is buried in the Town Cemetery of Augusta. He commanded a famous division during the Civil War, after which he became an editor of note. At the time of his death he was Congressman-elect from the Eighth Congressional District. The inscription on his monument reads:

> To the memory of AMBROSE RANSOM WRIGHT, Major-General C. S. A. and member-elect of the Forty-Second Congress. Born in Jefferson County, Ga., April 6, 1826. Died in Augusta, Ga., December 21, 1872.

The last resting-place of Victor J. B. Girardy, a native of France, who fell near Richmond, Va., at the head of his brigade, fighting for the liberties of the South, is marked by a neat monument. He died at the age of 26. Three of his comrades, GOODE BRYAN, J. K. JACKSON, and M. A. STOVALL, all brigade commanders, sleep near by in unmarked graves.

Underneath a monument, yellow with age, in a corner of the cemetery, near the tomb of Judge Miller, sleeps a soldier of the Revolution: CAPTAIN DANIEL MAC-

MURPHY. For a number of years he represented Richmond in the General Assembly of Georgia. The old patriot's monument is inscribed as follows:

> Sacred to the memory of CAPT. DANIEL MACMURPHY, who died Oct. 27, 1819. Aged 82 years. Born in Antrim, Ireland, he came to Georgia in 1756, identified himself with the colony and served his country during the Revolutionary War as soldier and legislator.
>
> Also to the memory of his wife, SUSANNAH, who assisted in taking care of the wounded, after the battles of Eutaw and Guildford.

DR. WM. HENRY DOUGHTY, one of the most distinguished surgeons of Augusta, is buried in this cemetery, where his grave is marked by four handsome columns, forming a portal, enclosed within which there is a marble urn, resting upon a granite base. There are several inscriptions on the monument, as follows:

> (Front)
>
> WM. HENRY DOUGHTY, M. D.
>
> (Side)
>
> His profound and resourceful knowledge of medicine and skill in the practice, his kindliness of disposition, his strict integrity and unvarying devotion to every duty, won for him the respect and esteem of his colleagues, the confidence of the community and the love of all who knew him.
>
> (Rear)
>
> Born Feb. 5, 1836, in this city, where he gave fifty years of faithful service as a physician, as a steadfast Christian, a valued member of the faculty of the Medical College of Georgia, and a writer of valuable scientific treatises, he served his generation, and in the midst of his activities was called to rest eternal, March 27, 1905.
>
> (Side)
>
> He rendered meritorious service to the Confederacy as surgeon at various points.

On a mound of ivy, not far removed from the Doughty monument, there stands a handsome granite memorial to DR. LOUIS A. DUGAS, another distinguished surgeon and physician, whose brief inscription reads thus:

> LOUIS ALEXANDER DUGAS. Born Jan. 3, 1806. Died Oct. 19, 1884.

Marked by a simple granite headstone, facing one of the main driveways, in the center of the cemetery, is the grave of a noted jurist: JUDGE CLAIBORNE SNEAD. The inscription lettered upon the headstone reads:

> CLAIBORNE SNEAD. Mar. 31, 1836. Jan. 25, 1909. A Confederate Soldier.

There is also a family monument in the center of the lot.

Over the grave of DR. JOSEPH A. EVE, one of the most beloved physicians of Augusta, there stands a handsome granite shaft surmounted by an urn. The monument is inscribed as follows:

> (Front)
>
> In memory of DR. JOSEPH ADAMS EVE, M. D., LL. D. Aug. 1, 1805. Jan. 6, 1886.
>
> (Side)
>
> Majestic in form, noble in mind, tender in heart, and pure in life. Gentle, generous and true. Our father, who was honored among men, revered by the people, and devotedly beloved by our mother, consecrated his many days to the service of humanity and, having walked with God, ended his glorious life, in the fulness of divine joy.

Just beyond the Barron vault, there stands a handsome marble monument to DR. PAUL F. EVE, the greater part of whose professional life was spent in Nashville,

Tenn. When a student abroad, Dr. Eve distinguished himself in the service of Poland, for which he was awarded a badge of honor. His epitaph reads:

> PAUL FITZSIMMONS EVE, M. D. Born, 27th June, 1806. Died, 3rd Nov., 1877. His professional motto was: "The Lord healeth all our diseases."

Underneath a handsome marble monument, surmounted by an urn, sleeps one of the great industrial captains of Augusta: WILLIAM C. SIBLEY, to whose constructive genius and wise management is due in large measure the wonderful growth of the famous Sibley Mills. On his tombstone the following epitaph is inscribed:

> Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM CRAWFORD SIBLEY. Born May 3, 1832. Died April 17, 1902. A good citizen. A patriot of the Southern Confederacy. A man devoted to his family. A Christian strong in faith and faithful to duty.

Only a few feet distant from the Sibley lot rest the mortal ashes of a noted editor, whose pen was long a power in the journalistic ranks of Georgia: JAMES GARDNER, for years editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*. The inscription on his monument reads:

> In memory of JAMES GARDNER. Born in Augusta, Ga., Jan. 28, 1813. Died at his residence, near his birth-place, Oct. 7, 1874.
>
> (Side)
>
> His culture and integrity illustrated his State in her prosperity; his wisdom in council and manhood in danger sustained her in adversity.

James Gardner filled a large place in the history of his times. He presided over the famous Convention which renominated Herschel V. Johnson for Governor in 1855, and was himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination to this high office in 1857, missing the coveted goal by only a few votes. His pen was a scepter of power in the politics of Georgia.

Beneath a weeping willow, which makes a beautiful canopy over his grave, sleeps one of the most beloved of Augustans. Perhaps his best monument is to be found in the great city whose material wealth he helped to create. He was also for years a power in State politics, and was permitted near the close of his long career of public service to occupy a seat in the American Senate. His fame as an editor will long endure; and when many a native-born son of the State is forgotten the memory of this genial Irishman will still be green in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. The violet-bordered grave is marked by an ornamental cross of marble, on which the following simple record is inscribed:

PATRICK WALSH. Born Jan. 1, 1840. Died Mar. 19, 1899.

On a handsome box of Scotch marble, in a square not far removed from the grave of Andrew J. Miller, is inscribed the following epitaph:

Sacred to the memory of BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. D. SMITH. July 28, 1825. Oct. 4, 1862. A gallant soldier. An accomplished gentleman. An earnest Christian. He died for his country.

Under a neat headstone of granite sleeps the gallant chief of artillery in Longstreet's corps, afterwards distinguished as an editor, a railroad builder, and a man of affairs. The inscription on his tomb is as follows:

> In memory of EDWARD PORTER ALEXANDER. Born in Washington, Ga., May 26, 1835. Died in Savannah, Ga., April 26, 1910. Graduate of West Point Academy into Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Brigadier-General, C. S. A. Chief of Artillery, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.

Nearby is the grave of JOHN S. DAVIDSON, one of the most distinguished masons of his day, at one time President of the Senate of Georgia. The spot is marked by a most substantial monument of granite, surmounted by a cross. Inscribed on the handsome stone is the following epitaph:

> JOHN SHELDON DAVIDSON. Born June 17, 1846. Died March 11, 1894. President of Senate, 1886-1887. Grand-Master Free and Accepted Masons. He was a man among men and a mason among masons.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the cemetery is the immense square vault of granite, in which lie entombed the ashes of the noted gambler, WYLLY BARRON, who owned and operated in Augusta for years an establishment which was famous throughout the land. It was a sort of Monte Carlo, at which some of the wealthiest ante-bellum planters of the old regime were often seen. In spite of certain grave faults, he was a man of chivalrous manners and of high ideals, belonging to a peculiar type which has long since passed away, called "the gentleman gambler." On more than one oc-

casion he is said to have refunded the money lost at his tables, especially where the loser was an inexperienced youth. He lived to be an octogenarian, but lost the bulk of his fortune long before his death. The vault was probably built by him in the height of prosperity, for when the end came he is said to have been penniless. The inscription over the door of the vault is as follows:

> "Farewell, vain world, I have enough of thee
> And now am careless what thou sayest of me;
> Thy smiles I court not nor thy frowns I fear;
> My cares are past, my head lies quiet here.
> What faults you know in me take care to shun
> And look at home, enough there's to be done."

Then follows this record:

> W. W. BARRON. Born in Elbert Co., Oct. 8, 1807.
> Died Dec. 19, 1884. Aged 88 years.

There is some discrepancy in these figures, but they have been copied literally from the inscription on the tomb.

Judge Richard H. Clark has given us an excellent pen picture of Wylly Barron. Says he, in an interview which appeared at the time of the latter's death: "I possess no personal acquaintance with Wylly Barron, but he was often seen at the watering-places and in the principal cities of Georgia. He was among the most distinguished looking men in his prime I ever saw. Tall and slender, he appeared to be more than six feet high, and carried himself like a prince. His hair was black, his complexion of the typical brunette kind, which suggested Spanish or Italian blood. He dressed elegantly, gave strict observance to the minutest details of fashion, and adorned himself with ornaments, including diamonds and other precious gems. His whole make-up was impressive—even picturesque. It is said that he would never permit minors to play at his tables, nor young men known

to have large amounts in trust, like cashiers and tellers. Byron writes of the Corsair as having one virtue linked with a thousand crimes. May not that be changed, so that a man, though a gambler, may have a thousand virtues linked to one crime. The best of human nature may be only lower than the angels; and the worst only a little above the devils; and between the two there is an infinite variety."

———

DR. JAMES S. LAMAR, D. D., LL. D., a distinguished theologian, father of Hon. Joseph R. Lamar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, occupies a grave in this favorite burial ground of Augusta; and on the handsome marble box which covers his last resting place is inscribed:

> In memory of JAMES S. LAMAR. Born in Gwinnett Co., Ga., May 13, 1829. Died in Augusta, Ga., Jan. 20, 1908. A student. A writer. A minister of God.

———

To mention by name only some of the many other distinguished Georgians who sleep within the quiet precincts of this beautiful city of the dead, the list includes: Congressman George T. Barnes, Judge Wm. T. Gary, Colonel John D. Twiggs, George R. Sibley, Dr. Eugene Foster, Thomas Glascock Barrett, Wm. Hale Barrett, Edward F. Clayton, John Phinizy, Dr. Louis D. Ford, Dr. H. H. Steiner, Porter Fleming, Frank H. Miller, Dr. James Bayard Walker, Major McP. Berrien Eve, Captain Francis Edgeworth Jones, Foster Blodgett, Josiah Sibley, Amory Sibley, and a host of others. Quite a number of Augusta's dead here sleep in splendid mausoleums, some beneath towering monuments of massive stone. Perhaps there are few cemeteries in which may be seen finer specimens of the sculptor's art.

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Old Midway, Liberty County

Perhaps nowhere in America can there be found a cemetery of equal area which is richer in historic dust than the little burial-ground of the famous Midway settlement. It is situated on the old military road between Savannah and Darien, at a point some forty miles distant from each town. As a place of interment it has long since been abandoned. The little house of worship, whose spire rises above the tree tops, on the opposite side of the road, echoes but once a year to the tread of human feet; and the section for miles around is almost as destitute of life as the little grave-yard itself. But here, at one time, centered the most prosperous rural community in Georgia. Men of large means, who cultivated great rice plantations, who accumulated libraries, who built schools, and to whom religion was ever the chief concern peopled the district, and here, on the frontier belt of the wilderness, in the ordinary intercourse of daily life, they displayed a refinement which was not to be surpassed in the aristocratic suburbs of London. The little burial-ground embraces less than two acres; but from 1752 to 1865 something like 1,200 persons died in the immediate settlement, according to the church records, most of whom presumably were buried here. Within the sacred enclosure rest one Governor, one United States Senator, two generals of the Revolution, one commodore, one scientist of world-wide reputation, one diplomat, and eleven ministers of the Gospel, besides an army of devout believers in the Word of God. It was not until 1813 that the brick walls enclosing the ancient burial-ground at Midway were completed; and, despite the century of time which has since elapsed, the masonry is still intact. The grave-yard is swept by magnificent live oaks, the youngest of which cannot be less than two centuries old; and with the long pendent mosses drooping from the gnarled old limbs it is an ideal place of abode for the dead.

OLD MIDWAY CHURCH AND BURIAL-GROUND, LIBERTY COUNTY, GA.

Just to the right of the narrow gateway, by which the cemetery is entered, may be seen the family vault of United States Senator John Elliott, a structure of brick, well preserved. The distinguished statesman who sleeps here died in 1827, at the age of fifty-four. On a marble plate embedded in the front wall is this inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of JOHN ELLIOTT'S family. "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that he will stand at the latter day upon the earth."

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Under a large live oak, on the left of the main walk, is the grave of a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, for whom Georgia has named one of her counties. The ornamental slab was doubtless a work of art when first put here, but time has taken heavy toll of the once handsome memorial. Inscribed on the stone is the following record:

> GEN. DANIEL STEWART. Died May 27th, 1829. Aged 70 years.

General Stewart was an ancestor of ex-President Roosevelt. Crossing over to the opposite side of the walk, a small block of marble will be found in the northeast corner of the burial ground, which informs the visitor that somewhere near this spot lies buried another gallant officer of the first war for independence. The inscription is as follows:

> This stone marks the spot where, beside her renowned brother, GEN. JAMES SCREVEN, are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, formerly widow of Rev. Moses Allen, second pastor of Midway church.

Mrs. Lee died December 12, 1843, at the age of 85. The presumption is that her illustrious brother is buried

under the north wall of the grave-yard. It was while reconnoitering in the neighborhood of Midway Church, in the fall of 1778, that GENERAL SCREVEN was fatally shot from ambush. He fell within a mile and a half of where his ashes today rest. He died at the home of John Elliott, grandfather of the United States Senator. Screven County in this State was named for this revered martyr of the Revolution. It was not until forty years after the death of General Screven that the burial-ground was enclosed by brick walls, a fact which may serve to explain why it was that his grave, which was doubtless unmarked at the time, was covered in this manner. Mrs. Lee was probably the only person who knew the exact spot in which her brother was buried, and it may be that she failed to give directions in time for the boundary line to be altered. At any rate, it is certain that General Screven sleeps somewhere in this angle of the grave-yard.

Congress has recently appropriated the sum of $10,000 for a handsome monument to the two distinguished soldiers of the Revolution who are here buried. It will stand in the main walk, running from east to west, through the center of the cemetery; and to the left of the shaft will be General Stewart's grave—General Screven's to the right.

NATHAN BROWNSON, an early Governor of the State, a physician and a planter, is also numbered among the illustrious dead of Midway; but if his grave was ever marked the slab has long since crumbled.

LOUIS LE CONTE, a noted naturalist, who introduced the famous Le Conte pear, is buried here. His two sons,

John and Joseph Le Conte, both natives of the Midway settlement, became world-renowned scientists. They made the University of California famous. They sleep within a short distance of each other, in the cemetery at Oakland, Calif.

Marked by a plain headstone, near the west wall of the enclosure, is the grave of a noted diplomat and lawyer, Hon. John E. Ward. He accumulated three handsome fortunes during his life-time; but if the slab over him throws any light upon his means at the time of his death—at the age of 88—he must have been in reduced circumstances. The inscription reads:

> JOHN ELLIOTT WARD. Born Oct. 2, 1814. Died Nov. 29, 1902.

Mr. Ward was the first United States Minister to China after the opening of diplomatic relations with this port. On account of the demands of his law practice, he refused an appointment to the United States Senate, tendered him by Governor Cobb, in the early fifties; but accepted the chairmanship of the convention in Cincinnati which nominated James Buchanan for President. He opposed secession, and subsequent to the war removed to the city of New York, where he became one of the foremost members of the great metropolitan bar. Toward the close of his long career he returned to Midway to spend his last days amid the haunts of his youth; and, though he had built a stately vault in Laurel Grove at Savannah, he preferred to rest in an humble tomb at Midway, beside the bones of his ancestors.

Here sleeps the revered old patriarch, John Quarterman, from whose loins have sprung twenty-two ministers of the Gospel—four of them missionaries on the foreign field.

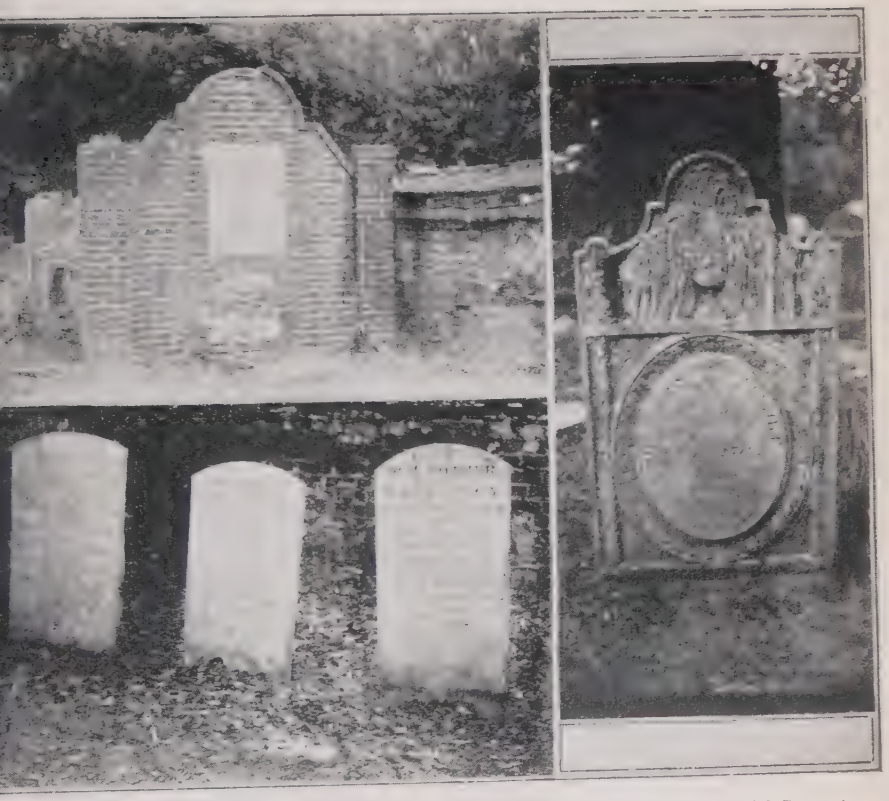
Near the grave of Mr. Ward, in box-covered tombs, ranged side by side, sleep the parents of UNITED STATES SENATOR AUGUSTUS O. BACON. The Senator's father was a gifted young Baptist minister of the county, who died in less than six months after his ordination. He was closely followed to the grave by his youthful wife, the latter only 21, the former barely 23, leaving the future Senator an orphan, at the tender age of two years.

COMMODORE JAMES MCKAY MCINTOSH occupies a grave in Midway, the modest slab over which bears the following inscription:

> HON. JAMES MCKAY MCINTOSH, a distinguished officer of the United States Navy. Born at Sunbury, Liberty County., Ga., Nov. 10, 1792. Died while in command of the navy yard at Pensacola, Sept. 1, 1860.

To the left of the main walk, near the east wall of the enclosure, there stands a handsome old monument which no one visiting the little burial ground should fail to observe. It marks the grave of JOHN LAMBERT. According to tradition, he seems to have been a waif, found under a bridge on Lambert's Causeway, in South Carolina; hence the name Lambert which he bore. He was reared by an aged couple, who gave him a pair of chickens with which to begin life; and on this modest foundation he built a neat fortune. In 1838, the estate which he willed to the church, after making a number of legacies, was sold for $40,000, and the amount reinvested in securities. Mr. Lambert died in 1786, at the age of seventy years.

One of the largest live oaks on the coast of Georgia stands just within the north wall of the grave-yard. It



Tomb of Senator John Elliott

Burial Place of Gen. James Screven, indicated by headstone to the extreme left

Tomb of Gen. Daniel Stewart
Ancestor of Ex-President
Roosevelt

HISTORIC TOMBS IN THE OLD CHURCH-YARD AT MIDWAY.

is a majestic old monarch of the forest, measuring nineteen feet in circumference and covering at least a quarter of an acre of ground. Several families of the Midway settlement sleep in the shadow of this single tree. Close to the trunk may be seen the tomb of Dr. Abner Porter, a young physician, who took his own life, on February 6, 1808, by severing one of the femoral arteries. Disappointment in a love affair is said to have furnished the occasion for the rash act. He was only 34 years of age at the time of his death. The tomb has been lifted several inches by the increasing size of the roots.

Decidedly the most unique inscription to be found among the quaint epitaphs in this ancient burial-ground of the dead is the quatrain in which the Rev. Cyrus Gildersleeve has embalmed the many virtues of his beloved spouse. The inscription, chiseled upon the marble box, reads thus:

> "She, who in Jesus, sleeps beneath this tomb,
> Had Rachel's face and Leah's fruitful womb,
> Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,
> And Martha's care, with Mary's better part."

Dr. James Stacy, the historian of Midway Church, calls attention in his book to some of the curious monuments in the cemetery, made of cypress wood, some of which are still standing in the ground after the lapse of more than a century of time. Says he: "I have a piece of one of them now before me that stood in the ground from 1776 to 1889—one hundred and thirteen years, the interior portion being still hard and firm. For the past fifty years, the preservation of these pieces has excited the wonder and astonishment of every one who visits the ground."

To mention by name only the several ministers of the Gospel who sleep in the little cemetery at Midway, the list includes: REV. JOHN OSGOOD, the pioneer Congregational minister, who came with the colonists to the settlement; REV. STEPHEN HOYT, a Congregationalist;; REV. THOMAS S. WINN, a Baptist; REV. JAMES C. CROSBY, a Presbyterian; REV. AUGUSTUS O. BACON, a Baptist; REV. PETER WINN, a Presbyterian; REV. ROBERT QUARTERMAN, a Presbyterian; REV. SAMUEL J. CASSELS, a Presbyterian; REV. HENRY J. STEVENS, a Baptist; REV. MOSES WAY, a Methodist; and REV. CHARLES C. JONES, D. D., a Presbyterian. The last-named minister devoted his life largely to evangelistic work among the negroes. He was the father of the distinguished antiquarian, historian and scholar, COLONEL CHARLES C. JONES, JR., of Augusta.

Old Cemetery, Louisville

Though Louisville was the State Capital for only ten years, there lived here in the early days a number of distinguished residents. In what is called the old cemetery of the town is the grave of a famous soldier and statesman, who, unhappily for his fame, became identified with the notorious Yazoo Act, of 1795, by which Georgia, for a mere pittance, agreed to cede her western lands. The inscription on the tomb reads:

> Here lies the body of BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES GUNN, who died on the 30th day of July, 1801, aged 48 years, 4 months, and 17 days.

His former colleague in the United States Senate and his bitter political adversary, GENERAL JAMES JACKSON, who was chiefly instrumental in the repeal of the obnoxious measure, resided for a number of years in Louisville. The latter is buried in the Congressional Cemetery, in Washington, D. C., where he died in 1806.

after resuming the toga. It may be said in justice to the memory of General Gunn that some of the foremost public men of the day were concerned in the Yazoo land deals, among them Patrick Henry, of Virginia; Thomas Glascock, of Georgia; and other patriots of the Revolution. They regarded the transaction purely in the light of a business matter. There were no railroads in those days. It seemed hardly within the bounds of reason to expect any expansion of the State's populated area to a region so remote; and the lands for this reason were comparatively worthless.

In the opinion of Colonel N. J. Hammond, a noted lawyer and a former member of Congress, the course of General Jackson in assailing the Yazoo Act was in the nature of a play to the grand stand; but in the light of subsequent developments it made him a hero.* General Gunn's death, in 1801, was probably hastened by the unpleasant notoriety to which he was subjected.

Just a few feet distant from the tomb of General Gunn lie the mortal remains of a noted jurist, who, in addition to serving Georgia on the bench, illustrated the State in Congress. He was the first bearer of a name which three generations of his family have enriched with honor. Inscribed on this tomb in the old cemetery is the following epitaph:

> Sacred to the memory of the HON. ROGER L. GAMBLE, who died on the 20th day of December, 1847, aged Sixty years. Industry, Perseverance, and Integrity raised the deceased from the humbler walks of life to a position of eminence and usefulness. He served the country as a Commissioned Officer in the last war with Great Britain, as a prominent member of the Legislature of Georgia, as a Representative in the Congress of the United States, and as a Judge of the Superior Court of his native State. In the latter years of his life he served his Maker as an elder of the Presbyterian Faith in the church militant.

*Georgia Driftwood, a paper read before the Georgia Bar Association at Warm Springs, Ga., July 2, 1896, p. 17, pamphlet.

New Cemetery, Louisville

Underneath a handsome shaft of Georgia granite, in the new cemetery at Louisville, so called to distinguish it from the ancient burial-ground in another part of the town, repose the remains of an honored citizen of Georgia, who served the State in the high office of Governor, in the Senate of the Confederate States, and on the Superior Court Bench. He was also a candidate, in 1860, for Vice-President of the United States, on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglass. The monument rests upon a mound, in the center of a lot enclosed by an iron fence; and inscribed upon the stone is the following simple record:

> EX-GOVERNOR HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON. Born in Burke Co., Ga., Sept. 18, 1812. Died in Jefferson Co., Ga., Aug. 16, 1880.

His wife, whose maiden name was ANN F. POLK, sleeps underneath the mound beside him. She was a relative of President James K. Polk, and a lady of rare social charms. Mrs. Johnson was three years her husband's senior. She was a native of Somerset County, Md., where she was born October 10, 1809. Her father was the Hon. William Polk, of Maryland; but she was the widow Walker at the time of her marriage to Governor Johnson.

The grave of JUDGE ROGER L. GAMBLE, a noted jurist, born 1829, died 1893, is marked by a substantial monument. His father, who bore the same name, also a noted jurist and a member of Congress, sleeps in the old cemetery; while his son, who likewise bore the ancestral name, a distinguished occupant of the bench, died in 1912. He sleeps not far from his honored father.

One of the most exquisite epitaphs to be found in any burial-ground in the State is inscribed upon a handsome monument of marble erected here to HENRY GREGORY WRIGHT. He was a brother of MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE R. WRIGHT and an uncle of Georgia's present Comptroller-General, WILLIAM A. WRIGHT. There was at one time an editorial writer on the staff of the *Augusta Chronicle* who bore the same name, but he was a nephew, General Wright's son. The epitaph reads:

> HENRY GREGORY WRIGHT. Born July 9, 1830. Died May 3, 1904. Whatever of human fault was in him, leaned to virtue's side. His faith in the substance of religion never faltered. The shadows he never pursued.

On the opposite side:

> Never husband or father loved more or was more beloved. In civic virtue he was of a chastity that an untempted vestal might have envied; and thus did he earn the right to be hardly less proud of the enemies he made than of the friends he cherished. Successful in affairs, every achievement of his life was accomplished in the lofty spirit of Cato's noble words:
>
> "'Tis not in mortals to command success
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

Town Cemetery, Milledgeville

For a period of sixty years, Milledgeville was the seat of government. Dating back to the year 1807, when the State Legislature here met for the first time, this noted old town has been the permanent home of some of Georgia's most distinguished citizens. Less than a quarter of a mile from the ancient Gothic structure, on Capitol hill, in which the law-making power of the State once assembled—today a hall of learning for the youth of Georgia—lies the little cemetery, on the outskirts of the

town; and few strangers visit Milledgeville without taking the shaded highway of oaks which leads to God's acre, there to spend a quiet hour, communing with the State's illustrious dead and trying to decipher some of the quaint epitaphs upon the old tombs.

Perhaps the earliest memorial reared to a man of note is the monument which marks the last resting-place of GENERAL JETT THOMAS, for whom Thomas County in this State was named. It was originally a fine specimen of white Vermont marble, but the withering touch of time has long since turned the handsome column to a deep yellow; so much so, indeed, that the almost completely obliterated inscription can hardly be read—

> Sacred to the memory of GEN. JETT THOMAS, who was born May 18, in the year of our Lord, 1776, and departed this life, Jan. 26, 1817. Aged 40 years, 7 months, and 24 days.

General Thomas was the builder of the State Capitol at Milledgeville. He was given the rank of Major-General for his bravery as Captain Jett Thomas in the War of 1812. The Legislature of Georgia also presented him with a Major-General's hat, sword, and sash. The last named article was worn by his grandson, Lieutenant Jett Thomas Howard, a gallant Confederate officer, throughout the entire war, from 1861 to 1865.

Only a few feet removed from the Thomas lot is a weather-beaten obelisk under which reposes the elder JUDGE L. Q. C. LAMAR, father of the renowned jurist and statesman, who bore the same odd name. Though still short of thirty-seven, at the time of his death, the distinguished Georgian who sleeps here was styled "the

great Judge Lamar." Inscribed on the monument is the following somewhat lengthy epitaph:

> Sacred to the memory of LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, late Judge of the Superior Court of the Ocmulgee circuit, who during a brief service of five years discharged the duties of that high office with probity, firmness, assiduity, and unquestionable reputation. The devoted love of his family, the ardent attachment of personal friends, the admiration of the Bar, and the universal approbation of his enlightened administration of justice, attest the goodness and eminence of one arrested by death too early in the bright and useful career in which he had been placed by his native State. Born July 15, 1797. Died July 4, 1834.

Judge Lamar died the tragic victim of melancholia, on a day celebrated with rejoicing as the anniversary of the nation's birth. His illustrious son is said also to have contemplated self-destruction, when depressed in spirit by conditions which followed the close of the Civil War; but a calmer mood at length prevailed, and he lived to become a United States Senator, a member of President Cleveland's first Cabinet, and finally an occupant of the Supreme Bench of the nation. This statement is made on the authority of the latter's son-in-law, Dr. Edward Mayes, former chancellor of the University of Mississippi.*

Marked by a handsome monument in this same part of the cemetery is the grave of DR. TOMLINSON FORT, a distinguished physician and former member of Congress.

Underneath a time-worn box of marble, in a lot not far removed from Dr. Tomlinson's sleeps a Governor of the State whose administration was tossed upon a

*Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Life, Times and Speeches, 1825-1893, by Edward Mayes, LL. D., pp. 166-168, Nashville, 1896.

troubled sea. But he acquitted himself with credit in this high office, and toward the close of his second term voluntarily relinquished the public service. Mitchell County was named in his honor; also Fort Mitchell, a stronghold erected during the Indian wars, on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, near Columbus. Inscribed on the marble box is the following record:

> In memory of DAVID BRYDIE MITCHELL. Senator from the County of Baldwin and former Governor of Georgia. Born near Nuthil, Perthshire, Scotland, 22nd Oct. 1766. Died in Milledgeville, Ga., 22nd April, 1837. This stone is erected by vote of the Legislature of Georgia.

SEATON GRANTLAND, a noted editor and a former member of Congress, grandfather of the late FLEMING G. DUBIGNON, sleeps under a massive structure of stone, on which the following brief record is inscribed:

> SEATON GRANTLAND. Born in New Kent Co., Va., June 8th, 1782. Died at Woodville, Ga., Oct. 18th, 1864. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Psalms 37: 37.

Near the Grantland lot, in a box-covered tomb, repose the ashes of a victim who came to his death in a singular manner. The inscription on the discolored marble top reads:

> To the memory of JAMES D. ALLMAN, who died on the 16th of July, 1845, from the accidental discharge of a cannon at the funeral obsequies of General Jackson. Honest, mirthful, and beloved, he acquired the title of Crockett. It lives with his memory.

Underneath a massive granite headstone, handsomely sculptured, lie the mortal remains of a gallant officer who perished on the field of battle; but who attained while still a mere youth the stars of a Brigadier-General. Inscribed on the handsome block of granite is the following epitaph:

> Erected by his old comrades of the 4th regiment of Georgia Volunteers, A. N. V., in honor of BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE DOLES, killed in battle, at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Crowned with early fadeless laurels, he lies sleeping upon this sacred spot where love is keeping his honored dust.

One of the costliest memorials in the cemetery marks the last resting-place of LEONIDAS JORDAN, a wealthy ante-bellum planter and man of affairs. Another elegant shaft of marble adorns the grave of ZACHARIAH LAMAR, a distinguished former resident of Milledgeville, the father-in-law of GOVERNOR HOWELL COBB. The list of noted dead who sleep here includes also JUDGE THOMAS P. CARNES, an eminent jurist for whom the town of Carnesville was named; JUDGE IVERSON L. HARRIS, a former occupant of the Supreme Court Bench; BRIGADIER-GENERAL BRYAN M. THOMAS, a distinguished Confederate officer; HON. NATHAN C. BARNETT, Georgia's secretary of State for nearly forty years; RICHARD MCALLISTER ORME, one of Georgia's pioneer editors, who, with Seaton Grantland, founded the famous *Southern Recorder,* and who remained for years at the editorial helm; AUGUSTUS H. KENAN, a member of the Confederate Congress and a noted lawyer; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN M. BROWN, who fell in the battle of Atlanta, a brother of Georgia's war Governor; DR. J. HARRIS CHAPPELL, the first president of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College; JUDGE DANIEL B. SANFORD, a distinguished jurist and soldier, long the ordinary of Baldwin County, in whose honor the

local camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans was named; and a host of others, including members of the General Assembly who died while serving the State at Milledgeville, and to whom the State erected substantial monuments.

Rest Haven, Washington

Within a stone's throw of the gate, beneath a massive monument of white marble, perhaps the loftiest shaft in this beautiful city of the dead, sleeps the great Mirabeau of Secession: ROBERT TOOMBS. There is nothing in the way of an epitaph upon the monument, but at the base of the column, in large Roman letters, is chiseled a name forever radiant in the annals of Georgia:

TOOMBS

On the left side of the monument appears this inscription:

ROBERT TOOMBS. July 2, 1810. Dec. 15, 1885.

Beside him sleeps his beloved companion to whom, amid the turmoils of public life, he once wrote: "I begin to be more anxious to see you than to save the republic. The old Roman Anthony threw away an empire rather than abandon Cleopatra, and the world called him an idiot; but I begin to think he was the wiser man and the world was well lost for love."

Just off the main driveway, not far from the Toombs lot, sleeps a pioneer resident of Washington, distinguished for frequent commissions with which he was entrusted to negotiate with the Cherokee and Creek Indians and for his early championship of the cause of female education:

Duncan G. Campbell. One of the counties of Georgia bears his name; and, in after years, his son, Judge John A. Campbell, occupied a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States. Col. Campbell died while still comparatively a young man. He was first buried on his plantation, near Washington, but his body was afterwards taken up and reinterred in Rest Haven. On a horizontal grave cover, resting upon a brick foundation, in the center of the lot, is inscribed the following epitaph:

> To the memory of COL. DUNCAN G. CAMPBELL, who died July 31, 1826. Aged 41. His talents were given to his country, his property to his friends, his affections to his family, and his soul to God. Respected, beloved, and lamented, he lived and died an honest man, a true Patriot and a sincere Christian.

Judge Garnett Andrews, who presided for years on the Bench of the Northern Circuit and who wrote a delightful little book entitled "Reminiscences of an Old-time Georgia Lawyer," a work of rare value, which throws some important side-lights upon the early history of this State, is buried in Rest Haven. The substantial monument which marks his last resting place is inscribed as follows:

> GARNETT ANDREWS. Born Oct. 30, 1798. Died, August 13, 1873. Judge of the Superior Courts of the Northern Circuit of Georgia 24 years.

Besides the above mentioned Georgians, the list of distinguished dead buried in this cemetery includes: Gen. Dudley Dubose, formerly a Confederate Brigade Commander and a member of Congress, who married a daugh-

ter of General Toombs; DR. MORGAN CALLAWAY, for years a professor of English at Emory College; DR. MARSHALL ANDREWS, a beloved physician of the town, whose monument was erected by the people of Wilkes; ELIZA A. BOWEN, a noted educator and historian; NICHOLAS WILEY, a pioneer citizen of large means; FATHER JAMES O'BRIEN, founder of the Orphans Home for Catholic Children; and scores of others, including the Popes, the Hills, the Alexanders, the Simpsons, and the Winns.

Smyrna Church-Yard, Eight Miles From Washington

Eight miles from Washington, on the old Lincolnton Road, stands Smyrna Church, in the rear of which there is an old burial-ground of rare historic interest. It contains some of the most precious dust of this State, reaching back to Revolutionary times, and there is hardly an equivalent area of ground north of St. Paul's Church, in Augusta, in which so many splendid old pioneers sleep. Smyrna Church was organized by the Presbyterians early in the last century; but with the decreasing numbers of this denomination it eventually became the property of the Baptists.

Here, in an unmarked grave, lies JOHN TALBOT, perhaps the most extensive owner of wild lands in the State of Georgia. The land for the church, including a tract of five acres, was donated by this wealthy pioneer. On the eve of the Revolution, he acquired in this region of the State, a tract of land, embracing 50,000 acres. He came originally from Virginia, and was a scion of the aristocratic old Talbot family of England.

His son, MATTHEW TALBOT, became an honored chief executive of this State. There is a well-preserved monu-

ment over the grave of Governor Talbot on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

> Sacred to the memory of MATTHEW TALBOT, who was born July 24, 1795, and died March 14, 1855. Aged 59 years, 7 months, and 10 days.

Near by sleeps THOMAS TALBOT, an elder brother. The inscription upon his tombstone reads:

> Sacred to the memory of THOMAS TALBOT, who died Sept. 1, 1853. Aged 86 years.

Two soldiers of the Revolution lie here buried: COL. DAVID CRESWELL, an officer on Gen. Greene's staff, and MAJOR FRANCIS TRIPLETT, of Virginia. The former married John Talbot's daughter, Phoebe; the latter his daughter, Mary Williston. COL. WM. JONES, an officer of the War of 1812, is also buried at Smyrna. He married Elizabeth Conway Talbot, a daughter of Thomas Talbot. SAMUEL BARNETT, cashier of the old branch bank of the State of Georgia sleeps in Smyrna church-yard under a handsome monument. There is also an ancient headstone which marks the grave of an early Congressman. It bears the following inscription:

> WILLIAM BARNETT departed this life Oct. 25, 1834. Aged 86 years and 11 months.

Presbyterian Cemetery, Lexington

In the Presbyterian Cemetery, at Lexington, occupying the center of a square enclosed by a heavy iron fence, on the gateway to which is marked "Gilmer," stands a shaft of Italian marble, some ten feet in height. It rests upon a horizontal slab of granite, which covers completely the grave beneath, and the only inscription upon the monument is the one which follows, giving the name of the great statesman who here slumbers, together with the dates which tell when his career began and ended:

> George R. Gilmer. Born April the 11th, A. D., 1790. Died November the 16th, A. D., 1859.

On either side of the monument there are two handsome marble urns. To the right of the Governor's grave sleeps a kinsman, whose last resting-place is covered by a box of marble; while to the left there is a vacant space which was intended for Mrs. Gilmer, but the Governor's devoted wife survived him by a number of years, and, dying while on a visit to relatives in Virginia, was buried near the home of her childhood. Shrubs and evergreens adorn the section, bespeaking the tender care which she bestowed upon it in by-gone days.

Several yards in front of the Gilmer lot, is another square enclosed in like manner, on the gateway to which is marked "Upson"; and the handsome shaft of Italian marble contains the following simple but sufficient inscription:

> Stephen Upson. Died August, 1824. In his 40th year.

There is a modesty refreshing to the reader in both of these epitaphs, neither of which in the slightest degree

hints of the part which the illustrious dead played in the drama of events; but when the muse of history is eloquent the marble needs no lengthened scroll. The Upson lot is beautified by a number of rose bushes, which, throughout the summer months, burden the air with perfume; but in the annals of his adopted State the name of this lamented Georgian is not less fragrant. For dying at the early age of forty, without official prestige, there was enough to his credit in the way of solid achievement to justify the creation of a county in his honor.

Two unmarked graves in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Lexington contain the ashes of noted men. One of these is Carlisle McKinley, a gifted poet, without a reference to whom no anthology of Southern literature is complete. The other is the Rev. John Newton, who founded the oldest Presbyterian Church in the Synod of Georgia and whose unmarked grave at Lexington is a reproach to the great denomination for whose subsequent growth and power in Georgia he laid the foundations in pioneer days.

Town Cemetery, Greensboro

In the center of the beautiful cemetery at Greensboro, there is a horizontal tablet of marble, on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

> Sacred to the memory of the Honorable Thomas W. Cobb, who departed this life on Monday, February 1, 1830, in the 46th year of his age. He had been at successive periods a Representative and Senator in the Congress of the United States and was at the time of death a Judge of the Superior Courts of the State of Georgia. In his domestic circle, he was fond and affectionate; as a friend, honorable and sincere; as a statesman, independent and inflexible; as a judge, pure and incorruptible; amiable in private and useful in public life. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Not far distant from the grave of Judge Cobb, there stands an obelisk of white marble, which, notwithstanding the lapse of more than fifty years, is exceedingly well preserved. It marks the last resting-place of another eminent Georgian. The inscription on this monument is as follows:

(West)

William C. Dawson was born on the 4th day of January, 1798, and died on the 6th day of May, 1856. Bred to the Bar, he entered upon his profession in 1818 and prosecuted it successfully until his death.

(South)

In 1830, by order of the General Assembly, he compiled the Statutes of Georgia. In 1845, he was appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Ocmulgee Circuit, declining a candidacy, at the expiration of his term. He represented his native county of Greene in the Legislature for a number of years, and the State of Georgia in the representative branch of Congress, from December 1836, to November 1841. In November, 1847, he was elected a Senator from Georgia in the Congress of the Union and discharged the duties of the place for the constitutional term of six years.

(East)

He was an ablé jurist, an eloquent advocate, and an upright judge. Cautious, practical, and independent, he commanded confidence by frankness of his manners, purity of his motives, and candor of his counsel.

(North)

The State of Georgia honors his memory for his fidelity to her numerous trusts, his neighbors cherish it because he was kind and liberal to them, his family revere it because as husband, parent, and master, he was affectionate, considerate, gentle, and true.

The wife of Judge Dawson sleeps beside him. Her grave is marked by a monument somewhat similar in design.

Underneath a massive monument of white marble, sleeps a renowned jurist of the ante-bellum period:

Judge Francis H. Cone. In 1844, Judge Cone became involved in a personal difficulty with Alexander H. Stephens, on the steps of the old Thompson Hotel in Atlanta, the sensational character of which has somewhat overshadowed his prestige at the Bar and on the Bench, but the fact remains that he was one of the ablest jurists of his day in Georgia. On each side of the monument, there is a carefully-worded inscription, dealing with some particular phase of his career. These, taken separately, read as follows:

(Front)

Our Father. In memory of HON. FRANCIS H. CONE, who was born on the 5th of September, 1797, and died on the 18th of May, 1859. Erected by his children.

(Side)

A lawyer, able, acute, diligent, learned, he attained confessedly to the front rank of his profession, with no superior, if any equals. A judge at that time, upon the highest judicial Bench of the State, he inaugurated numerous practical reforms, approved and followed to this day and, though no reporter preserved his decisions, Tradition at the Bar will long retain the memory of his administration.

(Rear)

He sought not political honors and sat but once in the Legislative Halls of his adopted State. Yet this brief term as a Legislator was improved by the preparation and adoption of such various and important reforms in the Law that they alone would entitle him to the grateful remembrance of the people he served.

(Side)

In domestic and social life, he was most happy and beloved: an indulgent father, a merciful master, a loyal friend, and a genial companion. By his ready wit, by his flowing conversation, by his universal charity and his kind disposition, he enchained the attention, claimed the admiration, and won the affections of all who knew him.

Almost within the shadow of the Cone monument, rest the mortal ashes of a noted pioneer educator and minister of the gospel, DR. FRANCIS CUMMINS, whose memory still abides in upper Georgia like a fragrant incense. He was the first Presbyterian minister to preach in Greene County. On the horizontal slab which covers the grave of this devout pioneer is inscribed the following epitaph:

> THE REV. FRANCIS CUMMINS, D. D. Died, Feb. 22, 1852, in the 85th year of his age and the 53rd of his ministry, fully assured there remaineth a rest to the people of God.

His widow, SARAH CUMMINS, who attained to the same ripe age, is buried with her husband, in the same tomb.

The famous schism of 1844, in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, was due to the fact that when Bishop James O. Andrew married his second wife, a much beloved lady of Greensboro, he became the owner of slave property, with which he refused to part. Mrs. Andrew, the innocent cause of this upheaval, the result of which was the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, sleeps in this burial ground. Her grave is marked by a neat monument inscribed as follows:

> In memory of ANN LEONORA, wife of REV. BISHOP ANDREW. Born, July 26, 1801. Died at Oxford, June 10, 1854. As a wife, mother, step-mother, and mistress, she had no superior. As a Christian, diligent, humble, and conscientious. A bereaved husband and sorrowing children have inscribed this frail testimonial to her memory.

JUDGE HENRY T. LEWIS, a distinguished jurist, who served his State on the Supreme Court Bench, is buried here. In the famous Chicago Convention, of 1896, Judge

Lewis, as the chosen spokesman of the Georgia delegation, placed William J. Bryan in nomination. On the handsome granite headstone is lettered the following epitaph:

> HENRY THOMAS LEWIS. 1847-1903. Associate Justice, Supreme Court of Georgia, 1897-1902. A faithful and able advocate. A learned and upright judge. Withal a kindly gentleman and a true friend.

For years, with each successive session of the State Legislature, HON. THOMAS STOCKS, of Greensboro, was chosen to preside over the deliberations of the State Senate of Georgia. He was a power in public affairs, a zealous advocate of internal improvements, and one of the founders of Mercer University, to which he contributed largely of his means. On the neat monument which marks the grave of this pioneer citizen of Greensboro is chiseled an open Bible, underneath which the following epitaph is inscribed:

> THOMAS STOCKS. Born, Feb. 1, 1786. United with the Baptist Church, 1828. Died, Oct. 6, 1876. "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Acts, 11: 24.

Near the tomb of Senator Cobb, there stands an obelisk, yellow with time, which marks the last resting place of a soldier of the Revolution: JEREMIAH SANFORD. The inscription on the monument reads:

> JEREMIAH SANFORD. Born in Virginia, Nov. 4, 1739. Died, August 11, 1825. He was a soldier of the Revolution, a friend of Washington, and an honest man.

Oconee Cemetery, Athens

For more than forty years, the little cemetery on Jackson street, facing the University campus, was the sole burial ground of the town of Athens. Here rest DR. MOSES WADDELL, one of the greatest of the presidents of Franklin College; REV. HOPE HULL, one of the earliest of the local pioneers, and a host of others. In justice to these men, who blazed the way for the future town and who laid the foundations of the University, whose names—some of them at least—are household words in Georgia, it is deeply to be regretted that the little cemetery has been permitted of late years to become a thicket of weeds. The present beautiful burial ground of the city of Athens is most charmingly situated upon the banks of the Oconee River, on the extreme outskirts of the town. It comprises an extensive area of land; but when first opened in 1856 it embraced little more than twenty-five acres. To quote Mr. A. L. Hull, in his "Annals of Athens," it is one of the most beautiful of spots, "adorned by nature with forest trees, with vines covering hillsides, clinging to rocks and climbing the sombre pines, while at the foot of the hills the Oconee murmurs between banks redolent with honey-suckles and jessamines." Here a host of Georgia's distinguished men lie buried.

On the highest knoll in the cemetery sleeps GOVERNOR WILSON LUMPKIN. Except for a circular area of ground, somewhere near the center of which he is supposed to rest, there is nothing whatever to mark the grave of this illustrious Georgian. He served the State in the high office of Governor, in the popular branch of Congress, and in the United States Senate. He was also one of the pioneers of railway development in Georgia, and the present capital of the State was at one time called Marthasville in compliment to his daughter. Moreover, in honor of the old Governor himself one of the counties of the State was called Lumpkin. Much of the land embraced in the

present cemetery belonged at one time to his extensive plantation; and he sleeps today in sight of his old home place, Cedar Hill, where he resided for more than half a century. It seems like the irony of fate that he should fill an unmarked grave amid such surroundings. But after all could there be reared to him a memorial more appropriate than the verdant mausoleum in which he sleeps, where every leaf and twig and blade of grass recalls the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren:

"If you seek his monument, look around you."

Under a magnificent shaft of granite repose the mortal ashes of GENERAL HOWELL COBB, one of Georgia's most distinguished sons. His long list of public honors included the Speakership of the national House of Representatives, the treasury portfolio in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, the high office of Governor of the State, and the presidency of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States of America. He was also a Confederate Major-General. On the west side of the handsome monument is inscribed:

> HOWELL COBB, son of John Addison Cobb and his wife Sarah Rootes Cobb. Born, Cherry Hill, Jefferson Co., Ga., Sept. 7, 1815. Died, New York City, Oct. 9, 1868.

On the south side:

> Representative from Georgia in the Congress of the United States, 1843-1851, 1856-1857. Speaker of the House of Representatives, 31st Congress. Governor of the State of Georgia, 1857-1860. President of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States of America. Colonel 16th Regiment Georgia Volunteers, C. S. A. Brigadier-General, C. S. A. Major-General, C. S. A.

Beside him sleeps his beloved wife, MARY ANN LAMAR COBB; and in the same area lie buried JUDGE HOWELL COBB, his son and THOMAS R. R. COBB, his grandson. The latter was a young lawyer of the most brilliant promise, whose early death was a bereavement to the State. He was handsome, magnetic, and gifted.

In another part of the cemetery, on a large square lot, enclosed by an iron fence, stands a superb monument of marble. It marks the last resting place of one of Georgia's purest and greatest men—GENERAL THOMAS R. R. COBB, a brother of the distinguished Governor. It was due chiefly to the eloquent appeals of this one man that Georgia in 1861, adopted the ordinance of secession. Until this time he had never held a political office or made a political speech. His zeal in the cause of Southern independence, coupled with his deep religious nature, caused him to be likened to Peter the Hermit. He was the author of Cobb on Slavery, a masterpiece of legal literature, compiled before he was thirty-six. He was also one of the pioneers of the public school system in Georgia, and the founder of Lucy Cobb Institute. At the outbreak of the war, he organized and commanded Cobb's famous legion. He was killed by a shell at the battle of Fredericksburg; and his death was the occasion of a letter from General Lee, addressed to his brother, paying the highest tribute to his character as a soldier. Inscribed on the monument is the following brief record, in a list of the Cobb family names:

> THOMAS R. R. COBB. Born, April 16, 1823. Died, Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

CAPTAIN HENRY JACKSON, a distinguished member of the Georgia bar, with his sons, DAVENPORT, THOMAS COBB, and HENRY R. also sleep here; while in the same lot are

buried DR. JOHN GERDINE, a beloved physician of Athens; PROF. W. W. LUMPKIN, a son of the Chief Justice and a former professor of Belle Lettres in the University of Georgia; MR. A. L. HULL, for years secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees; besides other members of the same family connection.

In the lot adjacent sleeps COLONEL JOHN ADDISON COBB, one of the pioneer citizens of Athens, for whom the beautiful residence section known as Cobbham was named. He was the father of the two illustrious Confederate generals. The inscription on the handsome slab which marks his grave is as follows:

> COLONEL JOHN ADDISON COBB. Born 5th Jan., 1783. Died 23rd Nov., 1855. An affectionate husband, a kind, fond parent, a public spirited citizen, a friend to the friendless, a consistent Christian, he lived. Wept by his family, mourned by his friends, respected by all, without an enemy, in the triumph of faith, he died.

COLONEL WILLIAM H. JACKSON, who married MILDRED LEWIS, a sister of Colonel John Addison Cobb, is buried in this same lot. He was a member of the first graduating class of the State University and a son of the famous GOVERNOR JAMES JACKSON, of Savannah. The brief inscription on his tomb reads:

> COLONEL WILLIAM H. JACKSON. Born June 3, 1786. Died Aug. 8, 1875.

This distinguished Georgian died at the age of ninety. He served in the State Senate of Georgia and was for years a member of the board of trustees of his alma mater. Colonel Jackson was an eccentric old man and some time prior to his death he formally executed a deed of gift conveying to an old shade tree the area of ground

which lies immediately around it. This tree—perhaps the only freeholder of the kind in existence—is still standing in Athens, enclosed by an iron railing.

PROF. WILLIAMS RUTHERFORD, who married LAURA, a daughter of Colonel John Addison Cobb, is buried in this same enclosure, beside his wife. Here too sleeps his son, JOHN C. RUTHERFORD, a distinguished lawyer of Macon. Prof. Rutherford occupied for thirty-three years the chair of mathematics in the State University, his alma mater. His father was a classmate of Colonel Wm. H. Jackson, in the first class to graduate from old Franklin College. His daughter, MILDRED LEWIS, is the noted educator and historian.

Under a horizontal block of granite, in a corner of the Cobb lot, sleeps a gallant Georgian who perished on the field of battle. The inscription on the tomb reads:

> LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JEFFERSON MIRABEAU LAMAR, son of L. Q. C. Lamar and Sarah Byrd. Born in Milledgeville, Ga., Jan. 3, 1835. Died Sept. 15, 1862. He fell mortally wounded at the battle of Crampton's Gap, Maryland, leading Cobb's Georgia Legion. He was a true Southern gentleman, without fear and without reproach.

In the same part of the cemetery, perhaps a hundred feet distant from the Cobb lot, underneath a handsome granite stone, sleeps the immortal discoverer of anesthesia. Beside him sleeps his beloved wife; and the

monument erected to both, in the center of the square, contains the following inscription:

> CRAWFORD WILLIAMSON LONG, M. D. Born November 1, 1815. Died June 16, 1878. "My profession is to me a ministry from God." CAROLINE SWAIN LONG. Born December 14, 1825. Died September 23, 1888. "They rest in everlasting love."

Dr. Long's statue will eventually be placed by the State of Georgia in Statuary Hall, in Washington, D. C. At the University of Pennsylvania a handsome medallion of the great physician was recently unveiled. There hangs a life-size portrait of him on the walls of Georgia's State capitol.

On a small headstone, in a corner of the same lot with Dr. Long, are chiseled the initials "H. L. S." The little block of granite marks the grave of HENRI L. STUART, of New York. He presented to the State of Georgia in 1879 an oil painting of Dr. Long; and while on a visit to Athens, after attending the formal exercises of presentation, he died suddenly and was buried at his request on the lot with Dr. Long. He seems to have been without family ties or connections at the North.

Directly opposite the Long lot is the grave of DR. NATHAN HOYT, who for thirty-six years was pastor of the old First Presbyterian Church, of Athens. Dr. Hoyt was the grandfather of MRS. WOODROW WILSON. In this same part of the cemetery sleeps MAJOR WILLIAM S. GRADY, the father of the South's great editor and orator; also DR. CHARLES W. LANE, one of the most beloved pastors of Athens, the successor to Dr. Nathan Hoyt. Handsome monuments mark the graves of both of these divines; but

only a simple headstone tells where Major Grady lies buried.

Close to the river side in the center of a lot, somewhat overgrown with weeds, is a handsome family monument on the base of which is inscribed:

> WADDELL

Here lie buried two distinguished educators, JAMES P. WADDELL and WILLIAM H. WADDELL, father and son, both of whom were long identified with the University of Georgia. There are no epitaphs on the monument except one to a daughter of Prof. Wm. H. Waddell, who died at the age of 21. But both of the graves are marked by neat headstones. DR. MOSES WADDELL, one of the early presidents of Franklin College, is buried in the little cemetery on Jackson Street; but he is here memoralized by a little block of stone which tells of his interment elsewhere.

The Waddell monument is a work of art. It is surmounted by the statue of an angel making an entry in the book of life. The entire structure is of white marble.

Enclosed by an iron fence, facing one of the main driveways of the cemetery, on the slope of the highest hill is the grave of a noted educator. It is not far distant from the tomb of General Howell Cobb; and the inscription on the monument reads:

> HENRY JACKSON, M. D., LL. D. Born in England, July 7, 1778. Died near Athens, April 26, 1840. "We meet again."

His wife is buried beside him. Dr. Jackson, when a young man, accompanied the great WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD to France, in 1813, and witnessed the famous scene in the

audience chamber of Napoleon between the great diplomat and the first emperor. DR. JACKSON was the younger brother of old GOVERNOR JAMES JACKSON and the father of GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON, both of Savannah.

Marked by a neat shaft of white marble, which time seems gently to have touched is the grave of a distinguished jurist and statesman for whom Georgia has named one of her counties—JUDGE AUGUSTIN S. CLAYTON. Judge Clayton represented Georgia with distinction both in Congress and on the bench. He was also a writer of brilliant satire. When a pupil at the Richmond Academy, in Augusta, he received for the best declamation a copy of Sallust presented by the illustrious Washington, then President of the United States. The inscription on the monument is as follows:

> AUGUSTIN SMITH CLAYTON, who was born in Frederick Co., Va., Nov. 27, 1783 and died at Athens, Ga., June 21, 1839. His eulogy is with those who knew him best.

Beside him sleeps his wife, JULIA CARNES CLAYTON.

Only a few feet distant is the grave of DR. ALONZO CHURCH, one of the most distinguished presidents of Franklin College. He also filled for a number of years the chair of mathematics. His last resting place is beautified by a handsome marble column, surmounted by an urn. Inscribed on the monument is the following brief record:

> Sacred to the memory of REVEREND DOCTOR ALONZO CHURCH. Born at Brattleboro, Vt., April 9, 1793. Died May 18, 1862.

In the same lot is buried his wife, SARAH TRIPPE STEELE, his daughter, MRS. ROBB, and his grand-daughter,

SARAH CRAIG BARROW, the first wife of United States Senator POPE BARROW.

To the right of the main entrance to the cemetery is the grave of the noted DR. LIPSCOMB, the first of the chancellors. The spot is marked by a handsome shaft of marble, which bears the following inscription:

> ANDREW ADGATE LIPSCOMB, D. D., LL. D. Born in Georgetown, D. C., Sept. 5, 1816. Died in Athens, Ga., Nov. 23, 1890. On the left side: Chancellor University of Georgia, 1860-1874. On the right side, a quotation from Scripture. In the rear:
>
> "Life's race well run,
> Life's work well done,
> Life's crown well won,
> Now comes rest."

His gifted son, FRANCIS ADGATE LIPSCOMB, at one time professor of Belle Lettres, occupies a neatly marked grave in the same area.

On the summit of the hill, near the Lumpkin circle, sleeps CHANCELLOR MELL. The handsome obelisk of blue granite which marks the grave of the famous educator, parliamentarian, and divine, bears the following inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of Patrick Hues Mell. Born in Walthourville, Liberty Co., Ga., July 18, 1814. Died at Athens, Ga., Jan. 26, 1888.

On the side:

> "Servant of God, well done,
> Rest from thy loved employ;
> The battle fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy."

At the foot of the slope, just in front of the main entrance to the cemetery is the grave of CHANCELLOR WALTER B. HILL. It is covered with a neat layer of brick, but is otherwise unmarked. In the near future a handsome monument will doubtless beautify the spot. Mr. Hill was the first alumnus of the institution to hold the office of chancellor. He was also the first layman; and from his induction into office dates the modern University, with its enlarged boundaries and with its new ideals.

Not far from the grave of GOVERNOR COBB, facing the main driveway, stands a modest slab of marble, on which the following inscription appears:

> GENERAL M. L. SMITH. Sept. 29th, 1829. July 29th, 1866.

GENERAL SMITH was a graduate of West Point and a classmate of GENERAL LONGSTREET. He married Miss Sarah Nisbet, of Athens; and, on resigning from the old army, he came here to live. He served in the Mexican War and was one of the founders of the famous Aztec Club, composed of Mexican War veterans. His career in the Civil War was replete with honors, and he attained to the rank of Major-General by reason of his prowess. At the close of hostilities, he was made professor of Civil Engineering in the University but he died in Rome, Ga., while an engineer of the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad.

To the list of distinguished dead here buried on the Oconee's green banks may be added: JOHN WHITE, who built the first cotton factory south of Baltimore; FERDINAND PHINIZY and YOUNG L. G. HARRIS, two of the most noted financiers and business men of Athens; JACOB PHINIZY, an early pioneer; DR. EUSTACE W. SPEER, a noted educator and divine, the father of JUDGE EMORY SPEER; ALBON CHASE, a wide-awake man of varied interests, who organized the *Athens Banner;* GEN. BURWELL

Pope, an officer of the State militia; Capt. Henry H. Carlton, a gallant Confederate soldier and a member of Congress; Col. Wm. G. Deloney, a brave commander who fell in battle and who sleeps in a grave unmarked; Alexander B. Linton, Thomas Bishop, Wm. H. Dorsey, Thomas N. Hamilton, James Camak, William Dearing, Edward R. Hodgson, Dr. Edward R. Ware, Dr. Henry Hull, Hon. Asbury Hull, Thomas Moore, Thomas Stanley, Marcellus Stanley, Robert Taylor, Stevens Thomas, William A. Talmadge, William L. Mitchell, Dr. James Nisbet, John Nisbet, Elizur L. Newton, John H. Newton, Dr. John S. Linton, Dr. Richard D. Moore, Thomas Stanley, Marcellus Stanley, Stephen W. Harris, Sampson W. Harris, Frederick W. Lucas, Oliver H. Prince, Jr.; William M. Morton, W. W. Thomas, George D. Thomas, Judge Howard Van Epps, Dr. Joseph B. Carlton, Albin P. Dearing, John W. Nicholson, Reuben Nickerson, A. K. Childs, Judge S. P. Thurmond, Prof. Charles Morris, Prof. C. P. Willcox, Rev. Ellerson D. Stone, a beloved minister and printer, who married more couples than any man who has lived in Athens; and a host of others. Judge Charles Dougherty, for whom the State has named a county was for years a resident of Athens and is supposed to be buried in Oconee Cemetery; but his name cannot be found among the records.

Town Cemetery, Sparta

In the center of the beautiful little cemetery at Sparta sleeps the Demosthenes of Southern Methodism—Bishop George F. Pierce. On a mound of ivy, at the head of the grave, stands a superb shaft of marble, on which has been deftly chiseled an excellent profile of the illustrious preacher. The monument is surmounted by an urn, and at the base in large raised letters is inscribed:

PIERCE

On the front of the monument is the following epitaph:

> GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE, D. D., LL. D. Born in Greene Co., Ga., Feb. 3, 1811. Died in Hancock Co., Ga., Sept. 3, 1884. Entered the Christian Ministry of the M. E. Church, South, in 1830. Ordained a Bishop of the M. E. Church, South, May, 1854.

On the left side:

> As an orator he never had a superior. As a citizen he was a model. As a patriot he was loyal to his State. Georgia never gave birth to a nobler son.

On the right side:

> He was the first President of Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga. For six years he was President of Emory College, at Oxford, Ga. The peerless preacher, the devoted husband and father, the humble and consistent Christian, he lived beloved and died lamented. "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." St. Paul.

His beloved wife, Ann M. Pierce, sleeps beside him. His son, George F. Pierce, Jr., is also buried on the lot, besides a grandson.

———

Under a marble cube, surmounted by an urn, facing the main walk, is the grave of an old Revolutionary soldier. The monument is somewhat dingy with age, but the epitaph is still quite distinct. It contains the following record:

> ROBERT FLOURNOY, a soldier of the Revolution, departed this life the 6th of July, 1825, aged 62 years.

———

In a grave covered by an old-fashioned box of marble sleeps the dust of a gallant officer of the struggle for independence, the inscription upon whose tomb is as follows:

> GENERAL HENRY MITCHELL, who died May 17, 1839, in his 79th year.

———

To another distinguished soldier of Georgia there is a neat memorial stone on which appears the following inscription:

> GENERAL EPPS BROWN. Born Dec. 17, 1766. Died Aug. 27, 1827.

———

It is by no means least among the claims to distinction possessed by this little cemetery at Sparta that it holds the dust of a distinguished citizen of Georgia, for whom one of the counties of the State has been named. On the door of a massive vault of granite, to the left of the main entrance to the burial-ground, is a small metal plate, not much larger than a visiting card, on which appears simply the name:

> WILLIAM TERRELL

Dr. Terrell was for years the most eminent practitioner of medicine in this section of Georgia. He amassed quite a handsome fortune, and left to the University of the State a legacy of $20,000, which still bears the name of the Terrell Fund.

———

Dr. Thomas Spencer Powell, the founder of the old Southern Medical College, in Atlanta, is buried underneath a handsome shaft of granite in the cemetery at Sparta. The list of distinguished dead also includes

Charles W. DuBose, a lawyer of note; Catharine Anne DuBose, his wife, a writer of singular gifts; and a number of others. In vain one looks in the cemetery at Sparta for the tomb of Judge Linton Stephens. He is buried in the front yard of his old home, at the far end of the town, in what is now a thicket of magnolias, cedars, and oaks. There is no memorial slab or stone of any kind to mark the last resting place of this glorious Georgian.

Alta Vista, Gainesville

Occupying one of the central lots in Alta Vista Cemetery, surrounded by a magnificent amphitheater of hills, is the grave of Lee's old War Horse—General James Longstreet. The last resting place of the old soldier is marked by a huge boulder of mountain granite, hewn from the quarries of his own State. It suggests the rugged strength of character which belonged to the great field marshal of the South, and is also at the same time thoroughly artistic in design. The memorial was planned in every detail by his widow, the gifted Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet, who insisted that even the stone itself should be a product of the soil in which he sleeps. Crossed flags, representing the two national emblems for which he fought—Federal and Confederate—are chiseled upon the front of the monument, beneath which, on a polished surface, is lettered the following inscription:

> JAMES LONGSTREET. In the military service of the United States, 1833-1861. Brigadier-General Confederate States Army, June, 1861. Promoted Major-General, May 1862. Promoted Lieutenant-General, September 1862. Commanding First Corps of Northern Virginia to April 9, 1865.

On the rear is inscribed this couplet:

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest?"

On the left side:

Palo Alto to Chapultepec.

On the right side:

Manassas to Appomattox.

The monument occupies the center of the lot. Slightly to one side is the old hero's grave, on the headstone of which is inscribed: JAMES LONGSTREET, 1821-1904. In the same area sleeps his first wife, Maria Louisa Garland, whom he married at the close of the Mexican War. There are also other graves on the lot. His widow is so thoroughly reconstructed that each year on Confederate Memorial Day she decorates the grave of General Longstreet with the flag of the United States.

Some few feet distant, in a lot enclosed by a substantial wall of brick, is the grave of GOVERNOR JAMES M. SMITH, the first of Georgia's chief executives to occupy the chair of State after the days of Reconstruction. He was long a resident of Columbus, but his remains were brought to Gainesville for interment, because it was here that his wife was buried. There is nothing to mark the last resting place of the Governor; but over the grave of Mrs. Smith there stands a neat monument, which states that her maiden name was A. B. Hester, and that she died at the age of fifty-three years.

In the same neighborhood is the grave of GOVERNOR ALLEN D. CANDLER, recently marked by a handsome monument, the gift of his appointees to office. On the same

square is buried his distinguished father, Captain Daniel G. Candler. The latter's grave is marked by a neat shaft.

To the left of the sexton's office, in the center of the cemetery, is the grave of a distinguished surgeon and physician, in whose honor one of the counties of Georgia has been named. Under a design of sculptured lilies, on a marble monument, surmounted by an urn, is inscribed the following epitaph:

> Sacred to the memory of DR. RICHARD BANKS. Born Oct. 23rd, 1794, in Elbert Co., Ga. Died May 6, 1856, in this city. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Beside him sleeps his wife, Martha B. Banks, who survived him for twenty-five years, dying in 1881. The graves of two of his daughters are also on the same lot. His son-in-law, Captain Walter S. Brewster, a gallant Confederate officer, who lost his life in the battle of Fredericksburg, is also buried here. He died of his wounds on the day following the battle, December 14, 1862.

Among the other distinguished dead in Alta Vista Cemetery are Judge John B. Estes, a noted jurist; Colonel C. C. Sanders, a brave Confederate officer, after whom the local chapter of Children of the Confederacy was named, also a successful financier, a thorough Bible scholar and a great traveler; Major Theodore Moreno and Captain John Venable, both of them splendid soldiers; Dr. James Wray Bailey, the renowned specialist; Colonel H. W. J. Ham, at one time a member of the Legislature, whose lecture on the "Snollygoster" made him famous; Dr. Emmet E. Dixon, and a number of others. The little cemetery at Gainesville is rich in his-

toric dust, containing two Governors of the State, an eminent physician, for whom Georgia christened one of her counties, and a soldier who commanded the veteran First Corps in the immortal army of Lee.

Town Cemetery, Forsyth

Under a horizontal slab, to the extreme left of the main entrance, and only a few feet from the Confederate area, sleeps the mortal dust of JUDGE ROBERT P. TRIPPE, at one time a member of Congress, and afterwards an occupant of the Supreme Bench of Georgia. The inscription on the tombstone reads as follows:

> ROBERT P. TRIPPE. Dec. 21, 1819. July 22, 1900. "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

His wife sleeps beside him, and on the same lot repose two of his sons: ROBERT P., JR., and WILLIAM T., the latter of whom died by his own hand.

Here sleeps GENERAL GILBERT J. WRIGHT, a gallant Confederate officer and a well-known jurist. His grave is marked by a handsome headstone, on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

> GEN. GILBERT J. WRIGHT. Born in Gwinnett Co., Ga., Feb. 18, 1825. Died in Monroe Co., Ga., June 3, 1895. A Confederate General. A profound Jurist. A Good Man with Many Virtues has Passed Away.

In a remote part of the cemetery sleeps a renowned Baptist clergyman, educator, scholar and author: DR.

SHALER G. HILLYER. The substantial monument over his grave is surmounted by a handsomely carved urn, and the inscription, a gem, reads as follows:

> REV. SHALER GRANBY HILLYER. Born, June 20, 1809. Died, Feb. 19, 1900. Ordained to the Baptist ministry, 1835, he continued to preach for sixty-five years, eloquent, profound and faithful even to the last. The sunrise of his life was like that on the morning hills, steady, sure, forever increasing unto greater brightness and a warmer glow; the sunset of his life was like that on the mountains at evening, full of quiet rest and glory. "The path of the just is as a shining light" etc.

His wife, DOROTHEA M. FURMAN, sleeps in a grave beside him, and on the monument there is an appropriate inscription to her also.

Just a short distance removed from the Hillyer lot sleeps JOHN MILLEDGE, a son of one of the early Governors of Georgia, and himself a man of note in his day. His grave is covered by a horizontal slab, bearing this inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of JOHN MILLEDGE, who was born on the 8th day of January, 1814, and died on the 13th day of May, 1872. We who believe do enter into rest.

Beside him rests his wife, CATHARINE ELLIOTT.

One of the handsomest monuments in the cemetery marks the last resting place of HON. WILLIAM H. HEAD, a sagacious financier and man of affairs, who was a leader in the town of Forsyth and a power in the State.

On the monument, a handsome shaft of marble, surmounted by an urn, is inscribed the following epitaph:

> In loving memory of WILLIAM H. HEAD. Born, May 9, 1829. Died, Sept. 27, 1887. Aged 58 years, 3 months, and 28 days. Thy true worth cannot be recorded on this perishing stone.

JUDGE CINCINNATUS PEEPLES, a noted lawyer and jurist, is buried here.

In this cemetery also sleeps HON. ZACHARIAH H. HARMON, a famous lawyer of the ante-bellum period.

Marked by a neat headstone is the grave of an eminent Georgian, who for many years adorned the Superior Court bench of this State. But the only inscription on the monument is as follows:

> E. G. CABANISS. 1802-1872.

There is a like inscription for his wife, SARAH C. CABANISS, who followed him to the grave within four years.

Others of local prominence buried in the cemetery at Forsyth are: CYRUS SHARP (1799-1893), who died at the age of 96 years; AARON TALMADGE (1801-1879), WILLIAM T. MAYNARD (1818-1905), ISAAC W. ENSIGN (1820-1907), DR. L. B. ALEXANDER (1829-1890), DR. B. F. RUDICILL (1834-1901), ALFORD H. BRAMLETT (1835-1899), T. B. HOLLIS (1855-1901).

Rose Hill, Macon

Situated on the green slopes of the Ocmulgee River, there are few burial places of the dead which, in natural charm, can surpass Rose Hill. It is a garden of loveliness. Here native forest oaks, interspersed with fragrant bays and cedars, lend a peculiar beauty to the landscape; while the river murmuring softly in the distance chants a requiem for the silent loved ones who here sleep in the cool shade of the trees. Opened in 1841, the cemetery was named in honor of Simri Rose, a public-spirited citizen of Macon. On passing through the handsome gate which constitutes the main entrance to Rose Hill, the eye is attracted by a majestic shaft of granite, which towers to the right of the principal driveway. The inscription on the base of the monument reads:

WASHINGTON

It is the family lot of a distinguished former resident of Macon—HON. JAMES H. R. WASHINGTON. He was both a planter and a banker, and held at one time the office of mayor. Though opposed to secession, he devoted his princely fortune to the cause of the South, and was a tower of defence to Macon during the dark days of the Civil War. His famous old home, on the hill where, in ante-bellum days, he dispensed a lavish hospitality, is still one of the local landmarks. The inscription on the marble plate which covers his grave reads as follows:

JAMES H. R. WASHINGTON. Born in Wilkes Co., Ga., July 19, 1809. Died Macon, Ga., Nov. 21, 1866. Mayor of Milledgeville, 1844. Mayor of Macon, 1851. Banker, Planter, Legislator. He fulfilled every duty with courage and fidelity.

Beside him sleeps his beloved wife, the founder of the D. A. R. in Georgia and the first real daughter. She was also a charter member of the national organ-

ization. The father of Mrs. Washington was Colonel Samuel Hammond, a distinguished officer of the American Revolution, a former member of Congress, and the first territorial Governor of Upper Louisiana. Recently a handsome memorial bust of Mrs. Washington has been placed by the National Society in Continental Hall, in Washington, D. C. Inscribed on the marble plate which covers her grave is the following epitaph:

> MARY A. HAMMOND WASHINGTON. Born St. Louis, Mo., May 12, 1816. Died Macon, Ga., Nov. 2, 1901. Founder of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Georgia. Her life was the expression of herself, all that was noble and beautiful and true in womanhood.
>
> "Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and time,
> Hope that defied despair,
> Patience that conquered care
> A loyalty whose courage was sublime."

Mrs. Washington died in her eighty-sixth year. Six children are buried on the family lot: SAMUEL HAMMOND, a lieutenant in Company F. of the Third Georgia Regiment of Infantry; LEROY HAMMOND, who resigned from the United States Navy in 1861 to serve the Confederate cause, becoming first an officer on board the "Jackson," at New Orleans, in 1862, afterwards a private in the Macon Light Artillery; ROBERT PORTER, MARY ELIZABETH, ANNIE TUFFT, and HUGH VERNON. The last named represented Georgia as a special commissioner at both the Louisiana Purchase and the Jamestown Expositions. He also organized the Macon Athenaeum, and gave the initial impetus to a number of important civic reforms.

Only a few feet distant towers a handsome monument to HENRY J. LAMAR, one of the wealthy merchants of Macon.

Under a plain marble shaft, resting upon a granite base, in a lot some distance to the left of the main driveway, repose the mortal ashes of Alfred H. Colquitt, one of the most distinguished Georgians of his day and time. Twice elected to the high office of Governor, he was also twice commissioned by the Legislature to a seat in the Senate of the United States. During the Civil War he attained the rank of Major-General in the Confederate army; and, for a brilliant victory achieved over the Federals by a clever piece of strategy, at a time when his ammunition was almost exhausted, he was styled "the hero of Olustee"—a sobriquet which attached to him through life. He was also a minister of the Gospel. Inscribed on the monument is the following brief epitaph:

> ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT. Born April 20, 1824.
> Died Mar. 26, 1894. The memory of the just is blessed.

Enough for one whose life is written in the annals of Georgia. The grave is covered by a flat stone, bordered with brick. In the center of the lot, which is handsomely enclosed by an iron railing, stands a beautiful magnolia. There are several other graves on the lot, only one of which, however, is marked. This is the grave of a little grandchild, Alfred Colquitt Marshall.

Adjoining the Colquitt lot is the lot of Governor George W. Towns, likewise enclosed by an iron railing; but except for the name on the gate there is naught whatever to suggest that here lies a Georgian upon whom many public honors were once lavished. Governor Towns represented the State in Congress for several terms, in addition to occupying the chair of State. His health began to fail soon after his retirement from the latter office; and he died in the full vigor of his intellec-

tual powers. Georgia has named one of her counties in honor of this well-beloved son.

Two other distinguished citizens of Georgia who are neighbors in death to Governor Colquitt, both of them occupying graves at present unmarked, are JUDGE RICHARD H. CLARK and COLONEL THOMAS C. HOWARD. The former was one of the original codifiers of the Georgia statutes, a distinguished jurist, and a man of wonderful powers of memory, who possessed at his tongue's end the family antecedents of nearly every one in Georgia. The latter was one of the State's most brilliant editors, a man of sparkling wit, who was always the most zealous champion of Governor Colquitt. There was not an office in the gift of the people which he was not competent to fill, but he preferred to remain an humble subaltern in the ranks. His father, the noted Methodist divine, REV. JOHN HOWARD, whose monument is one of the old landmarks of the cemetery, was the foremost orator of his day in the Methodist pulpit, not even excepting the famous Dr. Lovick Pierce, who was one of his contemporaries. WILLIAM SCHLEY HOWARD, the present member of Congress from the Fifth District, is a son of COLONEL THOMAS C. HOWARD.

Marked by a handsome granite monument, occupying the center of a lot bordered with stone, is the grave of JOHN BASIL LAMAR, a wealthy planter and a noted man of letters, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Crampton's gap in Maryland, while serving on the staff of his brother-in-law, GENERAL HOWELL COBB. The inscription on the west side of the monument is as follows:

> JOHN BASIL LAMAR, son of Zachariah Lamar and his wife, Mary Ann Lamar. Born in Milledgeville, Ga., Nov. 5th., 1812. Died in Maryland, Sept. 15th., 1862.

On the south side the inscription reads:

> Colonel Lamar, while serving in the army of the Confederate States, was mortally wounded at the battle of Crampton's Gap, Maryland, Sunday, Sept. 14th, 1862, and died the following day.

As a writer of short stories, Colonel Lamar has won an established place in the literature of the South. One of his most famous productions, "The Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass," fell under the eye of the great Dickens, who borrowed the central idea for one of his own novels. Colonel Lamar declined a nomination to Congress, preferring the life of a planter to a seat in the national councils. He never married.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Lamar lot stands a weather-beaten cenotaph, the inscription on which recalls one of the saddest catastrophes in the history of the State. It reads thus:

> OLIVER HILLHOUSE PRINCE and MARY R. PRINCE, who perished in the wreck of the steamship "Home," Monday, Oct. 9, 1837. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

Further down on the slab appears the following record:

> This tablet is erected to perpetuate the beloved memory of our parents by their bereaved and sorrowing children.

MR. PRINCE represented Georgia in the Senate of the United States. At the time of his death, he was en route to New York for the purpose of bringing out a second edition of his celebrated digest. "The Militia Drill," in Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," is credited to the pen

of Mr. Prince. He possessed a keen sense of humor, associated with rare literary gifts.

On a high bluff, immediately overlooking the river, stands one of the handsomest marble piles in Rose Hill. It marks the last resting place of a wealthy planter who met his death while in the act of defending one of his slaves, who had been struck by the overseer of an adjacent plantation. His estate, on the eve of the Civil War, was appraised at something over $1,000,000. There is nothing on the monument to record this story of sacrifice, but it deserves to be embalmed in the memory of Georgians. The brief inscription on the tomb reads:

> JOSEPH BOND. Born Jan. 11, 1815. Died Mar. 21, 1859.

At the time of Mr. Bond's death, the only man in Macon who possessed the means to purchase his palatial house on the hill was JEREMIAH COWLES, the famous railway pioneer, who bought and completed the old Monroe Road, at a time when the enterprise was threatened with collapse. It now forms part of the Central of Georgia between Macon and Atlanta. Subsequently encountering financial reverses, Mr. Cowles lost his fortune; and his grave in Rose Hill is today unmarked.

While lingering in this part of the cemetery there is a monument which must not be overlooked. It marks the grave of a noted physician and duelist, who was for years prominent in the public life of the State—DR. AMBROSE BABER. He came to his death at the bedside of a patient, while taking a dose of medicine to show the sick man that the liquid was harmless. It seems that

the mistake was caused by a misprint in the formula of a certain compound, the use of which had been most effective; and the drug clerk, detecting the error, had attached a note to the bottle, warning the invalid not to take it, on account of the deadly nature of the contents. When Dr. Baber called on his patient the next day, he was provoked to find that he had not taken the medicine, and he swallowed a part of it himself as an object lesson to his patient; but in less than twenty minutes he was dead. The monument is planted upon a mound of ivy. Inscribed thereon is the following epitaph:

> AMBROSE BABER. Born in Buckingham Co., Va., Sept. 12, 1792. Died in Macon, Ga., Mar. 8, 1846. But though the righteous be prevented by death yet shall he be at rest. For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time nor is marked by length of days. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men and an unspotted life is old age. Erected by Macon Lodge, No. 6, and Constantine Chapter, No. 4, to their deceased brother and companion, who was for many years their presiding officer, also past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Georgia.

———

Chief Justice James Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, a former member of Congress, and a grandson of the illustrious Governor James Jackson, is numbered among the honored dead at Rose Hill. So likewise is Chief Justice Thomas J. Simmons.

———

Near the foot of a slope overlooking the river rest the mortal ashes of the noted jurist who framed Georgia's ordinance of secession. When the Supreme Court of the State was organized in 1845, he was one of the celebrated trio of judges chosen to preside upon this august bench. Subsequently he also represented Georgia in Congress.

Judge Nisbet was one of the State's most polished orators and one of her purest men. The inscription on the handsome monument is as follows:

> EUGENIUS A. NISBET. Born Dec. 7, 1803. Died Mar. 18, 1871.

In adjoining lots repose his distinguished brother, JAMES A. NISBET, and his honored son, JAMES T. NISBET, both lawyers of note, who frequently served the public in high official positions.

On a green slope, not far removed from the Bond monument, sleeps a distinguished Georgian, HON. HENRY G. LAMAR, who ably served his State on the Bench, in Congress, and on important missions to the Cherokee and Creek Indians. In 1857, he was a strong minority candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination. His wife sleeps beside him; and on the handsome shaft of metal is lettered the following inscription:

> To the memory of our father and mother. HENRY G. LAMAR. Born, July 10, 1798. Died, Sept. 10, 1861. MARY ANN LAMAR. Born, August 16, 1807. Died, May 3, 1882.

Next to the Lamar lot, in a new-made grave, sleeps UNITED STATES SENATOR AUGUSTUS O. BACON, a son-in-law of Judge Lamar. Senator Bacon was serving his fourth term in the upper house of Congress when death removed him from the councils of the nation. As a parliamentarian, he was unsurpassed. At the time of his death he was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and one of the most trusted advisers of President Wilson. The first wife of Chief Justice O. A. Lochrane is buried on this same lot. She was a daughter of Judge Lamar.

At the foot of a hill, in sight of the Lamar monument, stands a massive but plain shaft of gray marble, beneath which lies a distinguished soldier of the War of 1812, MAJOR PHILIP COOK, at one time commandant in charge of Fort Hawkins. The inscription on the monument reads:

> MAJOR PHILIP COOK, U. S. A., 1812. Son of Capt. John Cook and Martha Pearson, his wife. Born, Fairfield District, S. C., 1775. Died, Twiggs Co., Ga., Nov. 7, 1841. A Scholar. A Patriot. A Christian.

Beside him sleeps his wife, Anne Wooten Cook. On this same lot lies buried his son of the same name, who illustrated Georgia with brilliant distinction on the field of battle, in the office of Secretary of State and on the floor of Congress. His epitaph, on the opposite side of the monument, reads:

> GENERAL PHILIP COOK, C. S. A., 1861. Son of Philip Cook and Anne Wooten, his wife. Born, Twiggs Co., Ga., July 31, 1817. Died, Atlanta, Ga., May 21, 1894. A good name is better than great riches.

His wife, SARAH G. COOK, is buried in a grave immediately adjoining. She died in 1860.

One of the most artistic monuments in the cemetery is the handsome cross of granite which marks the last resting place of CONGRESSMAN JAMES H. BLOUNT. It rests upon a massive pedestal of the same kind of stone, mounted by granite steps, on the second round of which is the figure of an angel chiseled in marble. Inscribed on the monument is the following epitaph:

> JAMES H. BLOUNT. Sept. 12, 1837. Mar. 8, 1903. "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacles; or who shall rest upon thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life and doeth the thing which is right and speaketh the truth from his heart."

Mr. Blount was several times elected to Congress. On retiring from the national councils, he was sent by President Cleveland as a special envoy to the Hawaiian Islands, at a time when serious international complications were threatened. He was chosen to fill this office by reason of his peculiar fitness for the task in hand; and the manner in which he performed his difficult errand is a part of the nation's history.

WASHINGTON POE, a distinguished lawyer, who declined a seat in Congress after an election to fill it, is likewise numbered among the dead of Rose Hill.

Here sleeps JUDGE E. D. TRACY, a noted jurist. His son, a gallant Confederate brigadier-general, who bore the same name, is also buried here. Another son, COLONEL PHILEMON TRACY, was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, in Maryland. The latter rests among his Northern kindred in the cemetery at Batavia, N. Y. He was one of the most gifted writers in the ante-bellum group of Georgia journalists, though barely more than a youth when he met a hero's death.

The list of Rose Hill's distinguished dead includes also: COLONEL THOMAS HARDEMAN, JR., a former member of Congress, a brave soldier, and a matchless orator; STIRLING LANIER, a noted landlord of ante-bellum period; SIMRI ROSE, a pioneer citizen for whom the cemetery was named; JUDGE RICHARD F. LYON, a noted lawyer and a former occupant of the Supreme Bench; JOHN B. ROSS, an early merchant prince of Macon; CLIFFORD L. ANDERSON, long the State's Attorney-General; ROBERT S. LANIER, LEROY M. WILEY, THOMAS COOPER NISBET, I. C.

Plant, the famous railway magnate, who organized the Plant System; R. H. Plant, a wealthy banker, whose tragic death shocked the entire State; Judge Thaddeus G. Holt, Colonel Wm. S. Holt, Judge John J. Gresham, Judge George T. Bartlett, Nathan Monroe, a pioneer banker; Major John W. Park, Captain Robert E. Park, the latter for a number of years State Treasurer of Georgia; Captain Isaac Holmes, Judge Abner P. Powers, Dr. Henry Kolloch Green, Dr. James Mercer Green, Samuel J. Ray, Samuel T. Bailey, W. K. DeGraffenreid, Henry J. Lamar, Washington Dessau, Ira E. Fort, Elam Alexander, L. N. Whittle, and a host of others. On the Holt lot, overlooking the river, at the far end of the main driveway, sleeps the second wife of Associate Justice L. Q. C. Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court. Here the remains of the latter rested until taken back to Mississippi for final interment. On the slopes of Rose Hill sleeps a silent army of the Confederate dead, most of whom perished in the battles around Macon during the last year of the Civil War.

Oak Hill, Griffin

Some of the most distinguished of Georgia's sons lie buried in this little cemetery at Griffin. Within a few feet of the gate is the grave of a former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, Hon. Alexander M. Speer. Inscribed upon the handsome monument of marble is the following inscription:

> ALEXANDER MIDDLETON SPEER. Born in Abbeville District, S. C., July 27, 1820. Died March 28, 1897.

Just a short distance further on lies buried Hon. John D. Stewart, formerly a member of Congress, a Judge of

the Superior Court and a minister of the Gospel. The grave is covered by a horizontal slab of marble, with an ornamental urn at the head. On the family monument, in the center of the lot, is this inscription:

> In loving remembrance of JOHN D. STEWART. Born August 2, 1833. Died, January 28, 1894. "I have fought a good fight," etc. In life he was loved and honored; in his death the people mourned; and his memory will be embalmed in the hearts of the many whom he loved so well and served so faithfully.

GENERAL JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, one of the most distinguished of Confederate naval officers, and, at the time of his death, Adjutant-General of the State of Georgia, lies buried in this cemetery, underneath a handsomely carved block of solid marble, on which the sculptor has chiseled an anchor. Inscribed on the old hero's tomb are these words:

> JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, 1823-1900. Patriot—Hero—Christian. Mizpeh.

During the Civil War, General Kell was associated with Admiral Raphael Semmes in command of the famous Confederate cruiser, the Alabama. This gallant sea-rover was sunk in the British Channel, after an unequal fight lasting for several hours with one of the stoutest armored vessels afloat, the Kearsarge; but the annals of the sea will be searched in vain for a more brilliant record of captures than was made by this renowned ship before she went to her final doom beneath the waves. It was not until the deck of the vessel was covered with water that either Semmes or Kell were willing to leave the ship. On leaping into the sea, they were rescued by English yachts and landed upon the docks at Portsmouth, Eng.

Governor James S. Boynton, an honored chief executive of this State, a former Judge of the Superior Court, and a man of the strictest integrity of character, is buried in Oak Hill, beside his first wife, Fannie Loyall. The grave of the ex-Governor is marked by a substantial monument, on which the following epitaph is lettered:

> JAMES STODDARD BOYNTON. Born, May 7, 1832. Died, Dec. 22, 1902. He was a public man without vices, a private citizen without reproach, a neighbor without fault, and a Christian without hypocrisy.

Under a handsome granite monument, on a beautifully shaded lot, sleeps David J. Bailey, a former member of Congress and one of the towering men of his time. The inscription on his tombstone, in keeping with his modesty as a man, reads as follows:

> DAVID JACKSON BAILEY. March 11, 1812. June 14, 1897.

To mention by name only a few other Georgians of note buried in Oak Hill, the list includes: Erasmus W. Beck and James Freeman, both at one time members of Congress; Judge John I. Hall, a distinguished jurist, who held the office of Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, under President Cleveland; John Lamar, Gilman J. Drake, John B. Reid, Dr. Milton Daniel, Colonel Frederick D. Dismuke, Colonel E. W. Hammond, Dr. John T. Banks, DeForrest Allgood, Joseph D. Boyd, Dr. John L. Moore, and a host of others.

Stonewall Cemetery immediately adjoins Oak Hill, and in this little burial ground repose several hundred Confederate soldiers, some of whom died in the Griffin

hospitals, while others were brought from the battlefield of Jonesboro and from other nearby points.

Oak Grove, Americus

On a beautifully kept lot, to the left of the main driveway, near the gate, repose the mortal ashes of the noted jurist and statesman, CHARLES F. CRISP. Twice elected to the Speakership of the national House of Representatives, Judge Crisp was one of the foremost men in the public life of the nation. He was also a power in debate; and during the long period of time in which he represented Georgia in Congress, he commanded the respect of his colleagues, regardless of party lines. While occupying the office of Speaker, he declined an appointment to the United States Senate, in deference to existing obligations; but was later called by the unanimous voice of the State to assume the toga. His death occurred on the eve of the assembling of the Legislature, nearly every member of which had been instructed to vote for him for Senator. For a number of years Judge Crisp served Georgia on the Bench. His parents were celebrated actors. The monument which covers his grave is a handsome shaft of marble, on which appears the following inscription:

> CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP. Born in Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 29, 1845. Died in Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 23, 1896. Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, Fifty-Second and Fifty-Third Congress.

His wife, a daughter and two sons occupy graves on the same lot, each of them neatly marked. There is also a memorial to his father and mother. Judge Crisp's son, CHARLES R. CRISP, succeeded him in Congress for the unexpired term. He then served for a number of years

on the City Court Bench of Americus, after which he was again returned to the national House of Representatives.

Included among the other distinguished Georgians who sleep in Oak Grove may be mentioned: Judge Willis A. Hawkins, a former member of the Supreme Court of Georgia and a noted lawyer; Colonel Samuel H. Hawkins, a distinguished financier, who devoted his fortune to developing Georgia's railway interests; Judge Allen Fort, long a member of the State Railroad Commission; Rev. Samuel Anthony, a minister of State-wide reputation; Colonel E. G. Simmons and Colonel A. S. Cutts, both eminent lawyers and legislators, besides a host of others. Judge Henry K. McKay, a celebrated jurist, who, after serving in the Supreme Court of Georgia, was elevated to the Federal Bench, is not buried here, though Americus was his home for years. He sleeps in Westview Cemetery, in Atlanta.

Town Cemetery, Oxford

Underneath a marble obelisk, in the little cemetery at Oxford, sleeps the mortal dust of Bishop James Osgood Andrew, the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. For years Bishop Andrew was the most dominant figure in Southern Methodism. Because of his ownership of slave property, he was singled out for martyrdom by the Northern, or anti-slavery, element of the Methodist Church; but in the famous General Conference at Baltimore, in 1844, his brethren of the South supported him with overwhelming unanimity, urged him not to resign, and, in the end, seceded, to form an inde-

pendent organization. Inscribed on the monument to Bishop Andrew is the following simple epitaph:

(West)

BISHOP JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW. Born, May 3, 1794. Died, March 2, 1871. "Even so also them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

(East)

"For he was a Good Man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

As an educator, BISHOP ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD took rank among the foremost men of his time. He was one of the ablest presidents of Emory College, an institution which has called to its helm some of the brightest minds of Methodism. His views on the race question brought him into wide favor throughout the North, in consequence of which he was intrusted as Agent with the administration of the John F. Slater fund, an official trust which he discharged with consummate ability, and which he relinquished only to become a bishop of the Southern Methodist Church. The inscription on his monument, a plain shaft of white marble, twelve feet in height, reads as follows:

ATTICUS GREEN HAYGOOD, D. D., LL. D. Preacher and Philanthropist. Born in Watkinsville, Ga., Nov. 19, 1839. Licensed to preach by Rev. W. R. Branham at Salem Camp Ground, Sept. 13, 1858. Married to Mary F. Yarbrough, June 6, 1859. Sunday School Secretary, M. E. Church, South, 1870-1875. President of Emory College, 1875-1884. Editor Wesleyan Christian Advocate, 1878-1882. Agent John F. Slater Fund, 1882-1891. Author of The Man of Galilee, and other books. Bishop of the M. E. Church, South, 1890-1896. Died in Oxford, Ga., Jan. 19, 1896. He lived not unto himself and being dead, yet speaketh.

His sister, LAURA, a noted educator, for years principal of the Girls' High School, of Atlanta, and afterwards a missionary to China, is also buried in the cemetery at Oxford.

Here also sleeps DR. ALEXANDER MEANS (1801-1883), a former president of the college, who, fifty years in advance of his day, predicted the marvels of electricity, including the motor car and the electric light. Dr. Means was both a scientific scholar and a poet.

Linnwood, Columbus

This beautiful garden of the dead, on the outskirts of Columbus, possesses a claim to distinction which it shares in common with no other cemetery in the land, and which gives it a recognized pre-eminence among the burial-grounds of America. It was here, on April 26, 1866, that the custom of decorating annually the graves of the heroic martyrs of the Lost Cause was first observed; and from this initial ceremony started also the custom which the Grand Army of the Republic has since adopted of holding exercises yearly in the Federal cemeteries throughout the South. On a neat headstone, near the center of the cemetery, is inscribed the following tribute to the author of Memorial Day:

> The Soldier's Friend. LIZZIE RUTHERFORD ELLIS. "She hath done what she could." Mark 14: 8.

On the reverse side:

> A loving tribute to our co-worker, MRS. LIZZIE RUTHERFORD ELLIS. In her patriotic heart sprang the thought of our Memorial Day.

On the horizontal grave cover:

> LIZZIE RUTHERFORD. The Soldier's Friend and Suggester of MEMORIAL DAY. Secretary Soldier's Aid Society, 1861-1865.
>
> "Voices have blessed her now silent and dumb
> Voices will bless her for long years to come."
>
> Married ROSWELL ELLIS, Captain of Columbus Guards, November 23, 1868. Daughter of Adolphus Skrine and Susan Thweatt Rutherford. Born, June 1, 1833. Died, March 31, 1873. Erected by Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

Just a few feet distant is the grave of a lady, through whose gifted pen the observance of Memorial Day was first brought to the attention of the public. The inscription on her tomb reads:

> MRS. CHARLES J. WILLIAMS. In loving recognition of her memorial work by her co-workers.

Marked by a handsome monument of white marble, which the elements have kindly spared, despite the lapse of more than three-quarters of a century, is the grave of JUDGE ELI S. SHORTER, one of the most noted men of his day in Georgia. It bears the following inscription:

> Erected as a tribute of love by his family to the memory of ELI S. SHORTER, who departed this life Dec. 13, 1836, in the 44th year of his age. The eminent distinction of Judge Shorter was founded in the happiest union of the social, kindly, and intellectual elements of character. Profound and distinguished as a jurist. Ardent as a friend. Just and kind as a citizen. His name will be long revered in the circle of his acquaintance.

In the same neighborhood there stands a time-worn obelisk of marble, severely simple in design, on which appears the following pathetic epitaph:

> Erected by MIRABEAU B. LAMAR in memory of his wife whose death has left him no other happiness than the remembrance of her virtues.

The gentle woman who sleeps here was Miss Tabitha Jourdan. She died in the bloom of her youthful beauty, soon after her marriage to the future soldier and statesman. In 1834, the bereaved husband, overwhelmed with grief, left Georgia—a homeless wanderer. The outbreak of the war for Texan independence attracted him to the West. He plunged headlong into the struggle, rose like a flash to the front as an officer, won the famous victory at San Jacinto, and became the second President of the Republic of Texas. General Lamar was also a diplomat and a poet.

The first native-born Presbyterian minister in Georgia sleeps in Linnwood—REV. THOMAS GOULDING, D. D. His son was also a distinguished divine of the same faith. But the latter's chief claim to distinction rests upon his authorship of "The Young Marooners," one of the most famous stories ever written. The inscription on the tomb of the elder Goulding is as follows:

> REV. THOMAS GOULDING, D. D. Born in Liberty Co., Ga., March 14, 1786. Ordained to the Gospel Ministry, January 1, 1816. Fell asleep in Jesus, June 21, 1848. He was an able and faithful pastor, a skilled comforter of the sick and afflicted. Eminently charitable, he was greatly beloved. After a long life of successful labor in the ministry, he departed this life in faith and hope, ardent for the crown of righteousness. In testimony of their affectionate regard for the memory of their venerated pastor, a grateful people have erected this monument and the table in the Presbyterian Church.

His wife, ANN H. GOULDING, sleeps beside him. She died in 1878, at the advanced age of 92.

In an unmarked grave on the Jeter lot repose the mortal ashes of JUDGE WALTER T. COLQUITT, one of the most illustrious of Georgia's honored sons. He died in 1856. As an orator he possessed few equals. On the hustings he never met a superior. He served Georgia in the Senate of the United States, in the popular branch of Congress, and on the Bench. He was also an ordained Methodist preacher. It is understood that at some time in the near future the grave of Judge Colquitt will be marked by an impressive memorial.

Underneath a marble slab, resting upon a granite base, in the Dillingham-Ticknor lot, sleeps the immortal author of "Little Giffen." Elsewhere will be found an account of this famous poem. The inscription on the tomb is as follows:

> In loving memory of Francis Orray Ticknor. Physician and Poet. Born in Baldwin Co., Ga., Nov. 9th, 1823. Died in Columbus, Ga., Dec. 18th, 1874. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

One of the most distinguished members of the ante-bellum group of Georgia lawyers who practiced at the Columbus bar was COLONEL SEABORN JONES. He also represented the State with marked ability in the national House of Representatives. As aide to Governor Troup, in 1825, when the great Lafayette was a guest of the State, it devolved upon him to act as master of ceremonies at the famous banquet which was tendered the old paladin of liberty, at Milledgeville, then Georgia's

State capital. The occasion was perhaps the most brilliant in the social annals of the State, prior to the Civil War; and Colonel Jones, in presiding over the historic banquet, is said to have been the embodiment of grace itself. This courtly gentleman of the old regime is included among the honored dead of Linnwood. He sleeps beside his beloved wife; and, on the monument which commemorates both, is inscribed this simple record:

> SEABORN JONES, son of Abraham and Sarah Jones. Born Feb. 1, 1788. Died Mar. 18, 1864. MARY, wife of SEABORN JONES. Born Jan. 13, 1788. Died Feb. 4, 1869. Daughter of John and Jane Howard.

"Old Rock,"—to use the term of endearment bestowed upon the great soldier and jurist, who married a daughter of Colonel Seaborn Jones—sleeps in a grave not far removed. Whether on the field of battle, in the forum of legislation, or on the Supreme Bench of the State, GENERAL HENRY L. BENNING served Georgia with a fidelity which no one ever surpassed. The inscription on his tomb reads:

> HENRY LEWIS BENNING, son of Pleasant M. and Malinda L. Benning. Born April 2, 1814. Died July 10, 1875. Brigadier-General, C. S. A. "Old Rock." This was a man.

His wife, MARY HOWARD BENNING, sleeps in a grave beside him. SAMUEL SPENCER, who married a daughter of General Benning, was the first president of the Southern Railway, and one of the foremost industrial captains of his day and time in this section. Mr. Spencer was a native of Columbus. He met a tragic death near the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia, while traveling in his private car, on Thanksgiving Day, 1906. He is buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington, D. C.

Two other distinguished former judges of the Supreme Court of Georgia sleep in Linnwood: JUDGE MARTIN J. CRAWFORD and JUDGE MARK H. BLANDFORD.

Underneath a granite shaft, on a lot encompassed by an iron railing, near the center of the cemetery, reposes the famous Nestor of Southern Methodism. Inscribed on the monument is the following brief record:

> REV. LOVICK PIERCE, D. D. Born in Halifax Co., N. C., Mar. 24, 1785. Died in Sparta, Ga., Nov. 9, 1879.

Dr. Pierce, at the time of his death, was in his ninety-fifth year. As an orator, he was scarcely inferior to his gifted son, the Bishop. His wife, a Miss Foster, sister of Congressman Thomas F. Foster, occupies a grave in the same area of ground.

COLONEL ABSALOM H. CHAPPELL, a former member of Congress and a lawyer of high rank, whose eventide of life was devoted to the writing of his famous "Miscellanies of Georgia" is buried in Linnwood, beside his wife, Loretta Lamar Chappell, a sister of the famous General Mirabeau B. Lamar, of Texas. The inscriptions read as follows:

> ABSALOM H. CHAPPELL. Born in Hancock Co., Ga., Dec. 18, 1801. Died in Columbus, Ga., Dec. 11, 1878. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

To his wife:

> LORETTA REBECCA LAMAR CHAPPELL. Born in Putnam Co., Ga., July 26, 1818. Died in Columbus, Ga., August 29, 1905. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

At the time of her death, Mrs. Chappell was in her eighty-eighth year. She was one of the most noted women of her day and time in Georgia. In the same area of ground sleeps THOMAS J. CHAPPELL, a distinguished lawyer and legislator, and a son of Colonel Absalom H. and Loretta Lamar Chappell. The wife of Prof. J. Harris Chappell, of Milledgeville, late President of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, is also buried on this lot. The graves are each marked with handsome memorials.

One of the handsomest granite shafts in the cemetery adorns the Garrard lot, where, beside his wife, sleeps the lamented LOUIS F. GARRARD, at one time Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives, a lawyer of note and a strong minority candidate for United States Senator. The list of distinguished dead in Linnwood includes also General Paul J. Semmes, a brave Confederate officer, who fell at Gettysburg; and three former members of Congress—HINES HOLT, THOMAS F. FOSTER and THOMAS W. GRIMES, but in a somewhat hasty tour of the cemetery the graves of these eminent Georgians were not located. On the Hurt lot, in a grave marked by a handsome monument of marble, sleeps COLONEL PEYTON H. COLQUITT, a gallant officer, who fell at the head of his regiment in the battle of Chickamauga. He was a son of Judge Walter T. Colquitt and a brother of Governor Alfred H. Colquitt. Here, too, rest COLONEL JOHN A. JONES, who was killed at Gettysburg, a distinguished lawyer; COL. THOMAS M. NELSON, who fell leading the Sixth Mississippi Cavalry; REV. ROBERT CARTER, D. D., a noted minister of the Gospel, and a number of others. COLONEL RAPHAEL J. MOSES, the famous Confederate quartermaster, a noted lawyer and a magnetic orator, is buried at Esquiline, his old country home, some five miles from Columbus. JUDGE MARSHALL J. WELLBORN, a former member of Congress and a Baptist minister, long a resi-

dent of Columbus, sleeps in Oakland Cemetery, in Atlanta. GOVERNOR JAMES M. SMITH, also a former citizen of Columbus, is buried in Alta Vista Cemetery, at Gainesville. GOVERNOR JAMES JOHNSON, provisional chief executive of the State during the days of Reconstruction, rests in Linnwood.

Town Cemetery, Decatur

Decatur is one of the oldest towns of the Georgia foothills. For this reason, though not a large community, it has been the home of a number of distinguished people, during the century of time which has passed over the little town. Two soldiers of the Revolution are known to be buried here, and there are doubtless others who sleep in unmarked graves. Under a rude granite slab, fast crumbling with age, encompassed by a pipe railing, with stone posts at each end, lies one of these old heroes of the first war for independence. Carved by the unlettered muse, on this simple monument, is the following epitaph, which some little skill is required to decipher:

> COLONEL JOHN MAFFETT, an old Revolutioner. Supposed to be 87.

Only a few feet distant, on a lot enclosed in the same rude fashion by a pipe railing, but overhung by the boughs of an immense oak tree, there are three graves in a row, each marked by an ancient headstone, on which the lettering is quite uniform and distinct. The one in the center bears this inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of JOHN HAYES, a Revolutionary Soldier. Born, Nov, 2, 1751. Departed this life, June 17, 1839. Aged 87 years, 7 months and 15 days.

To the right of the old soldier is buried his wife, MARY, who survived him by only two days. She died on June 19, 1839, at the age of 78 years. On his left is the grave of his son, THOMAS, born just at the close of the Revolution. He died on January 7, 1831, several years in advance of his parents, at the age of 45.

In the center of a lot, perhaps two hundred feet to the left of the main entrance to the cemetery, near the south wall, is a grave of historic interest, covered by an old-fashioned box of marble, on which a draped urn is surmounted. It marks the last resting place of DR. THOMAS H. CHIVERS, an eccentric genius, from whom it is claimed by competent critics that Edgar Allan Poe caught the poetic inspiration and borrowed the peculiar measure of his celebrated masterpiece—"The Raven." Prone to melancholy the poems of Dr. Chivers are tinctured with sadness; and some of them are weird in character. But undoubtedly he possessed rare poetic gifts. He was also a physician and a draftsman, like Dr. Ticknor—a man of varied talents. The inscription on his tomb is as follows:

> Here lie the remains of THOMAS H. CHIVERS, M. D. Of his excellence as a lyric poet, his works will remain a monument for ages after this temporary tribute of love is in dust forgotten. This soul winged its flight Heavenward, December 19th, 1858. Aged 52 years.

His wife, HARRIET, is buried in the same lot. She survived him until 1888. On the south side of the urn, above Dr. Chivers, there is a brief inscription to Mrs. Chivers. On the north side there is also one to his son, THOMAS H., JR., who died in 1892.

On the highest point of ground within the little enclosure, under an impressive monument of white marble,

the handsomest work of art in the cemetery, sleeps HON. CHARLES MURPHEY, a former member of Congress. It bears the following inscription:

> In memory of HON. CHARLES MURPHEY. Born, May 9th, 1799. Died, January 16th, 1861. Wise as a legislator, conservative as a statesman, he won early in life the confidence of his countrymen, which he held uninterrupted and unshaken to the day of his death. Kind as a neighbor, honest and reliable as a counselor, he never failed to receive upon all occasions the warm support of a large majority of his fellow-citizens of DeKalb County. In the more intimate relations of parent and master, indulgent to a fault, he was loved almost to admiration. In affectionate remembrance of his many deeds of love and kindness, his only surviving daughter has placed this monument over his remains.

———

At the north end of the same lot is the grave of his son-in-law MILTON A. CANDLER, also a member of Congress and a lawyer of note. The handsome stone, which is beautifully overarched by a green bay tree, is inscribed as follows:

> MILTON A. CANDLER. January 11, 1837. August 8, 1909. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," etc. Rev. 14: 13.

———

Marked by an elegant headstone of solid marble, some few feet to the south of the Murphey lot, is the grave of COLONEL GEORGE W. SCOTT, the beloved philanthropist and soldier, whose liberality founded Agnes Scott College.

His wife sleeps beside him; and on the monument which commemorates both the following record is inscribed:

> GEORGE W. SCOTT. February 22, 1829. October 3, 1903. REBECCA SCOTT. May 20, 1834. July 12, 1899.

CAPTAIN EDWARD COX, who slew COLONEL ROBERT A. ALSTON in the old State Capitol, sleeps here in a grave not far from his victim's. Both graves are simply marked. Here repose CHARLES and ELEANOR SWIFT LATIMER, the parents of the distinguished Mrs. Wm. H. Felton, both of whom reached the age of eighty-five. The list of former residents of Decatur who are also buried here includes: REV. DONALD FRASER, who was long pastor of the Presbyterian Church; JAMES WALLACE KIRKPATRICK, JOHN BRYCE, ADAM HOYLE, REV. JOHN E. DUBOSE, evangelist of the Atlanta Presbytery; REV. WM. HENRY CLARKE, REV. W. M. SAMS, ROBERT HOLLINGSWORTH, JOHN W. MEDLOCK, STANHOPE AUGUSTUS SAMS, and REV. J. A. ROSSER.

Confederate Cemetery, Marietta

In the Confederate Cemetery at Marietta something like 3,000 Confederate soldiers lie buried. They sleep almost within the shadow of Kennesaw Mountain, on whose fiery slopes, during the last year of the Civil War, many of them met death. But the entire line of Sherman's march, from Dalton to Marietta, has contributed to swell the silent ranks. The wooden headstones which were used at first to mark the graves were destroyed by sparks of fire from the constantly passing engines of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, upon whose tracks the cemetery borders. But under the energetic direction of Mrs. R. T. Nesbitt, who became president of the local Memorial Association, an interest was revived in this sacred

burial ground of the Lost Cause; and, though many of the names were hopelessly lost, handsome stone markers were placed over each grave, and Georgia, through her law-making power, was finally induced to take the consecrated area under her perpetual guardianship. Towering like a sentinel above the long rows of headstones is the handsome monument erected by Kennesaw Chapter of the U. D. C., in 1908, while spanning the walk which leads to the monument there is an archway of marble, from the floor of which bubbles a fountain. On the face of the massive structure of stone, at the top of the hill, the artist has deftly chiseled a flag, wreathed with laurels, and on this side of the monument appears the following inscription:

> To our Confederate Dead. Erected and Dedicated by Kennesaw Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, Marietta, Ga. 1908.

On the left side:

> To our Cobb County Soldiers who so nobly illustrated Georgia, on many a hard won field, to those who died for a sacred cause, and to those who lived to win a nobler victory in time of peace.

In the rear, under a sculptured design of the Conquered Banner:

> "For though conquered, they adore it,
> Love the cold dead hands that bore it."

On the right side:

> To the 3,000 soldiers in this cemetery, from every Southern State, who fell on Georgia soil in defence of Georgia rights and Georgia homes.
>
> "They sleep the sleep of our noble slain,
> Defeated, yet without a stain,
> Proudly and peacefully."

Some twenty-five feet distant stands a little brass cannon which, after falling into the hands of the enemy, was restored to the State and formally unveiled on Memorial Day, in 1910. It was one of four artillery pieces belonging to the famous old Georgia Military Institute. The guns were captured by General Sherman on his celebrated march to the sea.

Beneath a massive shaft of granite, in the far end of the cemetery, sleeps a distinguished Georgian, who was three times elected to a seat in the United States Senate. On the west side of the monument, in large raised letters, is chiseled the name:

> CLAY

On the west side:

> ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY. Born, September 25, 1853. Admitted to Marietta Bar, 1877. Speaker House of Representatives, 1889-1890. President of Georgia Senate, 1892-1893. Chairman Democratic Executive Committee, 1894-1895-1896. Elected United States Senate, 1896-1903-1909. Died, November 13, 1910.

On the north side:

> He retreated with the aspect of a victor and though he surrendered he seemed to conquer. His sun went down amid the splendor of an eternal dawn.

On the west side:

> Honest and capable, faithful, courageous, patriotic, and God-fearing.
>
> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world—this was a man."

Included among the State's distinguished dead who are buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Marietta are: JUDGE GEORGE D. ANDERSON, a noted jurist, who died at Spring Place, in Murray County, Ga., while engaged in the duties of his circuit—a young man but possessed of the most brilliant gifts; JUDGE GEORGE N. LESTER, a well-known jurist and a one-armed Confederate soldier, who unsuccessfully opposed Dr. Felton for Congress; COLONEL JAMES D. WADDELL, a distinguished author, a former clerk of the House of Representatives, and a gallant Confederate officer; REV. ISAAC WATTS WADDELL, D. D., a noted Presbyterian divine; GENERAL ANDREW J. HANSELL, COLONEL JOHN HEYWARD GLOVER, and a number of others. GOVERNOR CHARLES J. MCDONALD is buried in the Episcopal Cemetery, in another part of town. GENERAL WILLIAM PHILLIPS, who commanded the famous Legion, is buried at his old home place, on the outskirts of Marietta. REV. WILLIAM H. SPARKS, the noted historian, who wrote "Memories of Fifty Years," died here, but an effort to locate his grave has been unsuccessful.

Town Cemetery, Cartersville

On entering the cemetery, the first memorial of general interest to arrest the eye of the stranger is the horizontal slab of white marble which covers the grave of DR. WLLIAM H. FELTON. Statesman, orator, minister of the Gospel, physician, controversialist, he was one of the State's most illustrious citizens. Dr. Felton was often a leader of minorities, often subjected to harsh and bitter criticism, but in natural powers of oratory it is doubtful if he has ever been surpassed in the arena of Georgia politics. On the smooth surface of the marble slab is inscribed the following epitaph:

> WILLIAM HARRELL FELTON. 1823-1909. An heroic soul ever enlisted in the cause of the right. Endowed with a magnificent mind, matchless eloquence,

(Continued)

and the commanding force which acknowledged integrity and lofty courage inspire. He gave to his country efficient, patriotic, and unsullied service in State and National legislation. He lavished tender consideration and affection on his beloved home, while for more than fifty years the best efforts of this superb intellect and noble heart were devoted to the continuous, zealous, gratuitous, and consecrated work of a minister of the gospel.

Just beyond the Felton lot is the grave of the world-renowned evangelist, SAM P. JONES. It is marked by a handsome shaft of Georgia granite, severely simple in design, but most substantial in character. On one side of the monument is inscribed simply his name:

SAM JONES

On the opposite side appears the following inscription:

REV. SAM P. JONES. Born, Oct. 16, 1847. Died, Oct. 15, 1906. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Daniel 12: 3.

One of the handsomest monuments in the cemetery marks the grave of a Georgian who seemed to be destined to the highest civic honors. But he died on the threshold of achievement. The inscription on the granite shaft reads as follows:

JOHN WESLEY AKIN. Born, Cassville, Ga., June 10, 1859. Died, Cartersville, Ga., Oct. 18, 1907. Christian, Jurist, Statesman, Orator, Man of Letters. At the time of his death President of the Senate of Georgia.

In this same neighborhood is the Tumlin vault, a massive cube of granite, in which lies entombed one of the wealthiest citizens of Bartow County, a distinguished pioneer, and a leader in public affairs. The only inscription on his tomb is the following record:

> COLONEL LEWIS TUMLIN. Born, May 19, 1809. Died, June 2, 1875.

Some fifty yards distant is the grave of Georgia's noted philosopher and humorist—"BILL ARP." It is unpretentiously marked; but there is not a spot in the cemetery more sacred to Georgians. On a flat marble slab, somewhat elevated above the ground, is inscribed the following brief epitaph:

> In loving memory of CHARLES H. SMITH. "BILL ARP." June 15, 1826. Aug. 24, 1903.

There follows underneath an inscription to his grandchild. At the head of the grave is a cross, which bears the following simple legend:

> From his Confederate Veteran friends.

On one of the highest points in the cemetery there stands an impressive shaft of marble, which marks the last resting place of one of the most gallant officers of cavalry in the Confederate ranks, afterwards both a statesman and a diplomat—GENERAL P. M. B. YOUNG.

The inscriptions on the elegant marble shaft are as follows:

(East)

Sacred to the memory of Pierce M. B. Young, son of Robert M. and E. Caroline Young. Born at Spartanburg, S. C., Nov. 15, 1836. Died, in New York, July 6, 1896.

(North)

Appointed Cadet West Point, U. S. A., 1857. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, C. S. A., Feb. 1, 1861. Adjutant Cobb's Georgia Legion, Aug. 15, 1861. Lieutenant-Colonel, Nov. 16, 1861. Colonel, Nov. 1, 1862. Brigadier-General, Sept. 28, 1863. Major-General, Nov. 15, 1864.

(South)

A member of the Fortieth, Forty-First, Forty-Second, and Forty-Third Congresses of the United States. U. S. Commissioner Paris Exposition, in 1878. Appointed Consul-General of U. S. A. to Russia, June 17, 1885. Appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Gautemala and Honduras, April 4, 1893.

Not far removed from the monument to General Young is the grave of a distinguished citizen of Cartersville, who held the office of Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Grant. The grave is marked by a handsome stone. On the front of the monument is inscribed:

AMOS T. AKERMAN. Born at Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 23, 1821. Died, Dec. 21, 1880.

On the left side:

In thought clear and strong, in purpose pure and elevated, in moral courage invincible, he lived loyal to his convictions, avowing them with candor and supporting them with firmness. A friend of humanity, in his zeal to serve others, he shrank from no peril to himself. He was able, faithful, and true.

On the right side:

> A member of Georgia Constitutional Convention of 1868. United States Attorney for District of Georgia. Attorney-General of U. S.

Myrtle Hill, Rome

Overlooking the waters of the Etowah, Rome's lofty burial-ground is beautiful for situation. It is in strict literalness a marble-crowned Acropolis; and rising from the velvet slopes of the wooded promontory, some of the handsomest monuments in the State adorn the long spiral driveways, winding from the base to the summit. The most conspicuous object to attract the eye, on entering the cemetery, is a superb mausoleum, the architectural design of which suggests some mediaeval castle. Over the doorway of this handsome stone sepulchre is the following brief inscription:

> DR. ROBERT BATTEY. 1891.

Despite the meagre epitaph, no Georgian of the past generation would need to be told that the man of science who sleeps here was the renowned specialist, who in the particular sphere of practice which he chose for his life's work was admittedly without a peer in the South. Dr. Battey was born in Augusta, Ga., in 1828, but his earliest American ancestors were English Quakers, who emigrated to Providence, R. I. During a short residence at one time in the State of Michigan he clerked for Zach Chandler, afterwards the famous United States Senator. He located in Rome, when a young physician; and here the remainder of his life was spent. He became distinguished as a surgeon, accumulated a fortune, and received the degree of LL. D. in recognition of his marked attainments.

Underneath a massive block of granite surmounted by a draped urn is the grave of the noted philanthropist and financier of Rome, who founded Shorter College. His wife sleeps at his side; and the inscription on the monument which commemorates both is couched in the briefest terms. It reads:

ALFRED SHORTER. Nov. 23, 1803. July 18, 1882.
MARTHA B., his wife. Jan. 25, 1799. Mar. 22, 1877.

Nothing else in the way of an epitaph is to be found on the monument, but what further need be said of one whose best monument is the great school of learning which tops a neighboring hill and whose memory still lingers like an incense in the hearts of Romans?

On a simple headstone, facing one of the main driveways of the cemetery, is inscribed the following brief record:

JOHN W. H. UNDERWOOD. Born Nov. 20, 1816.
Died July 18, 1888. He rests from his labors.

Jurist, Congressman, wit—Judge Underwood was one of Georgia's most gifted sons. His father, Judge Wm. H. Underwood, equally famed for his Attic salt, sleeps in another burial-ground.

AUGUSTUS R. WRIGHT, a distinguished occupant of the Superior Court Bench, a former member of Congress, and an orator of unsurpassed gifts, is also buried on Myrtle Hill.

Covered by a horizontal slab of granite is the grave of the renowned "Demosthenes of the Mountains." On the base of the handsome family monument which stands in the center of the lot is inscribed:

MILLER

The epitaph on the slab reads:

> H. V. M. MILLER. 1814-1896. A Christian who faithfully served his God. A Physician who loved his fellow-men. A Soldier and a Senator from Georgia. He never did anything that caused a citizen of Georgia to put on mourning. Adsum.

———

Underneath a handsome shaft of granite, surmounted by a draped urn, is the grave of a distinguished former citizen of Rome, who served in three separate State Legislatures—first in South Carolina, then in Alabama, and last in Georgia. The inscription on his tomb reads:

> BENJAMIN CUDWORTH YANCEY. Born April 27, 1817. Entered into rest Oct. 24, 1891. True man, true hero, true philanthropist, thy golden motto duty without fear.

Colonel Yancey was a brother of the noted William L. Yancey, of Alabama, the great orator of secession, to whose impassioned eloquence was due in large measure the revolt of 1861. But the distinguished Georgian whose dust hallows this spot was scarcely less illustrious. He received from President Buchanan an appointment as United States Minister to Argentina, and on his return to America was informed by Mr. Buchanan that he was slated for the Court of St. James. But the appointment was never formally tendered, due to the oncoming of the Civil War.

———

On a neat headstone, near the top of the hill, appears the following brief inscription, to which attaches no small degree of historic interest:

> COLONEL DANIEL R. MITCHELL, one of the Founders of Rome. He gave the city its name in 1834.

———

Included among the many other distinguished former citizens of Rome who sleep on Myrtle Hill may be mentioned: John Wesley Rounsaville, Robert F. Nixon, Daniel S. Printup, Henry J. Dick, General George Seaborn Black, Colonel Charles M. Harper, R. T. Fouche, Dr. R. V. Mitchell, Rev. George T. Goetchius, D. D., Captain C. N. Featherstone, Thomas Berry, Mitchell A. Nevin, Robert Mitchell, and a host of others. John H. Lumpkin, a candidate for Governor in the famous deadlock of 1857 and a representative from Congress in Georgia, is buried elsewhere. On the summit of the hill stands a handsome monument of marble erected to the heroes of the Lost Cause. It is surmounted by the figure of a private soldier, holding his musket at parade rest.

On August 11, 1914, the mortal dust of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson—the First Lady of the Land—was laid to rest on Myrtle Hill in the presence of a vast concourse of people; and here at the close of a life, crowned with the highest honors of a grateful republic, will doubtless rest the ashes of an American President.

Oakland, Atlanta

Atlanta's earliest burial-ground was located on Peachtree Street, between Cain and Baker, in the immediate neighborhood of what was afterwards the home of Hon. N. J. Hammond, a distinguished member of Congress. But, in 1850, a tract of land, just beyond the eastern boundaries of the city, was obtained from Colonel L. P. Grant, and to this site the bodies were removed. The new cemetery was called Oakland. James Nissen, a druggist, was the first resident of Atlanta to occupy a grave in the new burial-ground, by direct interment. His grave is just to the right of the main driveway, near the Hunter Street entrance, and is marked by a slab yel-

low with age, on which the inscription can scarcely be deciphered. At the request of Mr. Nissen, an incision was made in his jugular vein, prior to burial, by Dr. Charles D'Alvigny, an operation which the latter performed at the grave side, in the presence of a number of witnesses. Oakland originally contained only one acre of ground, but additional purchases were made from time to time. At present it comprises eighty-five acres, and there are more than 86,000 graves in this beautiful city of the dead. The bodies of some three thousand Confederate soldiers are also buried here, most of them having been gathered from the battle-fields around Atlanta, under the supervision of the devoted women who composed the local Memorial Association. In the center of this area stands the Confederate monument, an obelisk of Stone Mountain granite, majestic in height, erected in 1873. Not far removed is a marble reproduction of the famous Lion of Lucerne, unveiled in 1895 to the unknown heroes. Oakland belongs to the city of Atlanta. It has yielded quite a large revenue from the sale of lots, but the area is now well filled. The grounds have been beautifully plotted and the spacious enclosure adorned with many costly monuments and burial vaults. Some of the State's most illustrious dead repose in Oakland; and, with respect to the numbers interred, it is the largest of Georgia's silent cities.

To the right of the Hunter Street driveway, in the extreme eastern part of the cemetery, is the grave of Georgia's illustrious orator—UNITED STATES SENATOR BENJAMIN H. HILL. Beside him sleeps his beloved wife. In the same enclosure is the grave of his distinguished son, Hon. Charles D. Hill, for twenty-six years solicitor-general of the Atlanta Circuit. The first wife of Judge Benjamin H. Hill, Jr., is also buried here. The Senator's daughter, Mrs. Ridley, who sustained fatal injuries in an accident which occurred in 1883, while out driving,

is another occupant of the lot. Each grave is substantially and neatly marked. On a monument of white marble, surmounted by a draped urn, in the center of the square, may be read the following inscription:

(West)

BENJAMIN H. HILL. Born in Jasper Co., Ga., September 14, 1823. Died in Atlanta, Ga., August 16, 1882.

(North)

When too feeble to speak, he wrote the following: "If a grain of corn will die and then rise again in so much beauty, why may not I die and then rise again in infinite beauty and life? How is the last a greater mystery than the first? And by as much as I exceed the grain of corn in this life, why may I not exceed it in the new life? How can we limit the power of Him who made the grain of corn and then made the same grain arise in such wonderful newness of life."

In the shadow of the Confederate monument, under a handsome block of granite, sleeps the Chevalier Bayard of the South—GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON. The plot of ground in this immediate vicinity has been set apart to the Confederate veterans. It is covered with a mantle of blue grass and is well kept by the workmen in charge. The inscription on the great soldier's tomb contains nothing beyond the name and the vital dates. But what else is needed. It reads as follows:

JOHN B. GORDON. Feb. 6, 1832. Jan. 9, 1904.

Equally brief is the lettering on the tomb of the gallant hero and gentleman who commanded Gordon's famous division at Appomattox, and who succeeded him

years later at the head of the United Confederate Veterans:

> GENERAL CLEMENT ANSLEM EVANS. February 25, 1833. July 2, 1911.

General Evans is buried within thirty feet of the granite shaft which commemorates the Lost Cause. His grave is marked by a plain but substantial headstone. In the same area of ground, between General Evans and General Gordon, sleeps another brave Confederate officer—General Alfred Iverson, the younger. His grave is at present unmarked.

Just a few feet distant is the grave of GOVERNOR WM. J. NORTHEN. It is marked by a double headstone, half of which is reserved for his wife. The simple inscription reads as follows: "Wm. J. Northen. 1835-1913." On the horizontal grave cover is the single word "Father."

Perhaps the costliest monument in the cemetery is the handsome shaft of marble which marks the last resting place of JOSEPH E. BROWN, Georgia's famous war Governor, afterwards Chief Justice of the State and United States Senator. It occupies the center of a square in the northwest corner of the cemetery, and is conspicuous for its elegance of design no less than for its height. The monument is surmounted by a statue of the archangel Gabriel, trumpet in hand, while on opposite sides of the shaft there are two angels facing north and south. On the solid base of the massive column is inscribed in large capital letters the family name:

> BROWN

The inscriptions higher up on the monument are as follows:

(West)

Near this stone repose the remains of JOSEPH EMERSON BROWN. He was born in Pickens District, S. C., April 15, 1821, and died hoping and relying, through faith, for salvation, in the future world, alone upon the mercies of Jesus Christ and the atonement made by Him, in Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 30, 1894. He was State Senator, 1849-1850; Presidential Elector, 1852; Judge of the Superior Courts, 1855-1857; Governor of Georgia for four consecutive terms, 1857-1865; Chief-Justice of Georgia, 1868-1870; United States Senator, 1880-1891; President W. & A. R. R. Co., 1870-1890. His history is written in the annals of Georgia.

(East)

By the side of those of her husband repose the mortal remains of ELIZABETH GRISHAM BROWN, wife of Joseph E. Brown and daughter of Rev. Joseph and Mary Steele Grisham. She was born in Pendleton, S. C., July 13, 1826; married in Westminster, S. C., July 13, 1847; died in Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 26, 1896. In all the duties of life she was faithful and true. She was a loving daughter, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a true friend, and a sincere Christian. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Besides the inscriptions above given, there are also inscriptions to his children on the other two sides of the monument. The grave of Senator Brown is covered by a solid block of granite, on which is carved a cross. His beloved wife sleeps near him. Her grave is marked by a handsome marble headstone, on which, in addition to her name, is chiseled an excellent likeness of Mrs. Brown. On the same lot are buried Julius L. Brown, Franklin Pierce Brown and Charles McDonald Brown, three sons of Senator Brown; Colonel William Steele Grisham, a brother of Mrs. Brown, and several others. Charles McDonald Brown died while a student at Athens. In honor of this splendid youth, the sum of $50,000 was

afterwards given to the State University by the bereaved father, an amount which the former was to have received on the twenty-first anniversary of his birth. Franklin Pierce Brown died at the age of seventeen. On the monument is inscribed this estimate of him from the pen of Alexander H. Stephens: "Such a prodigy of intellect and virtue in a body so frail I never met with in any other human form and never expect to if I were to live a thousand years." Julius L. Brown was the eldest of the Senator's children. At the time of his death in 1910 he was a distinguished member of the Georgia bar.

Three hundred yards east of the Brown lot is the grave of COLONEL NATHANIEL J. HAMMOND, a former member of Congress from the Atlanta district and a lawyer of wide reputation. It is marked by a plain shaft of granite, bearing this inscription:

> In memory of Nathaniel J. Hammond. Dec. 26, 1833. April 20, 1899. "Behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

On the base below, in large raised letters, is inscribed:

> HAMMOND

In a separate lot nearby sleeps his honored father, COLONEL AMOS W. HAMMOND, with whom for a number of years he practiced law.

To the left of the Hunter Street driveway, not far from the Confederate monument, is a handsome marble column, around which is entwined a wreath of sculptured ivy. It is one of the finest memorial shafts in the cemetery—an exquisite work of art. The grave which it marks is the last resting place of CHIEF JUSTICE OSBORNE

A. LOCHRANE. The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

(West)

In Memoriam. Judge Osborne Augustus Lochrane. Born, Armaugh, Ireland, 1829. Died, Atlanta, Ga., 1887.

(North)

Generous spirit, kingly heart, matchless orator, upright jurist, loving father, tender husband, princely man; sweet be thy sleep until the glad resurrection morn shall summon thee to a glorious reunion with those whose hearts now bleed—

"For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

(South)

"Land of my adoption, where the loved sleep folded in the embraces of your flowers, would that today it were my destiny to increase the flood-tide of your glory, as it will be mine to share your fortune, for when my few more years tremble to their close, I would sleep beneath your soil, where the drip of April tears might fall upon my grave and the sunshine of your skies would warm Southern flowers to blossom upon my breast."

GENERAL ALFRED AUSTELL, the noted financier, who organized the first national bank in the Southern States, just after the close of the Civil War, and Dr. Abner W. Calhoun, the distinguished specialist, occupy handsome vaults in this same neighborhood.

At the Fair Street entrance, an unpretentious shaft marks the last resting place of a distinguished minister of the Gospel, Congressman and jurist. It contains the following epitaph:

MARSHALL J. WELLBORN. Died at Columbus, Ga., Oct. 16, 1874, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Ever embarrassed by physical infirmities, he rose by intellectual excellence and rare energy to high judicial distinction and served with honor in the halls of Congress. In the fullness of worldly success he forsook all to follow Jesus, and lived and died an able, devoted, and self-denying minister of the gospel.

His nephew, JUDGE MARSHALL J. CLARKE, for a number of years judge of the Atlanta Circuit, sleeps beside him.

To the south of the Brown monument, in the northwest part of the cemetery, is the grave of JUDGE JUNIUS HILLYER, an eminent jurist, Congressman and man of affairs. The spot is impressively marked by a handsome shaft of marble, on which is lettered the following simple epitaph:

> JUNIUS HILLYER. Born April 23, 1807. Died June 21, 1886.

Just a few feet to the east, under a shaft of marble somewhat colored with age, sleeps one of the pioneers of Presbyterianism in upper Georgia, a distinguished educator and a noted pastor. The inscription on his monument reads:

> REV'D JOHN S. WILSON, D. D. Born, Jan. 4, 1796. Died, Mar. 27, 1873. For more than half a century a standard-bearer of the cross, he closed his long and useful ministry as pastor for fifteen years of the First Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, Ga.
>
> "Servant of God well done,
> Rest from thy loved employ.
> The battle fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy."

In this same part of the cemetery sleep MAJOR CAMPBELL WALLACE, a noted financier and railway builder; CAPTAIN W. A. FULLER, who overtook and captured the notorious raider Andrews, in one of the most thrilling exploits of the Civil War; COLONEL W. A. HEMPHILL, long the business manager of the *Atlanta Constitution;*

JUDGE W. H. HULSEY, a distinguished lawyer; COLONEL W. T. WILSON, a gallant Confederate officer, who fell at Manassas, one of the first victims of the Civil War, and MAJOR SIDNEY ROOT, a useful pioneer citizen.

To the south of the foregoing group, in an unmarked grave, repose the mortal ashes of the foremost criminal advocate of his day and time in Georgia; GENERAL LUCIUS J. GARTRELL. Prior to the Civil War, General Gartrell was a member of Congress. On the field of battle he won merited distinction, and in 1882 he opposed Alexander H. Stephens for the high office of Governor. It is to be hoped that ere long a substantial monument will mark the last resting place of this lamented Georgian.

Another eminent citizen of the State whose grave in Oakland Cemetery is at present unmarked, is the revered CHIEF JUSTICE LOGAN E. BLECKLEY; but the probabilities are that a handsome memorial in the very near future will be placed over his ashes.

Just a few feet from the Bleckley lot is the grave of COL. BASIL H. OVERBY, marked by a substantial headstone. Judge Overby was perhaps the first man in Georgia to run for Governor on a straight Prohibition ticket. Judge Bleckley and he married sisters, daughters of General Hugh A. Haralson. Still another sister married General John B. Gordon.

On the left of the Hunter Street driveway, some three hundred yards from the gate, under a simple monu-

ment of marble, sleeps COLONEL JAMES M. CALHOUN, Atlanta's war-time mayor. On the south side of the monument is inscribed the following epitaph:

> JAMES M. CALHOUN. Born in Calhoun Settlement, Abbeville District, S. C., February 12, 1811, and died in Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 1, 1875. Aged 64 years, 7 months and 18 days. An able and faithful lawyer, a true and honorable public servant, an upright and conscientious citizen, a generous and warm-hearted friend, an affectionate husband and father. "His life, taken all together, was an eminent success and he left the world with friends, relatives, and a great city to mourn his loss."

In a neighboring lot his son, Judge William Lowndes Calhoun, a gallant Confederate soldier, a former mayor, and a well-known lawyer—for years the Ordinary of Fulton County—lies buried.

MR. RICHARD PETERS, one of Atlanta's earliest pioneer citizens, a substantial man of affairs, is likewise buried on the south side of the Hunter Street driveway, where his grave is handsomely marked. IRA O. MCDANIEL and JAMES E. WILLIAMS, both early mayors of the city, the former the father of Governor Henry D. McDaniel, are also buried in this part of Oakland. On the north side of the driveway is the Collier vault, in which reposes the body of JUDGE JOHN COLLIER, who framed Atlanta's earliest municipal charter.

One of the handsomest mausoleums in Oakland Cemetery is occupied by the GRANTS—JOHN T. and WM. D.—father and son, two of Atlanta's wealthiest citizens.

In the neighborhood of the Hill lot, on an eminence to the right of the main driveway, at the eastern extreme

of the burial-ground, is a neat shaft of marble, which marks the last resting place of PROFESSOR BERNARD MALLON, the first superintendent of Atlanta's public schools. The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

(North)

Bernard Mallon. Born in Ireland, Sept. 14, 1824. From Nov., 1848, until Aug., 1879, a citizen of Georgia. Died in Texas, Oct. 21, 1879.

(South)

A trusted leader among Southern workers in the cause of popular education, for thirty-one years. As teacher and superintendent, he devoted his life to organizing public schools in Georgia.

(West)

Erected by the teachers and pupils of the public schools of Atlanta. Our First Superintendent.

(East)

Patient and wise teacher, he loved God and little children. Gentle and pure man, honor was his shield, his golden motto, duty without fear.

The list of Oakland's distinguished dead includes also: HON. JONATHAN NORCROSS, JUDGE SAMUEL B. HOYT, DR. E. N. CALHOUN, JOSEPH WINSHIP, founder of Atlanta's pioneer iron works; JOHN F. MIMS, an early mayor; GREEN B. HAYGOOD, REUBEN CONE, JULIUS A. HAYDEN, THOMAS G. HEALEY, N. L. ANGIER, AMMI WILLIAMS, WALKER P. INMAN, HUGH T. INMAN, RHODE HILL, WILLIAM MARKHAM, C. E. BOYNTON, E. P. CHAMBERLIN, W. A. RAWSON, E. E. RAWSON, WM. M. LOWRY, PHILIP DODD, GREEN T. DODD, M. C. KISER, J. F. KISER, F. M. COKER, JOHN NEAL, T. B. NEAL, COLONEL R. F. MADDOX, JOHN T. GLENN, PORTER KING, J. W. RUCKER, JOSEPH HIRSCH, W. A. MOORE, E. W. MARSH, W. B. COX, IRA Y. SAGE, JUDGE WILLIAM EZZARD, G. J. FOREACRE, JOHN R. GRAMLING, COLONEL E. N. BROYLES, MAJOR B. E. CRANE, HON. MOSES

FORMWALT, Atlanta's first mayor, in a grave unmarked; COLONEL WM. H. DABNEY, WM. C. SANDERS, JOHN R. GRAMLING, JOHN D. TURNER, WM. B. COX, JUDGE JOHN L. HOPKINS, JUDGE JOHN ERSKINE, JARED I. WHITAKER, JOHN M. HILL, JUDGE JOHN L. HOPKINS, R. H. RICHARDS, JOHN RYAN, ANTHONY MURPHY, PROF. W. A. BASS, DR. D. C. O'KEEFE, one of the founders of Atlanta's public school system; COLONEL REUBEN ARNOLD, DR. H. H. SMITH, and a host of others, who may not improperly be called the real builders of the Gate City of the South.

Perhaps the most unique memorial structure in Oakland is the JASPER N. SMITH vault, to the right of the main driveway, near the Hunter Street gate. Above the door of the vault is a granite statue of Mr. Smith, which portrays him seated in an easy chair, with his beaver in his hand, looking toward the North. There is no semblance of a necktie about the collar-band, for the reason that no one ever saw him when he wore this unnecessary article of adornment. The original of the statue is still in life, an eccentric old gentleman of large means, whose first contribution to Atlanta's architectural attractions was the quaint structure, at the corner of Peachtree and Forsyth, known as the "House that Jack Built." The inscription on the vault, waiting to be completed hereafter, is as follows:

> Jasper N. Smith. Born in Walton Co., Ga., Dec. 29, 1833.

Westview, Atlanta

Westview, the modern cemetery of Atlanta, is located four miles from the center of the city, on the Green's Ferry road. It is controlled by a joint stock company, organized in 1884. The site is a beautiful one

for the purpose, and the grounds have been highly improved. There are several hundred acres of land within the enclosure, and for years to come it is likely to be the city's favorite burial-ground, though other cemeteries have since been opened. Here, also, a handsome Confederate monument, surmounted by the statue of a private soldier, musket in hand, has been erected on one of the highest points, and there are many substantial and costly memorial stones. The cemetery contains a number of historic shrines, including the vault in which the ashes of the illustrious Henry W. Grady are entombed.

To the left of the main driveway, near the foot of the first hill, occupying a lot donated for the purpose by the corporation, is the grave of Dewey's flag lieutenant, who planned the battle of Manila Bay and hoisted the American flag above the Philippines. The handsome granite shaft, on which is designed a rope coiled and knotted in sailor fashion, emblematic of service on the high seas, contains the following brief inscription:

> LIEUTENANT THOMAS M. BRUMBY, U. S. N.
> Died, December 17, 1899, aged forty-four years.

Some distance from the Brumby monument, but to the right of the same driveway, on the slopes of one of the highest hills in the cemetery, is the Grady vault, an impressive structure of marble, in which rest the mortal remains of the South's great orator and editor. On the crypt of the vault which contains the ashes is inscribed:

> HENRY WOODFIN GRADY. Born May 24th, 1850.
> Died Dec. 23rd, 1889.

On the same side of the vault sleeps his wife, Julia King Grady; on the opposite side is David Banks Gould.

Directly across the main driveway from the Grady vault is the tomb of CAPTAIN EVAN P. HOWELL, for years an associate with Mr. Grady in the ownership of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and himself one of Georgia's most distinguished sons. The monument which marks his last resting place is a handsome shaft of granite, on which is lettered the following record:

(North)
EVAN PARK HOWELL. Dec. 10, 1839. Aug. 6, 1905.
(South)
A Confederate soldier. A patriotic American. A pioneer builder of Atlanta.

In the same neighborhood, under a most substantial and elegant shaft of granite, sleeps PROF. WILLIAM HENRY PECK, the novelist.

Still nearer the crest of the same hill on which the Grady vault stands may be seen a boulder of rough-hewn granite, the beauty of which cannot fail to catch the eye. It marks the last resting place of JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, the South's most illustrious man of letters and the creator of the far-famed "Uncle Remus." On a copper plate embedded in the surface of the stone is inscribed in raised letters the following record:

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Born, Eatonton, Ga., Dec. 9th, 1849. Died, Atlanta, Ga., July 3rd, 1908.

Then follows a quotation from the author's pen:
"I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thou-

Tomb of Joel Chandler Harris
(Uncle Remus)

Tomb of Henry W. Grady, the South's
Great Orator Journalist

HISTORIC TOMBS AT WESTVIEW.

sands of children, some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart and not an unfriendly face among them; and, while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: 'You have made some of us happy,' and so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling, and I have to bow silently and turn away and hurry back into the obscurity that fits me best."

Modest to a fault, simple in his tastes and habits, rugged in his character, unselfish in his love, especially for little children, nothing in the way of a memorial to Mr. Harris could possibly be more appropriate than this boulder of mountain granite, inscribed with the sentiment which it reproduces from his own writings.

On the summit of the hill, near the grave of Uncle Remus, sleeps GEORGE W. ADAIR, a pioneer citizen, for more than twenty-five years a close neighbor to Mr. Harris in West End; DR. HENRY HOLCOMBE TUCKER, an eminent Baptist educator, publicist and divine; JOHN SILVEY, one of Atlanta's pioneer merchants; MAJOR D. N. SPEER, for many years treasurer of the State of Georgia; COLONEL WM. L. SCRUGGS, an ex-United States Minister of Colombia and Venezuela; LAURENT DEGIVE, an ex-consul of Belgium, who built Atlanta's first opera house; and DAVID MAYER, a public spirited and generous Hebrew, one of the founders of the local system of public schools. The inscription on the monument of the last-named citizen of Atlanta is a model. It reads:

> Broad in his philanthropies, generous in appreciation of his fellow-men, he moved through the circle of his days, uninfluenced by the spirit of prejudice against either creed or sect; thrilled by every song, moved by every prayer, and sharing every tear of our common humanity.

The list of former distinguished residents of Atlanta buried in Westview includes also: JUDGE RUFUS T. DORSEY, DR. R. T. SPALDING, DR. HUNTER P. COOPER, REV. E. H. BARNETT, D. D., for years an honored pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Atlanta; JUDGE DANIEL PITTMAN, REV. I. T. TICHNOR, D. D., long secretary of the Educational Board of the Baptist Church in Georgia; COLONEL T. W. LATHAM, COLONEL B. F. ABBOTT, CAPTAIN T. S. LEWIS, J. M. HIGH, W. A. RUSSELL, W. J. GARRETT, J. B. WHITEHEAD, COLONEL L. P. GRANT, JUDGE HENRY K. MCKAY, JUDGE JOHN S. BIGBY, and JUDGE HENRY B. TOMPKINS.

In an unmarked grave, on the slopes of Laurel Hill, the highest point of Westview, sleeps DR. JAMES G. ARMSTRONG, an Episcopal clergyman of rare attainments, whose resemblance to the Booth family of actors was most striking. He was rector of St. Philip's Cathedral for a number of years, but was unfrocked some time in the eighties for alleged offences in regard to which there has always been a diversity of opinion. At the time of his death he was the ripest Shakespearean scholar in the State. He was also an authority on Goethe; and was profoundly versed in the German, French and English philosophies. His son-in-law, HON. WILLIAM C. GLENN, at one time Attorney-General of Georgia, sleeps in an unmarked grave beside him. The State could well afford to build the latter a monument. He was the author of the famous Glenn tax bill, afterwards enacted into law, by virtue of which a vast sum of money was realized. Prior to the adoption of this measure it is said that railroad property, aggregating in value something like $60,000,000, was exempt from taxation.*

Town Cemetery, Greenville

Greenville is only a small country town, with a population barely exceeding one thousand souls, but in the

*See Memoirs of Georgia, Vol. I, p. 786, Atlanta, 1895.

quiet little graveyard on the hill there sleeps a Chief Justice, a member of Congress, who was also an Assistant Postmaster-General; a noted educator of Georgia youth, a Judge of the Superior Court, and a Governor of the State, who was also an Attorney-General of Georgia and a United States Senator. Near the center of the burial ground, in a lot enclosed by a handsome iron railing, sleeps the mortal dust of CHIEF JUSTICE HIRAM WARNER. His grave is marked by an obelisk of white marble, devoid of anything like elaborate ornamentation. It merely records the fact that he was Georgia's Chief Justice, giving the date of his birth, 1802, and the date of his death, 1881.

Underneath a shaft of marble, somewhat more ornamental in design, there rests within this same enclosure the mortal remains of JUDGE OBADIAH WARNER, a younger brother of the Chief Justice and a jurist of very great note. The inscription on his monument reads as follows:

> OBADIAH WARNER. Born January 8, 1811. Died August 5, 1891. Aged eighty years and seven months. Judge of the Superior Court of the Coweta Circuit. He never fell below that standard of manhood which men recognize as of the highest type.

On this same lot sleeps ALEXANDER FRANKLIN HILL, a much beloved citizen of Greenville, who married a daughter of Judge Hiram Warner. He was the father of Judge Hiram Warner Hill, of the present Supreme Court of Georgia.

Handsomely marked by a double headstone of solid granite is the last resting place of HON. JOSEPH M. TER-

RELL, one of Georgia's most distinguished sons. On the front is inscribed:

> JOSEPH MERIWETHER TERRELL. June 6, 1861. Nov. 17, 1912.

On the rear of the monument are recorded the various positions of honor which he held, as follows:

> United States Senator, 61st. Congress. Governor of Georgia, 1902-1907. Attorney-General of Georgia, 1892-1902. Legislator, 1884-1886-1890.

His father, Dr. Joel E. G. Terrell, whose career was likewise cut short at the age of fifty-two, is buried on the same lot, underneath a beautiful monument of marble. The lot is enclosed by an iron railing.

One of Georgia's most noted educators, HON. WM. T. REVILL, is buried on this hill. Two of his pupils subsequently became Governors of the State: William Y. Atkinson and Joseph M. Terrell. At the time of his death he was a member of the General Assembly of Georgia. The following inscription is lettered on his monument:

> WM. TINSLEY REVILL. Born Feb. 17, 1836. Died May 9, 1904. A fond husband, tender father, and loyal friend. True to his convictions, he left to posterity a priceless heritage, that of an untarnished name. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

Here sleeps beneath a towering obelisk of granite the mortal ashes of a former member of Congress: HON. HENRY R. HARRIS. He represented Georgia in the halls of national legislation from 1872 to 1878, and from 1884

to 1886, after which he became an Assistant Postmaster-General under President Cleveland. The inscription on his monument reads:

> HENRY R. HARRIS. Feb. 2, 1828. Oct. 15, 1909.
> His record is on high.

The lot is enclosed by an iron railing, but opens through a gateway into an area of much smaller dimensions, in the center of which stands a fine old marble obelisk, somewhat begrimed with age, on which the following inscription appears:

> HENRY HARRIS. Born May 15, 1781. Died Dec. 24, 1858. In life he was upright. In death triumphant.

Mr. Harris was one of the pioneers of Greenville. He was also the founder of a most distinguished family in this State. His son, Henry R. Harris, as above noted, became a member of Congress and Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States; while two of his descendants have become Governors of States: Governor Luther E. Hall, of Louisiana, and Governor John M. Slaton, of Georgia.

Oak Hill, Newnan

There is not a burial ground of the dead in Georgia more beautifully kept than Oak Hill, at Newnan, nor a sexton more courteous than Mr. W. D. Palmer, under whose supervision the cemetery has grown in attractiveness until today it is one of the beauty spots of the State. It contains a number of costly monuments, not a few of which mark the graves of distinguished Georgians. Just to the right of the main driveway, on entering this beautiful citadel of silence, is the last resting place of Governor William Y. Atkinson, whose death soon after his relinquishment of office brought to a premature close

one of the most brilliant of public careers. The grave of Governor Atkinson is ornamented by an unpretentious but handsome stone, with this inscription:

> WILLIAM YATES ATKINSON. 1854-1899.

On the marble grave-cover is carved the following epitaph:

> As son, brother, husband, father, he was tender and true. A friend to the poor and the weak. In the path of duty he knew no fear. His fellow-citizens recognizing in him a leader among men called him to be Governor of Georgia. A friend of public education, he was the author of the acts establishing the Newnan Public Schools and the Georgia Normal and Industrial College. While still in his young manhood he was called from earth to a more perfect home in Heaven.

Underneath a handsome box of marble, to the left of the main driveway, near the entrance, sleeps the mortal dust of a former member of Congress: HON. WILLIAM B. W. DENT. At one time Colonel Dent was the owner of Stone Mountain. He died in the prime of life, on the eve of the Civil War. The inscription on his monument reads as follows:

> Here lies what is mortal of WM. B. W. DENT, who was born in Bryantown, Md., Sept. 8, 1806, and died at Newnan, Sept. 7, 1855. He came to Georgia in 1826. Served in the Creek War of 1836, as Captain of the Heard County Volunteers. Was in the State Legislature of 1843 as a representative from the County of Heard. Was elected a member of Congress from the 4th. District in 1853. In his death society has lost a valuable member, the church an efficient servant, and the country a warm and devoted patriot.

Within a few feet of the Dent lot there stands a handsome monument of marble, the inscription upon which informs us that a noted ex-Congressman and jurist is here buried. On the front of the monument appears this inscription:

> HUGH BUCHANAN. Born in Argyleshire, Scotland, Sept. 15, 1823. Died in Newnan, Ga., June 11, 1890.
>
> (Side)
>
> As a Confederate soldier, he was brave and true; a Judge of the Superior Court, he was learned and just; a member of the United States Congress, he was wise and patriotic. As husband, father, friend, and citizen, he was all that love could ask, all that loyalty could claim, all that the State could demand. He died as he had lived, a Christian.

To the right of the main driveway, near the entrance, there is a boxed tomb, the inscription on which records a fact of much interest. It reads as follows:

> WM. POTTS NIMMONS. May 2, 1829. August 11, 1909. He was the first male child born in Newnan. He spent his whole life here, loved and respected by all who knew him.

Forever asociated with Newnan's local history is the name of Professor M. P. Kellogg, a distinguished educator and scholar, who founded the renowned Temple College. The monument over his grave was erected in large part by those who formerly sat at his feet in the class-room. It is a handsome shaft of granite, sur-

mounted by an urn, and lettered with the following brief inscriptions:

(Front)

M. P. KELLOGG. The faithful teacher.

(Side)

Actat 66.

(Rear)

Erected by his pupils and friends.

Underneath an ornamental headstone of marble, on which the sculptor has chiseled an open Bible, sleeps the mortal dust of DR. JAMES STACY, a distinguished minister of the Gospel, scholar and historian. Dr. Stacy was for more than forty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Newnan. He also published a number of books, historical and religious, including a History of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia. The brief inscription on his monument reads as follows:

REV. JAMES STACY, D.D. 1830-1912. He was beloved by God and man.

Two Revolutionary soldiers, Randall Robinson and William Smith, are buried in the cemetery at Newnan (see Vol. I). EX-CONGRESSMAN CHARLES L. MOSES sleeps in Oak Hill, but as yet his grave is unmarked. On the Bigby lot there are a number of beautiful monuments to various members of the family, but the noted jurist and former member of Congress, JUDGE JOHN S. BIGBY, is buried in Westview Cemetery, in Atlanta. Included among the many other distinguished Georgians who rest in Oak Hill, most of them under elegant monuments, are: DR. A. B. CALHOUN, GENERAL E. M. STOREY, REV. JAMES HAMILTON HALL, D.D., JUDGE JOHN D. BERRY, ROBERT D. COLE, ROBERT H. HARDAWAY, WM. B. BERRY, THOMAS J. BERRY, JOHN RAY, JOHN MERIWETHER HILL, WM. G. HILL, HENRY WILLIS HILL, JUDGE BENJAMIN WRIGHT, DR. K. C. DIVINE, and others.

SECTION IV

Myths and Legends of the Indians

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Myths and Legends of the Indians

I

The Legend of Nacoochee

Long before the Anglo-Saxon had made his first foot-prints on these western shores; long before even the Genoese visionary had dreamed of a new world beyond the columns of Hercules, there dwelt in this lovely valley a young maiden of wonderful and almost celestial beauty. She was the daughter of a chieftain—a princess. In doing homage to her, the people of her tribe almost forgot the Great Spirit who made her and endowed her with such strange beauty. Her name was Nacoochee—"The Evening Star." A son of the chieftain of a neighboring and hostile tribe saw the beautiful Nacoochee and loved her. He stole her young heart. She loved him with an intensity of passion such as only the noblest souls know. They met beneath the holy stars and sealed their simple vows with kisses. In the valley, where, from the interlocked branches overhead, hung with festoons, in which the white flowers of the climate and the purple blossoms of the magnificent wild passion flower, mingled with the dark foliage of the muscadine, they found a fitting place. The song of the mocking-bird and the murmur of the Chattahoochee's hurrying waters were marriage hymn and anthem to them. They vowed eternal love. They vowed to live and die with each other. Intelligence of these secret meetings reached the ear of the old chief, Nacoochee's father, and his anger was terrible. But

love for Laceola was stronger in the heart of Nacoochee than even reverence for her father's commands. One night the maiden was missed from her tent. The old chieftain commanded his warriors to pursue the fugitive. They found her with Laceola, the son of a hated race. In an instant, an arrow was aimed at his breast. Nacoochee sprang before him and received the barbed shaft in her own heart. Her lover was stupefied. He made no resistance, and his blood mingled with hers. The lovers were buried in the same grave and a lofty mound was raised to mark the spot. Deep grief seized the old chief and all his people, and the valley was ever after called Nacoochee. The mound which marks the trysting-place and the grave of the maiden and her betrothed, surmounted by a solitary pine, are still to be seen, and form some of the most interesting features of the landscape of this lovely vale.*

II

The Legend of Hiawassee

Over a century ago, a bitter warfare raged between the Catawba and Cherokee tribes of Indians. In one of those frequent and bold excursions common among the wild inhabitants of the forest, the son of the principal Cherokee chief surprised and captured a large town belonging to the Catawba tribe.

Among the captives was the daughter of the first chief of the Catawbas, named Hiawassee, or "the beautiful fawn." A young hero of the Cherokees, whose name was Notley, which means "the daring horseman," instantly became captivated with the majestic beauty and graceful manners of the royal captive; and was overwhelmed with delight upon finding his love reciprocated

*Reproduced from White's Historical Collections of Georgia. Authorship unknown.

by the object of his heart's adoration. With two attendants, he presented himself before the Catawba warrior, who happened to be absent when his town was taken by the Cherokees. To this stern old chief he gave a brief statement of recent occurrences, and then besought his daughter in marriage. The proud Catawba, lifting high his war-club, knitting his brow, and curling his lips, with scorn, declared that as the Catawbas drank the waters of the east, and the Cherokees the waters of the west, when this insolent and daring lad could find where these waters united, then and not till then might the hateful Cherokee mate with the daughter of the great Catawba. Discouraged but not despairing, Notley turned away from the presence of the proud and unfeeling father of the beautiful Hiawassee, and resolved to search for a union of the eastern with the western waters, which was then considered an impossibility. Ascending the pinnacle of the great chain of the Alleghanies, more commonly called the Blue Ridge, which is known to divide the waters of the Atlantic from those of the great west, and traversing its devious and winding courses, he could frequently find springs running each way, and having their source within a few paces of each other; but this was not what he desired.

Day after day was spent in the arduous search, and there appeared no hope that his energy and perseverance would be rewarded. But on a certain day, when he was well nigh exhausted with hunger and other privations, he came to a lovely spot on the summit of the ridge, affording a delightful plain. Here he resolved to repose and refresh himself during the sultry portion of the day. Seating himself upon the ground, and thinking of Hiawassee, he saw three young fawns moving toward a small lake, the stream of which was rippling at his feet; and whilst they were sipping the pure drops from the transparent pool, our hero found himself unconsciously creeping toward them. Untaught in the wiles of danger, the little fawns gave no indication whatever of retiring.

Notley had now approached so near, that he expected in a moment, by one leap, to seize and capture one, at least, of the spotted prey; when, to his surprise, he saw another stream running out of the beautiful lake down the western side of the mountain.

Springing forward with the bound of a forest deer, and screaming with frantic joy, he exclaimed, "Hiawassee! O Hiawassee! I have found it!"

The romantic spot is within a few miles of Clayton. Having accomplished his object, he set out for the residence of Hiawassee's father, accompanied by only one warrior, and fortunately for the success of the enterprise, he met the beautiful maiden with some confidential attendants half a mile from her father's house. She informed him that her father was indignant at his proposals, that he would not regard his promises.

"I will fly away with you to the mountains," said Hiawassee, "but my father will never consent to our marriage." Notley then pointed her to a mountain in the distance, and said if he found her there, he should drink of the waters that flowed from the beautiful lake. A few moments afterward, Notley met the Catawba chief near the town, and at once informed him of his wonderful discovery, and offered to conduct him to the place. The Catawba chief, half choked with rage, accused Notley of the intention to deceive him, in order to get him near the line of territory, where the army of the Cherokees was waiting to kill him. "But," said he, "since you have spared my daughter, so will I spare you, and permit you at once to depart; but I have sworn that you shall never marry my daughter, and I cannot be false to my oath." Notley's face brightened, for he remembered the old warrior's promise. "Then," exclaimed he, "by the Great Spirit, she is mine!" and the next moment he disappeared in the thick forest. That night brought no sleep to the Catawba chief, for Hiawassee did not return. Pursuit was made in vain. He saw his daughter no more.

Notley, bounding through the mountains, soon met his beloved Hiawassee. Solemnizing the marriage according to the customs of the wilderness, they led a retired life in those regions for three years, and upon hearing of the death of his father, Notley settled in the charming valley of the river on the western side of the mountain, and called it Hiawassee, after his beautiful spouse. In process of time, he was unanimously chosen first chief of the Cherokees, and was the instrument of making perpetual peace between his tribe and the Catawbas.*

III

The Legend of the Cherokee Rose

Once upon a time, a proud young chieftain of the Seminoles was taken prisoner by his enemies the Cherokees and doomed to death by torture; but he fell so seriously ill, that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the flames.

As he was lying, prostrated by disease, in the cabin of a Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a dark-eyed maiden, became his nurse. She rivalled in grace the bounding fawn, and the young warriors of her tribe said of her that the smile of the Great Spirit was not more beautiful. Is it any wonder, then, though death stared the young Seminole in the face, he should be happy in her presence? Was it any wonder that each should love the other?

Stern hatred of the Seminoles had stifled every kindly feeling in the hearts of the Cherokees, and they grimly awaited the time when their enemy must die. As the color slowly returned to the cheeks of her lover and strength to his limbs, the dark-eyed maiden eagerly urged him to make his escape. How could she see him die? But he would not agree to seek safety in flight unless she

*Reproduced from White's Historical Collections of Georgia. Author unknown.

went with him; he could better endure death by torture than life without her.

She yielded to his pleading. At the midnight hour, silently they slipped into the dim forest, guided by the pale light of the silvery stars. Yet before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving her home forever, she asked her lover's permission to return for an instant that she might bear away some memento. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the glossy-leafed vine which climbed upon her father's cabin, and preserving it at her breast during her flight through the wilderness, planted it at the door of her home in the land of the Seminoles.

Here, its milk-white blossoms, with golden centers, often recalled her childhood days in the far-away mountains of Georgia; and from that time this beautiful flower has always been known, throughout the Southern States, as the Cherokee Rose.*

IV

The Legend of Lover's Leap

In the early part of the nineteenth century the region watered by the lower Chattahoochee was inhabited by two powerful tribes of Indians. They were bitter and relentless rivals, though both belonged to the Confederacy of Creeks, and besides being equally matched in numbers, they possessed alike proud names. There was not a tribe in the nation which dared to vaunt itself before a Cusseta or a Coweta.

It may have been a small matter from which the jealousy of these tribes originally sprung, but the tiny thing had been cherished till, like a serpent, each hissed at the sound of the other's name. The proud chief of the Cussetas was now become an old man, and much was he

*Mitchell: "Georgia Land and People," pp. 11-12.

venerated by all who rallied at his battle-cry. The boldest heart in all his tribe quailed before his angry eye, and the proudest did him reverence. The old man had outlived his own sons; one by one had the Great Spirit called them from their hunting grounds, and in the flush of their manhood had they gone to the Spirit Land. Yet he was not alone. The youngest of his children, the dark-eyed Mohina, was still sheltered in his bosom, and all his love for the beautiful in life was bestowed upon her—ah, and rightly, too, for the young maiden rivaled in grace the bounding fawn, and the young warriors said of her that the smile of the Great Spirit was not so beautiful. While yet a child she was betrothed to the young Eagle of the Cowetas, the proud scion of their warrior chief. But stern hatred had stifled kindly feelings in the hearts of all save these two young creatures, and the pledged word was broken when the smoke of the calumet was extinguished. Mohina no longer dared to meet the young chief openly, and death faced them when they sat in a lone, wild trysting-place 'neath the starry blazonry of midnight's dark robe. Still they were undaunted, for pure love dwelt in their hearts, and base fear crouched low before it, and went afar from them to hide in grosser souls. Think not the boy-god changes his arrows when he seeks the heart of the Red Man; nay, rather with truer aim, and finer point, does the winged thing speed from his bow, and deeply the subtle poison sinks into the young heart, while the dark cheek glows with love's proper hue. The deer bounded gladly by when the lovers met, and felt he was free, while the bright-eyed maiden leaned upon the bosom of the young Eagle. Their youthful hearts hoped in the future, though all in vain, for the time served but to render more fierce that hostile rivalry, more rank that deadly hatred, which existed between the tribes. Skirmishes were frequent among the hunters, and open hostilities seemed inevitable. And now it was told by some who had peered through the tangled underwood and the matted foliage of those dim woods, that the Coweta

had pressed the maiden to his heart in those lone places, and that strange words and passionate were even now breathed by him to her ear. Then the hunters of the Cussetas sprang from their couches, and made earnest haste to the dark glen. With savage yell and impetuous rush they bounded before the lovers. They fled, and love and terror added wings to their flight. For a while they distanced their pursuers. But the strength of Mohina failed her in a perilous moment, and had not the young Eagle snatched her to his fast-beating heart, the raging enemy had made sure their fate. He rushed onward up the narrow defile before him. It led he forgot whither. In a few moments he stood on the verge of a fearful height. Wildly the maiden clung to him, and even then, in that strange moment of life, his heart throbbed proudly beneath his burden. The bold future alone was before him; there was no return. Already the breath of one of the pursuers, a hated rival, came quick upon his cheek, and the gleaming tomahawk shone before him. One moment he gazed on him, and triumph flashed in the eye of the young chief, then without a shudder he sprang into the seething waters below. Still the young maiden clung to him, nor did the death struggle part them. The mad waves dashed fearfully over them, and their loud wail was a fitting requiem to their departing spirits.

The horror-stricken warriors gazed wildly into the foaming torrent, then dashed with reckless haste down the declivity to bear the sad tidings to the old chief. He heard their tale in silence, but sorrows were on his spirit, and it was broken. Henceforth his seat was unfilled by the council fire, and its red light gleamed fitfully upon his grave.*

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*John H. Martin's History of Columbus, with slight alterations in the first paragraph to make it conform to the historical facts.

V

The Legend of Sweetwater Branch

Three miles from the quaint old town of St. Mary's, on the Georgia coast, the public road is crossed by a stream called Sweetwater Branch. It threads the landscape like a skein of liquid silver, winding in and out through the dense foliage, and in spite of the solemn mosses which bend over it on either side, the little stream dances merrily among the ancient live-oaks and sends its laughter rippling through the gloomy depths of the forest. The waters of this tiny streamlet are not only crystal-clear, but pleasant to the taste—whence the name. In the olden time, when the red men still roamed the wilderness in this vicinity it is told that old Withlacoochee, an aged chieftain, was one day seated beside the road vainly trying to extract a thorn from his foot. Pretty Mary Jones, a belle of the white settlement and a maiden whose bright eyes and quick sympathies were well matched, chanced to be coming along the road just at this moment, and seeing the old warrior's predicament, volunteered her assistance, with the result that the ugly thorn was soon extracted.

Full of gratitude, the old Indian told the girl that if she ever needed help she must be sure to let him know. Shortly after this pleasant interview, a United States recruiting vessel appeared in the harbor and began to solicit young men to enlist in the navy. She bore the somewhat jocular name of the Smashing Nancy, but the trim uniforms of the marines and the splendid appointments of the vessel constituted an appeal which the young men of the town could not resist. Among the number who felt the magic spell and who hastened to enlist in the crew of the vessel was Ben Johnson, a youth to whom Mary Jones was betrothed. When poor Mary learned the sad news her heart was broken. She dreaded the uncertainties of the long cruise and expected never to see her lover again.

Half-distracted she was walking along the same road, loudly weeping and bewailing her fate, when she was espied by Withlacoochee, who quickly approached her and, in kind tones, inquired the cause of her distress. Between violent sobs, the poor girl told her story. The old chief smiled, but there was no derision in the playful gleam of the warrior's eye. "You were good to Withlacoochee," said the old chief, "and now Withlacoochee will be good to you;" and so saying he gathered a handful of red berries and green leaves and scattered them on the water of Sweetwater Branch. "Now see," he resumed, "Withlacoochee has cast a spell on these waters, and whoever shall drink of them shall surely return. Bring your lover here and make him drink." Inspired with new hope, Mary brought Ben to the stream and he drank. He went away on the cruise, but the spell brought him back; and he and faithful Mary were happily wedded.*

VI

Yahula

Years ago, before the Revolution, Yahula was a prosperous stock trader among the Cherokees, and the tinkling of the bells, hung around the necks of his ponies, could be heard on every mountain trail. Once there was a great hunt, and all the warriors were out, but when it was over and they were ready to return to the settlement, Yahula was not with them. They waited and searched, but he could not be found, and at last they went back without him, and his friends grieved for him as for one dead.

Some time after, his people were surprised and delighted to have him walk in among them and sit down as they were at supper in the evening. To the questions

*Mr. J. T. Vocele, of St. Mary's, Ga., furnished the substance of this legend in a letter to the author.

which were asked him. Yahula replied that he had been lost in the mountains, and that the Nunnehi or Immortals, had taken him to the town in which they dwelt, and here he had been kept ever since, with the kindest care and treatment, until the longing to see his old friends had brought him back. Importuned to join them at supper, he said that it was now too late—he had tasted the fairy food and could never again eat with human kind, and for the same reason he could not stay with his family, but must go back to the Nunnehi. His wife and children and brother begged him to stay, but he said that he could not; it was either life with the Immortals or death with his own people, and he thereupon arose to go. They saw him as he sat talking to them and as he stood up, but the moment he stepped from the doorway he vanished as if he had never been.

After this strange occurrence, he came back often to visit his people. They would see him first as he entered the door, and as he sat and talked he was quite himself in every way, but the instant he stepped across the threshold he was gone, though a hundred eyes might be watching. He came often, but at last the entreaties for him to remain at home became so urgent that the Nunnehi must have been offended, for he came no more. On the mountain at the head of the Creek, about ten miles above the present town of Dahlonega, is a small square enclosure of uncut stone, without roof or entrance. Here it was said that he lived, so the Cherokees called it the Place of Yahula, and they also gave his name to the stream. Often at night a belated traveler, coming along the trail by the creek, would hear the voice of Yahula, singing certain favorite old songs which he used to sing as he drove his pack of horses across the mountains, the sound of a voice urging them on, and the crack of a whip and the tinkling of bells went with the song, but neither driver nor horses could be seen, although the sounds passed close by. The songs and the bells were heard only at night.

There was one man, a friend of Yahula's, who sang

the same songs for a time after Yahula had disappeared, but he died suddenly, and then the Cherokees were afraid to sing these songs any more until it was so long since any one had heard the sounds on the mountain that they thought Yahula must have gone away, perhaps to the west, where others of the tribe had already gone. It is so long ago now that even the stone house may have been destroyed by this time, but more than one old man's father saw it and heard the songs and the bells a hundred years ago. When the Cherokees went from Georgia to Indian Territory in 1838 some of them said, "Maybe Yahula has gone there and we shall hear him," but they have never heard him again.*

VII

The Ustutli

There was once a great serpent called the Ustutli, that made its haunt upon Cohutta Mountain. It did not glide like other snakes but had feet at each end of its body, and moved by strides or jerks, like a great measuring worm; hence the name, which means "foot snake." The feet were three-cornered and flat and could hold on to the ground like suckers. It had no legs, but would raise itself up on its hind feet, with its snaky head waving high in the air until it found a good place to take a fresh hold; then it would bend down and grip its front feet to the ground while it drew its body up from behind. It could cross rivers and deep ravines by throwing its head across and getting a grip with its front feet and then swinging its body over. Wherever its footprints were found there was danger. It used to bleat like a young fawn, and when the hunter heard a fawn bleat in the woods he never looked for it, but hurried away in the other direction.

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*Yahoola Creek, which flows by Dahlonega, in Lumpkin County, was called Yahulai, by the Cherokees, or "Place of Yahula."

Up the mountain or down, nothing could escape the Ustutli's pursuit, but along the side of the ridge it could not go, because the great weight of its swinging head broke its hold on the ground when it moved sideways.

Finally it came to pass that not a hunter about Cohutta would venture near the mountain for dread of Ustutli. At last a man from one of the northern settlements came down to visit some relatives in the neighborhood. When he arrived they made a feast for him, but had only corn and beans, and excused themselves for having no meat because the hunters were afraid to go into the mountains. He asked the reason, and when they told him he said he would go himself tomorrow and either bring home a deer or find the Ustutli. They tried to dissuade him from it, but as he insisted upon going they warned him that if he heard a fawn bleat in the thicket he must run at once, and if the snake ran after him he must not try to run down the mountain, but along the side of the ridge.

In the morning he started out and went directly toward the mountain. Working his way through the bushes at the base, he suddenly heard a fawn bleat in front. He guessed at once that it was the Ustutli, but he had made up his mind to see it, so he did not turn back, but went straight forward, and there, sure enough, was the monster, with its great head in the air, as high as the pine branches, looking in every direction to discover a deer, or maybe a man, for breakfast. It saw him and made for him at once, moving in jerky strides, every one the length of a tree trunk, holding its head high above the bushes and bleating as it came.

The hunter was so badly frightened that he lost his wits entirely and started to run directly up the mountain. The great snake came after him, gaining half its length on him every time it took a fresh grip with its fore feet, and would have caught the hunter before he reached the top of the ridge, but that he suddenly remembered the warning and changed his course to run along the side of

the mountain. At once the snake began to lose ground, for every time it raised itself up the weight of its body threw it out of a straight line and made it fall a little lower down the side of the ridge. It tried to recover itself, but now the hunter gained and kept on until he turned the end of the ridge and left the snake out of sight. Then he cautiously climbed to the top and looked over and saw the Ustutli still slowly working its way toward the summit.

He went down to the base of the mountain, opened his fire pouch, and set fire to the grass and leaves. Soon the fire ran all around the mountain and began to climb upward. When the great snake smelled the smoke and saw the flames coming it forgot all about the hunter and turned in full speed toward a high cliff near the summit. It reached the rock and stood upon it, but the fire followed and caught the dead pines above the base of the cliff until the heat made the Ustutli's scales crack. Taking a close grip of the rock with its hind feet it raised its body and put forth all its strength in an effort to spring across the wall of fire that surrounded it, but the smoke choked it and its hold loosened and it fell among the blazing pine trunks and lay there until it was burned to ashes.*

VIII

Agan-unitsi's Search for the Uktena

Once upon a time, the Cherokees, in battle with the Shawano Indians, who were famous for magic, captured a great medicine man whose name was Agan-unitsi. On being tied ready for the torture, he begged for his life, and engaged, if spared, to find for them the famous wonder-worker, the Ulunsuti. Now this was an object greatly to be desired, but the quest was fraught with the most deadly peril. The prize in question was a blazing

*James Mooney, in Myths of the Cherokee, House Documents, Vol. 118.

star set in the forehead of the great Uktena serpent, and the medicine man who could possess it might do marvelous things, but every one knew that it was almost certain death to meet the Uktena. They warned him of all this, but he only answered that he was not afraid, for his medicine was strong. So they gave him his life on condition that he find the coveted charm, and he began the search.

The Uktena used to lie in wait in lonely places to surprise its victims, and especially haunted the dark passes of the Great Smoky Mountains. Knowing this, the magician went first to a gap in the range on the far northern borders of the Cherokee country; and here he searched until he found a monster black snake, larger than any one had ever before seen, but it was not what he wanted, and he only laughed at it as something too small to be noticed. Coming southward to the next gap he found there a great moccasin snake, the largest ever seen, but when the people wondered he said it was nothing. In the next gap he found an immense green snake and called the people to see "the pretty salikawayi," but when they found an immense green snake coiled up in the path they ran away in fear. Coming to Bald mountain, he found there a great lizard, basking in the sun, but although it was large and terrifying to look at, it was not what he wanted, and he passed on. Going still further south to Walasiyi, he found a great frog squatting in the gap, but when the people who came to see it were frightened like the others and ran away from the monster, he mocked at them for being afraid of a frog and went on to the Gap of the Forked Antler and to the enchanted lake of Atagahi. At each place he found monstrous reptiles, but he said they were nothing. He thought the Uktena might be in hiding in deep water at the Leech place, on Hiawassee, where other strange things had been seen before, and going there he dived far down under the surface. He saw turtles and water snakes, and two immense sun perches rushed at him and retreated again, but there was nothing more. Still going

southward, he continued to try other places, and at last on Gahuti mountain he found the Uktena asleep.

Turning without noise, he ran swiftly down the mountainside as far as he could go with one long breath, nearly to the bottom of the slope. There he stopped and piled up a great circle of pine cones, and inside of it he dug a deep trench. Then he set fire to the cones and came back again up the mountain. The Uktena was still asleep, and, putting an arrow to his bow, Agan-unitsi shot and sent the arrow through its heart, which was under the seventh spot from the serpent's head. The great snake arose and, with the diamond in front flashing fire, came straight at its enemy, but the magician, turning quickly, ran at full speed down the mountain, cleared the circle of fire and the trench at one bound, and lay down on the ground inside. The Uktena tried to follow, but the arrow was through its heart, and in another moment it rolled over in the death struggle, spitting poison over all the mountainside. But the poison drops could not cross the circle of fire, but only hissed and sputtered in the blaze, and the magician on the inside was untouched except by one small drop which struck upon his head as he lay close to the ground; but he did not know it. The blood, too, as poisonous as the froth, poured from the Uktena's wound and down the slope in a dark stream, but it ran into the trench and left him unharmed. The dying monster rolled over and over down the mountain, breaking down large trees in its path, until it reached the bottom. Then Agan-unitsi called every bird in all the woods to come to the feast, and so many came that when they were done not even the bones were left.

After seven days he went by night to the spot. The body and the bones of the snake were gone, all eaten by the birds, but he saw a bright light shining in the darkness, and going over to it he found, resting on a low-hanging branch, where a raven had dropped it, the diamond from the head of the Uktena. He wrapped it up carefully and took it with him to the Cherokees, among

whom he became the greatest medicine man in the whole tribe. Where the blood of the Uktena had filled the trench, there was afterwards formed a lake, the water of which was black, and here the women came to dye the cane splits which were used in making baskets.*

IX

The Enchanted Mountain

Ten miles north of the Blue Ridge chain, of which it forms a spur, is the Enchanted Mountain, so called from the great number of tracks or impressions of the feet and hands of various animals to be found in the rocks. The main chain of mountains is about fifteen miles broad, forming the great natural barrier between the eastern and western waters, and the average elevation is about 4,000 feet above the Atlantic level. The number of well-defined tracks is one hundred and thirty-six, some of them quite natural and perfect, others rather rude imitations, and all of them, from the effects of time, have become more or less obliterated. They include the outlines of human feet, ranging from those of the infant, some four inches in length, to those of the great warrior, the latter measuring seventeen and a half inches in length and seven and three-quarters in breadth across the toes. And, rather strange to say, all the human feet are perfectly normal except this large one, on which there are six toes, proving the owner to have been a descendant of Titan. There are twenty-six of these human impressions, all bare save one, which presents the appearance of having been made by moccasins. A fine-turned hand, rather delicate, may be traced in the rocks near the foot of the great warrior. It was no doubt made by his faithful squaw, who accompanied him on all his excursions, sharing his toils and soothing his cares. Many horse tracks are also to be

*James Mooney, in Myths of the Cherokee, House Documents, Vol. 118.

seen. One seems to have been shod. Some are quite small, yet one measures twelve and a half inches by nine and a half inches. This, the Indians say, was the great war horse which was ridden by the chieftain. The tracks of numerous turkeys, turtles, and terrapins are likewise to be seen. And there is also a large bear's paw, a snake, and two deer.

The Indian traditions respecting these singular impressions are somewhat variant. One asserts that the world was once deluged by water, and all forms of life were destroyed, with the exception of one family, together with various animals necessary to replenish the earth; that the great canoe once rested upon this spot; and that here the whole troop of animals was disembarked, leaving the impressions as they passed over the rocks, which, being softened by long submersion, kindly received and retained them. Others believe that a very sanguinary conflict took place here at a very remote period, between the Creeks and Cherokees, and that these images or hieroglyphics were made to commemorate the fierce encounter. They say that it always rains when one visits the spot, as if sympathetic nature wept at the recollection of the sad catastrophe, which they were intended to commemorate. According to a later tradition, it is the sanctuary of the Great Spirit, who is so provoked by the presumption of man in attempting to approach the throne of Divine Majesty that he commands the elements to proclaim his power and indignation by awful thunderings and lightnings, accompanied by down-pours of rain, so that his subjects might be kept in awe of him and constrained to venerate his attributes.

On the morning of the 3rd of September, 1834, our party left the Nacoochee Valley, for the purpose of verifying these traditions, which for the last half century have created so much curious interest in the minds of speculative philosophers.

At six o'clock we arrived at the summit of the mountain. As we approached it, the heavens, which, for several

days and nights preceding had worn a brightened countenance, began to scowl and threaten; we advanced in haste to the foot of the rock and spread out our breakfast on the "table of stone," poured out a libation to appease the wrath of Jupiter, drank a few appropriate sentiments, and then, with chisel and hammer, commenced the resurrection of one of the tracks. Though I claim to possess as little superstition as any one, I could not suppress a strange sensation of wonder, in fact, almost a conviction that here a sanguinary and long-contested battle had at one time been fought, for around us were piled huge heaps of loose rock, seemingly in veneration for the heroic dead. The tradition being so completely fulfilled, rather astonished me; for no sooner did we arrive on consecrated ground than it began to threaten rain, and the first stroke of the hammer in the sacrelig-ious act of raising the track of a human being evoked a loud peal of thunder; the clouds continued to thicken and condense, attended by the most vivid flashes of lightning; and soon a deluge of rain was precipitated upon our offending heads. I continued, however, to labor incessantly, until I succeeded in disintegrating the impression of a youth's foot, which I carefully wrapped up and then sounded a retreat, still, however, looking back toward the sepulchres of the slain, in momentary expectation of seeing a legion of exasperated ghosts issuing forth to take vengeance on the infidel who would presume to disturb the sacred relics of the dead. As soon as we passed the confines of the mountain, the rain ceased, the sun broke out, and all nature resumed her cheerful aspect. At night we encamped upon the summit of the Blue Ridge, and after partaking of refreshments we retired to rest.

The rock upon which these impressions were found is an imperfect sort of soapstone, which more than any other circumstance, induced us to believe that it was a production of art. After excessive fatigue and no little danger, we were now ready to return home, but before descending the long slope we paused to feast our enrap-

tured eyes upon one of the most magnificent panoramas to be found on the North American continent. To the north and west, range after range of lofty mountains rise by regular graduations, one above another, until they are lost in the azure mists. On the east is Tray, peering above the clouds, and giving rise to several mighty rivers, while southward, in the distance, rising proudly pre-eminent above the surrounding battlements, is the majestic figure of Old Yonah.*

X

The Burnt Village: A Tale of the Indian Wars

The Burnt Village lies six or eight miles west of LaGrange, in the County of Troup, on the west bank of the Chattahoochee River, where the great Wehadka Creek empties its limpid waters into the tawny stream. Previous to the year 1793, it was the great central point of the Muscogee Nation, the crossing-place of all the trading and marauding parties west of the Chattahoochee, where the untamed savages planned those nocturnal attacks upon the helpless and unprotected dwellers on the outskirts of the white settlements, by which consternation and dismay were spread throughout the land. On account of the sparse population of the country, at this time, the settlers, for mutual protection, were forced to concentrate in forts, hastily improvised upon the borders. It was the place where many a scalp, perchance of some bright-eyed youth or maiden, had been the cause of deep savage exultation, as the warrior in triumph would exhibit the blood-stained trophies and describe to the half-astonished women and children of the forest the dying shrieks and screams of the slaughtered victims.

It was after one of these predatory excursions of the Creek Indians into the settlements of the whites—and

*Dr. Stevenson, of Dahlonega. Reproduced, with slight variations, from an old scrap-book.

the ashes of many a building served to mark the path of desolation—that other plans of murder and plunder had been arranged, for the warriors of the nation had assembled at the little town of which we are speaking, to the number of several hundred, to celebrate the Green Corn Dance, which was a custom among them, and to take the Black Drink, an ablution deemed necessary to reconcile the Great Spirit to the enterprise in which they were about to engage.

But there was an irony of fate in these grim orgies. For, even while the conspirators were preparing themselves for the expected feast of crime, a few hundred men, under the command of Colonel M. and Major Adams, who had volunteered and resolved to strike a blow at the heart of the nation, arrived within a few miles of the river, and they were only waiting for the sun to sink, before crossing the Chattahoochee. Night came, and they were still halted in silence on the bank of the river opposite the Indian town. All was hushed and still as death; not a sound was heard, save the savage yell and war-whoop of the Indian, with occasionally a monotonous war-song, bursting forth amid the revelry, in which all ages and sexes seemed to join. The moon had commenced to shed a dim light through the overhanging clouds, and the water, breaking over the rocks, had the appearance of the ghosts of the murdered whites, entreating their brethren upon the bank to take signal vengeance, or else admonishing them of great danger; and many were those who heard strange sounds in the air—deep mournings and screams of "Beware." But there was amongst them one who was unappalled. The night was far spent, and the noise from the other bank had ceased—the voice of the wearied Indian was hushed and still—all had sunk to rest, or the little army had been discovered. It was a solemn pause. But time was precious, and the blow must be struck, or all was lost.

Some one suggested to the officers that they cross the river and ascertain the situation of the Indians, so

as to be able to lead the little band to certain triumph. Colonel M. declined the hazardous enterprise. Major Adams resolved to go. He sought a companion for the perilous passage across the stream; but he had nearly despaired of finding one who would volunteer to share his dangers, when a rather small and somewhat feeble man, whose name was Hill, advanced from the ranks and proposed to accompany him on the trip. The two men set out together; but the force of the current soon overpowered the brave Hill, and swept him down the stream. Major Adams sprang to his relief, and at the imminent hazard of his own life, rescued his friend from a watery grave; with his athletic arm he buffeted the rapid current, and bore the exhausted Hill to the bank which they had left. He then set out alone. The ford which he had to cross was narrow and difficult. Moreover, it lay over rocks and shoals, sometimes knee-deep, then up to the neck. Near the middle of the stream was an island, and the trunks and limbs of old trees which had drifted upon the island seemed, by the dim light of the moon shining through clouds, to be so many savages ready to pounce upon him; but with a firm step Major Adams proceeded, and soon reached the bank in safety.

The town was situated on the edge of the river swamp, about three hundred yards from the water, and so numerous and intricate were the paths leading in every direction from the ford into the swamp, and the darkness produced by the thick underbrush was so great, that when he reached the hill or dry land, he discovered by the fire, around which the Indians had held their revels, shooting up occasionally a meteoric blaze, that he was far below the point at which he aimed. Bending his course cautiously along the margin of the swamp, he soon reached the border of the town; an Indian dog seemed to be the only sentinel, and after a few half growls and barkings, as though he had but dreamed, sunk away into perfect quiet. In a few moments he was in

the center of the town. Besides those in the cabins, there lay stretched upon the ground in every direction, hundreds of warriors, with rifles and tomahawks in hand; the earth was literally covered with them.

Major Adams examined the fastenings of the cabin doors by running his hands through the cracks and feeling the log of wood or the peg by which they were secured. He was convinced that no alarm had been given, and that the Indians did not suspect an enemy to be so near. A huge savage, close to whom he was passing, raised himself upon his elbow, grasped his rifle, and looked around, as though he heard, or dreamed he heard, strange footsteps. Major Adams, perceiving him stir, threw himself down amidst a group of snoring Indians, and the warrior, observing nothing unusual, concluded he had dreamed, and again sunk into the arms of sleep. Our hero proceeded cautiously, examining with a military eye every point of attack and defence, arranged his plans, and prepared to return to the anxious army on the other side of the river. His exertion in crossing the stream had been great. He was fatigued, and, perceiving an Indian pony tied to a sapling, he believed that the little animal would pursue the ford to which he was most accustomed—perhaps show him one less difficult to cross. So he resolved to ride it over the river. He did not observe the bell which hung about the animal's neck; and, frightened at his approach, it snapped the rope of bark by which it was fastened, and scampered off through the town, with a hundred dogs at its heels, whose bark, together with the tinkling of the bell, produced a frightful noise through the wilderness. Major Adams sprang into the river, but missed his path, and found himself surrounded by the briars and thick undergrowth of the river swamp. The Indians passed within a few paces of the places where he stood, half suspended by the briars, in mid-air, and returning from their fruitless search, he thought he heard them speak of strange sights and sounds, such as were told

in Rome of the fall of Great Caesar. They returned, and again slept.

Major Adams proceeded in a direct line to the river, glided into the stream, and swam quietly and safely to the other bank. He told what he had seen, and stated his plan of attack. The little army listened, amazed and delighted at its gallant leader; each individual felt that the danger to which he exposed himself was incurred for them, and, with one voice, when orders were given to march, declared that they would be led by no other commander than the intrepid Adams. Comprehending the situation, Colonel M. was forced to yield. They were led across by Major Adams, and it is needless to say that he led them to victory, without the loss of a man.

Scarcely a warrior escaped. The town was burned; but as far as possible the women and children of the savages were saved. Posts may yet be seen standing in the midst of the saplings which have sprung up where the town was burned, but these are the only memorials which are left to tell the traveler where once stood the Burnt Village of the Muscogees.*

XI

The Enchanted Island

Many moons ago there dwelt on an island in the great Okefinokee Swamp a race of Indians, whose women were incomparably beautiful. Neither among the daughters of the brave Creeks, who occupied the lowlands, nor among the dark-eyed maidens of the stalwart Cherokees, whose towns were scattered over the far mountains to the north, could there be found a damsel to match in loveliness of person these angelic beings, who were not formed of common clay, like other mortals,

*Reproduced, with slight variations, from White's Historical Collections of Georgia. The story originally appeared in an old newspaper.

but were born of the great orb of day, from which circumstance, as well as because of the radiant beams of light which they seemed everywhere to diffuse, they were called Daughters of the Sun.

The island on which they dwelt in the deep recesses of the swamp was indeed a fragment of the Lost Paradise. It was embowered by the most delightful foliage, which, throughout the whole year, remained perennially green. This was because, on every side, it was well protected by the dense everglades. There were sparkling streams of the most transparent crystal, there were fruits the like of which grew nowhere else, and there were flowers of such an exquisite hue and fragrance that they seemed to have dropped from heaven. But words can give no hint or suggestion of the beauty which belonged to this rare bower. The task must be left to the imagination.

On one occasion some hunters, in pursuit of game, found themselves hopelessly entangled in the deep labyrinths of the great swamp. They wandered for hours through the bogs and marshes, finding no means of egress, when finally, on the verge of despair, they beheld through an open vista the most inviting of visions—an island, whose soft fringes of emerald, contrasting with the coarse underbrush about them, beckoned the hunters to approach. Revived by the prospect, they pressed eagerly forward. There was no longer any sense of fatigue. They were now invigorated in every limb, whereas a moment ago they were about to faint with exhaustion. Strange it is what a power the mind exercises over the body, thus to give it renewed strength in an instant, simply by an exchange of mental pictures!

As the Indians approached the island, its wealth of attractions became more and more apparent. They espied in the distance, through the green lace-work of foliage, a lake, whose surface glistened like polished steel in the clear sunlight, while bordering it were orange trees whose luscious globes gave it an exquisite fringe of

gold. But, having so far penetrated with the eye into this strange fairyland, they were destined to approach no further. The very tortures of Tantalus now seized them, for while they continued to move with impulsive haste in the direction of the island, it came, visibly at least, no nearer. At last they were again overcome by fatigue. They also began to feel the sharp pangs of hunger, and once more the Indians were about to sink to the ground, when there arose before them, seemingly out of the very air itself, so ethereal was the dream-like appearance which they presented, a group of beautiful women, who proved to be none other than the Daughters of the Sun.

If the hunters were bewitched by the scenery of the island, they were transported by the loveliness of the fair inhabitants. But ere the rising raptures within them could be put into articulate expression, they were told to advance no further. The women were exceedingly gracious. They spoke in accents of music and with divine compassion they smiled upon the hunters; but they warned them of the danger in which they stood from irate husbands, who were fierce men, and exceedingly cruel to strangers. But the sense of fear produced no disturbance in the presence of such radiant apparitions. The hunters were like men transfixed. They refused to betake themselves to flight.

Finally the women, in tears, besought them to leave at once. The hunters were quite naturally touched by this display of emotion. They were ignorant of the way back to the settlement, but agreed to go, first craving a morsel of food to sustain them along the journey home. Without a moment's loss of time they were given abundant supplies, among other things, delicious fruits, marsh eggs, and corn pones, the most delightful they had ever eaten. The hunters were then shown a path by which they might return in safety to the settlements. With great reluctance the Indians proceeded to take it, but they mentally resolved to return with re-enforcements

and to conquer this mysterious region, for they wished to make wives of these beautiful Daughters of the Sun. No sooner were they ready to depart than the women vanished as suddenly as they had come into sight; and the hunters, after encountering manifold difficulties, at last arrived in the settlements. When the adventurous story was told about the camp-fires, there was no lack of volunteers to undertake the hazardous expedition; but every effort to find the enchanted island resulted in utter failure. It was effectually concealed by some subtle power of magic in the bosom of the great swamp.

XII

Tamar Escapes from the Indians

Not long after the Revolution there lived, on the banks of Coody's Creek, in the flat woods of what is now the County of Elbert, a poor but worthy man by the name of Mr. Richard Tyner. During his absence one day a party of Indians made an attack upon his home, and Mrs. Tyner was killed, together with her youngest child, whose head was dashed against a tree. Another child was scalped, and left for dead, while a third, whose name was Noah, succeeded, amidst the confusion, in escaping the notice of the Indians, and crept into a hollow tree, which for many years afterwards was known by the name of Noah's Ark. An elder son of Mr. Tyner fled to the Savannah River and was pursued by some of the savages, but he effected his escape. Mary and Tamar, two daughters, were carried by the Indians to Coweta Town, and here they remained for several years, until an Indian trader named John Manack purchased Mary, who returned with him to the County of Elbert, and became his wife. At another time he offered to purchase Tamar, but the Indians refused to sell her. The main employment of Tamar was to bring wood. One day, an old Indian woman informed her

that her captors, suspecting her of an effort to escape, had resolved to burn her alive. The feelings of the poor girl can be better imagined than described. She determined, if possible, upon immediate flight. The old woman obtained for her a canoe, well supplied with provisions, and gave her directions how to proceed down the Chattahoochee River. Bidding adieu to her benefactress, Tamar launched her canoe and commenced her perilous voyage down the stream. During the day she secreted herself amidst the thick swamps of the river, and at night pursued her course. She finally reached Appalachicola Bay, embarked on a vessel going eastward around the peninsula of Florida, and at last arrived in Savannah. With the assistance of some of the citizens she was enabled ere long to reach her home in Elbert, where she afterwards married a Mr. Hunt, and many of her descendants are still living in Georgia.*

XIII

De Soto and the Indian Widow

Learning that the queen's mother, who resided some twelve leagues down the Savannah, was a widow, De Soto expressed a strong desire to see her. This wish was doubtless born of the fact that she was reported to be the owner of many precious pearls. Upon intimating his pleasure, the queen of Cutafa-chiqui dispatched twelve of her prominent subjects to entreat her mother to come and see the wonderful strangers and the extraordinary animals which they had brought with them. To these messengers the widow administered a severe rebuke, declining to accompany them, and returned to her daughter words condemnatory of her conduct.

Still intent upon his object, De Soto dispatched Juan de Anasco, with thirty companions, to secure the pres-

*White's Historical Collections, with slight verbal changes.

ence of the queen mother. They were accompanied by a youthful warrior, whom the queen selected as a guide. He was a near relative of the widow, and had been reared by her from an infant. It was supposed that he, of all others, could best bespeak for the expedition a considerate reception. In the blush of early manhood, he possessed handsome features. His head was decorated with lofty plumes. He wore a mantle of dressed deerskin. In his hand he bore a beautiful bow, so highly varnished as to appear as if highly enameled; and at his shoulder hung a quiver full of arrows. Indeed, his whole appearance is said to have made him an ambassador worthy of the young and beautiful princess, whom he served.

What next befell the deputation, we relate in the language of Theodore Irving, who quotes from Garcilasso de la Vega:

"Juan de Anasco, with his comrades, having proceeded nearly three leagues, stopped to make their midday meal and take their repose beneath the shade of some wide-spreading trees, as the heat was oppressive. The Indian guide until now had proved a cheerful and joyous companion, entertaining them along the way with accounts of the surrounding country and the adjacent provinces. On a sudden, after they had halted, he became moody and thoughtful, and, leaning his head upon his hand, fell into a reverie, uttering repeated and deep-drawn sighs. The Spaniards noted his dejection, but fearing to increase it, forbode to demand the cause.

"After a time he quietly took off his quiver, and, placing it before him, drew out the arrows slowly, one by one. They were marvelous for the skill and excellence with which they were formed. Their shafts were reeds. Some were tipped with buck's horn, wrought with four corners like a diamond; some were pointed with the bones of fishes, curiously fashioned; others with barbs of the palm and other hard woods, and some were three-pronged. The Spaniards could not sufficiently admire their beauty,

and they passed them from hand to hand, examining and praising their workmanship and extolling the skill of their owner. The youthful Indian continued thoughtfully emptying his quiver, until, almost at the last, he drew forth an arrow with a point of flint, long and sharp, and shaped like a dagger; then, casting around a glance, and seeing the Spaniards engaged in admiring his darts, he suddenly plunged the weapon in his throat and fell dead upon the spot.

"Shocked at the circumstance, and grieved at not having been able to prevent it, the Spaniards called to the Indian attendants and demanded the reason of this melancholy act in one who had just been so joyous. The Indians broke into loud lamentations over the corpse; for the youth was tenderly beloved by them, and they knew the grief his untimely death would cause both to the queen and her mother. They could only account for his self-destruction by supposing him perplexed and afflicted by his embassy. He knew that his errand would be distasteful to the mother, and apprehended that the plan of the Spaniards was to carry her off. He alone knew the place of her concealment, and it appeared to his generous mind an unworthy return for her love and confidence thus to betray her to strangers. On the other hand, he was aware that should he disobey the mandates of his young mistress he would lose her favor and fall into disgrace. Either of these alternatives would be worse than death; he had therefore chosen death, as the lesser evil, and as leaving to his mistress a proof of his loyalty and devotion.

"Such was the conjecture of the Indians, to which the Spaniards were inclined to give faith. Grieving over the death of the high-minded youth, they mournfully resumed the journey. They now, however, found themselves at a loss about the road. None of the Indians knew in what part of the country the widow was concealed, the young guide who had killed himself being alone master of the secret. For the rest of the day and

till the following noon they made a fruitless search, taking prisoners some natives, all of whom professed utter ignorance on the subject. Juan de Anasco, being a fleshy man and somewhat choleric, was almost in a fever with the vexation of his spirit, the weight of his armor, and the heat of the day: he was obliged, however, to give up the quest after the widow, and to return to the camp much mortified at having for once failed in an enterprise.

"Three days afterwards, upon an offer of an Indian to guide him, by water, to the point where the widow secreted herself, Anasco, with twenty companions, departed in two canoes for the purpose of capturing her. At the end of six days he returned, vexed and chagrined at the failure of the expedition. Thus did the queen's mother avoid the Spaniards and preserve her pearls."*

XIV

The Man Who Married the Thunderer's Sister

In the old times people used to dance often and all night. Once there was a dance at the old town of Sakwiyi, at the head of the Chattahoochee, and after it was well started two young women with beautiful long hair came in, but no one knew who they were, or whence they had come. They danced with first one partner and then another, and in the morning slipped away before any one knew that they were gone; but a young warrior, who had fallen in love with one of the sisters on account of her beautiful hair, and after the manner of the Cherokees, had asked her, through an old woman, if she would marry him and let him live with her. To which the young woman replied that her brother at home must first be consulted, and she promised to return for the next dance, seven days later, with an answer, but in the meantime,

*Reproduced, with minor variations, from the History of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr.

if the young man really loved her, he must prove his constancy by a rigid fast until then. The eager lover readily agreed and impatiently counted the days.

In seven nights there was another dance. The young warrior was on hand early, and later in the evening the two sisters appeared, as suddenly as before. The one with whom he was infatuated told him that her brother was willing, and after the dance she would conduct the young man to her home, but warned him if he told any one where he went or what he saw he would surely die.

He danced with her again, and about daylight he left with the two sisters, just before the dance closed, so as to avoid being followed, and they started off together. The women led the way along a trail through the woods, which the young man had never noticed before, until they came to a small creek, where, without hesitating, they stepped into the water. The young man paused in surprise on the bank, and thought to himself, "They are walking in the water; I do not wish to do that." The women understood his thoughts, just as though he had spoken, and turned and said to him, "This is not water; this is the road to our house." He still hesitated, but they urged him on until he stepped into the water and found it was only soft grass that made a fine level trail.

They went on until the path came to a large stream, which he knew to be Tallulah River. The women plunged boldly in, but again the warrior hesitated on the bank, thinking to himself, "That water is very deep and will drown me! I cannot go on." They knew his thoughts again, and turned and said; "This is not water, but the main trail that goes past our house, which is now close by." He stepped in, and instead of water, there was tall waving grass that closed above his head as he followed them.

They went only a short distance and came to a cave of rock close under Ugunyi, the Cherokee name for Tallulah Falls. The women entered, while the warrior stood at the mouth, but they said, "This is our house;

come in, our brother will soon be at home; he is coming now." They heard low thunder in the distance. He went inside and stood up close to the entrance. Then the women took off their long hair and hung it up on a rock, and both their heads were as smooth as pumpkins. The man thought, "It is not hair at all," and he was more frightened than ever.

The younger woman, the one he was about to marry, then sat down and told him to take a seat beside her. He looked, and it was a large turtle on which she sat, and it raised itself up and stretched out its claws, as if angry at being disturbed. The youth refused to sit down, insisting that it was a turtle, but the woman again assured him that it was a seat. Then there was a louder roll of thunder, and the woman said, "Now our brother is nearly home." While he still refused to come nearer or sit down, suddenly there was a great thunder clap just behind him, and turning quickly he saw a man standing in the doorway of the cave.

"This is my brother," said the woman, and he came in and sat down upon the turtle, which again rose up and stretched out its claws. The young warrior still refused to come in. The brother then said that he was just about to start to a council, and invited the young man to go with him. The hunter said he was willing to go, if only he had a horse; so the young woman was told to bring one. She went out and soon came back, leading a great uktena snake, that curled and twisted along the whole length of the cave. Some people say that it was a white uktena and that the brother himself rode a red one. The hunter was terribly frightened and said, "That is a snake; I cannot ride that." The others insisted that it was not a snake, but their riding horse. The brother grew impatient and said to the woman, "He may like it better if you bring him a saddle and some bracelets for his wrists and arms." So they went out again and brought in a saddle and some arm bands, and the saddle was another turtle, which they fastened on

the uktena's back, and the bracelets were living slimy snakes, which they made ready to twist around the hunter's wrists.

He was almost dead with fear, and said, "What kind of horrible place is this? I can never stay here to live with snakes and creeping things." The brother became very angry and called him a coward, and then it was as if lightning flashed from his eyes and struck the young man, and a terrific crash of thunder stretched him senseless.

When at last he came to himself again, he was standing with his feet in the water and both hands grasping a laurel bush that grew out from the bank, and there was no trace of the cave or the Thunder People, but he was alone in the forest. He made his way out and finally reached his own settlement, but found that he had been gone so long that all the people thought him dead, although to him it seemed only the day after the dance. His friends questioned him closely, and, forgetting the warning, he told the story; but in seven days he died, for no one can come back from the underworld and tell it and live.*

XV

A Tragedy of the Swamp

Over in what is known as the "Fork"—in the angle which Brier Creek makes with the Savannah River—a number of curious relics have been discovered from time to time of the race who here lived and roamed the woods before the bold Genoese navigator found a new world in the West. On this particular spot there must have stood an important settlement or village, for numberless have been the weapons of war and the utensils for domestic use which have been here found. Indeed, it was the logical site for the red man's camp. The Savan-

*James Mooney, in Myths of the Cherokee, House Documents, Vol. 118.

nah River, on one side, and Brier Creek, on the other, abounded in the finest fish, while the dense swamp which extends for miles over this region of country was full of game. It is well within the bounds of fair inference to assume that there was here an Indian village which was even more important than the one which overlooked the river from the high bluff at Yamacraw, where Savannah is today situated.

Deep in the labyrinths of this swamp there may be seen, among other things, what is said to be an old Indian well. As far back as the oldest inhabitant's grandsire can recollect, this hole has been here, and here it still remains. It was evidently dug to be used as a well —for what other purpose could it serve in this remote part of the swamp? But late researches have made it quite certain that this deep hole was not dug by the Indians. It was not the habit of the red man to dig wells, when springs and streams were near at hand.

In the immediate neighborhood of this well there formerly stood a large mound, some fifteen feet in length, supposed by those who observed it here for years to have been the last resting place of some Indian warrior. This lonely part of the swamp is nearly two miles directly east of the old Saxon place—an unfrequented locality; but not long ago, three young men of Sylvania, interested in antiquities, made a trip into this quarter for purposes of investigation. They found that on top of the mound a pine tree had taken root and had grown to be a forest giant, perhaps a hundred years old, its roots spreading in all directions over the supposed tomb. Of course, there is no way of telling how much further back the mound itself dated, but the evidence furnished by the tree suffices to fix the minimum age limit.

Though somewhat disappointed in failing to find the bones of an Indian chief, they unearthed what was still more startling—the remains of a small cabin or structure of some kind, which had been burned; and it was the ruins of this structure which formed the mound. It was

evidently an abode of primitive character, for what remained of the charred poles showed that they had simply been stuck in the ground; but they were probably brought together in wigwam fashion and covered with some kind of bark. The fact that it was once a human habitation was confirmed by the discovery of small pieces of timber which seemed to have been carefully cut and by numerous fragments of domestic pottery which were unearthed from the ruins.

Bringing the historic imagination constructively to bear upon these disclosures it became evident to the investigators that a tragedy of some kind had taken place here in the swamp—it may have been two centuries ago. The place was destroyed by fire; but whether it was due to accident or to murderous intent there was nothing to indicate. In the light cast upon the problem by the bits of pottery, the lone inhabitant of this primitive abode could not have been an Indian. This rude hut in the swamp was not the work of a red man. It evinced the skill of a hand accustomed to better structures than the savage home-maker knew how to build.

Who, then, was the mysterious occupant?

Let us go back. After the pious Salzburgers came and settled at old Ebenezer, on the Savannah River, some thirty miles below this place, in the year 1733, there was a story told by the Indians of a Lone Hunter—a pale face—who lived in a swamp higher up the river and who was seen only at intervals by the Indians. This man was a mighty hunter, skilled in the use of the rifle; and he sometimes came to the Indian village to exchange game for corn. He dressed in cloths made of the furs of animals which he had slain and he learned to speak a few words of the Indian tongue, so that he could communicate with the natives. But the Indians managed to make the Salzburgers understand that he was not of the same race

with the new comers at Ebenezer, nor with the pale face settlers at Savannah. From the accounts given by the red men it is clearly evident that he was a Spanish soldier—a member of the bold but cruel race which played so prominent a part in the early explorations and conquests of the new world and whose memorials on the continent of North America have not been obliterated by two centuries of Anglo-Saxon domination.

It was during this period that the Spaniards, who were then in possession of Florida, made frequent incursions into Georgia and South Carolina; and perchance the Lone Hunter may have been a Cavalier, who, wearied and sick, had fallen by the wayside, where he was left to die. Or, he may voluntarily have deserted his comrades for this lonely life in the swamp. Here, in this secluded spot, not far from the Indian village, where supplies could be obtained when needed, he had doubtless, with the implements usually carried by the Spanish soldier, fashioned the small timbers for his house and built his wigwam cabin. Here, too, with the pick, which he was in the habit of carrying on his back, when on the march, he patiently dug the well that he might be constantly supplied with water.

How long he lived here is only a matter of vague speculation, but there is every reason to believe that he perished with his home, which some enemy must have fired—perhaps some skulking Indian from the village who had looked with envious eyes upon the Lone Hunter's sword and rifle. We can almost see him stealthily approaching the little cabin, stopping ever and anon behind some large tree to reconnoiter—then creeping slowly onward again. From the top of the Hunter's hut rises a thin line of smoke, for he is cooking some beaten corn, which he has purchased from the Indians and on the coals he is broiling a steak, cut from the deer which fell before his rifle on yester eve. Reaching the door, with the noiseless tread of a panther, the savage springs upon his unprepared victim—then a fierce struggle en-

sues. But the Hunter, taken unawares, at last succumbs. His body is dragged away, his home is pilfered, and then an ember from the fire is applied to the dry bark on the sides, and soon the cabin is a smoldering ruin.

It may have been thus. This much is true. The Lone Hunter was never found by the Salzburgers, though they made a search for him where the Indians said he lived; and there was a minor Indian chief who long boasted of a Spanish rifle and sword which he claimed to have received from one of the invaders. The site of the old Indian village was near the Black plantation, some three miles distant from the Lone Hunter's cabin.*

XVI

Queen Elancydyne

Sixteen years before the beginning of our narrative a war broke out between the Cherokee and the Upper Creek Indians. The former claimed the territory as far south as the Fishmaugu and the latter as far north and east as the Iacoda Trail, which was nearly identical with the present Athens and Clarkesville road. Their first engagement was at Numerado, near the confluence of Hurricane Creek and Etoha River, above Hurricane Shoals. Amercides, apparently an Indian with a Greek name, was leader of the Cherokees, and as gallant a brave as ever drew the bow. He rode a white horse and dashed from place to place as if trained on the battle-fields of Europe.

Talitch-lechee, commander of the Creeks, anxious for a personal encounter, placed himself at a favorable point and awaited the expected opportunity. It soon came and the Creek buried his tomahawk in the gallant leader's side. When the white horse was seen running riderless through the forest of Numerado, the Cherokees began to

*We are indebted for the above story to an article which appeared in a Sylvania paper, signed "W. M. H."

retreat. But soon the scene changed. Elancydyne, the wife, or as she was generally called, the queen of Amercides, committing a small child which she was holding in her arms to the care of an attendant, mounted the riderless horse and at once took command. She was greeted by a yell from the Cherokees that echoed and re-echoed up and down the river and forward and backward across the valley. Soon the air was thick with flying arrows and whizzing tomahawks.

The conflict deepened and the battle waged on. The commander was more cautious than her fallen lord, but rode unflinchingly in the face of every danger. At last, the Creeks, finding their ranks so fatally thinned, retreated hastily. Another yell—this time the yell of victory, reverberated over the hills and the heroine of the day, forgetting all things else, hastened to see if her child was safe. She found it sleeping soundly in the arms of an attendant who, to shield the babe from harm, had received an arrow deeply in her own shoulder. Her name was Yetha; and though the wound was thought to be fatal, she lived to be very old.

Soon a band of young warriors gathered around the queen and, carrying her over the battlefield, in grim mockery introduced her to the fallen Creeks as their conqueror. Elated by their decisive victory, the Cherokees considered the country conquered territory as far as they claimed and began a march across it to take formal possession. In the meantime, however, the Creeks had received substantial recruits, and since Talitch-lechee was a wily old chief of long experience the enterprise was doubtful. His enemy, still lead by what her followers considered their invincible new queen, moved slowly and cautiously forward until they reached the verge of the plateau which dips toward Cold Spring, where they met Talitch-lechee in command of a larger force than at Numerado.

The Creeks gave the gage of battle and soon the engagement became general. Though queen Elancydyne

showed that she was a skilful and fearless leader, she was finally overcome by numbers, but by a masterpiece of strategy, she made a flank movement, and, going still forward, camped that night at Arharra on the plain where Prospect Church now stands and within hearing of the waters of Tishmaugu, the object of her expedition. This singular movement on the part of an enemy who had shown such consummate skill so puzzled Talitch-lechee that he hesitated to offer battle. The next morning, however, an accident brought on a general engagement, with varying success. This continued at intervals until noon when the Creek chief sent Umausauga, one of his trusted braves, to conceal a number of expert bowmen in the branches of some spreading trees that grew in an adjacent forest. Late in the afternoon the conflict again became general.

Elancydyne, on her white horse, led the van, and her example so inspired her followers that they gave another deafening yell and rushed forward to engage at close quarters; but the Creeks retreated in the direction of the concealed bowmen. Again the Cherokee queen was in the thickest of the fray, and soon fell from her horse, pierced by many bristling arrows. The wail of lament "Oncowah, Oncowah!" rising from the field of carnage, disheartened the Cherokees and they in turn sullenly retreated to the north, tenderly carrying their fallen queen with them. If she had survived the battle it is difficult to say what would have been the result.*

*Extract from The Early History of Jackson County, Georgia, etc., by J. G. N. Wilson. Edited and published by W. E. White, 1914.

SECTION V

Tales of the Revolutionary Camp-Fires

SECTION V

Tales of the Revolutionary Camp-Fire

I

Gunpowder For Bunker Hill

Perhaps it may have been too small an item for the historians of New England to chronicle, but the State of Georgia made a contribution to the battle of Bunker Hill* which was deemed to be of very great value at the time to the cause of independence and which undoubtedly influenced in no slight degree the subsequent fortunes of the Revolution. On the 10th of May, 1775, there came to Savannah, by special courier, the first tidings of the battle of Lexington. It stirred the patriots to the highest pitch of excitement, and some of the bolder spirits of the colony hastily devised a plan of action which was destined to startle the royal Governor. Near the eastern extremity of the town was the magazine. It was built of brick and buried some twelve feet under ground. Within this subterranean vault there were large supplies of ammunition, which Gov. Wright deemed it unnecessary to protect because of the substantial character of the structure. But he little suspected the resourcefulness of the Revolutionists.

Though Georgia was still nominally within the British allegiance, the necessity of securing the contents of this magazine for future operations became urgent; and Dr.

*History of Georgia, by Wm. B. Stevens, Vol. II. History of Georgia, by Chas. C. Jones, Jr., Vol. II.

Noble Wymberley Jones, Joseph Habersham, Edward Telfair, William Gibbons, Joseph Clay, John Milledge and several others, most of whom were members of the Council of Safety, organized themselves into a band and at a late hour on the next evening broke into the magazine and removed therefrom about six hundred pounds of gunpowder. Gov. Wright soon caught wind of the affair and issued a proclamation offering one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for the arrest of the offenders; but the raiders were not betrayed. Some of the gunpowder was sent to Beaufort, S. C., for safe-keeping; and the rest was concealed in the garrets and cellars of the houses of the captors; but some of it was later on sent to Boston, where, in the battle of Bunker Hill, it illuminated the opening drama of hostilities.

II

Georgia Commissions the First Warship

Another gunpowder incident is well authenticated. On the 4th of July, 1775, the Provincial Congress met in Savannah to sever the tie of allegiance between the Colony and the Crown; and, after choosing delegates to the Continental Congress, in Philadelphia, the next step was to fortify the State against assault by providing the necessary sinews of war. To this end a schooner was commissioned and put in charge of two stout patriots, Oliver Bowen and Joseph Habersham, who, it appears from subsequent events, were already in possession of information which promised to yield substantial results.

Notified of the fact that a ship was en route to Georgia, having on board a supply of powder for the use of the Royalists, the Committee of Safety, at Charleston, S. C., resolved to capture the vessel. Accordingly forty men were selected for the hazardous enterprise; and, embarking in two barges, they proceeded to the mouth

of the Savannah River and encamped on Bloody Point, in full view of Tybee Island. Whether directly or indirectly, word reached Savannah of what was in the air, and the Provincial Congress decided to re-enforce the South Carolinians and to participate in the haul. The Georgia schooner took a position beyond the bars and some distance in advance of the two barges, where it quietly lay in wait. On the fifth day, a vessel was sighted above the horizon. It proved to be Captain Maitland's ship, with the powder on board, for which the patriots were looking. But the Captain, observing the Georgia schooner, suspected at once some evil design, and, without trying to enter the river, he turned around and put back to sea. Instantly Captain Bowen started in pursuit. He was an experienced sailor, the schooner was comparatively light, and, under his skillful manipulation, it cut the waters like an arrow. The fugitive vessel was soon overtaken; and, with the help of the South Carolinians, the military stores on board were seized.

Georgia's share of the prize was nine thousand pounds of powder, a quantity which was none too large for her needs, in view of her exposed water front; but, importuned by the Continental Congress, she sent over half of the amount to Philadelphia to meet the needs of the Northern Colonies and to be distributed among the embryo armies which were then being organized to protect them. It has often been said to the disparagment of Georgia that she was the last of the original thirteen Colonies to lower the English flag. But she was the youngest member of the sisterhood, she was in need of the mother country's protection against threatened troubles with the Indians, she possessed an excellent chief-magistrate in Gov. Wright, and she bore the favorite name of the House of Brunswick. There was much to justify her in holding back until the last moment. But, having espoused the cause of freedom, it was in no sulky mood that she entered the struggle; and Georgia must be cred-

ited with the first capture made by the first vessel commissioned for naval warfare in the Revolution.*

However, this was not the powder which Governor Wright was expecting from the British depot of supplies, in consequence of a letter addressed by him to Gen. Gage some weeks earlier. The helpless condition of the Province had induced the Governor to send dispatches to Gen. Gage and also to Admiral Graves, asking for immediate re-enforcements. But the letters were intercepted by good Whigs who suspected the character of the contents and who, using the same envelopes, substituted fictitious enclosures, stating that the situation in Georgia was perfectly tranquil. Though the letters in due time reached the proper destination, there was naturally no response; and Gov. Wright was puzzled for an explanation until years afterwards, when he chanced to meet Gen. Gage in London.

III.

The Arrest of Governor Wright

Not long after the adjournment of the famous convention which placed Georgia in the patriotic confederacy, there occurred in Savannah an event of the most sensational and dramatic character. It was the capture of Governor Wright, the royal chief-magistrate. He was not only arrested, but actually imprisoned within the walls of his own residence; and the whole affair was planned and executed by one man, Joseph Habersham.

In consequence of the arrival at Tybee of two men-of-war, with a detachment of King's men, it was decided by the Council of Safety that the arrest of certain influential loyalists, among them John Mullryne, Anthony Stokes, and Josiah Tattnall, the elder, was demanded

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*History of Georgia, by Chas. C. Jones, Jr., Vol. II.

by the exigencies of the situation. To secure the person of the Governor was made the initial object of the patriots, and Major Habersham volunteered to perform the difficult task. His plans were already well laid, and on the same evening he proceeded without delay to the house of the Governor, where the King's Council had assembled to consider ways and means of checking the insurgent uprise. He passed the sentinel at the door, entered the hall, and, marching to the head of the council-table, laid his hand upon the shoulders of the Governor, saying as he did so.

"Sir James, you are under arrest."

The audacity of the officer produced the desired effect. Supposing from the bold manner of his entrance that he was heavily supported by military re-enforcements in the background, Governor Wright felt himself to be powerless. Surprised by the unexpected turn, he was probably for the first time in his life bereft of the King's English. But he soon found himself, at the same moment, quite as helplessly abandoned by the King's Council. Putting gravity aside, the sage advisers of the administration betook themselves to flight, some finding an exit through the rear door, others leaping through the windows, in the most undignified confusion.

There was an irony of fate in the sad predicament of the Governor. Despite the most diligent efforts on his part to capture the raiders engaged in the magazine affair, here he was himself captured by one of the very patriots whose punishment he sought. The fortunes of war had converted the executive mansion, for the time being, into the colonial Bastile. Giving his solemn parole to hold no communication with the ships at Tybee and to remain upon the premises, he was allowed to stay in the royal residence, under guard. Says Bishop Stevens: "This is one of the most signal instances of deliberate and successful daring in the history of the war. For a youth of twenty-four, unarmed and unsupported, to enter the mansion of the chief-magistrate, and, at his own

table, amidst a circle of counsellors, place him under arrest, is an act of heroism ranking with the most brilliant exploits in American history." It is possible that the bold officer was not without re-enforcements behind the scenes. The authorities are not agreed upon this point; but in either event his intrepidity remains unchallenged.

When the Governor saw an opportunity to escape, his solemn parole was forgotten. Through the estate of John Mullryne, at Thunderbolt, he made his way to the British vessels lying in the harbor and succeeded in getting back to England. On the fall of Savannah into the hands of the British some three years later, he returned to Georgia, and convened the assembly which passed the famous disqualifying act of 1780. Governor Wright was in many respects an excellent chief-magistrate, devoted to the public weal. But he was an officer of the Crown; and Georgia need not blush for the English noblemen who, in every phase of fortune, whether good or ill, remained uncompromisingly steadfast in his allegiance to George the Third.

IV

The Adventures of Robert Sallatte

There lived in St. John's Parish, during the Revolution, a man greatly distinguished for his opposition to the Tories, by the name of Robert Sallette. It is not known with certainty to what particular command he was attached, for he appears to have been a sort of roving character of the district, and a law unto himself, doing things in his own way. The Tories stood very much in awe of Sallette; and well they might for they possessed no deadlier foe among the patriots of Georgia; and they sought by every means possible to shorten his days.

On one occasion, a Tory who possessed large means, offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any person

who would bring him Sallette's head. Among the very first to learn of the offer was Sallette himself, and he resolved to claim the reward. So, casting about for a bag, in which he placed a pumpkin, he proceeded at once to the house of the Tory to deliver the prize. At the doorway, he informed his enemy that, having learned of the offer of one hundred guineas for Sallette's head, he was there to claim the amount in question, and pointed triumphantly to the bag, in which the pumpkin was concealed. The Tory clutched for the precious treasure, which bulked like a sack of pirate's gold. He was completely deceived by the clever ruse. His eyes fairly sparkled. But Sallette held him off, until the guineas were counted; and then, as the last glittering coin rang in his fingers, he put his hand to his head, and, raising his hat, exclaimed: "Here is Sallette's head!"

The answer so terrified the Tory that he immediately took to his heels, but a well-directed shot from Sallette brought him to the ground.

At another time, with Andrew Walthour, for whom Walthourville in Georgia is named, Sallette was in the advance guard of the American army, and coming upon the advance guard of the British army, a smart skirmish took place, in which the British were driven back. Among the enemy killed was a very large man. Noticing a pair of boots on the feet of the dead soldier, Bob resolved to possess them. He was pulling the boots off, when his comrades, alarmed at his peril, called to him to leave; but he answered with rare good humor:

"I must have the boots. I want them for little John Way."

Sallette was frequently known to leave the American army, in the midst of the battle, get in the enemy's rear, and kill many of them before he was discovered.

On one occasion, he dressed himself in British uniform, dined with a party of the enemy, and whilst the

toasting and drinking were going on, suddenly drew his sword, killed his right and left hand man, sprung upon his horse, without having time to throw the bridal over his neck, and rode off amidst the fire of his pursuers. Sallette's motto was never to forgive a tory; and, if one was liberated, he was apt to follow close behind, with deadly intent.

But the time came when he spared the lives of two Tories, for a time at least. With Andrew Walthour and another companion, he was riding along a narrow trail late one afternoon, when they met three other horsemen, near Fraser's old mill, whom they suspected to be Tories bent on mischief. Hastily devising a plan of capture, it was agreed that Walthour, who was riding in front, should pass the first and second horsemen, and that Sallette should pass the first; then as Walthour came to the third man and Sallette to the second, leaving their companion to the first, it was decided to seize the guns of the three men simultaneously; and in this way the Tories were disarmed.

"Dismount, gentlemen!" said Sallette. Then addressing the leader he inquired:

"What is your name?"

The man replied by giving some fictitious answer.

"Where is your camp?" asked Sallette.

"We are from over the river," replied the man, pointing toward the Altamaha.

"Where did you cross?" was the next searching question.

"At Beard's Ferry," returned the leader, indicating a point on the river where Whigs were most numerous.

"That's a lie!" came the answer from Sallette.

He then catechized the second man in the same manner, with like results, and finally turned to the third.

"If you do not tell me the truth," said Sallette, addressing himself to the last man, "off comes your head."

The man repeated his answer, whereupon Sallette took deliberate aim and fired. Realizing the uselessness

of further parley, his companions confessed to the truth, begged for mercy, and offered to conduct Sallette to the enemy's camp. On this condition, he agreed to spare them; and, aided by his prisoners, he succeeded in capturing quite a number of Tories.[1]

Curious as we may be to know something of the personal history of Robert Sallette, it is not to be found chronicled in the books. The French twist to his name makes it probable that he was a descendant of those unfortunate Acadians who years before had been stripped of lands and possessions in Nova Scotia by the British, and they themselves transported. They were scattered at various points along the American coast. Some were landed at Philadelphia, and some were carried to Louisiana. Four hundred were sent to Georgia. The British had to answer for many acts of cruelty in those days, but none more infamous than this treatment of the gentle and helpless Acadians. It stands in history to-day a stain upon the British name.

Another fact that leads to the belief that Robert Sallette was a descendant of the unfortunate Acadians was the ferocity with which he pursued the British and the Tories. The little that is told about him makes it certain that he never gave quarter to the enemies of his country.[2]

V

The Tories: Georgia's Reign of Terror[3]

In proportion to the population there were more Tories in Georgia than in any other State* Some of

[1] Reproduced, with minor variations, from White's Historical Collections of Georgia.

[2] Joel Chandler Harris, in "Stories of Georgia."

[3] This chapter on the Tories was written by Dr. J. Harris Chappell, of Milledgeville, Ga., and substantially the same discussion will be found in his "Georgia History Stories."

them were no doubt honest people, who really believed that the Americans were wrong in rebelling against the English Government; but many of them were mean and selfish men, who only wished to be on the strong or winning side. By the British subjugation of Georgia nearly all of the patriots of fighting age were driven out of the State, leaving their property and their helpless families behind, while the Tories remained unmolested at home. James Wright, the royal governor, came back from England and was once more placed at the head of the Georgia Government.

By the 1st of February, 1779, the British were in almost complete possession of the State. The commander, Colonel Campbell, issued a proclamation calling on the people to take the oath of allegiance to the King and Government of England. He promised that those who would take the oath should not be molested but declared that those who refused would be driven from the colony and what property they left would be confiscated. Frightened by this threat, a great many people took the oath and became British subjects; these people were called Tories. But many refused to take the oath because they would rather suffer banishment, or even death, than give up the heroic struggle for independence; these were called Patriots. So the people of Georgia were divided into these two parties, Tories and Patriots, and they hated each other with a bitter hatred.

Soon after the fall of Savannah, a reign of terror was inaugurated. Between the British and the Tories, there was no end to the suffering inflicted upon the State; but the Tories were far worse than the British. They formed themselves into military companies, which were nothing more than bands of ruffians. They roved over

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*Georgia was the youngest of the original thirteen colonies. She was named for George II, whose family was still upon the throne. She was also fortunate to have an excellent royal governor in Sir James Wright, who was sincerely attached to the welfare of the province; and moreover, being harrassed by the Indians, she was in need of British protection.

the country on horseback and on foot, committing all sorts of outrages, robbing the people, burning houses, throwing old men into prison, insulting women, hanging every patriot soldier they could lay hands upon, sometimes even murdering children, and showing no mercy to any one who favored the American cause. In no other State were the Tories so wicked and cruel as in Georgia. They were even worse than the savage Indians, whom they employed to help them.

The worst of these Georgia Tories was a man by the name of Thomas Brown. He had always been a Tory; and in the early days of the Revolution, he had made himself so obnoxious to the patriotic people of Augusta, where he lived, that one day a crowd of men dragged him out of his office, and, stripping him to the waist, poured over his naked body a pot of soft tar, and then over the tar emptied a pillow case full of feathers, which stuck to the tar and made poor Brown look like a big, ugly, frizzled chicken. Thus tarred and feathered, they seated him in an open wagon drawn by three mules and hauled him about the streets of Augusta, while a great crowd followed with hoots and jeers. After parading him for an hour or two they turned him loose with the warning that if he did not leave town within twenty-four hours they would kill him. For quite a while Brown kept his negro servant busy washing the tar and feathers from his body; then he put on his clothes, and, raising his right hand toward heaven, he took a solemn oath that he would be avenged for this great shame and outrage. He left; but many months afterwards he came back, and how well he kept his oath is a story written in blood!

It was when Georgia fell into the hands of the British that Brown came back, and soon he became the chief leader of the Tories in the State. He was a well educated, intelligent man, and possessed military skill, so that he

was made a Colonel in the English army, and was placed in command of Augusta, his old home. The force under him was composed of about half and half of Tories and Indians. His opportunity had now come. All of the Patriots of fighting age had left Augusta and were in the American army. Brown confiscated their property, threw their old grey-haired fathers and grand-fathers into prison, expelled their helpless wives and children from home, and drove them two hundred miles away into North Carolina. The sufferings along the journey were awful. Some of them died from exposure and exhaustion, and many were made invalids for life by the hardships endured on the dreadful march.

In September, 1780, General Elijah Clarke, with a small army of Patriots, undertook to recapture Augusta. He succeeded in driving Brown's army out of the city, and they took refuge in a large building just outside of the town known as the White House. Brown had the doors and windows barricaded and bored holes in the walls, through which his marksmen, with long-range riffles, held the Americans at bay. The building was completely surrounded by the Patriots, but General Clarke had no cannon with which he could batter down the house, so he had to depend upon starving out the Tories. For four days and nights he held them besieged, till provisions were nearly exhausted, and every drop of water was gone. In one of the large, upper rooms of the house lay forty poor, wounded Tories, with no medicines and no bandages or salves for their wounds and not a drop of water to appease their feverish thirst. Even in the American camp, their shrieks of agony and their wild cries for "water! water!" could be plainly heard. Brown himself was severely wounded, shot through both thighs, and was suffering dreadfully; but he never gave up. He had himself carried round from room to room in an arm-chair to direct and encourage his men, who were nearly crazed with exhaustion. General Clarke sent a flag of truce to the unsubdued officer and begged him in

the name of humanity to surrender, but he positively refused. He was as brave and heroic as he was bad and cruel.

At last, on the morning of the fifth day, the relief for which Brown had been looking, came. Colonel Cruger, with a large detachment of British regulars, suddenly appeared on the other side of the river, in response to a secret message which Brown had sent to him, on the day he left Augusta. General Clarke, knowing that he could not contend against this large force, withdrew his army and quickly retreated. He left behind him thirty wounded Americans who were unable to march, supposing, of course, that they would be treated as prisoners of war. He knew not then the cruel heart of Thomas Brown, though he afterwards learned to know it well.

Selecting thirteen of the wounded American soldiers, Brown caused them to be hanged from the high balustrade of the staircase in the White House, so that he might witness the dying agonies of these men as he lay on his couch in the hall below. And as each victim was pushed from the balustrade and fell with a dull thud at the end of the rope, Brown would utter a grunt of satisfaction. He turned the rest of the prisoners over to the tender mercies of the Indian allies, who, forming a circle around them in the front yard of the White House, put them to death by slow and fiendish tortures.

When, in 1781, Augusta was at last captured by the Americans, Brown was taken prisoner. Knowing that if the soldiers could put hands on him, they would tear the poor fellow limb from limb, the American commander had him carried down the river in a boat under a strong guard. It is strange that he was not court-martialed and hanged, a fate which he richly deserved. The Americans were too merciful to him. Brown was afterwards exchanged and re-joined the British army, and till the end of the war, continued his fierce fighting and cruel work. After the war was over, realizing that he could not live in America, he took refuge in England. There, in the year

1812, he was convicted of forgery and thrown into prison, where he ended his infamous life in disgrace and ignominy.

Colonel Grierson was another bad Tory, and Brown's right-hand man. They were two of a kind, companions in arms and companions in cruel deeds. Never was there joined together, in the commission of lawlessness, two men worse than Brown and Grierson, the Georgia Tory. Grierson, like Brown, was a Colonel in the British army. Fort Grierson, at Augusta, was named for him. It was one of the strongest forts in Georgia, and around it at the siege of Augusta, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution in the State. When Augusta was captured by the Americans, Grierson, like Brown, was taken prisoner. To save him from being mobbed by the soldiers, the American commander had him hidden away in a little house some distance from town and placed a strong guard around him; but suddenly, about twilight, a soldier on horse-back galloped up and, before the guards knew what he was about, threw his gun to his shoulder, shot Grierson through the window, and then, wheeling, galloped away. During the night, in dreadful agony, Grierson died of the wound. The man who shot him was supposed to be Samuel Alexander, the son of John Alexander, an old man seventy-eight years old, whom Grierson had treated with savage cruelty, when he and Brown held sway in Augusta. Young Alexander was never arrested or tried for the deed.

Daniel McGirth was another notorious Tory of Georgia. Unlike Brown, he was an ignorant, uneducated man; and, unlike Brown, too, he started out as an ardent Patriot. He was born and reared in South Carolina and was a good frontiersman, as active and lithe as a panther. He was also a fine horseman and a splendid shot, and was

among the first to take up arms in the American cause. Somehow he drifted into South Georgia, where he belonged to the little band of Patriots who so bravely resisted the invasion of the British from Florida. He acted as a scout and spy for the Americans, and he rendered them most important service.

McGirth brought with him from South Carolina a thorough-bred horse, of which he was very proud. She was an iron-gray mare with a snow-white blaze in her forehead, and he called her Gray Goose. She was considered the finest horse in the American army, beautiful, intelligent, and swift as the wind. A Captain in the American army took a great fancy to the animal and tried to buy her from McGirth, offering him a large price, but McGirth refused to part with her. This angered the Captain, who, out of spite, mistreated McGirth in many ways, as an officer can mistreat a subordinate, if he chooses. McGirth was a high-spirited fellow. Irritated beyond endurance, he one day insulted the officer and raised his arm to strike him; but some one intervened and stopped the blow. Now, to strike a superior officer is a grave crime in the army, so McGirth was tried by court-martial and sentenced to receive ten lashes with a cowhide on his bare back three days in succession. The first whipping was administered and he was put into the guard house to await his second humiliation. The feelings of this high-spirited man can be imagined, as he paced up and down in his cell and brooded over the bitter shame to which he was being subjected.

About twilight, as he was gazing through his prison bars, McGirth spied Gray Goose, hitched to a tree not far away. He gave a low, peculiar whistle, and Gray Goose, recognizing the signal, raised her beautiful head and uttered an affectionate whinny in response. This was more than he could stand. With a broken trowel which he found in his cell, he tore the masonry from around the prison bars; then, with almost superhuman strength, he pulled out one of the bars and, through the

narrow crack, squeezed his long body and, rushing out, sprang on Gray Goose and dashed away. The guards called to him to halt, but he only shook his fist at them and yelled a dreadful curse, and plunged into the darkness on his fleet-footed steed, heedless of the musket-balls that whistled about his head.

McGirth's whole nature was seemingly perverted by the bad treatment which he had received. He deserted to the enemy and joined the British army, and from then to the end of the war fought ferociously against the Americans. Of course, the bad treatment which he received from the American officer was no excuse, but McGirth was as unprincipled as he was brave and fierce.

He was made a Colonel in the British army and put at the head of a powerful Tory band, which for many months was the scourge of the State. He was a perfect ruffian in his manner of warfare. From the Florida line to Elbert County and over into South Carolina his name was a terror to the people. Many were the fearful stories told of McGirth and his blaze-faced horse. A whole book might be written about his daring deeds and his inhuman cruelties. He was twice wounded, but was never taken prisoner. A big reward was offered for his capture, and thousands were trying to catch him and often had him in a tight place; but in every emergency he was saved by the fleet foot of his best friend, Gray Goose.

After the war was over, he went to Florida, which was then owned by the Spaniards. For some offense or crime there he was arrested and thrown into prison in the old fort of St. Augustine. After an imprisonment of five years, he was released, but he was so weak and broken in health that he could barely drag himself back to his wife in his rude country home in Sumter District, South Carolina. There he soon died in peace, and there he now lies buried.

But there were some Tories of an altogether different pattern. Mr. John Couper, in a letter written when he

was eighty-three years of age and dated St. Simon's Island, April 16, 1842, narrates an anecdote of the famous and eccentric Captain Rory McIntosh, who was attached as a volunteer to an infantry company, at the time of the siege of Fort Morris. The company was within the lines which Col. Fuser had thrown around the fort and the adjacent town of Sunbury. Early one morning when Rory had made free with mountain dew, he insisted on sallying out to summon the fort to surrender. His friends could not restrain him, so out he strutted, claymore in hand, followed by his faithful slave Jim, and approached the fort, roaring out:

"Surrender, you miscreants. How dare you resist his Majesty's arms!"

Col. John McIntosh, his kinsman, was in command of the fort, and, seeing his situation, he forbade any one firing, threw open the gate, and said:

"Walk in, Mr. McIntosh, and take possession."

"No," said Rory, "I will not trust myself among such vermin; but I order you to surrender."

Just then a rifle was fired, the ball from which passed through his face, sidewise, under his eyes. He stumbled and fell backwards, but immediately recovered, and flourishing his sword retreated. Several shots followed. Jim called out: "Run, massa, run, dey kill you."

"Run, poor slave," indignantly exclaimed Rory; "thou mayst run, but I come of a race that never runs."

Jim stated to Mr. Couper that, in rising from the ground, his master put his hand for the first time to one of his cheek-bones and, finding it bloody, he raised it to the other also; both were covered with blood. He backed safely into the lines.*

*White's Historical Collections of Georgia.

VI

McIntosh at Fort Morris: "Come and Take It"

The gallant defense of Fort Morris, on the Georgia coast, near Sunbury, constitutes one of the most brilliant episodes of the Revolution. Col. John McIntosh was in command. The fort was ill-prepared for an attack, and there is every reason to believe that the rude earth-works could not have withstood the enemy's fire for more than an hour. Only one hundred and twenty-seven continental troops, with some few militiamen and citizens from Sunbury were in the garrison, but they were brave patriots. Moreover, they were commanded by a Scotchman of proverbially shrewd wit, who was an absolute stranger to fear.

Col. Fuser, in command of a fleet of vessels, bearing some five hundred men, besides heavy iron mortars, was moving toward the fort from St. Augustine. It was planned that Col. Prevost, at the head of one hundred British regulars, and supported by the notorious McGirth, with three hundred Indians and Tories, should meet him at Sunbury, making the journey over land, and dire havoc to Georgia was anticipated from this union of forces.

Delayed by head winds, it was late in November, 1778, when Col. Fuser anchored near the mouth of the Midway River, opposite Colonel's Island. Col. Prevost was beyond the reach of communication, having entered upon his retreat; but the commandant of the fleet was resolved upon bringing the fort to terms. Some of the men were landed at the ship-yard, from which point they marched along the main road to Sunbury, equipped with several field-pieces. Sailing up the Midway River in concert, the armed vessels took position in front of the fort and in the waters opposite the town, while the land forces invested it from an opposite direction.

The plans of the enemy were well laid. There seemed to be no hope for the feeble garrison under Col. McIn-

tosh, and the town was otherwise wholly unprotected. As soon as the preparations for the assault were completed, the British officer dispatched the following letter to Col. McIntosh, demanding the immediate surrender of the fort:

"Sir:—You cannot be ignorant that four armies are in motion to reduce this Province. One is already under the guns of your fort, and may be joined when I think proper by Col. Prevost, who is now at the Midway Meeting-House. The resistance you can or intend to make will only bring destruction upon this country. On the contrary, if you will deliver to me the fort which you command, lay down your arms, and remain neuter until the fate of America, is determined, you shall, together with all the inhabitants of this parish, remain in peaceable possession of your property. Your answer, which I expect in an hour's time, will determine the fate of this country, whether it be laid in ashes, or remain as above proposed."

To the foregoing tart message, he subjoined the following postscript:

"Since this letter was closed some of your people have been scattering shot about the line. I am to inform you that if a stop is not put to such irregular proceedings, I shall burn a house for every shot so fired."

These were high-sounding phrases. They were well calculated to intimidate a man of less spirit than Col. McIntosh. He possessed no means of ascertaining the full strength of the British forces. He knew the weakness of his own little garrison. But courage often wins against seemingly hopeless odds. He resolved to assume a bold front, and accordingly dispatched the following brave answer to the British officer's demand:

"Sir:—We acknowledge we are not ignorant that your army is in motion to endeavor to reduce this State. We believe it entirely chimerial that Col. Prevost is at the Meeting-House; but should it be so, we are in no degree apprehensive of danger from a juncture of his

army with yours. We have no property which we value a rush, compared with the object for which we contend; and would rather perish in a vigorous defense than accept of your proposals. We, sir, are fighting the battles of America, and therefore disdain to remain neutral till its fate is determined. As to surrendering the fort, receive this laconic reply: COME AND TAKE IT. Major Lane, whom I send with this letter, is directed to satisfy you with respect to the irregular, loose firing mentioned on the back of your letter."

With the foregoing letter, Major Lane sought the headquarters of Col. Fuser, who read it with unaffected surprise. In explanation of the irregular firing, he informed the British officer that it was maintained to prevent the English troops from entering and plundering Sunbury; an answer which did not tend to soften the feelings of Col. Fuser. As for the threat that a house should be burned for every shot fired, Major Lane stated that if Col. Fuser sanctioned a course so inhuman and so totally at variance with the rules of civilized warfare he would assure him that Col. McIntosh, so far from being intimidated by the menace, would apply the torch at his end of the town whenever Col. Fuser should fire it on his side and let the flames meet in mutual conflagration.*

The expected assault was not made on Fort Morris. Waiting to hear from the scouts whom he had sent into the country to ascertain the whereabouts of Prevost, he learned that he was hastening back to St. Augustine, having been worsted in a contest of arms near Midway Meeting-House, and unwilling to hazard an engagement with the continental forces supposed to be advancing from the Great Ogeechee River. Deeply chagrined over this sudden turn of affairs, Col. Fuser raised the seige, forgetting the harsh terms of his manifesto. The troops were re-embarked for St. Augustine. In the St. John's River, he met the returning forces of Col. Prevost. At

*See History of Georgia, by Jones, Vol. 2.

last the two wings of the expedition were united; but it was under drooping banners.

Mutual recrimations are said to have ensued between these officers, each taxing the other with responsibility for the failure of the expedition. Thus one of the most promising campaigns of the whole war was brought to naught by an unterrified American officer, whose fortifications were too weak to be maintained in open conflict. His defiant answer was a masterpiece of bold strategy; and it abundantly compensated for the lack of other munitions. The Legislature of Georgia handsomely acknowledged the conspicuous gallantry of Col. McIntosh on this occasion and voted him a sword on which were engraven the talismanic words: COME AND TAKE IT.*

VII.

How Savannah Was Captured

Through a swamp, which lay in the rear of the town, ran a path, the existence of which was known to few. One of the number was Colonel George Walton. He called the attention of General Howe to this passage-way, at the same time urging him to guard it with a force sufficient to make it safe; but General Howe ignored the suggestion. Unimportant as the path seemed to be, it furnished the avenue through which the British entered triumphantly into Savannah, to hold the town uninterruptedly against the allied armies for more than two years. It was at Girardeau's Landing, about two miles below the city, that the foe disembarked. Crossing the causeway to the top of Brewton Hill, on the site of what was afterwards the plantation of T. F. Screven, the strength of the American position was at once perceived by Colonel Campbell, the commander of the troops. The marsh presented a problem which was difficult of solution.

*See White's Historical Collections.

However, in his reconnoissances, the commander encountered an old negro named Quanimo Dolly, generally called Quash, who informed him of the private path through the swamp, by which the rear of the American line could be gained. Overjoyed at this discovery, Campbell returned to his command and ordered Sir James Baird, with the light infantry and the New York volunteers to follow the negro through the swamp and attack the first body of troops found. To deceive the Americans, he maneuvered his troops in front as if about to attack. Incorrectly informed from the very start concerning the force of the enemy, General Howe was now still further misled, and ordered the artillery to play upon the enemy's stronghold. The British did not return the fire, but maneuvered, waiting to hear from Baird. He followed the negro through the swamp, coming out at what is now Waringsville, and striking the White Bluff road, down which he advanced, falling suddenly upon a small force under Colonel Walton. This was swept away, after a short but brave resistance, in which Colonel Walton was severely wounded. The firing served to notify Campbell of the success of the stratagem.

There was no need of waiting for Colonel Prevost to arrive from Florida. With the aid of the fleet in the river, under command of the British admiral, Sir Hyde Parker, the city was soon taken. The remnant of Howe's army escaped into South Carolina, leaving the city to the mercy of the enemy who at once seized the most distinguished civilains, placing them on board the prison-ships in the river.*

VIII.

Elijah Clarke: The Bedford Forrest of the Revolution

Stern and relentless—a besom of destruction to the foes of liberty—Elijah Clarke was the most colossal

*Lee and Agnew, in Historical Record of Savannah.

figure of the Revolutionary War period in Georgia. He was only an unlettered man of the frontier; but he possessed the rugged elements of strength which made him a leader in times of great stress. When the tocsin of war sounded, the genius of command arose within him; and, without waiting to receive a commission, he gathered about him a band of sturdy woodsmen, like himself, whom he trained for combat in the verdant arenas of the forest. During the dark days of the struggle for independence when Toryism, drunk with power, unloosed the furies of war upon the State it was to this singular man of destiny that the whole of the up-country turned for deliverance as if by a sort of common instinct: and he became literally a pillar of fire in the wilderness. He gave the Tories no quarter; and backwoodsmen though he was, his burly arm of strength was felt across the seas, where it planted the challenge of the Georgia forest on the very steps of the English throne.

Little is known of the early life of Elijah Clarke. Beyond the fact that he was born in Edgecombe County, N. C., in 1733, there is nothing definite to be gleaned from the records. Equally silent is the voice of history in regard to his lineage, though he is supposed to have been of Scotch-Irish extraction. The family located in what is now Wilkes, on the lands purchased by Governor Wright, in 1773, from the Indians. Since there were no formal grants made at the time, the settlers were free to locate where they chose, but they were forced by the exigencies frontier life to fortify themselves against dispossession by exhibiting shot-gun titles. The Indians learned to dread the austere North Carolinian long before his sword was unsheathed against the red-coats of King George the Third.

It was in command of a body of horsemen that this bold knight of the up-country first appeared upon the scene in the opening drama of hostilities with England. We find him at this time guarding some wagons which were loaded with supplies for the little army at Savannah.

Attacked by Indians while crossing a stream, a severe contest ensued, but the skirmish ended in the flight of the savages. Not long after this encounter, he joined General Howe in the latter's ill-timed expedition against St. Augustine and was severely wounded in the disastrous fight which followed. He then returned to his home in the up-country, where the deep solitude of the forest seemed to hide him, until the invasion of Georgia by the British, when first Savannah and then Augusta lowered the patriotic flag. To complete the subjugation of the State, a body of Tories under Colonel Boyd was dispatched to take possession of the forts on the frontier.

But in the meantime Colonel Clark was not idle. When word came of the fall of Savannah he knew what it meant. Georgia was soon to be overrun by her enemies. He was still nursing an old wound; but he no sooner heard the news than he reached for his sword which hung upon the walls of his cabin. At the same time he strapped his trusty rifle across his shoulders. Then committing his loved ones to the care of Providence, he mounted his horse and rode day and night over the country, gathering together his little band of patriots. At the head of his troops he then hastened to join Dooly and Pickens in bidding defiance to the invader. The two hostile armies met at Kettle Creek, not far from the present town of Washington, where, by the shrewd fore-sight of Elijah Clarke, in seizing a strategic point in the enemy's rear, the tide of battle was turned in favor of the Americans. Colonel Boyd was mortally wounded, his army annihilated, and Toryism in Georgia for a season at least overthrown.

However, Colonel Innis, a Scotch loyalist, was soon dispatched to the frontier, giving rise to another series of engagements. For months, at the head of his little band of patriots, Clarke waged a guerilla warfare, spending most of his time in the swamps. He scarcely knew what it was during this period to sleep with a roof over his head. Often he was face to face with hunger. The weariness of

exhaustion if not of discontent began to show itself in the haggard features of his troops. But in the end Innis was routed and, on to Augusta, Clarke led his victorious men of the woods. He knew that permanent peace could never come to the up-country until this stronghold was recovered. So, mustering strength for the decisive blow, he hurled himself against the town. Success was almost at hand. In fact, he was temporaily in possession, when the British garrison was unexpectedly re-enforced. The torture of Tantalus seized the backwoodsman at this sudden turn of affairs, but realizing the futility of further efforts in this direction, he withdrew to await future developments.

It was at this critical moment when Toryism was again threatening upper Georgia that Elijah Clarke collected the helpless women and children of the Broad River settlement and, with the aid of Colonel William Candler, conveyed them over the mountains to the Watauga valley in the extreme north-east corner of Tennessee. This humane task having been successfully accomplished, he was soon back in the midst of the fighting. Though not in actual command, it was Colonel Clarke, at the head of his Wilkes riflemen, who won the day in the battle of Blackstocks in South Carolina, by skillfully turning the enemy's flank. Again wounded at Long Cane he had scarcely recovered before he was seized by an attack of small-pox. But he was nevertheless on hand at the seige of Augusta, where the final consummation of his dream was realized in the hoisting above the fort of the triumphant American colors.

As a reward for his gallant services in the Revolution, the State of Georgia gave him a commission as Major-General and a handsome grant of land. He was also chosen to represent the State in treaty negotiations with the Indians. Whenever there was trouble in upper Georgia, the settlers turned instinctively to Elijah Clarke; and

some few years later, at the battle of Jack's Creek, with his son, John Clarke, then barely more than a lad nevertheless a fighter and a veteran of the Revolution, he added another trophy of war to his belt of victories.

Then came an episode in the career of Elijah Clarke which has somewhat eclipsed and darkened his fame as a patriot, viz., his effort to establish a trans-Oconee republic and his connivance with foreign powers. But nothing in the way of real dishonor attaches to his motives even in these transactions, not withstanding the odor of treason which seems to invest them. He was an old soldier who had never cultivated the grace of restraint and who had always commanded an independent body of troops, subject to no higher power than himself, and he merely sought in his own way to rid Georgia of the incubus of an Indian problem. The fact that two European powers made overtures to him is testimony of the most pronounced character to his military genius. Misjudged by his friends and maligned by his foes, General Clarke retired to his home in Wilkes, where death eventually brought him "surcease of sorrow". He died on January 15, 1799. His last will and testament is on record in the county of Lincoln; and, while there is no positive evidence in regard to the place of his burial, the local traditions point clearly to Lincoln, which was cut off from Wilkes soon after the decease of the old hero.

Iron and velvet were strangely mixed in the character of this singular man. His life presents an enigma, in the solving of which the historians are at sea. He was the very embodiment of gentleness in shielding the defenceless women and children of the Broad River district but in dealing with the Tories there was no milk of human kindness in his breast. To the quality of mercy he was an absolute stranger; and Shylark himself was not more remorseless in exacting his pound of flesh from the Merchant of Venice. He squared accounts with the Tories, by pinning them to the letter of the Mosaic law—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But when

we remember what he suffered at the hands of the Tories, who turned his family out of doors, who burned his home to ashes, who murdered an inoffensive son in the presence of his wife, and whose hands were red with the blood of babes in the cradle, we can hardly blame him for registering an oath to be revenged upon the perpetrators of deeds so foul in the face of heaven. Without training in the school of arms—an uneducated rustic—he was not unlike the great Confederate horseman, General N. B. Forrest. In the opinion of not a few critics the latter was the foremost soldier of the Civil War; and there will be no one to challenge the statement that among the soldiers of Georgia in the American Revolution the stalwart form of the victor of Kettle Creek lifts by far the loftiest plume.

IX

The Story of Austin Dabney

One of the finest examples of loyalty displayed during the period of the American Revolution was furnished by Austin Dabney, a negro patriot. He came to Pike with the Harris family within a very short while after the new county was opened to settlement, and here he lies buried near the friends to whom in life he was devotedly attached. The story of how he came to enlist in the patriot army runs thus: When a certain pioneer settler by the name of Aycock migrated from North Carolina to Georgia, he brought with him a mulatto boy whom he called Austin. The boy passed for a slave and was treated as such; but when the struggle for independence began, Aycock, who was not cast in heroic molds, found in this negro youth a substitute, who was eager to enlist, despite the humble sphere of service in which he moved. The records show that for a few weeks perhaps the master himself bore arms in a camp of instruction, but he proved to be such an indifferent soldier that the Captain readily agreed to exchange him for the mulatto boy, then a youth

of eighteen, upon Aycock's acknowledgement that the boy was of white parentage, on the mother's side, and therefore free. This happened in the county of Wilkes. When the time came for enrollment, the Captain gave Austin the sirname of Dabney, and for the remainder of his life Austin Dabney was the name by which he was everywhere known. He proved to be a good soldier. In numerous conflicts with the Tories in upper Georgia, he was conspicuous for valor; and at the battle of Kettle Creek, while serving under the famous Elijah Clarke, a rifle ball passed through his thigh, by reason of which he ever afterwards limped. Found in a desperate condition by a man named Harris, he was taken to the latter's house, where kind treatment was bestowed upon him, and here he remained until the wound healed. Austin's gratitude to his benefactor was so great that for the rest of his life he considered himself in the latter's debt, and in many ways he befriended Harris, when reverses overtook him. He appears to have been a man of sound sense and to have acquired property, at the close of the Revolution. He removed from Wilkes to Madison, taking the family of his benefactor with him. Dabney was fond of horse-racing, and whenever there was a trial of speed anywhere near he was usually found upon the grounds, and he was himself the owner of thoroughbreads. He drew a pension from the United States government, on account of his broken thigh, and the Legislature of Georgia, in the distribution of public lands by lottery, awarded him a tract in the county of Walton. The noted Stephen Upson, then a representative from Oglethorpe, introduced the measure, and, in terms of the highest praise, he eulogized Dabney's patriotism. There was some dissention among the white people of Madison over this handsome treatment accorded to one of an inferior race. It doubtless arose, through envy, among the poorer classes. But Austin took no offense, and when an opportune moment came, he quietly shifted his residence to the land given to him by the State of Georgia. He was still accompanied by

the Harris family, for whom he continued to labor. It is said that he denied himself many of the comforts of life, in order to bestow the bulk of his earnings upon his white friends. He sent the eldest son of Mr. Harris to Franklin College, and contributed to his maintainance while he studied law under Judge Upson at Lexington. It is said that when young Harris stood his legal examination in open court Austin Dabney outside of the bar with the keenest look of anxiety on his face and that when the youth was finally admitted to practice the old negro fairly burst into tears of joy. He left his entire property to the Harris family, at the time of his death. The celebrated Judge Dooly held him in the highest esteem, and when the latter was attending court in Madison it was one of Dabney's customs to take the Judge's horse into his special custody. He is said to have been one of the best authorities in Georgia on the events of the Revolutionary war periods. Once a year Austin Dabney made a trip to Savannah, at which place he drew his pension. On one occasion—so the story goes—he travelled in company with his neighbor, Colonel Wiley Pope. They journeyed together on the best of terms until they reached the outskirts of the town. Then, turning toward his dark companion, the Colonel suggested that he drop behind, since it was not exactly the conventional thing for them to be seen riding side by side through the streets of Savannah. Without demurrer Austin complied with this request stating that he fully understood the situation. But they had not proceeded far before reaching the home of General Jackson, then Governor of the State. What was Colonel Pope's surprise, on looking behind him, to see the old Governor rush from the house, seize Austin's hand in the most cordial manner, like he was greeting some long lost brother, drew him down from the horse, and lead him into the house, where he remained throughout his entire stay in Savannah, treated not perhaps as an equal but with the utmost consideration. In after years, Colonel Pope used to tell this anecdote, so it is

said, with much relish, adding that he felt somewhat abashed, on reaching Savannah to find Austin an honored guest of the Governor of Georgia, while he himself occupied a room at the public tavern.

X

The Siege of Augusta

With the completion of Fort Cornwallis, Augusta became a stronghold of such resistive power that the hope of retaking it became a dim spark in the breast of the American patriot. But there was at least one man in the American army who seems to have taken a vow at the altar of independence that Augusta should not remain under the flag of the king. It was Colonel Elijah Clarke. There was not within the borders of the State a more relentless foe to the enemies of Georgia. His plan of attack was first to seize Fort Grierson, which was occupied by militia, whereas Fort Cornwallis was manned by seasoned regulars. He hoped either to capture or to destroy the Lieutenant-Colonel on his retreat to the stronger fortification. The movement was successfully executed. Hardly a member of the garrison escaped except to be made a prisoner of war; the Major was slain, and the Lieutenant-Colonel who commanded the fort was among the number captured. The next assault was upon Fort Cornwallis. It was here that the real fight was to be made; but Colonel Clarke was not despondent. He was ready for the tug of war. Says Dr. Williams: "Cato was not more insistent that Carthage must be destroyed than was Colonel Clarke that Augusta's fort must be taken. From the day that Browne took possession of it and hoisted the British flag, Clarke went everywhere, gathering recruits to drive him out. It was Clarke who planned the attack upon the White House, which deserved success but failed at the

Elijah Clarke's Vow: "Down With the Flag."

moment of impending victory. It was he who gathered the forces which under Pickens and Williamson and McCall, came and sat down here before the town for two months resolved never to go away until the English flag came down. At last Colonel Lee was sent with his famous Legion to re-enforce and take command of the investing army. He saw at once, with the practiced eye of a soldier, that Browne had built a fort which was impregnable to any assault which he could make upon it. He therefore resorted to the ingenius device of building a tower, thirty feet high, out of hewn logs, filling it with stones and other material. Near the top he built a platform and the logs were sawed to let in an embrasure for cannon. The British had mounted the eight original guns of Fort Augusta. They had a garrison of 400 men, besides 200 negroes who did duty in the fort. In adition to these, there were a number of prisoners and others who fled to the fort for protection. The Americans had but the one piece of artillery which General Lee had brought with him. This six-pounder was hoisted to the floor of the tower, from which eminence it completely commanded the interior of Fort Cornwallis. The tower was the device of Major Maham, of South Carolina, and was erected near where the Cotton Exchange now stands. Browne tried to neutralize the effect of this movement by building a platform at the southwest corner of the fort and mounting upon it two of his heaviest guns. But from the hour that Lee's six-pounder opened fire from the top of the Maham tower the fort was doomed. The first shot was fired from the tower on the morning of June 2, 1781. Before noon the two pieces of British ordinance were dismounted from the platform. The whole interior of the fort was raked except the segment nearest the tower and a few spots sheltered by traverses. So deadly was the fire that the besieged were driven to dig holes in the ground and

"Light Horse Harry" Lee To the Rescue.

The Maham Tower: A Grecian Strategem.

literally to bury themselves in the earth. The Church was a blackened ruin. The guns which had so long protected it were at last powerless to save it from destruction. The colonial days were passing out in thunder and blood and smoke. The fort was never rebuilt. Thanks to a kind Providence, it was never again needed. But the Church, like the Brooklyn at Santiago, loomed out of the smoke to go upon her way and pluck victory from the jaws of seeming defeat. Her mission is never ended."*

James Jackson Fires the Despondent Troops: an Eloquent Appeal.

Another distinguished Georgian whose tall figure was conspicuous at the siege of Augusta and whose name was destined to become luminous in the future history of the State was James Jackson. He was then in command of an independent Legion, but the ink was hardly dry on his commission. He was appointed by General Greene, perhaps at the instance of General Morgan by whom he was introduced to the former, but General Greene, on his own account, is said to have been deeply impressed by the personal appearance and grave demeanor of the young soldier. In connection with the siege of Augusta, Dr. White has preserved this incident: "Just before the reduction of Augusta, the militia had begun to manifest signs of despondency. Overcome by long service, destitute of almost every necessary of life, and giving up all hope of succour from General Greene's army, they had formed the resolution of returning home. Jackson being informed of this state of feeling, instantly repaired to the camp and, by his animating eloquence, quelled the tumult and called upon them in a manner peculiar to himself not to tarnish the laurels which they had gained by deserting the cause in a time of so much need. His interference was

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*See Dr. Chauncey C. Williams, in The Story of St. Paul's Church.

effectual. The drooping spirits of the militia were aroused, and they resolved to bid defiance to the foe. Jackson led one of the advance parties in the attack upon Augusta and performed other perilous duties with great credit to himself. After the surrender of the town he received orders to level the fortifications, to collect as many men as possible and to join the army of General Greene; but, having marched about thirty miles, he found it impossible to reach the main army, and therefore returned to Augusta, where he had been appointed Commandant."*

An Assassin in Camp. It was during the summer months which followed the reduction of Augusta that this same man of destiny whose mission in after life was to defeat the Yazoo conspirators and to vindicate the honor of Georgia, narrowly escaped death by assassination. Dr. White thus tells the story: "In July he was ordered to advance toward Savannah and to take post midway between this town and Augusta. It was here that a conspiracy was formed in his infantry to kill Colonel Jackson in his bed, but happily it was discovered by a soldier who acted as his waiter, named Davis. This honorable man, observing that something uncommon was going on in the camp determined to find it out. To accomplish his object, he mingled among the men and branded the Colonel with many opprobrious epithets. Supposing they might have a useful accomplice in Davis, the conspirators divulged the secret to him, which he immediately communicated to Colonel Jackson. The infantry were drawn out, the ring leaders instantly arrested, tried by a court-martial, and executed. Davis was rewarded for his fidelity by the Legislature, with a gift of 500 acres of land, a horse, saddle, and bridle."*

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*See White's Statistics of Georgia, pp. 339-340.
*See White's Statistics og Georgia, p. 340.

Capt. Robert Ware, father of U. S. Senator Nicholas Ware, took part in the seige of Augusta. Capt. Sherwood Bugg was among the wounded and Capt. John Martin among the dead, James Martin and Marshall Martin, brothers of the latter were also present.

XI.

St. John's Parish

There was never at any time among the Midway colonists any strong attachment for the reigning house of Hanover. They were the descendants of English dissenters. The principle of local self-government was exemplified by them in religious affairs and they stoutly believed in the wisdom of its application to secular interests as well. The very first oppressive acts of the British Parliament aroused in them a spirit of resistance, and the earliest avowed declaration in favor of independence emanated from the Midway settlement. Throughout the Province there was little feeling of hostility to England. Georgia was the youngest of the original thirteen colonies and to the last moment she continued to be the most loyal to the Crown. In Savannah, where the effects of the iniquitous Stamp Act were directly felt by the mercantile interests there were early protests made by the inhabitants against these offensive measures. But the plea for separation was first raised in the Parish of St. John. It was here that the first bold stand for liberty was taken; and when the charter of Massachusetts was revoked and the port of Boston closed to commerce, the indignation of the Georgia Puritans was aroused to fever heat. The gore which bespattered the streets of the great metropolis of New England and which cried from the ground to be avenged was the blood of kinsmen. So while there was parleying and dallying elsewhere, there was prompt resolve here; and however calm might be the pulse-beat of the Province at large, due to the fact that

the people of Georgia were in the main descendants of Cavaliers, there was fire in the veins of the Midway settlers.

The refusal of the Provincial Congress which met in Savannah, on August 10, 1774, to send delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, was received by these bold radicals with an outburst of scorn. They first sought connection with the Charleston patriots, through a petition sent by a committee appointed at Midway, on February 9, 1774, which committee consisted of three members, Daniel Roberts, Samuel Stevens, and Joseph Wood; and, when this application was denied, they resolved to act for themselves. Meanwhile, on January 23, 1775, some forty-five members of the Provincial Congress entered into a compact neither to import nor to export articles of merchandise from which England was to reap the benefit.

But this action was not sufficiently radical to satisfy the enraged Puritans of Georgia. The Parish of St. John at this period embraced nearly one third of the entire wealth of the Province. Its planters were large slave owners, who cultivated extensive tracts of land. Consequently, they assembled in convention, on March 25, 1775, and chose Dr. Lyman Hall to represent them in the Continental Congress. He accepted the commission, made the journey to Philadelphia on horseback, and for months sat in the Continental Congress an accredited delegate from the Parish of St. John in the Colony of Georgia. To the sufferers in Boston large supplies of rice were also forwarded by the Midway people, to relieve them from immediate distress. There is little cause for wonder that Sir James Wright, alluding in one of his letters to the Parish of St. John calls it "a nest of Oliverians." Nor is the tribute of Dr. Stevens, in his address before the Georgia Historical Society of Savannah undeserved. Says he: "Alone she stood, a Pharos of Liberty in England's most loyal Province, renouncing every fellowship that savored not of freedom and refus-

ing every luxury which contributed to ministerial coffers. With a halter around her neck and the gallows before her eyes, she severed her self from surrounding associations and cast her lot, while as yet all was gloom and darkness, with the fortunes of her country, to stand upon her rights or to die in defending them. Proud spot of Georgia soil!"

XII.

Colonel John White: Hero of the Great Ogeechee

In December, 1778, the British captured Savannah.* In September, 1779, Count d'Estaing with a force of about 1,700 men acting under instructions from the French government effected a landing at Beaulieu, and shortly thereafter was joined by Gen. Lincoln. The purpose was to recapture Savannah by siege. Gen. Prevost, the British commander, immediately summoned from all outposts every portion of his scattered command. Some reached the British lines in safety. But Capt. French was not among this number. With 111 regular troops, accompanied by five vessels and their crews of forty men, he sought to join Gen. Prevost, but interrupted in his attempt to enter Savannah by news of the investment of the town, took refuge in the Great Ogeechee river, about twenty-five miles below Savannah, disembarked and formed a fortified camp on the left bank of that stream.

Col. John White, of the Fourth Georgia Battalion of Gen. Lincoln's force conceived a brilliant plan for the capture of French's command. Accompanied only by Capts. George Melvin and A. C. G. Elholm, a sergeant, and three privates, a total force of seven men (some accounts state five), on the night of Oct. 1, 1779, this daring band located the British camp on the Ogeechee and built many watch-fires at various points around it, placing the fires at such positions as to lead the British to believe that

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*E. H. Abrams: Article in the Savannah Morning News, July 4, 1909.

they were surrounded by a large force of Americans. This was kept up throughout the night by White and his force marching from point to point with the heavy tread of many when, accompanied by the challenge of sentinels at each point surrounding the British camp, each mounting a horse at intervals, riding off in haste in various directions, imitating the orders of staff officers and giving fancied orders in a low tone. Anticipating the presence of the enemy, Capt. French believed that he was entrapped by a large force. At. this juncture Col. White, unaccompanied, dashed up to the British camp and demanded a conference with Capt. French.

"I am the commander, sir," he said, "of the American soldiers in your vicinity. If you will surrender at once to my force, I will see to it that no injury is done to you or your command. If you decline to do this I must candidly inform you that the feelings of my troops are highly incensed against you and I can by no means be responsible for any consequences that may ensue."

The bluff worked. Capt. French at once fell into the trap and agreed to surrender, as he thought it was useless to battle with the large surrounding force. At this moment, Capt. Elholm dashed up on horseback and demanded to know where to place the artillery. "Keep them back," replied White, "the British have surrendered. Move your men off and send me three guides to conduct the British to the American post at Sunbury." Thereupon the five vessels were burned, the three guides arrived, and the British urged to keep clear of the supposed infuriated American army hovering about, marched off, while Col. White, hastened away, collected a force of neighboring militia, overtook the British led by his guides and conducted them as prisoners to Sunbury.

Nine days after this remarkable exploit, Col. White was severely wounded at the assault upon Savannah made at the Spring Hill redoubt. He succeeded in making his escape from the British, but the wounds received so much

impaired his health that he was obliged to retire from the army and died soon afterwards in Virginia.*

A Revolutionary Puzzle

These old rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary War—about 1776. If read as written they contain a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma, they indicate an unmistakable rebellion against both king and parliament. The author is unknown:

"Hark, hark, the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join
The acts of Parliament, in them I might delight,

*The account of this remarkable capture is taken from White's "Historical Collections of Georgia," and accepted by that historian as correct. It is corroborated by a manuscript furnished that author by the Hon. Robert M. Charlton, giving a sketch of the life of Col. White.

Capt. Hugh McCall, one of the earliest of Georgia's historians, on page 60 of Vol. II of his history, mentions briefly the occurrence accepting the foregoing statements as true.

C. C. Jones, Jr., in his History of Georgia, Vol. II, p. 390, also mentions this statement as true.

In Volume II, page 180, of the Historical Magazine and Notes and Queries, is found an article communicated by I. K. Teft, in which the author corroborates the foregoing facts by an order then in his possession, given by Maj. William Jackson upon certain vendue masters for $500.00 "in the cause of the captors and claimants of the vessels taken in Ogeechee river by Col. White, being his fees in said cause."

Dr. David Ramsey, writing in October, 1784, or five years after his remarkable exploit in his "History of the Revolution in South Carolina" (p. 242, Vol. II), records as facts the details above outlined. This is substantial proof of its trustworthiness.

Col. White was survived by a widow and one daughter. The widow married Thomas Gordon, of Philadelphia. The daughter, Catherine P., first married William Limbert, and upon his death married a Mr. Hayden. Mrs. C. P. Hayden died in Savannah in January, 1866, leaving most of her property to St. John's Church. The will is recorded in Book M. P. 211, of the Ordinary's office. The writer has in his possession the papers of Mrs. Hayden, and among them are several military orders drawn by Col. White, a copy of Mr. Teft's communication, with notations thereon by Mrs. Hayden, and a letter from the widow of Col. White, written to Gov. John Houston in 1789, requesting him to recover for her a house and lot in Savannah owned by her late husband, and which had, through mistake, been confiscated as British property.—E. H. Abrahams.

I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast,
Who non-resistent hold, they have my hand and heart
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part,
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and Dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North and British Lord, may honors still be done,
I wish the block and cord, to General Washington.''*

*Mrs. Foster's Revolutionary Reader, p. 112.

SECTION VI

Georgia Miscellanies

SECTION VI

GEORGIA MISCELLANIES

Trustees for Establishing the Colony of Georgia

During the first twenty-one years of Georgia's colonial life the government was administered by Trustees, under whom General Oglethorpe was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief. The number of Trustees, from first to last, was seventy-two; and the membership of the board included some of the most distinguished men of England, among whom were scions of the nobility, ministers of the Gospel, and members of Parliament. Due to the fact that they were more familiar with the etiquette of courts than with the needs of the savage wilderness, some of the measures adopted by the Board were ill-advised. The effort to introduce the manufacture of silk was unsuccessful; and the regulations in regard to rum, slavery and land tenure, having been found to operate as a check upon industry, were rescinded, one by one, until little was left of the original designs. But the Trustees were pure philanthropists. They served without fee or reward; they sacrificed both time and money in the prosecution of the enterprise; and no body of men was ever organized for nobler ends or dominated by loftier ideals. Georgia owes it to herself to keep in grateful remembrance the names of these English gentlemen:

NAMED IN THE CHARTER

1. John, Lord Percival, first President of the Board.
2. Edward Digby, afterwards a baronet.

3. GEORGE, LORD CARPENTER.
4. JAMES OGLETHORPE, M. P.
5. GEORGE HEATHCOTE, M. P.
6. THOMAS TOWER, M. P.
7. ROBERT MOORE, M. P.
8. ROBERT HUCKS, M. P.
9. ROGER HOLLAND, M. P.
10. WILLIAM SLOPER, M. P.
11. SIR FRANCIS EYLES, M. P., a baronet.
12. JOHN LAROCHE, M. P.
13. JAMES VERNON, ESQ.
14. WILLIAM BELITHA.
15. REV. JOHN BURTON, D. D.
16. REV. RICHARD BUNDY, D. D.
17. REV. ARTHUR BEDFORD, A. M.
18. REV. SAMUEL SMITH, LL. B.
19. ADAM ANDERSON, an author.
20. THOMAS CORAM, a philanthropist.
21. REV. STEPHEN HALES, D. D.

ELECTED IN 1733

22. JAMES STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY.
23. ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTSBURY.
24. JOHN, LORD TYRCONNEL.
25. JAMES, LORD LIMERICK.
26. JAMES, LORD D'ARCY.
27. RICHARD CHANDLER, ESQ.
28. THOMAS FREDERICK, M. P.
29. HENRY L'APOSTRE.
30. SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, M. P., a baronet.
31. JOHN WHITE, ESQ.
32. ROBERT KENDALL, ESQ.
33. JOHN PAGE, M. P.
34. WILLIAM HANBURY, ESQ.
35. CHRISTOPHER TOWER, M. P.
36. SIR ERASMUS PHILIPPS, M. P., a baronet.
37. SIR JOHN GONSON, a knight.
38. GEORGE TYRER, ESQ., an alderman of London.

ELECTED IN 1734

39. REV. THOMAS RUNDLE, D. D.
40. WILLIAM, LORD TALBOT.
41. RICHARD COOPE, ESQ.
42. WILLIAM WOLLASTON, M. P.
43. ROBERT EYRE, ESQ.
44. THOMAS ARCHER, M. P.

45. HENRY ARCHER, M. P.
47. FRANCIS WOLLASTON, ESQ.
48. SIR ROBERT CARTER, a knight.

ELECTED IN 1737

49. SIR JACOB DE BOUVERIE, a baronet.

ELECTED IN 1738

50. SIR HARRY GOUGH, M. P., a baronet.
51. SIR HARRY BURGOYNE, M. P., a baronet.

ELECTED IN 1739.

52. SIDNEY, LORD BEAUCLERK, M. P.

ELECTED IN 1741

53. HENRY, EARL BATHURST.
54. HON. PHILIP PERCIVAL.
55. SIR JOHN FREDERICK, M. P., a baronet.

ELECTED IN 1742

56. HON. ALEXANDER HUME CAMPBELL, M. P.
57. SIR JOHN BARRINGTON, M. P., a baronet.
58. SAMUEL TURNBULL, M. P.
59. SIR HENRY CALTHORPE, M. P., K. B.

ELECTED IN 1743

60. SIR JOHN PHILIPPS, M. P., a baronet.
61. VELTERS CORNEWALL, M. P.
62. JOHN WRIGHT, ESQ.

ELECTED IN 1745

63. REV. THOMAS WILSON, D. D.

ELECTED IN 1747

64. FRANCIS COKAYNE, ESQ.
65. SAMUEL LLOYD, ESQ.

ELECTED IN 1749

66. EARL OF EGMONT, son of Lord Percival.
67. ANTHONY EWER, ESQ.
68. EDWARD HOOPER, M. P.
69. SIR JOHN CUST, M. P., a baronet.
70. HON. SLINGSBY BETHEL, M. P.
71. HON. STEPHEN THEODORE JANSEN, M. P.
72. RICHARD CAVENDISH, M. P.

At the expiration of the twenty-one years, which fixed the limits of the original charter, the Trustees quite naturally desired to be relieved of further responsibili-

ties. They accordingly sent a memorial to the Lords of the Council, proposing to surrender the control of the Province of Georgia, and to deed back to his Majesty the lands which they held in trust; the King acquiesced, and on June 23, 1752, the last meeting of the Trustees was held. Not an obligation of any kind remained against them unredeemed; and, having formally executed a deed of surrender, the seal of the corporation was defaced and the Colony of Georgia passed under the direct control of the King of England. When the Trustees met for the last time, only six of the original number survived. The scene was full of tender pathos; for, while they had made mistakes in governing the Colony, they had established in America an asylum for the oppressed, which was destined to become great and powerful, and they had nobly exemplified the motto engraved upon the colonial seal: *"Non Sibi Sed Aliis."*

The Margravate of Azilia

Oglethorpe's humane enterprise was not the first effort to colonize the territory of Georgia. Fifteen years before the good ship Anne started upon her long voyage to the new world, Sir Robert Montgomery conceived the ambitious idea of planting a colony between the Savannah and the Altamaha Rivers, to be called the Margravate of Azilia. It was the most unique scheme of empire building which the human intellect ever conceived. The region was pictured to the imagination of the prospective colonist as another Land of Promise, and there was no lack of zeal on the part of Sir Robert in exploiting the enterprise. But it came to naught. The story is one with which Georgians ought to be familiar. Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., tells it as follows: "In the summer of 1717, Sir Robert Montgomery secured from the Lords Proprietors of Carolina a grant of land lying between the Altamaha and the Savannah Rivers, with permission

to make settlements on the south side of the latter stream. This territory was to be erected into a separate and independent province, was to be holden of Sir Robert, his heirs and assigns forever, and was to be called the Margravate of Azilia. A yearly quit-rent of a penny per acre for all lands occupied was to be paid; such payment, however, not to commence until three years after the arrival of the first ships transporting colonists. In addition, Sir Robert covenanted to render to the Lords Proprietors one-fourth of all the gold, silver, and royal minerals which might be found within the limits of the ceded lands. Courts of justice were to be organized and such laws enacted by the freemen of the Margravate as might conduce to the general good and in no wise conflict with the statutes and customs of England. The navigation of the rivers was to be free to all the inhabitants of the colonies of North and South Carolina. A duty was to be laid on skins, and the revenues thus derived were to be applied to the maintenance of the clergy. Sir Robert, in consideration of this cession, agreed to transport at his own cost a certain number of families and all necessaries for forming new settlements within the specified limits. It was mutually covenanted that if such settlements were not made within three years from the date of the grant it should become void.

"In the 'Discourse concerning the Designed Establishment of a New Colony to the South of Carolina in the most Delightful Country of the Universe,' prepared by himself and printed in London in 1717, Sir Robert, in glowing terms, sought to unfold the attractions of his future Eden. 'It lies,' said he, 'in the same latitude as Palestine itself, that promised Canaan which was pointed out by God's own choice to bless the labors of a favorite people.' After commending in the highest terms its woods and meadows, its fruits and game, its soil and climate, its mines and odoriferous plants, its flower and agricultural capabilities, he proceeds to explain his plan of settlement. He did not propose to sat-

isfy himself 'with building here and there a fort, the fatal practice of America, but so to dispose the habitations and divisions of the land that not only out-houses, but whatever else we possess will be enclosed by military lines, impregnable against the savages, and which will make our whole plantation one continued fortress. At the arrival, therefore, of the first men carried over, proper officers shall mark and cause to be entrenched a square of land in just proportion to the number. On the outsides of this square, within the little bastions or redoubts of the entrenchments, they will raise light timber dwellings, cutting down the trees which everywhere encompass them. The officers are to be quartered with the men whom they command, and the governor-in-chief is to be placed exactly in the center. By these means the laboring people, being so disposed as to be always watchful of an enemy's approach, are themselves within the eyes of those set over them, and altogether under the inspection of their principal. The redoubts may be near enough to defend each other with muskets, but field pieces and patareros will be planted upon each, kept charged with partridge shot and pieces of old iron. Within these redoubts are the common dwellings of the men who must defend them, and between them runs a palisaded bank and ditch, which will be scoured by the artillery. One man in each redoubt, kept day and night upon the guard, will give alarm upon occasion to the others at work. So they will cultivate their lands, secure their cattle, and follow their business with perfect ease and safety. Exactly in the center of the inmost square will be a fort defended by a large cannon, pointing every way, and capable of making strong resistance in case some quarter of the outward lines should chance to be surprised by any sudden accident. The nature of this scheme, when weighed against the ignorance and wildness of the natives, will show that men thus settled may at once defend and cultivate a territory with the utmost satisfaction and security, even in the heart of an Indian

Country. Then how much rather a place considerably distant from the savage settlements?'

"Next he proceeds to give an explanation of the plan for fixing the districts or divisions in the Margravate. The whole diagram was to be a square twenty miles long each way, containing 256,000 acres. It was agreed that the men to defend the district should be hired in Great Britain or Ireland: that they should dwell in the fortified angles and cultivate the land immediately around them; that they should be hired for a definite term of years, and that at the expiration of this time such among them who should marry or come married hither might have a right of laying claim to a 'certain Fee Farm, ready cleared, together with a house built upon it, and a stock sufficient to improve and cultivate it, to be enjoyed Tax and Rent free during life as a reward for service.' 'By which means two great advantages must naturally follow: (1) Poor laboring men, so secured of a fixed future settlement, will thereby be induced to go thither more willingly and act when there with double diligence and duty and (2) When the time of service expires, possession just long enough to pass their lives upon at ease and to bring up their children on honestly, the families they have will prove a constant seminary of sober servants of both sexes for the Gentry of the colony, whereby they will be under no necessity to use the dangerous help of Blackamoors or Indians. The lands set apart for the purpose are to be two miles in width, surrounding the district, and lying next within the Margrave's own reserved land. The 116 squares into which the inner quadrangle is divided are to be one mile each way, or 640 acres, bating only for the highways which divide them. These are the estates belonging to the Gentry of the district, who being so confined to an equality in land, will be profitably emulous of outdoing each other in improvement; and when the Margravate is strong enough to form many districts the estates will be given gratis to honest and qualified gentlemen in Great Britain and

elsewhere who, having numerous and well educated families, possess but little fortune and will therefore be chosen to enjoy these advantages. The four great parks or forests are each to be four miles square; sixteen miles around each forest, in which are to be propagated herds of cattle of all sorts. The middle hollow square, which is full of streets crossing each other, is the city, and the belt embroidered with trees is to be used for a thousand purposes, among the rest as being airy and affording a fine prospect of the town near it. In the center of the city stands the Margrave's house. This is to be his constant residence, and to contain everything requisite for the dispatch of business. This likewise is to be separated from the city by an embroidered belt like the one separating the city from the rural districts.'

"Sir Robert enlarges upon the profits to be realized from this charming country in the cultivation of rice, tea, figs, raisins, currents, almonds, olives, silk and cochineal. Large gains were expected from the manufacture of potash. Liberal offers were made to all who might wish to become colonists in the Margravate of Azilia and ample guarantees given for protection. Although subscription books were opened in the Carolina Coffee House, near the Royal Exchange, it does not appear that much stock was taken in the enterprise. To the King, Sir Robert addressed a petition specifying the tract of land called Azilia, with which he had been invested by the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, declaring that he had a bona fide intention of founding a colony there and requesting the privilege of establishing in the city of Edinburgh a lottery of 100,000 tickets, at the rate of forty shillings per ticket, for the purpose of raising funds with which to defray the expenses of the adventure. A memorial was received from the Lords Proprietors, explaining the proposal of Sir Robert for settling the most southern parts of Carolina, of which he was to be Governor. It was referred to a committee of the Privy Council for consideration. The board of trade, while recom-

mending Sir Robert as a proper person for Governor, in order to avoid complications, suggested to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina the advisability of surrendering to the crown their powers of government over the places included in the proposed Margravate, reserving to themselves only the property in the lands. The whole matter was referred to the attorney-general, who reported that he saw nothing in the cession prejudicial to the rights of the crown, but he doubted whether the powers granted to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina could be divided in the manner proposed. To remove the difficulty he suggested that if the Lords Proprietors would surrender to his Majesty their powers of government over the new province to be erected, reserving to themselves only the right of property therein they might lease the land on such terms as they saw fit and then his Majesty could create a new government upon such conditions and with such powers as he deemed proper.

"Despite the efforts made to induce immigration into the favored region at the expiration of the three years allowed by the cession from the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, Sir Robert Montgomery found himself without colonists. His grant expired and became void by terms of limitation. His Azilia remained unpeopled, save by the red men of the forest. His scheme proved utterly Utopian, and it was reserved for Oglethorpe and his companions to wrest from primaeval solitude and to vitalize with the energies of civilization the lands lying between the Savannah and the Altamaha. . . . Nevertheless, the attorney-general's suggestion with respect to surrendering powers to the crown was adopted with respect to the whole of Carolina. The disputes and conflicts between the Lords Proprietor and the colonists continued to be so constant that all except Lord Carteret, taking advantage of the provisions of an Act of Parliament, surrendered to the King, not only their rights and interests in the government of Carolina, but also their ownership of the soil. The indenture of purchase and sale

was duly executed and the consideration was 22,500 pounds sterling. Thus, for this small sum, were seven-eighths of the extensive territory constituting the province of Carolina sold by the Lords Proprietors to the crown. The other eighth was owned by Lord Carteret, Baron of Hawnes. Subsequently by deed, dated February 28, 1732, he conveyed to the Trustees for establishing the colony of Georgia in America, the one undivided eighth part of all lands lying between the Savannah and Altamaha Rivers. The other seven-eighths was ceded to them by the crown. With this explanation, we understand why, in the charter granted by King George II, dated June 9, 1732, royal cession was made of only seven-eights of the lands to be erected into a province to be called Georgia."*

Coligny's Huguenot Colonies

Not long after De Soto's ill-fated expedition, a band of French colonists skirted the coast of Georgia and gave to the rivers of this State the earliest names by which they were known to Europeans. The adventurous Frenchman crossed the Atlantic in two ships, under command of Jean Ribault, to found a colony of Huguenots in the new world, an enterprise which they were encouraged to undertake by the zeal of the famous Gaspard de Coligny, the first nobleman of France who dared to profess himself a Protestant. Says Bishop Stevens: "The expedition sailed from Havre de Grace on February 18, 1662, and in two months reached Florida, at a place which they named Cape Francois. Thence coasting north, they soon entered the mouth of the St. John's which, because discovered on the first day of May, they called the River of May. Here, on a sandy knoll, they erected a pillar of stone, on which was engraved the arms

*Condensed from History of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., Vol. I, pp. 70-75, Boston, 1883.

of France. Coasting still northward, they discovered the St. Mary's, which Ribault named the Seine, because it was 'like unto the River of Seine in France.' Leaving St. Mary's, they soon cast anchor off the mouth of the Satilla, termed by them the Somme; and manning two boats they rowed up the river to examine its banks and to hold converse with the Indian king. They next discovered the Altamaha, which they called the Loire; further north, they came to Newport River, emptying into Sapelo Sound, which they termed Charente; next, St. Catharine's Inlet, which they called the Garonne; then Ossabaw Sound, receiving the waters of the Ogeechee River, to which they assigned the name of Gironde; and still further on they entered the broad mouth of the Savannah, styled by them the River Grande; thus bestowing upon the noble streams of Georgia the names of the beautiful rivers of France. Each of these waters was well explored and glowingly described."*

At the time of this expedition, the entire South Atlantic coast was given the name of Florida. The settlement which Ribault made at Fort Caroline, near the spot on which Beaufort, S. C., now stands, was ill-fated, and the story of how the starving colonists braved the open sea, after waiting in vain for Ribault's return from France, is one of the most pathetic in American annals. Equally tragic was the fate of the settlement made by Laudonnier at the mouth of the St. John's. Spain could not brook even a trans-Atlantic resting place for the enemies of her faith. Menendez was dispatched by Philip II to uproot the Protestants. He executed the commission by a relentless and thorough massacre of the inhabitants, and every vestige of the settlement was obliterated. Further down the river a fort was constructed by the Span-

*Wm. Bacon Stevens, M. D., D. D., in History of Georgia, Vol. I, pp. 30-38, New York, 1847.

ish commander; and here, on September 8, 1565, were laid the foundations of the oldest city in America—St. Augustine.

Silk Culture in Georgia

Georgia's earliest industry was the production of raw silk. It was the dream of the Trustees to save to England vast sums of money paid annually to foreign countries for this expensive material, and they even sent to Italy for persons to teach the colonists how to feed the worms and to obtain the threads from the cocoons. But the industry languished. In the course of time, it was confined exclusively to the Germans at Ebenezer, while the filatures at Savannah were abandoned long prior to the Revolution. Says Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr.: "Aware of the fact that the mulberry tree was indigenous to Georgia and informed that the climate was favorable to the silk-worm, the Trustees were encouraged by Sir Thomas Lombe to believe that raw silk of a superior quality could be readily produced in the province, and that vast sums which were annually expended in the purchase of foreign silks might be saved to the nation. Oglethorpe was firmly persuaded that England could thus be most materially benefitted and the Trustees resolved to engage persons in Italy acquainted with the methods of feeding the worm and winding the threads from the cocoons to accompany the first settlers and instruct them in the various processes."* . . . "The encouragement extended the Trustees and the Board of Trade to the production of raw silk in Georgia was not without some palpable results. From time to time samples were received. In May, 1735, the trustees, accompanied by Sir Thomas Lembe, exhibited a specimen to the Queen, who desired that it should be wrought into a fabric. This was done, and her majesty was so much pleased with

*History of Georgia, Vol. I, p. 97, Boston, 1883.

the manufactured silk that she ordered it to be made into a costume, in which she appeared at court on her birthday." Ibid., page 190. For the information of those who wish to pursue the subject further, the following references are given: History of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., Vol. I, pp. 97, 190, 272, 371-374, 433-435, 532, Boston, 1883. There are also fair accounts of the industry in the histories by Stevens and McCall. While the Trustees excluded rum from the colony, they encouraged the manufacture of wine; but this, too, declined. Failure in both cases was probably due to the protracted wars with the Spaniards, to the rules of the Trustees governing slavery and land tenure in the colony, and to the fact that other products like rice, cotton and indigo offered larger immediate profits.

Georgia Patriots Outlawed by the Tory Government

On July 6, 1780, soon after the fall of Savannah, an Act was passed by the Tory Legislature and signed by the Royal Governor, James Wright, condemning the "wicked and unprovoked rebellion" against his Majesty in the Province of Georgia, and disqualifying certain parties mentioned therein. At the same time full amnesty was offered to all who should hasten to enroll themselves under the royal banners, by taking the oath of allegiance to the House of Brunswick. The outlook was dark for the patriotic cause, but even in this despondent hour there were few to desert the colors. The following civilians and soldiers were by name declared to be specially obnoxious to the crown of England. The list is now Georgia's cherished Roll of Honor:

1. JOHN HOUSTOUN, rebel Governor.
2. JOHN ADAMS TREUTLEN, rebel Governor.
3. LACHLAN MCINTOSH, rebel General.
4. GEORGE WALTON, Member of rebel Congress.
5. WILLIAM STEPHENS, rebel Attorney-General.
6. JOHN MCCLURE, rebel Major.

7. JOSEPH CLAY, rebel Paymaster-General.
8. N. WYMBERLEY JONES, Speaker rebel Assembly.
9. MORDECAI SHEFTALL, Chairman Rebel P. Com.
10. WILLIAM O'BRYAN, rebel Treasurer.
11. JOHN WEREAT, rebel Counsellor.
12. EDWARD TELFAIR, Member of rebel Congress.
13. EDWARD DAVIES, Member of rebel Assembly.
14. SAMUEL ELBERT, rebel General.
15. SETH JOHN CUTHBERT, a rebel Major.
16. WILLIAM HOLSENDORF, a rebel Counsellor.
17. RICHARD HOWLEY, a rebel Governor.
18. GEORGE GALPHIN, rebel Sup. Indian Affairs.
19. ANDREW WILLIAMSON, rebel General.
20. JOHN WHITE, rebel Colonel
21. NEHEMIAH WADE, rebel Treasurer.
22. JOHN TWIGGS, rebel Colonel.
23. WM. FEW, rebel Counsellor.
24. EDWARD LANGWORTHY, rebel Delegate.
25. WM. GLASCOCK, rebel Counsellor.
26. ROBERT WALTON, rebel Com. of Forfeited Estates.
27. JOSEPH WOOD, JR., Clerk to the rebel Assembly.
28. ——— PIGGIN, rebel Colonel.
29. WM HORNBY, Distiller.
30. PIERCE BUTLER, rebel Officer.
31. JOSEPH WOOD, Member of rebel Congress.
32. REV. WM. PEIRCY, Clerk.
33. THOMAS SAVAGE, Planter.
34. THOMAS STONE, rebel Counsellor.
35. BENJAMIN ANDREW, President of the Rebel Council.
36. JOHN BAKER, Senior rebel Colonel.
37. WM. BAKER, rebel Officer.
38. FRANCIS BROWN, Planter.
39. NATHAN BROWNSON, Member of rebel Congress.
40. JOHN HARDY, Captain of a rebel Galley.
41. THOS. MORRIS, rebel Officer.
42. SAMUEL MILLER, Member of rebel Assembly.
43. THOS. MAXWELL, Planter.
44. JOSEPH WOODRUFF.
45. JOSEPH OSWALD, Planter.
46. JOSIAH POWELL, Planter.
47. SAMUEL SALTUS, a Committeeman.
48. JOHN SANDIFORD, Planter.
49. PETER TARLING, rebel Officer.
50. OLIVER BOWEN, rebel Commodore.
51. LYMAN HALL, member of rebel Congress.
52. ANDREW MOORE, Planter.

53. JOSHUA INMAN, Planter.
54. JOHN DOOLY, rebel Colonel.
55. JOHN GLEN, rebel Chief-Justice.
56. RICHARD WYLEY, President of the rebel Council.
57. ADAM FOWLER BRISBANE, rebel Counsellor.
58. SHEM BUTLER, rebel Assemblyman.
59. JOSEPH HABERSHAM, rebel Colonel.
60. JOHN STIRK, rebel Colonel.
61. RAYMOND DEMERE, rebel Clo. General.
62. CHAS. ODINGSELL, rebel Captain.
63. WM. PEACOCK, rebel Counsellor.
64. JOHN BRADLEY, Captain rebel Galley.
65. JOSEPH REYNOLDS, Bricklayer.
66. RUDOLPH STROHAKER, Butcher.
67. CHAS. COPE, Butcher.
68. LEWIS COPE, Butcher.
69. HEPWORTH CARTER, rebel Captain.
70. STEPHEN JOHNSTON, Butcher,
71. JOHN MCINTOSH, JR., rebel Colonel.
72. JAMES HOUSTON, Surgeon.
73. JAMES HABERSHAM, Merchant.
74. JOHN HABERSHAM, rebel Mayor.
75. JOHN MILLEDGE, JR., rebel Assemblyman.
76. LEVI SHEFTALL, Butcher.
77. PHILIP JACOB COHEN, Shopkeeper.
78. JOHN SUTCLIFFE, Shopkeeper.
79. JONATHAN BRYAN, rebel Counsellor.
80. JOHN SPENCER, rebel Officer.
81. JOHN HOLMES, Clerk.
82. WILLIAM GIBBONS, the elder, rebel Counsellor.
83. SHEFTALL, SHEFTALL, rebel Officer.
84. PHILIP MINIS, Shopkeeper.
85. COSHMAN POLOCK, Shopkeeper.
86. ROBT. HAMILTON, Attorney at Law.
87. BENJ. LLOYD, rebel Officer.
88. JAMES ALEXANDER, rebel Officer.
89. JOHN JENKINS, rebel Assemblyman.
90. SAM. STIRK, rebel Secretary.
91. PHILIP DENSLER, Yeoman.
92. HENRY CUYLER, rebel Officer.
93. JOSEPH GIBBONS, rebel Assemblyman.
94. EBENEZER SMITH PLATT, Shopkeeper.
95. MATTHEW GRIFFIN, Planter.
96. PETER DEVEAUX, Gentleman.
97. BEN. ODINGSELL, rebel Officer.
98. JOHN GIBBONS, V. Master.

99. JOHN SMITH, Planter.
100. WM. LE CONTE, rebel Counsellor.
101. CHARLES FR. CHEVALIER, rebel Counsellor.
102. PETER CHAMBERS, Shopkeeper.
103. THOS. WASHINGTON, rebel Officer.
104. ELISHA MAXWELL, Planter.
105. THOS. MAXWELL, JR., rebel Mayor.
106. WM. GIBBONS, the younger, Planter.
107. WM. DAVIS, rebel Officer.
108. JOHN GRAVES, Yeoman.
109. CHARLES KENT, rebel Counsellor.
110. JOHN BACON, Mariner.
111. NATHANIEL SAXTON, Tavernkeeper.
112. PHILIP LOWE, rebel Officer.
113. SAMUEL SPENCER, Mariner.
114. JOHN WINN, SEN'R, Planter.
115. DEVEAUX JARRAT, rebel Assemblyman.
116. SAMUEL WEST, Gentleman.
117. JOSIAH DUPONT, Planter.
118. JAMES PUGH, Planter.
119. FREDERICK PUGH, Planter.
120. JAMES RAY, Planter.
121. JAMES MARTIN, Planter.
122. JOHN MARTIN, rebel Sheriff.
123. THOS. PACE, rebel Officer.
124. BENJ. FELL, rebel Officer.
125. DIONYSIUS WRIGHT, Planter.
126. CHESLEY BOSTICK, Shopkeeper.
127. LITTLEBERRY BOSTICK, Planter.
128. LEONARD MARBURY, rebel Officer.
129. JOHN SHARP, Planter.
130. JAMES HARRIS, Planter.
131. HENRY JONES, rebel Colonel.
132. HUGH MCGEE, rebel Captain.
133. JOHN WILSON, Gentleman.
134. GEORGE WYCHE, rebel Officer.
135. WM. CANDLER, rebel Officer.
136. ZECHARIAH TENN, Planter.
137. WM. MCINTOSH, rebel Colonel.
138. DAVID BRADIE, Surgeon.
139. ANDREW MCLEAN, Merchant.
140. SIR PATRICK HOUSTOUN, Baronet.
141. MCCARTIN CAMPBELL, Merchant.
142. JAMES GORDON, Planter.
143. JOHN KELL, Gentleman.
144. JOHN MCLEAN, Planter.

145. JOHN SNIDER, Planter.
146. JOHN ELLIOTT, rebel Officer.
147. THOMAS ELLIOTT, rebel Officer.
148. RICHARD SWINNEY, Yeoman.
149. HUGH MIDDLETON, rebel Officer.
150. JOB PRAY, Mariner.
151. JOSIAH MCLEAN, Planter.[1]

Earliest Political Subdivisions

Deeming it conducive to the convenience of the inhabitants and promotive of good government, the Trustees, on April 15, 1741, divided the Province of Georgia into two counties—Savannah and Frederica. The former included all settlements upon the Savannah River and upon both banks of the Great Ogeechee River, and such additional territory south of the latter stream as should be designated when a proper map of the country could be prepared. Within the latter were embraced Darien, Frederica and the entire region lying south of the Altamaha River.[2]

Parishes

Perhaps the most important Act passed by the provincial legislature during the administration of Governor Ellis, the second Royal Governor of Georgia, was one dividing the several districts of the province into parishes, providing for the establishment of religious worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, and for other purposes. This Act was approved March 15, 1758, and by it the Province of Georgia was erected into eight parishes, to wit:

THE PARISH OF CHRIST CHURCH, which included the town and district of Savannah, together with adjacent islands.

THE PARISH OF ST. MATTHEW, embracing the district of Ebenezer, together with Abercorn and Goshen.

[1] White's Historical Collections of Georgia.
[2] History of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., Vol. I, p. 416, Boston, 1883.

THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE, which was created from the district of Halifax, embracing an area of which the site of the present town of Waynesboro was the center.

THE PARISH OF ST. PAUL, which included the district of Augusta.

THE PARISH OF ST. PHILIP, embracing the town of Hardwick and the district of Ogeechee, together with Ossabaw Island.

THE PARISH OF ST. JOHN, which included the Sunbury and Midway settlements, together with St. Catharine and Bermuda Islands.

THE PARISH OF ST. ANDREW, which embraced the town and district of Darien, south of the Altamaha, including Sapelo and adjacent islands.

THE PARISH OF ST. JAMES, which embraced the town and district of Frederica, including Great and Little St. Simon and adjacent islands.

In accordance with the provisions of an Act dated March 25, 1765, the newly acquired territory between the Altamaha and the St. Mary was divided into four parishes, to wit:

THE PARISH OF ST. DAVID, embracing a tract of land between the Altamaha and the north branch of Turtle River.

THE PARISH OF ST. PATRICK, embracing an area between the north branch of Turtle River and the south branch of the Little Satilla.

THE PARISH OF ST. THOMAS, extending from the south branch of the Little Satilla to the South Branch of the Great Satilla.

THE PARISH OF ST. MARY, which included an area between the south branch of the Great Satilla and the south branch of the St. Mary, together with the sea islands embraced within these limits.

Delegates to the Continental Congress

Archibald Bulloch	1775-1776
Lyman Hall*	1775-1777
John Houston	1775-1777
Noble Wymberly Jones	1775-1776; 1781-1783
John J. Zubly	1775-1776
Button Gwinnett	1776-1777
George Walton	1776-1779; 1780-1781
Nathan Brownson	1776-1778
Edward Langworthy	1777-1779
Edward Telfair	1777-1779; 1780-1783

*Dr. Lyman Hall was first elected in 1774, and took his seat as a delegate from the Parish of St. John, in the Colony of Georgia, but did not vote until re-elected in 1775, at which time he was joined by his colleagues.

Joseph Wood.....1777-1779
Joseph Clay.....1778-1780
William Few.....1780-1782; 1785-1788
Richard Howley.....1780-1781
William Gibbons.....1784-1786
William Houstoun.....1784-1787
Abraham Baldwin.....1785-1788
John Habersham.....1785-1786
William Pierce.....1786-1787

Delegates to the Federal Convention of 1781 Who Signed the Articles of Confederation

George Walton, Edward Telfair, Edward Langworthy.

Delegates to the Federal Convention of 1787 Who Signed the Federal Constitution

Abraham Baldwin, William Few.

N. B.—William Houstoun and William Pierce were also elected, but did not sign the Federal Constitution.

United States Senators

William Few.....1789-1793	James Gunn.....1789-1801
James Jackson.....1793-1795	
George Walton.....1795-1796	
Josiah Tattnall.....1796-1799	
Abraham Baldwin*.....1799-1807	James Jackson.....1801-1806
George Jones.....1807-1807	John Milledge*.....1806-1809
Wm. H. Crawford.....1807-1813	Charles Tait.....1809-1819
W. B. Bulloch.....1813-1813	
W. W. Bibb.....1813-1816	
George M. Troup.....1816-1818	
John Forsyth.....1818-1819	
Freeman Walker.....1819-1821	John Elliott.....1819-1825
Nicholas Ware.....1821-1824	
Thomas W. Cobb.....1824-1828	John M. Berrien.....1825-1829
Oliver H. Prince.....1828-1831	John Forsyth.....1829-1835
George M. Troup.....1831-1833	

*President pro tem. of the Senate.

John P. King.....1833-1837
Wilson Lumpkin.....1837-1841
John M. Berrien.....1841-1852
Robert M. Charlton.....1852-1853

Robert Toombs.....1853-1861

Alfred Cuthbert.....1835-1843

Walter T. Colquitt.....1843-1848
Herschell V. Johnson...1848-1849
Wm. C. Dawson.....1849-1855
Alfred Iverson.....1855-1861

(No Senators in Congress from 1861 to 1871)

Joshua Hill.....1871-1873

John B. Gordon.....1873-1880
Joseph E. Brown.....1880-1891

John B. Gordon.....1891-1897
Alexander S. Clay.....1897-1910
Joseph M. Terrell.....1910-1911
Hoke Smith.....1911-
H. V. M. Miller.....1871-1871

T. M. Norwood.....1871-1877

Benjamin H. Hill.....1877-1882
Pope Barrow.....1882-1883
Alfred H. Colquitt.....1883-1894
Patrick Walsh.....1894-1895

Augustus O. Bacon.....1895-1714
William S. West.....1914-1914
Thos. W. Hardwick.....

Members of Congress

FIRST CONGRESS, 1787-1791.—Abraham Baldwin, James Jackson, George Mathews.

SECOND CONGRESS, 1791-1793.—Abraham Baldwin, John Milledge (elected to succeed Anthony Wayne), Anthony Wayne (seat declared vacant after contest), Francis Willis.

THIRD CONGRESS, 1793-1795.—Abraham Baldwin, Thomas P. Carnes.

FOURTH CONGRESS, 1795-1797.—Abraham Baldwin, John Milledge.

FIFTH CONGRESS, 1797-1799.—Abraham Baldwin, John Milledge.

SIXTH CONGRESS, 1799-1801.—James Jones, Benjamin Taliaferro.

SEVENTH CONGRESS, 1801-1803.—Peter Early (elected to succeed John Milledge). John Milledge (resigned, 1802), David Meriwether (elected to succeed Benjamin Taliaferro), Benjamin Taliferro (resigned, 1802).

EIGHTH CONGRESS, 1803-1805.—Joseph Bryan, Peter Early, Samuel Hammond, David Meriwether.

NINTH CONGRESS, 1805-1807.—William Wyatt Bibb (elected to succeed Thomas Spalding), Joseph Bryan (resigned, 1806), Peter Early, Cowles Mead (election successfully contested by Thomas Spalding), David Meriwether, Dennis Smelt (elected to succeed Joseph Bryan), Thomas Spalding (resigned, 1807).

TENTH CONGRESS, 1807-1889.—William Wyatt Bibb, Howell Cobb, Dennis Smelt, George M. Troup.

ELEVENTH CONGRESS, 1809-1811.—William Wyatt Bibb, Howell Cobb, Dennis Smelt, George M. Troup.

TWELFTH CONGRESS, 1811-1813.—William Barnett (elected to succeed Howell Cobb), William Wyatt Bibb, Howell Cobb (resigned, 1812), Bolling Hall, George M. Troup.

THIRTEENTH CONGRESS, 1813-1815.—William Barnett, William Wyatt Bibb (elected to succeed William H. Crawford, U. S. Senator), Alfred Cuthbert (elected to succeed W. W. Bibb, resigned, 1813), John Forsyth, Bolling Hall, Thomas Telfair, George M. Troup.

FOURTEENTH CONGRESS, 1815-1817.—Zadoc Cook (elected to succeed Alfred Cuthbert), Alfred Cuthbert (resigned, 1816), John Forsyth, Bolling Hall, Wilson Lumpkin, Thomas Telfair, Richard Henry Wilde.

FIFTEENTH CONGRESS, 1817-1819.—Joel Abbott, Zadoc Cook, Thomas W. Cobb, Joel Crawford, John Forsyth (elected to succeed George M. Troup, U. S. Senator), Robert Raymond Reid (elected to succeed John Forsyth, resigned, 1819), William Terrell.

SIXTEENTH CONGRESS, 1819-1821.—Joel Abbott, Thomas W. Cobb, Joel Crawford, John A. Cuthbert, Robert Raymond Reid, William Terrell.

SEVENTEENTH CONGRESS, 1821-1823.—Joel Abbott, Alfred Cuthbert, George R. Gilmer, Robert Raymond Reid, Edward F. Tattnall, Wiley Thompson.

EIGHTEENTH CONGRESS, 1821-1825.—Joel Abbott, George Carey, Thomas W. Cobb (died 1823), Alfred Cuthbert, John Forsyth, Edward F. Tattnall, Wiley Thompson, Richard Henry Wilde (elected to succeed Thomas W. Cobb, deceased).

NINETEENTH CONGRESS, 1825-1827.—George Carey, Alfred Cuthbert, John Forsyth, Charles E. Haynes, James Meriwether, Edward F. Tattnall, Wiley Thompson.

TWENTIETH CONGRESS, 1827-1829.—John Floyd, Tomlinson Fort, George R. Gilmer, Charles E. Haynes, Wilson Lumpkin, Wiley Thompson, Richard Henry Wilde.

TWENTY-FIRST CONGRESS, 1829-1831.—Thomas F. Foster, Charles G. Haynes, Henry G. Lamar, Wilson Lumpkin, Wiley Thompson, James M. Wayne, Richard H. Wilde.

TWENTY-SECOND CONGRESS, 1831-1833.—Augustin Smith Clayton, Thomas F. Foster, Henry G. Lamar, Daniel Newnan, Wiley Thompson, James M. Wayne, Richard H. Wilde.

TWENTY-THIRD CONGRESS, 1833-1835.—Augustin Smith Clayton, John Coffee, Thomas F. Foster, Roger L. Gamble, George R. Gilmer, Seaborn Jones, William Schley, James M. Wayne, Richard H. Wilde.

TWENTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, 1835-1837.—Julius C. Alford (elected to succeed George W. Towns), Jesse F. Cleveland, John Coffee (died, 1836), William C. Dawson (elected to succeed John Coffee, deceased), Thomas Glascock, Seaton Grantland, Charles E. Haynes, Hopkins Halsey, Jabez Jackson, George W. Owens, George W. Towns (resigned, 1836).

TWENTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, 1837-1839.—Jesse F. Cleveland, William C. Dawson, Thomas Glascock, Seaton Grantland, Charles E. Haynes, Hopkins Halsey, Jabez Jackson, George W. Owen, George W. Towns.

TWENTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, 1839-1841.—Julius C. Alford, Edward J. Black,

Walter T. Colquitt (resigned, 1848), Mark A. Cooper, William C. Dawson, Richard W. Habersham, Hines Holt (elected to succeed Walter T. Colquitt), Thomas Butler King, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Lott Warren.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, 1841-1843.—Julius C. Alford, Edward J. Black (took his seat March 2, 1842), Walter T. Colquitt (took his seat February 1, 1842), Mark A. Cooper (took his seat February 1, 1842), George W. Crawford (elected to succeed Richard W. Habersham), William C. Dawson, Thomas F. Foster, Roger L. Gamble, Richard W. Habersham (died, 1842), Thomas Butler King, James A. Meriwether, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Lott Warren.

TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, 1843-1845.—Edward J. Black, Absalom H. Chappell, Duncan L. Clinch (elected to succeed John Millen), Howell Cobb, Hugh A. Haralson, John H. Lumpkin, John Millen (died, 1843), Alex. H. Stephens, Wm. H. Stiles.

TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS, 1845-1847.—Howell Cobb, Hugh A. Haralson, Seaborn Jones, Thomas Butler King, John H. Lumpkin, Washington Poe (resigned in 1845, without having taken his seat), Alex. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, George W. Towns (elected to succeed Washington Poe).

THIRTIETH CONGRESS, 1847-1849.—Howell Cobb, Hugh A. Haralson, Alfred Iverson, John W. Jones, Thomas Butler King, John H. Lumpkin, Alex. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS, 1849-1851.—Howell Cobb (elected Speaker December 21, 1849), Thomas C. Hackett, Hugh A. Haralson, Joseph W. Jackson (elected to succeed Thomas Butler King), Thomas Butler King (resigned, 1849), Allen F. Owen, Alex. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Marshall J. Wellborn.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS, 1851-1853.—David J. Bailey, E. W. Chastain, Junius Hilyer, Joseph W. Jackson, James Johnson, Charles Murphey, Alex. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS, 1853-1855.—David J. Bailey, E. W. Chastain, Alfred H. Colquitt, Wm. B. W. Dent, Junius Hillyer, David A. Reese, James L. Seward, Alex. H. Stephens.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, 1855-1857.—Howell Cobb, Martin J. Crawford, Nathaniel G. Foster, John H. Lumpkin, James L. Seward, Alex. H. Stephens, Robert P. Trippe, Hiram Warner.

THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, 1857-1859.—Martin J. Crawford, Lucius J. Gartrell, Joshua Hill, James Jackson, James L. Seward, Alex. H. Stephens, Robert P. Trippe, Augustus R. Wright.

THIRTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, 1859-1861.—Martin J. Crawford, Lucius J. Gartrell, Thomas Hardeman, Jr., Joshua Hill, James Jackson, John J. Jones, Peter E. Love, John W. H. Underwood. The Georgia delegation retired from the House January 23, 1861. Joshua Hill was the only member who formally resigned.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, 1861-1863.—Vacant.

THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, 1863-1865.—Vacant.

THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS, 1865-1867.—Vacant.

FORTIETH CONGRESS, 1867-1869.—Joseph W. Clift, W. P. Edwards, Samuel F. Gove, Charles H. Prince, Nelson Tift, P. M. B. Young. (These members were seated July 25, 1868.)

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS, 1869-1871.—Marion Bethune (seated January 16, 1871), Stephen A. Corker (seated January 24, 1871), Jefferson F. Long (seated January 24, 1871), Wm. W. Paine (seated January 23, 1871), Wm. P. Price (seated Feb. 24, 1871), Richard H. Whiteley (seated February 9, 1871), P. M. B. Young (seated February 24, 1871).

FORTY-SECOND CONGRESS, 1871-1873.—Erasmus W. Beck (elected to succeed Thomas J. Speer), John S. Bigby, Dudley M. DuBose, A. T. McIntyre, Wm. P. Price, Thomas J. Speer (died, 1872), Richard H. Whiteley, P. M. B. Young.

FORTY-THIRD CONGRESS, 1873-1875.—Hiram P. Bell, James H. Blount, Philip Cook, James C. Freeman, Henry R. Harris, Morgan Rawls (unseated by Andrew Sloan), Andrew Sloan (chosen in place of Morgan Rawls), Alex. H. Stephens, Richard H. Whiteley, P. M. B. Young.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, 1875-1877.—James H. Blount, Milton A. Candler, Philip Cook, Wm. H. Felton, Henry R. Harris, Julian Hartridge, Garnett McMillan (died, 1875, without having taken his seat), Benjamin H. Hill (elected to succeed Garnett McMillan), Wm. E. Smith, Alex. H. Stephens.

FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, 1877-1879.—Hiram P. Bell, James H. Blount, Milton A. Candler, Philip Cook, Wm. H. Felton, Henry R. Harris, Julian Hartridge (died, 1879), Wm. E. Smith, Alex. H. Stephens.

FORTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, 1879-1881.—James H. Blount, Philip Cook, Wm. H. Felton, N. J. Hammond, John C. Nicholls, Henry Persons, Wm. E. Smith, Emory Speer, Alex. H. Stephens.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, 1881-1883.—George R. Black, James H. Blount, Hugh Buchanan, Judson C. Clements, Philip Cook, N. J. Hammond, Seaborn Reese (elected to succeed A. H. Stephens), Emory Speer, Alex. H. Stephens (resigned to become Governor of Georgia), Henry G. Turner.

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, 1883-1885.—James H. Blount, Hugh Buchanan, Allen D. Candler, Judson C. Clements, Charles F. Crisp, N. J. Hammond, John C. Nicholls, Seaborn Reese, Henry G. Turner.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS, 1885-1887.—George T. Barnes, James H. Blount, Allen D. Candler, Judson C. Clements, Charles F. Crisp, N. J. Hammond, Henry R. Harris, Thomas M. Norwood, Seaborn Reese, Henry G. Turner.

FIFTIETH CONGRESS, 1887-1889.—George T. Barnes, James H. Blount, Allen D. Candler, Henry H. Carlton, Judson C. Clements, Charles F. Crisp, Thomas W. Grimes, Thomas M. Norwood, John D. Stewart, Henry G. Turner.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS, 1889-1891.—George T. Barnes, James H. Blount, Allen D. Candler, Henry H. Carlton, Judson C. Clements, Charles F.

Crisp, Thomas W. Grimes, Rufus E. Lester, John D. Stewart, Henry G. Turner.

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS, 1891-1893.—James H. Blount, Charles F. Crisp, Robert W. Everett, Thomas G. Lawson, Rufus E. Lester, Leonidas F. Livingston, Charles L. Moses, Henry G. Turner, Thomas E. Watson, Thomas E. Winn.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS, 1893-1895.—J. C. C. Black, Thomas B. Cabaniss, Charles F. Crisp, Rufus E. Lester, Leonidas F. Livingston, John W. Maddox, Charles L. Moses, Thomas G. Lawson, Benjamin E. Russell, F. Carter Tate, Henry G. Turner.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, 1895-1897.—Charles L. Bartlett, J. C. C. Black, Charles F. Crisp (died, 1896), Charles R. Crisp (elected to succeed Charles F. Crisp, his father), Thomas G. Lawson, Rufus E. Lester, Leonidas F. Livingston, John W. Maddox, Charles L. Moses, F. Carter Tate, Henry G. Turner.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, 1897-1899.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Wm. G. Brantley, Wm. H. Fleming, James M. Griggs, Wm. M. Howard, Rufus E. Lester, Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston, John W. Maddox, F. Carter Tate.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, 1899-1901.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Wm. G. Brantley, Wm. H. Fleming, James M. Griggs, Wm. M. Howard, Rufus E. Lester, Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston, John W. Maddox, F. Carter Tate.

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, 1901-1903.—Wm. C. Anderson, Charles L. Bartlett, Wm. G. Brantley, Wm. H. Fleming, James M. Griggs, Wm. M. Howard, Rufus E. Lester, Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston, John W. Maddox, F. Carter Tate.

FIFTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, 1903-1905.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Wm. G. Brantley, James M. Griggs, Thomas W. Hardwick, Wm. M. Howard, Rufus E. Lester, Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston, John W. Maddox, F. Carter Tate.

FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS, 1905-1907.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Thomas M. Bell, Wm. G. Brantley, James M. Griggs, Thomas W. Hardwick, Wm. M. Howard, Gordon Lee, Rufus E. Lester (died, 1906), Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston, J. W. Overstreet (elected to succeed Rufus E. Lester).

SIXTIETH CONGRESS, 1907-1909.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Thomas M. Bell, Wm. G. Brantley, Charles G. Edwards, James M. Griggs, Thomas W. Hardwick, Wm. M. Howard, Gordon Lee, Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston.

SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS, 1909-1911.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Thomas M. Bell, Wm. C. Brantley, Charles G. Edwards, Thomas W. Hardwick, Wm. Schley Howard, Dudley M. Hughes, Gordon Lee, Samuel J. Tribble.

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS, 1911-1913.—Wm. C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Thomas M. Bell, Charles R. Crisp, Charles G. Edwards, Thomas W.

Hardwick, Wm. Schley Howard, Dudley M. Hughes, Gordon Lee, Samuel J. Tribble, J. Randall Walker.

SIXTY-THIRD CONGRESS.—William C. Adamson, Charles L. Bartlett, Thomas M. Bell, Charles R. Crisp, Charles G. Edwards, Thomas W. Hardwick, Wm. Schley Howard, Dudley M. Hughes, Gordon Lee, Frank Park (elected to succeed S. A. Roddenbery), S. A. Roddenbery (died, 1913), Samuel J. Tribble, J. Randall Walker.

SIXTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—William C. Adamson, Thomas M. Bell, Charles R. Crisp, Chas. G. Edwards, Wm. Schley Howard, Dudley M. Hughes, Gordon Lee, Frank Park, Samuel J. Tribble, Carl Vinson, J. Randall Walker and J. W. Wise.

Governors

COLONIAL

James Edward Oglethorpe, humanitarian and soldier, Founder of the Colony of Georgia.....1732-1743
William Stephens, Acting Governor.....1743-1751
Henry Parker, Acting Governor.....1751-1754

PROVINCIAL

John Reynolds.....1754-1757
Henry Ellis.....1757-1760
James Wright, created a Baronet.....1760-1776

PROVISIONAL

Archibald Bulloch, President of the Executive Council....1776-1777
Button Gwinnett, President of the Executive Council....1777-1777

STATE

John A. Treutlen.....1777-1778
John Houstoun.....1778-1778
John Wereat.....1778-1779
George Walton.....1779-1780
Richard Howley.....1780-1781
Stephen Heard, President of the Senate.....1781-1781
Nathan Brownson.....1781-1782
John Martin.....1782-1783
Lyman Hall.....1783-1784
John Houstoun.....1784-1785
Samuel Elbert.....1785-1786
Elbert Telfair.....1786-1787
George Mathews.....1781-1788
George Handly.....1788-1789
George Walton.....1789-1790
Edward Telfair.....1790-1793

George Mathews.....1787-1788
Jared Irwin.....1796-1798
James Jackson.....1798-1801
David Emanuel.....1801-1801
Josiah Tattnall.....1801-1802
John Milledge.....1802-1806
Jared Irwin.....1806-1809
David B. Mitchell.....1809-1813
William Rabun.....1817-1819
Matthew Talbot, President of the Senate.....1819-1819
John Clark.....1819-1823
George M. Troup.....1823-1827
John Forsyth.....1827-1829
George R. Gilmer.....1829-1831
Wilson Lumpkin.....1831-1833
William Schley.....1833-1837
George R. Gilmer.....1837-1839
Charles J. McDonald.....1839-1843
George W. Crawford.....1843-1847
George W. Towns.....1847-1851
Howell Cobb.....1851-1853
Herschel V. Johnson.....1853-1857
Joseph E. Brown.....1857-1865
James Johnson, Provisional.....1865-1865
Charles J. Jenkins.....1865-1868
General T. H. Ruger, U. S. A., Military.....1868-1868
Rufus E. Bullock, Reconstruction.....1868-1871
Benjamin Conley, Reconstruction, President of Senate....1871-1872
James M. Smith.....1872-1876
Alfred H. Colquitt.....1876-1882
Alexander H. Stephens.....1882-1883
James S. Boynton, President of the Senate.....1883-1883
Henry D. McDaniel.....1883-1886
John B. Gordon.....1886-1890
William J. Northen.....1890-1894
William Y. Atkinson.....1894-1898
Allen D. Candler.....1898-1902
Joseph M. Terrell.....1902-1907
Hoke Smith.....1907-1909
Joseph M. Brown.....1909-1911
Hoke Smith.....1911-1911
John M. Slaton, President of the Senate.....1911-1912
Joseph M. Brown.....1912-1913
John M. Slaton.....1913-1915
Nathaniel E. Harris, Governor-Elect.....1915-

Georgia's State Flag

"The flag of the State of Georgia shall be a vertical band of blue next the staff and occupying one-third of the entire flag; the remainder of the space shall be divided into three horizontal parallel bands, the upper and lower of which bands shall be scarlet in color, and the middle band white."[1]

"Every battalion of volunteers shall carry the flag of the State, as its battalion colors. But this requirement shall not be construed to prevent it from carrying, in addition thereto, any other flag or colors of its own adoption."[2]

"Whenever a sufficient number of the militia to constitute a regiment or battalion shall be detailed for service to operate beyond the limits of the State, such regiments shall be furnished by the Governor with two flags—one the regimental colors, bearing the arms of the State, the other the national colors, bearing the arms of the United States; both inscribed with the name of the regiment, etc."[3]

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[1] Acts, 1878-9, p. 114; Code of 1895, Vol. I, p. 319.
[2] Acts, 1878-9, p. 113; Code of 1895, Vol. I, p. 337.
[3] Acts, 1878-9, p. 111; Code of 1895, Vol. I, p. 343.

SECTION VII

Historic County Seats, Chief Towns and Noted Localities

SECTION VII

HISTORIC COUNTY SEATS, CHIEF TOWNS AND NOTED LOCALITIES

APPLING

Old Holmesville. It was not until 1874 that Baxley became the county-seat of Appling. For nearly half a century the official business of the county was transacted at Holmesville, a town whose existence is today only a dim memory of the past. Appling was made a county in 1818 out of treaty lands acquired from the Creeks and was named for Colonel Daniel Appling, a distinguished soldier of the war of 1812. But, due to unsettled conditions on what was then our western border, ten years elapsed before a county-seat was chosen. Finally an Act was approved December 8, 1828, which fixed the site for public buildings on a lot owned by one Solomon Kennedy, said lot having been selected by the judges of the Inferior Court.* This was the beginning of Holmesville. Its charter of incorporation as a town was granted in 1854.

Baxley. But Holmesville was fated. It was not on the iron highway of travel. It was not much of a center for trade, and other communities were beginning to bristle with the life of a new era. At last a bill was put through the Legislature, approved August 23, 1872, submitting the question of a new county-site

*Acts, 1828, p. 168.

to popular vote. Messrs. Seaborn Hall, Gideon H. Holton, Allen P. Surrency, Isham Reddish, and James Smith were designated as commissioners to choose a site for public buildings, in the event a majority advocated removal.[1] As a result, Baxley, a town located on what is now the Southern Railway, was two years later made the new county-seat. Baxley was named for William Baxley, an early pioneer settler in this neighborhood from the State of North Carolina. The town was incorporated by an Act approved February 23, 1875, with Messrs. B. D. Mobley, J. M. Powell, Philip Ketterer, W. W. Beach and J. H. Comas as commissioners.[2] Baxley is today a progressive town, with up-to-date public utilities. Its schools are among the best, and there is not a community in the State with a finer body of citizens.

BACON

Alma. On July 27, 1914, an Act was approved creating by Constitutional amendment, the new county of Bacon. It is proposed to create this new county out of lands embraced within the present limits of Appling, Pierce and Ware Counties, in the extreme Southern part of the State. Since there was no opposition to the bill on the part of the counties directly involved, the amendment to the Constitution passed both houses by safe majorities, and its ratification at the ballot box will be more or less of a formality. The bill creating the new county designates Alma as the county-seat. This is a small town on the Atlanta, Birmingham, and Atlantic Railroad, the commercial activities of which have already commenced to attract population from remote points. The county will bear the name of Hon. Augustus O. Bacon, one of Georgia's most distinguished and honored sons. In the high office of United States

[1] Acts, 1872, p. 385.
[2] Acts, 1875, p. 156.

Senator, a position to which he was four times elected, Major Bacon was the intellectual peer of any of his colleagues; and at the time of his death was chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations. As a parliamentarian, as a ready debater, and as a sound Constitutional lawyer, he possessed few equals. Major Bacon was the first member of the United States Senate to be returned to the upper house of Congress, under the new law providing for the popular election of United States Senators, at which time he was re-elected for a fourth term without opposition. His death on February 15, 1914, in Washington, D. C., on the eve of a threatened rupture with Mexico was deplored as a national calamity, and messages of regret were received from every part of the world, some of these coming from crowned heads. Senator J. L. Sweat, of the Fifth District, stated in the Senate, when this measure was pending, that in 1872, during the administration of Gov. James M. Smith, this county had been authorized by the Legislature, under the name of Nicholls County, but was vetoed by the Governor for Constitutional reasons.

BAKER

Newton. In 1825, Baker was formed out of a part of Early County, and named for Colonel John Baker, of the Revolution. The original county-seat of Baker was a little hamlet called Byron. But, under an Act approved December 26, 1831, stating as a cause of complaint that the county-seat was then within a mile of the Lee County line, a commission was appointed to locate a new county-site on lot number one hundred and seventy-two, in the eighth district; and out of this provision grew the present town of Newton. The following commissioners were appointed to lay off the new town into half-acre lots and to provide for the erection of public buildings, viz., Joel L. Scarboro, Henry B. Nelson, William Thomas, James Chance, and Green Tinsley.*

*Acts, 1831, p. 67.

It was probably for Sergeant John Newton, of the Revolution, that the present county-seat of Baker was named, though local traditions may be at variance with this statement. Newton was incorporated as a town on January 20, 1872, with the following board of commissioners, to wit: A. L. Hawes, J. V. Norris, Howell Williams, W. C. Odum, and A. W. Muse.[1]

BALDWIN

The Great Anti-Tariff Convention: Forsyth and Berrien in a Battle Royal.

Major Stephen H. Miller, in his Bench and Bar of Georgia, has preserved the following detailed account of one of the most dramatic debates ever known in the politics of this State.[2] This was the historic occasion, to which allusion has already been made, when two of the most illustrious of Georgia's ante-bellum orators wrestled for the palm of victory in a contest which lasted for three days. The issue between them grew out of the famous tariff of 1832; and Forsyth supported, while Berrien antagonized the Jackson administration. Says Major Miller:

"As another scrap of political history deserving preservation, the author makes no apology for a somewhat extended notice of the Anti-Tariff Convention held at Milledgeville. The official record of the proceedings is now before him, and he copies the names of the delegates, with such other matters are seem most relevant. [These names are important as showing the leaders of opinion in Georgia in the early thirties.] The Convention met in the Representative Chamber, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 12th of November, 1832, when the following delegates appeared:

APPLING—MALCOLM MORRISON.

BAKER—Young Allen.

BALDWIN—William H. Torrence and Samuel Rockwell.

BIBB—Robert A. Beall and Robert Collins.

BULLOCH—SAMUEL L. LOCKHART.

[1] Acts, 1872, p. 303.

[2] Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. I, Chapter on Berrien. Vol. II, Chapter on Forsyth.

BURKE—J. Lewis, E. Hughes, and DAVID TAYLOR, JR.
CAMDEN—H. R. WARD and J. HULL.
CHEROKEE—Z. B. HARGROVE and W. W. WILLIAMSON.
CLARKE—A. S. Clayton, Thomas Moore, and J. Ligon.
COLUMBIA—Isaac Ramsey, W. A. L. Collins, and J. Cartledge.
COWETA—THOMAS WATSON and OWEN H. KENAN.
CRAWFORD—HENRY CROWELL and HIRAN WARNER.
DECATUR—DRURY FORT and Jehu W. Keith.
DE KALB—LEWIS J. DUPREE, D. KIDDOO, and O. CLARK.
DOOLY—THOMAS H. KEY.
EARLY—JOSIAH S. PATTERSON.
EFFINGHAM—Clem Powers.
ELBERT—Beverly Allen, I. N. Davis, J. M. Tate.
EMANUEL—JOHN R. DANIEL.
GLYNN—Thomas Butler King.
GREENE—W. C. Dawson, J. G. Matthews, and W. Greer.
GWINNETT—J. G. PARK, W. MALTBIE, Hines Holt, and S. MCMULLIN.
HALL—W. H. UNDERWOOD. J. MCAFEE. R. SANFORD, and N. GARRISON.
HANCOCK—THOMAS HAYNES, Tully Vinson, and JAMES LEWIS.
HARRIS—Jacob M. Guerry and BARKLY MARTIN.
HEARD—Rene Fitzpatrick.
HENRY—A. R. MOORE, GIBSON CLARK, J. JOHNSON, and J. COKER.
HOUSTON—WALTER L. CAMPBELL, HUGH LAWSON, and C. WELLBORN.
IRWIN—WILLIAM SLONE.
JACKSON—David Witt, J. Park, and J. G. PITTMAN.
JASPER—ALFRED CUTHBERT, D. A. REESE, and M. PHILLIPS.
JEFFERSON—Roger L. Gamble, and Philip S. Lemlie.
JONES—W. S. C. Reid, J. L. Lewis, and T. G. Barron.
LAURENS—David Blackshear, and Eason Allen.
LEE—JOHN G. OLIVER.
LINCOLN—REM REMSEN and Peter Lamar.
MADISON—THOMAS LONG and W. M. MORTON.
MARION—Wiley Williams.
MCINTOSH—Thomas Spalding and James Troup.
MERIWETHER—W. W. Alexander and HUGH W. ECTOR.
MONROE—John Macpherson Berrien, Thomas N. Beall, George W. Gordon, and Elbridge G. Cabaniss.
MONTGOMERY—Joseph Ryals.
MORGAN—W. S. Stokes, Van Leonard, and C. Campbell.
MUSCOGEE—Allen Lawhon and W. S. CLIFTON.
NEWTON—Charles Kennon, Richard L. Sims, and Seth P. Storrs.
OGLETHORPE—George R. Gilmer and John Moore.
PULASKI—BURWELL W. BRACEWELL.
PUTNAM—L. W. Hudson, C. P. Gordon.
RABUN—SAMUEL FARRIS and HENRY T. MOSELY.
RANDOLPH—BENJAMIN HOLLAND.

RICHMOND—JOHN FORSYTH, WILLIAM CUMMING, and JOHN P. KING.
SCREVEN— A. S. Jones, and P. L. Wade.
TALBOT—Samuel W. Flournoy and N. B. POWELL.
TALIAFERRO—Absalom Janes and S. C. Jeffries.
TATTNALL—Joseph Tillman.
THOMAS—WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS and A. J. Dozier.
TROUP—Samuel A. Bailey and Julius C. Alford.
UPSON—Reubeu J. Crews and John Robinson.
WALTON—THOMAS W. HARRIS, T. J. HILL, and ORION STROUD.
WARREN—Henry Lockhart and THOMAS GIBSON, JR.
WASHINGTON—S. ROBINSON, J. Peabody, and MORGAN BROWN.

"From the above roll, it appears that one hundred and thirty delegates presented credentials from sixty-one counties. [Chatham does not appear to have sent delegates, but John Macpherson Berrien, though credited to Monroe, was a citizen of Chatham. He was also leader of the anti-tariff forces. The names in capitals represent the Forsyth delegates; the names in small letters the Berrien delegates.] Hon. George R. Gilmer was elected President, and William Y. Hansell, Benjamin T. Mosely, and Mansfield Torrance, Esqs., were appointed secretaries.

"On motion of Mr. [W. H.] Torrance, it was decided to appoint a Committee of Twenty-One, whose duty it should be to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the Convention in regard to the best mode of obtaining relief from the Protective System, to report what objects ought to engage the attention of the Convention, and to suggest the most effecive means of accomplishing the same. [Time was required for selecting this important committee; and consequently, after transacting a few minor matters, the Convention adjourned.]

"On the second day, Mr. Forsyth moved that a committee of five be appointed by the President to examine and report at the next meeting by what authority the various persons present were empowered to act as delegates, the credentials which they possessed, etc. Mr. Torrance, in lieu thereof, moved as a substitute that a Committee of Elections be named to inquire into the right of any member to hold his seat, whenever the same should be contested. Both motions were laid on the table for the time being. The President then announced the Committee of Twenty-One, to wit: Messrs. Blackshear, Berrien, Forsyth, Cumming, Clayton, Cuthbert, Gamble, Reese, Spalding, Tate, Rockwell, Beall of Bibb, Taylor of Burke, Bailey, Warner, Dawson, Haynes, Gordon of Putnam, Clark of Henry, Janes and Harris.

"On the third day Mr. Forsyth called up his resolution of the day before, and Mr. Berrien moved to amend. Thus began the battle royal between the giants. Perhaps on no other occasion in Georgia was there such an imposing display of eloquence. Mr. Forsyth stood forth in the majesty of his intellect and the graces of his unrivaled elocution. For

three days the Convention and the crowded galleries listened to the debate with rapt attention. All conceded the victory to Mr. Forsyth in the preliminary discussion. He seemed like a giant, bearing down all obstacles in his way. Mr. Berrien took the floor amid plaudits from the galleries. He waved his hand and shook his head gravely, his beaming face upward, to repress the demonstration in his favor. What delight he afforded all present by his polished style and sweet delivery may be imagined by those who have had the good fortune to hear this American Cicero. Other speakers participated in the discussion; but the author does not remember all of them, though a spectator. Col. William Cumming, in point of dignity and force, called to mind a proud Roman Senator. Messrs. Clayton, Torrance, Rockwell, Cuthbert, Spalding, Beall, G. W. Gordon, Haynes and Alford were among the principal debaters. Gov. Gilmer made an argument with his usual zeal and ability on the main question, at another stage of the Convention.

"On Friday, General Blackshear, Chairman of the Committee of Twenty-One, made a report, which was read to the Convention by Mr. Berrien. It emphasized State Rights, set forth the limited powers of the Federal Government, and declared the several tariff acts of Congress, designed for the protection of domestic manufactures, to be unconstitutional and void. It also recommended unanimity of action on the part of the aggrieved States of the South, and authorized the president of the Convention to communicate the action of the body to these sister Commonwealths.

"Mr. Forsyth offered a substitute for this report, denying the necessity for any radical action of this kind in regard to the tariff, and suggesting that the Legislature be asked to appoint delegates to a Southern Convention to discuss measures of relief, whenever the other States of the South were agreed in regard to the wisdom of this method of redress.

"The substitute was lost, but before a vote was taken in the Convention on the Report of the Committee of Twenty-One, Mr. Forsyth laid on the secretary's table a protest signed by himself and some fifty delegates, all of whom then retired together from the Convention. The scene was very exciting, but it passed off quietly; and, after slight amendments, the report was adopted by a vote of 64 yeas and six nays. Two important committees were appointed—one to address the people of Georgia, consisting of Messrs. Berrien, Clayton, Gordon of Putnam, Beall of Bibb, and Torrance; and the other styled the Central Committee, consisting of Messrs. Torrance, Rockwell, John H. Howard, Samuel Boykin and James S. Calhoun, to take whatever steps were necessary to give effect to the measures adopted.

"The author has dwelt freely on these topics for the principal reason that the young men of the State should understand the condition of parties, at a season of great peril to the Union; and also because the Convention was anterior to the "Ordinance of Nullification" in a sister State. No formal action was ever taken at the ballot-box to carry out the objects of the Convention."

The Secession Convention. One of the best narrative accounts of the great Secession Convention at Milledgeville was written by Colonel Isaac W. Avery for his well-known "History of Georgia—1850-1881," and from the chapter which deals with this subject the following resume is condensed. Says he:

"The Secession Convention was the ablest body ever convened in Georgia. Its membership included nearly every well-known public man in the State, and represented nearly every shade of political opinion. The President of the Convention was George W. Crawford, who had been Governor of the State from 1843 to 1847, a gentleman of commanding ability and wide influence, and a recognized popular leader for years. There was Robert Toombs, United States Senator, afterwards Secretary of State; the two famous Stephens brothers, Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, and Linton Stephens, Judge of the Supreme Court; ex-Governor Herschell V. Johnson, candidate for Vice-President on the Douglas ticket and ex-United States Senator; Eugenius A. Nisbet, ex-Member of Congress and ex-Judge of the Supreme Court; Benjamin H. Hill, afterwards United States Senator; Alfred H. Colquitt, subsequently a Major-General, Governor, and United States Senator; Henry L. Benning and Hiram Warner, the one an ex-Judge and the other an ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. There was also Augustus H. Kenan, Washington Poe, David J. Bailey, ex-President of the Georgia Senate; William T. Wofford, afterwards a Major-General; Francis S. Bartow, soon to be the first martyr of Manassas; Thomas R. R. Cobb, an eminent lawyer, afterwards a Brigadier-General, killed at Fredericksburg; Dr. H. R. Casey, Judge R. H. Clarke, Hiram P. Bell, afterwards both a Confederate and a Federal Congressman; Dr. J. P. Logan, an eminent physician; William H. Dabney, D. P. Hill, Goode Bryan, Judge William B. Fleming, Henry R. Harris, afterwards a Member of Congress; Thomas P. Saffold, Judge Augustus Reese, Dr. Alexander Means, afterwards President of Emory College; Parmedus Reynolds, Arthur Hood, Henry D. McDaniel, afterwards Governor; Charles Murphey, afterwards a Member of Congress; Willis A. Hawkins, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court; T. M. Furlow, A. H. Hansell, S. B. Spencer, P. W. Alexander, James P. Simmons, Nathaniel M. Crawford, Carey W. Styles, N. A. Carswell and John L. Harris.

"Among these gentlemen two were the most unexpected and potential workers for secession. Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet, the author of the Ordinance of Secession, had always been a very conservative public man. He was small of statue, though of great personal dignity. He possessed unusual culture and erudition, and was a Christian of profound piety. Having been a Congressman and a Judge of the Supreme Court, he was known for eloquence, learning and ability, and was characterized by a moral and social character of exquisite purity. The other of these two unlooked-for

disunion advocates was Thomas R. R. Cobb. Like Judge Nisbet, he was an earnest, fervent Christian worker, but, unlike his distinguished colleague, he had never taken any part in State or national politics. He was a lawyer of marvelous industry and acumen. But the secession issue had aroused the fervor of his earnest soul, and the election of Lincoln threw him into the political arena, the most intense, unwearied champion of secession in the State. All of the powerful energies of his will and mind were bent upon withdrawing Georgia from the Union and establishing a Southern Confederacy. As Mr. Stephens fitly called him, Mr. Cobb was a sort of Peter the Hermit in this secession crusade, pursuing it with an almost fanatical enthusiasm.

"Mr. Albert Lamar was made the Secretary of the Convention. Governor Brown and Hon. Howell Cobb were invited to seats on the floor. The assemblage was addressed by James L. Orr, Commissioner from South Carolina, and by Hon. John G. Shorter, Commissioner from Alabama, explaining the attitude of those States, and seeking the co-operation of Georgia in disunion. On January the 18th, Judge Nisbet introduced a resolution calling for a committee to report an ordinance of secession. This precipitated the issue. For Judge Nisbet's resolution, ex-Governor Johnson, acting in concert with Mr. Stephens, offered a substitute, written by the former, proposing a plan of co-operation among the Southern States and suggesting a Congress for this purpose, to be held in Atlanta on the 16th of February, 1861. There were various other recitals in the substitute, dealing with the difficulties of the situation and setting forth the wrongs of the South; but the main idea of the substitute was to secure concert of action before any radical steps were taken. It was further provided that on the 25th of February an adjourned meeting of the Convention was held for final deliberation upon the matter.

"The discussion of this issue was elaborate, able, and eloquent. Judge Nisbet, Governor Johnson, T. R. R. Cobb, Mr. Stephens, Alexander Means, Augustus Reese, Ben Hill and Francis S. Bartow, all spoke. It was a battle of giants. The secession champions were Nisbet, Cobb, Toombs, Reese, and Bartow, and pitted against them in favor of a further attempt at a friendly settlement of troubles, were Johnson, Stephens, Means and Hill. The key-note of the secessionists, as condensed by Mr. T. R. R. Cobb, in a speech of rare power, was: 'We can make better terms out of the Union than in it,' and Mr. Stephens was of the opinion that this single, focal idea of Mr. Cobb, looking to a more certain re-formation of the Union on a higher vantage ground outside the Union, did more to carry the State out than all the arguments of all the others combined. The position of the anti-secessionists was enunciated by Mr. Stephens in the sentence that 'the point of resistance should be the point of aggression.' Secession as a remedy for anticipated aggressions was deemed to be neither wise nor politic, and these gentlemen opposing secession believed that Georgia,

standing firm with the border States in an effort to obtain a redress of grievances, would succeed; but a Higher Power was ruling the occasion.

"Governor Johnson's motion to refer both resolution and substitute to a special committee was lost; and after the debate was over, the previous question being called and sustained, the Convention was brought to a direct vote on Mr. Nisbet's resolution favoring secession. The resolution was passed by a vote of 166 yeas and 130 nays. It gave the secessionists the victory, but emphasized the strength and character of the conservative sentiment. The truth is that some of the strongest intellects of the State opposed secession, not as a right, but as a remedy for existing evils. Mr. Toombs was the undoubted head of the secessionists in the Convention. His superb qualities of leadership and his double leverage as a Senator of the United States and as a delegate upon the floor, equipped him for hastening the march of the revolution. He had made a speech in the United States Senate, on January 7, 1861, of surpassing power, in which he set forth the demands of the South, all of them based upon Constitutional guarantees; and, fresh from this great tilt in the national arena, he was the acknowledged leader of the disruptive forces. [The fact that Mr. Toombs, in 1850, when secession was first advocated in Georgia, had sought to extinguish the fires and had repeatedly avowed his devotion to the Union, both in and out of Congress, only gave him an additional element of strength.]

"The secession battle was fought and won over Judge Nisbet's resolution. Amidst the wildest excitement, the colonial flag of Georgia was raised upon the Capitol. Judge Nisbet promptly moved that the committee report an ordinance of secession, to consist of seventeen members. It was carried, and both sides were represented in the personnel of this committee, as follows: Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet, Chairman; Robert Toombs, Herschel V. Johnson, Francis S. Bartow, Henry L. Benning, William M. Browne, George D. Rice, T. H. Trippe, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Augustus H. Kenan, Alexander H. Stephens, James Williamson, D. P. Hill, Benjamin H. Hill, E. W. Chastain, Alfred H. Colquitt, and Augustus Reese. Immediately after the appointment of the committee a message was received from Governor Brown, in response to a resolution, furnishing the ordinance of Georgia ratifying the Constitution of the United States, and also a copy of resolutions adopted by the New York Legislature, tendering aid to the President to uphold the Union. The Committee of Seventeen made the following report:

"'AN ORDINANCE

"'To dissolve the Union between the State of Georgia and other States united with her under a compact of Government entitled: "The Constitution of the United States of America."

"'We, the people of the State of Georgia, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained:

"'That the ordinance adopted by the people of the State of Georgia, in Convention, on the second day of January, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was assented to, ratified and adopted; and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying and adopting amendments of said Constitution, are hereby repealed, rescinded and abrogated.

"'We do further declare and ordain, That the Union now subsisting between the State of Georgia and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Georgia is in the full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty, which belong and appertain to a free and independent State.'

"On motion of Mr. Toombs the ordinance was twice read. Ben Hill moved as a substitute for the ordinance, the preamble and resolutions offered by ex-Governor H. V. Johnson. When the roll was called, the vote stood 133 yeas and 164 nays, a slight gain in the anti-secession vote, though the motion was lost. Mr. Nisbet then moved the passage of the ordinance, and the vote stood 208 yeas to 89 nays, showing that 44 of the anti-secession members voted for the ordinance upon the idea that its passage was a foregone conclusion, and, further opposition being useless, it was wise and patriotic to give all the moral force possible to the act. Mr. Hill voted on this ballot for secession. But Governor Johnson, the Stephens brothers, General Wofford and Judge Warner still voted against it. The announcement of the President of the Convention, Governor George W. Crawford, that it was his pleasure and privilege to declare the State of Georgia free, sovereign, and independent, was followed by applause, tempered only by the gravity of thoughtful men over a step of serious and unknown import. The hour of the passage of this momentous ordinance was two o'clock in the afternoon of January the 19th, 1861.

"Before adjournment, Mr. Nisbet, for the sake of unanimity, moved that the entire membership of the Convention, without regard to individual approval or disapproval, be required to sign the ordinance as a pledge of united determination to sustain and defend the State in her chosen remedy of secession.

"At twelve o'clock on Monday, the 21st day of January, 1861, the ordinance of secession was signed in the presence of the Governor and State House officers, judges, and a throng of spectators, and the great seal of the State was attached. The delegates all signed the ordinance, but six of them did so under protest, as follows:

"'We, the undersigned delegates to the Convention of the State of Georgia, now in session, while we most solemnly protest against the action of the majority in adopting an ordinance for the immediate and separate secession of this State, and would have preferred the policy of co-operation with our Southern sister States, yet as good citizens, we yield to the will of the majority of her people as expressed by their representative, and do hereby pledge 'our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor' to the defence of Georgia, if necessary, against hostile invasion from any source whatsoever.

JAMES P. SIMMONS, of Gwinnett.
THOMAS M. McRAE, of Montgomery.
F. H. LATIMER, of Montgomery.
DAVIS WHELCHEL, of Hall.
P. M. BYRD, of Hall.
JAMES SIMMONS, of Pickens.

"This decisive act of Georgia settled the revolution. Whatever doubts had existed as to the policy or purpose of the South in regard to secession were dissipated. The spirit of the Georgia Convention, so riven as it was by a conflict of opinion as to disunion, yet so conciliatory and harmonious in the final action, confirmed the effect of its example abroad. Committed to secession, after a stubborn conflict and a close division, the State was compactly welded in its cordial support of the policy adopted. The ship was given to the lightning and the gale against the wishes of a powerful majority of her crew, but when the venture was made every man leaped to his post for the storm, devoted, loyal, intrepid and invincible. The news of the action at Milledgeville was flashed over the wires. Ratification meetings were held everywhere. Guns were fired and orators spoke in burning words. The die was cast for war, and the chivalrous spirit of a brave people gave back a unanimous and deep-souled response. In the sister States of the South the effect was electrical."*

How the Vote Stood. On the final passage of the ordinance of secession the vote was 208 yeas and 89 nays. Not less than 44 of these were opposed to secession, having voted against the motion to report an ordinance; but the majority was against them, and, both sides having been represented on the committee to report an ordinance, there was quite an accession of strength

*Condensed from Chapter XVII, of I. W. Averys History of Georgia, 1850-1881, with additions from other sources.

to the secession ranks on this ballot. The vote is given below in detail:

APPLING—Seaborn Hall, Yes; J. H. Latimer, Yes.
BANKS—W. R. Bell, No; S. W. Pruett, Yes.
BAKER—Alfred H. Colquitt, Yes; C. D. Hammond, Yes.
BALDWIN—Augustus H. Kenan, No; L. H. Briscoe, Yes.
BERRIEN—W. J. Mabry, No; J. C. Lamb, Yes.
BIBB—Washington Poe, Yes; John B. Lamar, Yes; Eugenius A. Nisbet, Yes.
BROOKS—G. S. Gaulden, Yes; Henry Briggs, Yes.
BRYAN—C. C. Slater, Yes; J. P. Hines, Yes.
BULLOCH—S. L. Moore, Yes; Samuel Harville, Yes.
BURKE—E. A. Allen, Yes; E. B. Gresham, Yes; W. B. Jones, Yes.
BUTTS—David J. Bailey, Yes; Henry Hendricks, Yes.
CAMDEN—N. J. Patterson, Yes; F. M. Adams, Yes.
CAMPBELL—J. M. Cantrell, Yes; T. C. Glover, Yes.
CALHOUN—W. C. Sheffield, Yes; E. Padgett, Yes.
CARROLL—B. W. Wright, Yes; B. W. Hargrave, Yes; Allen Rowe, Yes.
CASS—W. T. Wofford, No; H. F. Price, No; T. H. Trippe, No.
CATOOSA—Presley Yates, No; J. T. McConnell, Yes.
CHARLTON—F. M. Smith, No; H. M. Merchon, Yes.
CHATHAM—Francis S. Bartow, Yes; A. S. Jones, Yes; John W. Anderson, Yes.
CHATTAHOOCHEE—E. A. Flewellen, Yes; James A. Smith, Yes.
CHATTOOGA—Wesley Shropshire, No; L. Williams, No.
CHEROKEE—W. A. Teasley, Yes; E. E. Fields, Yes; John McConnell, Yes.
CLARKE—Thos. R. R. Cobb, Yes; Asbury Hull, Yes; Jefferson Jennings, Yes.
CLAYTON—R. E. Morrow, No; James F. Johnson, Yes.
CLAY—W. H. C. Davenport, Yes; B. F. Burnett, Yes.
CLINCH—Benjamin Sermons, Yes; F. G. Ramsay, Yes.
COBB—George D. Rice, Yes; A. A. Winn, Yes; E. H. Lindley, Yes.
COFFEE—Rowan Pafford, No; J. H. Frier, No.
COLUMBIA—W. A. S. Collins, Yes; H. R. Casey, Yes; R. S. Neal, Yes.
COLQUITT—H. C. Tucker, Yes; John G. Coleman, Yes.
COWETA—A. B. Calhoun, Yes; J. J. Pinson, Yes; W. B. Shell, Yes.
CRAWFORD—W. C. Cleveland, Yes; Isaac Dennis, Yes.
DADE—S. C. Hale, No; R. M. Paris, No.
DAWSON—Alfred Webb, No; R. H. Pierce, No.
DECATUR—Richard Simms, Yes; C. J. Munnerlyn, Yes.
DE KALB—Charles Murphey, Yes; G. K. Smith, No.
DOOLY—John S. Thomas, Yes; Elijah Butts, Yes.
DOUGHERTY—Richard H. Clark, Yes; C. E. Mallary, Yes.
EARLY—R. W. Sheffield, Yes; James Buchanan, Yes.

ECHOLS—Harris Tomlinson, Yes; J. B. Prescott, Yes.
EFFINGHAM—E. W. Solomons, Yes; A. G. Porter, Yes.
ELBERT—J. C. Burch, Yes; L. H. O. Martin, Yes.
EMANUEL—A. L. Kirkland, No; John Overstreet, No.
FANNIN—W. C. Fain, No; E. W. Chastain, Yes.
FAYETTE—M. M. Tidwell, Yes; J. L. Blalock, Yes.
FLOYD—James Ward, Yes; Simpson Fouche, Yes; F. C. Shropshire, Yes.
FORSYTH—Hardy Strickland, Yes; Hiram P. Bell, No.
FRANKLIN—John H. Patrick, No; Samuel Knox, No.
FULTON—Dr. J. F. Alexander, Yes; L. J. Glenn, Yes; Dr. J. P. Logan, Yes.
GLASCOCK—Joshua F. Usry, Yes; Calvin Logue, Yes.
GLYNN—John L. Harris, Yes; H. B. Troup, Yes.
GILMER—Joseph Pickett, No; W. P. Milton, No.
GORDON—W. H. Dabney, Yes; James Freeman, No; R. M. Young, Yes.
GREENE—Nathaniel M. Crawford, Yes; R. J. Willis, Yes; T. N. Poullain, Yes.
GWINNETT—R. D. Winn, No; J. P. Simmons, No; T. P. Hudson, No.
HABERSHAM—R. C. Ketchum, Yes; Singleton Sisk, Yes.
HALL—E. M. Johnson, No; P. M. Byrd, No; David Welchel, No.
HANCOCK—Linton Stephens, No; B. T. Harris, Yes; T. M. Turner, Yes.
HARALSON—W. J. Head, Yes; B. R. Walton, Yes.
HARRIS—D. P. Hill, Yes; W. J. Hudson, Yes; H. D. Williams, Yes.
HART—R. S. Hill, Yes; J. H. Skelton, Yes.
HEARD—R. P. Wood, No; C. W. Mabry, No.
HENRY—F. E. Manson, No; E. B. Arnold, No; J. H. Low, Yes.
HOUSTON—J. M. Giles, Yes; D. F. Gunn, Yes; B. W. Brown, Yes.
IRWIN—M. Henderson, Yes; Jacob Young, No.
JACKSON—J. J. McCulloch, Yes; J. G. Pitman, Yes; D. R. Lyle, Yes.
JASPER—Aris Newton, No; Reuben Jordan, No.
JEFFERSON—Herschel V. Johnson, No; George Stapleton, No.
JOHNSON—William Hurst, No; J. R. Smith, No.
JONES—James M. Gray, Yes; P. T. Pitts, Yes.
LAURENS—Nathan Tucker, Yes; J. W. Yopp, Yes.
LEE—W. B. Richardson, Yes; Goode Bryan, Yes.
LIBERTY—W. B. Fleming, Yes; S. M. Varnadoe, Yes.
LINCOLN—Lafayette Lamar, Yes; C. R. Strother, Yes.
LOWNDES—C. H. M. Howell, Yes; Isaiah Tilman, Yes.
LUMPKIN—Benjamin Hamilton, No; William Martin, No.
MADISON—J. S. Gholston, Yes; A. C. Daniel, Yes.
MACON—W. H. Robinson, Yes; J. H. Carson, Yes.
MARION—W. M. Browne, Yes; J. M. Harvey, Yes.
MCINTOSH—J. M. Harris, Yes; G. W. M. Williams, Yes.
MERIWETHER—Henry R. Harris, Yes; W. D. Martin, Yes; Hiram Warner, No.
MILLER—W. J. Cheshier, Yes; C. L. Whitehead, Yes.
MILTON—Jackson Graham, No; J. C. Street, No.

MITCHELL—William T. Cox, Yes; Jesse Reed, Yes.
MONROE—R. L. Roddey, Yes; Hiram Phinizy, Jr., No; J. T. Stephens, Yes.
MONTGOMERY—T. M. McRae, No; S. H. Latimer, No.
MORGAN—Thomas P. Saffold, Yes; Augustus Reese, Yes.
MURRAY—Anderson Farnsworth, No; Euclid Waterhouse, No.
MUSCOGEE—J. N. Ramsey, Yes; Henry L. Benning, Yes; A. S. Rutherford, Yes.
NEWTON—W. S. Montgomery, Yes; Alexander Means, Yes; Parmedus Reynolds, No.
OGLETHORPE—D. D. Johnson, Yes; Samuel Glenn, Yes; Willis Willingham, No.
PAULDING—Henry Lester, Yes; J. Y. Algood, Yes.
PICKENS—James Simmons, No; W. T. Day, No.
PIERCE—E. D. Hendry, Yes; J. W. Stevens, Yes.
PIKE—R. B. Gardener, Yes; G. M. McDowell, Yes.
POKE—W. E. West, Yes; T. W. Dupree, No.
PULASKI—T. J. McGriff, Yes; C. M. Bozeman, Yes.
PUTNAM—R. T. Davis, No; D. R. Adams, Yes.
QUITMAN—E. C. Ellington, Yes; L. P. Dozier, Yes.
RABUN—Samuel Beck, No; H. W. Cannon, No.
RANDOLPH—Marcellus Douglas, Yes; Arthur Hood, Yes.
RICHMOND—George W. Crawford, Yes; Jacob Phinzy, Sr., Yes; J. P. Garvin, Yes.
SCHLEY—H. L. French, Yes; W. A. Black, Yes.
SCREVEN—C. Humphries, Yes; J. L. Singleton, Yes.
SPALDING—W. G. Dewberry, Yes; Henry Moor, Yes.
STEWART—James A. Fort, Yes; James Hilliard, Yes; G. Y. Banks, Yes.
SUMTER—Willis A. Hawkins, Yes; Timothy M. Furlow, Yes; Henry Davenport, Yes.
TALBOT—W. R. Neal, No; W. B. Marshall, Yes; L. B. Smith, Yes.
TALIAFERRO—Alexander H. Stephens, No; S. H. Perkins, No.
TATNALL—Benjamin Brewton, No; Henry Strickland, No.
TAYLOR—W. J. F. Mitchell, No; H. H. Long, Yes.
TELFAIR—H. McLean, No; James Williamson, No.
TERRELL—William Harrington, No; D. A. Cochran, No.
THOMAS—A. H. Hansell, Yes; S. B. Spencer, Yes; W. G. Ponder, Yes.
TOWNS—John Corn, No; Elijah Kimsey, No.
TROUP—Benj. H. Hill, Yes; W. P. Beasley, Yes; J. E. Beall, Yes.
TWIGGS—John Fitzpatrick, Yes; S. L. Richardson, Yes.
UNION—J. H. Huggins, No; J. P. Wellborn, No.
UPSON—P. W. Alexander, No; T. S. Sherman, No.
WALKER—G. G. Gordon, No; R. B. Dickerson, No; T. A. Sharpe, No.
WALTON—George Spence, Yes; Willis Kilgore, No; Henry D. McDaniel, Yes.
WARE—W. A. McDonald, Yes; Carey W. Stiles, Yes.
WARREN—M. D. Cody, Yes; N. A. Wicker, Yes.

WAYNE—Henry Fort, Yes; H. A. Cannon, Yes.
WASHINGTON—E. S. Langmade, Yes; Lewis Bullard, Yes; A. C. Harris, Yes.
WEBSTER—P. F. Browne, Yes; M. H. Bush, Yes.
WHITE—Isaac Bowen, Yes; E. F. Starr, No.
WHITEFIELD—J. M. Jackson, No; F. A. Thomas, Yes; Dickerson Taliaferro, No.
WILCOX—D. A. McLeod, Yes; Smith Turner, Yes.
WILKES—Robert Toombs, Yes; J. J. Robertson, Yes.
WILKINSON—N. A. Carswell, No; R. J. Cochran, No.
WORTH—R. G. Ford, Sr., Yes; T. T. Mounger, Yes.

Oglethorpe University: Where Sidney Lanier was Taught.

Two miles and a half to the west of Milledgeville there flourished before the war an institution of learning, on whose alumni rolls the name of Sidney Lanier blazes like a star of the first magnitude, and from which a recent Chief Executive of Georgia, Joseph M. Brown, received his diploma. Oglethorpe University was one of the first of Georgia's schools to receive a charter. It was located at a place called Midway, after the famous settlement on the Georgia coast. During the brief quarter of a century in which it flourished it made a record, the influence of which will be felt to the end of time; but in the wreckage entailed by Sherman's destructive march to the sea, old Oglethorpe went down, to rise no more—at least upon the Oconee heights.

The story of how the institution came into existence may be briefly told. For years there existed under the fostering care of the Educational Board of Georgia two manual labor schools: the Midway Seminary and the Gwinnett Institute; and when the dissolution of the board necessitated a division of interest, the trustees of Midway Seminary, in the spring of 1835, tendered the school to Hopewell Presbytery, believing that ecclesiastical supervision might yield better results. The offer was accepted, and a committee appointed to report on the expediency of elevating the school to college rank. As chairman of the committee, Hon. Eugenius A. Nisbet,

afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia, submitted a report in which strong grounds were taken in favor of an institution of the proposed character to be under the exclusive government and control of the Presbyterian Church. The report met with unanimous adoption. Accordingly, a board of trustees consisting of 24 members, was appointed by Presbytery to take charge of Oglethorpe University, the name by which the new school was to be known. The first meeting of the board was held at Milledgeville, on October 21, 1835, and within two months thereafter a charter was procured from the General Assembly of Georgia. Under the terms of the charter it was made a penal offense, in the sum of $500, for any one to sell merchandise of any character within a mile and a half of the University and in addition the form of deeds granted in the sale of lots belonging to the University required the forfeiture of such lots to the institution, in the event the law was violated.

On November 24, 1836, the university was organized by the election of the following faculty: Rev. Carlisle P. Beman, D. D., president, to hold the chair of chemistry and natural philosophy; Hon. Eugenius A. Nisbet, vice-president, to teach belle lettres and natural philosophy; Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, professor of ancient languages; Rev. Charles Wallace Howard, chaplain, to teach moral philosophy; and Rev. Nathaniel Macon Crawford, professor of astronomy and mathematics. The corner-stone of the main building was laid on March 31, 1837, at which time an address was delivered by Hon. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, afterwards Chief Justice of Georgia. Dr. Talmage, in writing of the school at a later period, thus describes the building: "It is a brick structure, painted white, two stories high, besides a basement. It is constructed after the Grecian Doric order, without and within. The central part contains the finest college chapel in the United States; its whole dimensions are fifty-two feet front by eighty-nine feet deep, including a colonnade fourteen feet deep, supported by four

massive pillars, and the vestibule of the chapel is eleven feet deep. The dimensions of the chapel are forty-eight feet by sixty in the main story, and forty-eight by seventy one in the gallery, the latter extending over the vestibule. The ceiling of the chapel is in the form of an elliptical arch, resting on a rich cornice and containing a chaste and original centre piece. Attached to the building are two wings, thirty feet front by thirty-four deep, and three stories high; making the entire front of the edifice one hundred and twelve feet in length. Each story in the wings is divided into a professor's office in front, and a recitation or lecture room in the rear. There are in the basement story and wings sixteen rooms, affording ample accommodations, museum, apparatus and all other conveniences for college purposes." On each side of the campus there was a row of dormitories, one story in height, for the use of the students. The other buildings were the president's house, on the south side, below the dormitories; the academy, a large two-story edifice opposite, on the north side; and an old chapel, the interior of which was converted into recitation rooms.

On the first Monday in January, 1838—before the main building was finished—the college commenced operations. The attendance by 1842 registered 125 students, of which number 50 were in the collegiate and 75 in the preparatory department. The college year was divided into two sessions: the winter session from January to May and the summer session from June to November. Commencement was usually on the second Wednesday of the last-named month. In the fall of 1839, at the request of the Board of Trustees, Presbytery tendered the institution to the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, by which body it was eagerly accepted. President Beman resigned his position in 1841, and Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, a graduate of Princeton and an uncle of the great

Brooklyn divine, was electetd to succeed him as president. He remained in office until his death, in 1865, a period of nearly twenty-five years. Toward the close of the war, the exercises of Oglethorpe University were suspended, due to the lack of necessary funds and to the impoverished condition of the State. Besides, a large percentage of the young men of Georgia were at the front. From 1867 to 1869 feeble efforts to resuscitate it were made. The office of president was repeatedly declined. Finally Rev. W. M. Cunningham accepted the office, but, on the eve of the college opening, he died. In 1870, Dr. David Wills succeeded him. The school was then removed to Atlanta, where it opened in General Sherman's former headquarters, on Washington Street, diagonally across from the present State Capitol. But the change failed to produce the expected reinvigoration; and in 1872 the doors of Oglethorpe University were closed. In the opinion of many no greater misfortune ever befell the State. The apparatus was afterward used by the Talmage High School, at Midway, to which school the other property holdings also reverted. Dr. Wills, the last president of the institution, is living today in Washington, D. C., an old man, verging upon the century mark.

During the spring of 1912 a movement to reorganize Oglethorpe University was launched in Atlanta under the vigorous initiative of Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, a most enthusiastic and wide-awake Presbyterian. The idea was pressed in such a way that it fired the imagination of the church, not only in Georgia, but throughout the South. In less than six months over one hundred men of means were found who were willing to lend financial aid to the enterprise; a temporary organization was effected; a beautiful tract of land at Silver Lake, on Peachtree Road, was secured as a donation to the school, and plans devised for laying the corner-stone of greater Oglethorpe University during the monster Presbyterian jubilee, in May, 1913, when four General Assemblies were

scheduled to convene in Atlanta: an auspicious time for the Phoenix to rise once more from the ashes.

We quote the following paragraph from Dr. Talmage:*

"The Midway Hill is an elevated region, traversing from east to west, abounding in botanical and mineral productions, two and a half miles south of Milledgeville, and terminating in a bold bluff on the Oconee River, at a point where the picturesque ruins of old Fort Wilkinson, one mile and a half from the university, may be seen. The hill affords an abundant supply of pure, cold water. The foundation of the college is on a level with the cupola of the State House. The view from the cupola of the college is highly impressive, commanding a prospect for twenty miles around, in a beautifully undulating country, of the most varied and romantic kind, abounding in hill, valley, and forest, with the city of Milledgeville in full view."

The Banquet to General Lafayette. In March, 1825, while General Lafayette, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his secretary, Colonel Lavoisier, was making a triumphal tour through the United States, a magnificent reception was tendered the distinguished visitor by the people of Milledgeville. There was a public dinner in the open air on the Capitol lawn and a grand military ball at night in the Capitol building, and scores of the most prominent people in the State were present to participate in the festivities. Some eight or ten visiting companies were on hand. The marshals of the day were John S. Thomas and R. L. Buchanan. The military organizations were under the chief command of Major-General Daniel Newnan, who made quite an impressive appearance in his handsome regimentals.

Says Major Stephen H. Miller, who witnessed the splendid pageant:

"Wishing to show ourselves and to get a glimpse of the Nation's guest, the writer's company, the Lafayette Volunteers, from Twiggs, or-

*Georgia Illustrated, p. 7, Penfield, 1842.

ganized for the occasion, marched into town and halted opposite the Government House, where General Lafayette was quartered. Our Captain went in and was introduced by Governor Troup; then the Captain introduced the three Revolutionary veterans, William Duffel, John Shine, and Charles Raley, to General Lafayette, who, on seeing Father Duffel, cordially embraced him, saying, "I remember you well; you were one of my bodyguard, and helped to carry me from the field when I was wounded at Brandywine; I am happy to see you."

* * * * * * * *

"Two tables, each about one hundred yards long, with cross-tables of fifty feet at the ends, were covered with barbecue, roast beef, bread and other edibles.

"At the upper end, in the center, General Lafayette, with Governor Troup on one side, and Colonel Seaborn Jones, his aide, who was master of ceremonies, on the other side, of the Nation's guest. Governor Troup's staff, including Colonel Henry G. Lamar, Colonel Samuel T. Bailey, Colonel Samuel A. Bailey, Colonel Yelverton P. King, Colonel John W. A. Sanford, and perhaps others, were arranged at the same end of the table, all taking part in the administration of order, in the proper observance of etiquette, and some of them reading the regular toasts prepared by the Committee of Arrangements.

"The author was within seeing and hearing distance of the General. His son, George Washington Lafayette, was also pointed out. The latter's head was bald; and the father's wig gave him the advantage in youthful appearance. Colonel Lavoisier, the author could not identify. There was quite an array of public characters present, men known in the history of Georgia, among them, General John Clarke, formerly Governor of Georgia.

"The appetite being satisfied with strong meat, next came the wine, bottles of which, with wine glasses, were distributed on the tabels so that every one could have a share. Then a proclamation was made by Colonel Jones, 'Gentlemen, fill your glasses for a toast from General Lafayette,' Thereupon the Apostle of Liberty, the companion and bosom friend of Washington, rose to his feet, and in broken English, which all heard with delight, he gave 'The Georgia Volunteers: the worthy sons of my Revolutionary brethren.' Cheer after cheer resounded, the music struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' the cannon uttered its loud rejoicing, and soon all was quiet again.

"'Prepare for a toast from Governor Troup,' was the next order; and, with solemn, distinct enunciation, our Julius Caesar of a Chief Magistrate gave forth, 'A union of all hearts to honor the Nation's guest, a union of all heads for the country's good.' Again the air was rent with cheers, the band played a national march, and the cannon fairly jarred the square.

"The next order was, 'Prepare for a toast from General Clarke.' Until then the author had never seen this celebrated party leader. In response to the call, a tall, bony man, with an open, honest face, rose at

the table and, in a shrill voice, gave 'Count Pulaski, the gallant *Frenchman* who fell at Savannah,' and we emptied our glasses in honor of the *French* Count, as though history had not been contradicted by the statement. [Count Pulaski was a native of Poland.] General Lafayette must have esteemed it a special compliment to himself for such renown to be transferred to France in the presence of such an assemblage of witnesses. Whether the mistake was accidental or otherwise, it did not detract in the slightest degree from the valor or integrity of General Clarke. At most it only signified that his youth was spent in fighting the battles of his country, instead of being enervated within the walls of a college.

"It should be remembered that before the military retired from the square they were formed into line, and General Lafayette, leaning on the arm of Governor Troup, walked along a little lame, and shook hands with every man, officer and private, Colonel Jones officiating in the introduction. The author was mentioned to him as 'Sergeant M———,' and the response was, 'Sergeant M———, I am very glad to see you.' This joy was expressed to all, and was more than reciprocated by all the volunteers. The hand of General Lafayette had been grasped—that was glory enough then. It is still a pleasant remembrance, but thirty years of hardship in the camp of life have rather tended to prove, to the author at least, that glory is not communicated in so easy and simple a manner.'"*

While the banquet to General Lafayette was in progress two very sensational events occurred on the Capitol lawn, and there might have been a panic had it not been for the calm demeanor of Major-General Daniel Newnan, who was in chief command of the troops. The first episode was the sudden swooning of Major James Smith, of Clinton, on discovering that he had been robbed of his pocketbook, which contained something like five thousand dollars in bills. The other was still more serious. The shirt-sleeves of the man whose duty it was to load the cannon had caught on fire; and, without being aware of the fact, he put his hand into the large cartridge box for another round, when the fire was communicated to the powder, and the whole lump, containing not less than twenty or thirty pounds, instantly exploded, blowing the poor man several feet into the air and se-

*Stephen H. Miller, Vol. 2, Bench and Bar of Georgia.

verely wounding two others who were standing near the cannon. There was a general rush of people to the spot. Major Miller, who was present, says that he can never forget the appearance of the poor man who was most injured. His body was literally burnt to a black cinder; and his agony was inexpressibly great. He died within a day or two, but the others, after much suffering, recovered. This melancholy affair hastened the close of the festivities.

BARROW.

Winder. On July 7, 1914, a Constitutional amendment authorizing the new County of Barrow was approved by Governor John M. Slaton. Three counties, Jackson, Walton and Gwinnett, each contributed to form the new County of Barrow, so called in honor of the present distinguished Chancellor of the University of Georgia, Dr. David C. Barrow, one of the most popular men in the State, and one of the most successful college heads in America. Winder will be the new county-seat. This wide-awake young metropolis has surrendered a most unique distinction among the towns of Georgia, in exchange for its new honors as a seat of government. Heretofore each of the above-named counties has formed an angle within the corporate limits of Winder; and such has been the peculiar situation of the town with reference to county lines that part of its population has been in Walton, part in Jackson and part in Gwinnett. Moreover, in a number of cases, the same man has crossed the street from his office in one county to his residence in another county, and looked out of his window upon property which he owned in a third county —all embraced within the corporate limits of Winder. This condition of affairs naturally gave rise to a most embarrassing situation, and constituted an argument for the new county, which was not to be answered by

its opponents. To quote Mr. H. N. Rainey, Jr., it was frequently difficult for a man even to die in Winder, as it was sometimes necessary to take out letters of administration in all of the counties. Mr. Rainey was a zealous supporter of the bill, and was naturally quite elated over the result achieved. He lives at Winder and represents Jackson County in the present House. But the fight for Barrow County was not won without the most pronounced opposition, each of the counties above named taking an active stand in the matter. The movement for a new county was started ten years ago, when the town of Winder first awoke to its possibilities as a center of trade. Session after session the advocates of a new county went before the Legislature, only to find the way effectually blocked. But there was no furling of banners. At the last session of the Legislature, after a splendid victory in the House, an unforeseen defeat was sustained in the Senate; but when the Legislature reconvened this year the bill was reconsidered in the Senate and passed—a result due largely to the tactful generalship of Senator R. T. DuBose. The original name of the new county-seat was Jug Tavern, so called from a jug factory in this immediate neighborhood; but in 1893 the name was changed by a legislative act to Winder, in honor of a former president of the Seaboard Air Line. At the same time it was granted a charter of incorporation as a city, and since then its marching columns have never once come to a halt. Governor Slaton, after attaching his signature to the bill, relinquished to Mr. Rainey the pen with which he performed the executive act.

BARTOW.

Prehistoric Memorials: The Famous Etowah Mounds.

Perhaps nowhere on the continent of North America can there be found today memorials of a more colossal character or of a more intense interest, testifying to the existence of the very earliest inhabi-

tants of the western hemisphere, than in the famous monumental remains of the Etowah, some two miles distant from the present town of Cartersville. These ancient relics of an unknown race are located on what was formerly the property of Colonel Lewis Tumlin. There are similar structures to be found in the valley of the Mississippi and along the Ohio and the Scioto Rivers, but none to compare in magnitude with these splendid piles. Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr.,* who visited the locality some time in the fifties for the purpose of making scientific investigations, has put on record an exhaustive monograph, dealing with the subject from almost every point of view. He thus describes these immemorial mounds:

"Situated upon the right bank of the Etowah River, in the midst of a perfectly alluvial bottom, they tower above all surrounding objects, changeless amid the revolutions of centuries. They consist of a series of mounds, surrounded by a large and deep moat—the traces of which are quite distinct; and, when filled with the tide of the river it effectually isolated the entire space included within its boundaries. The Etowah River here turns to the south; and, after a gentle sweep again recovers its wonted course, thus forming a graceful bend. This moat originally communicated at either end with the river, a fact which is still apparent, although the current of the stream, in its flow of years, has filled to a very great extent, the mouths of the ditch, thus preventing the influx and reflux of the tide. Formerly the water must have coursed freely through it, thus isolating the entire space and constituting quite an obstacle in the path of an attacking foe. This ditch varies in depth and width; in some places possessing still a depth of twenty feet—in others, of not more than eight or ten; and differing in width from fifteen to forty feet. North and west of the mounds situated within this enclosure, and along the line of the moat, are two excavations, each having at present a conjectured area of about an acre, and a depth of some twenty-five or thirty feet. With these excavations the moat communicates directly, so that the same rising tide in the river, which flowed into the ditch, would also convert them into deep ponds or huge reservoirs. The reason why these excavations were made is evident. The earth removed in constructing the moat was not sufficient to build even a moiety of the immense tumuli within the enclosure. Hence the Mound-Builders were compelled to resort to these enormous excavations, which still exist and will remain for ages yet to come. The space included

*Historical Remains of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., pp. 27-29, Savannah, 1861.

within the limits of the moat is between forty and fifty acres. From the general appearance and nature of the works, we are induced to believe that these excavations were designed to answer another purpose. They might have been, and probably were, intended as huge reservoirs, wherein a supply of water, sufficient to flood the entire moat, might have been detained and preserved ready for an emergency. The streams of this region, springing as they do from hilly sources and passing through valleys, are subject to great increase and diminution in volume. When, therefore, the water was low in the Etowah, it might have been difficult, if not impossible, to have filled the moat."

Speaking of the mysterious structures enclosed within this ditch, the same authority says:*

"Within the enclosure there are seven mounds. Three of them are pre-eminent in size; one in particular far surpassing the others in its stupendous proportions, and in the degree of interest which attaches to it. This large central mound stands almost midway between the moat and the river—a little nearer the latter. Its position is commanding, and to the eye of the observer it seems a monument of the past ages. It belongs not to this generation. The hunter tribes had naught to do with its erection. The offspring of an ancient people, who have passed forever beyond the confines of this beautiful valley, it stands a solemn monument, ever repeating the story of what they achieved, while they themselves and all else connected with them are sleeping beneath the shadow of a forgotten past. Composed of native earth, simple yet impressive in form, it seems calculated for an almost endless duration. Although no historian has chronicled the names and deeds of those who aided in its erection—although no poet's song commemorates the virtues, the manners, the loves, the wars, the brave deeds of those who here dwelt—still this monument exists, speaking a language perchance more impressive than the most studied epitaph upon Parian marble.

"This central tumulus is some eighty feet or more above the level of the valley. There is no geological formation entering in the smallest degree into its composition. To all appearances, it consists entirely of the earth taken from the moat and the excavations, together with the soil removed from around its base, having received no assistance whatever from any natural hill or elevation. In view of this circumstance, its stupendous proportions become the more surprising. It is somewhat quadrangular in form, if we disregard a small angle to the south; its apex diameter two hundred and twenty-five feet, measured east and west, and two hundred and twenty-two feet, measured north and south. It is nearly level on top.

*Ibid., pp. 107-119.

Originally this tumulus was crowned with the most luxurious vegetation, but the utilitarian arm of the husbandman has shorn it of this attraction. A solitary tree stands near the northern extremity. The native weeds and annual grasses flourish, however, in such rich profusion that the steps of the observer are seriously impeded. The view of the surrounding country from the summit of this tumulus is highly attractive. Almost at its base flows the ever-changing tide of the Etowah River. Alternate fields and forests charm the eye. The rich alluvial bottoms, teeming with the products of intelligent husbandry—the crests of the neighboring hills, adorned with pleasant cottages and covered with well-cultivated orchards—the consecrated spire, rising from the oak grove which marks the suburbs of the neighboring village—all proclaim in glad accord the happy reign of peace and plenty. Tender must have been the attachment with which the Mound-Builders regarded this beautiful valley."

Curious Relics Taken From the Tumuli. According to Colonel Jones, the following curious relics, among a number of others, have been found from time to time as the result of excavations made within the area enclosed by the moat. 1. A pipe, fashioned of a species of green stone, almost equal to Egyptian granite. It is three and a half inches in height. It represents a human figure seated in oriental fashion, the extended arms of which uphold an urn of classic pattern, which constitutes the bowl. The latter is two inches in diameter, with ornamented rim and unique handles. The countenance of the figure is clearly not Indian in a single feature. The head is thrown back, and the uplifted eyes seem to be resting upon some superior, unseen, yet adorable divinity. The chiseld hair upon the front is gathered upon the top in a fold, and thence flowing backward is confined behind in a knot. Ears prominent. 2. A pipe, likewise of stone, four and one-quarter inches in height, similar in design to the first, but ruder in its construction. 3. Clay pipes—some perfectly plain, others with rude impressions upon the outside, and scalloped rims. Probably of Indian origin. Bowl at right angles with the stem—some of baked, others of undried clay. 4. An idol. This interesting relic, made of a coarse, dark

sand-stone, is twelve inches in height. It consists of a human figure in a sitting posture, the knees drawn up, almost upon a level with the chin, the hands resting upon the knees. Retreating chin and forehead—full head of hair, gathered into a knot behind—face upturned—eyes angular. Not a single feature, not an idea connected with this image is Indian in its character. Everything about it suggests the belief that it must have been fashioned by the ancient Mound-Builders. It is an interesting fact, in this connection, that the Cherokees were never worshippers of idols: Both Adair and Bartram testify in positive terms to this effect. 5. A stone plate. This singular relic is circular in form, eleven inches and a half in diameter, one inch and a quarter in thickness. Between the scalloped edges and the central portion of the plate, there are two circular depressed rings. The material is of a sea-green color. Weight—nearly seven pounds. It was probably never employed for domestic or culinary purposes. We incline to the belief that it was a consecrated vessel, in which was exposed the food placed by the Mound-Builders before the idols which they worshipped. 6. A shell ornament. Five and a quarter inches in length; four and a half inches in width; ovoidal in form; various designs chased on both inner and outer sides; numerous apertures cut—some circular, some elliptical. It was probably worn as an ornament, suspended from the neck. The impressions cut upon this shell appear to indicate the fancy and taste of the artist, rather than any positive attempt at representation of any particular object or thing. The carved lines may be hieroglyphical, but who at this day can reveal the hidden meaning? We are inclined to refer this relic to the handiwork of the Mound-Builders. 7. Fragments of isinglass. In the construction of mirrors, this material was constantly used by the Mound-Builders. The most extraordinary specimen of this character was found at Circleville, in the Scioto Valley, twenty-six miles south of Columbus. It was three feet in length—one foot and a

half in breadth—and one inch and a half in thickness—while on it a plate of iron had become an oxide. 8. Stone pestles. 9. Numerous fragments of pottery. 10. Head and neck of bird, a specimen of clay—baked. 11. Various little images. These remains were found upon the surface of the tumuli and in the fields around them. We may, therefore, eagerly anticipate the revelations which will come to light when the Herculean task of exploring them has been successfully accomplished.

The Mound Builders: an Un-Solved Problem.

Like the unsolved riddle of the Sphinx, there obtrudes upon the imagination this question, which time has not yet answered: Who were the mysterious Mound-Builders? They must have been an extraordinary race of people to have reared such enduring fabrics. But the days when these primitive inhabitants roamed the continent lie far away in the remote background of the past, beyond even the shadowy range of tradition. The mantle of oblivion rests upon them. No historical records have been left behind; and only from the internal evidence of these tumuli can the least information be deduced. But Colonel Jones speculates interestingly upon the subject. Says he:*

"It will be at once remarked by those who even to a limited degree have bestowed any attention upon the antiquities of our State, that these remains are not at all Indian, in point of origin. They have nothing in common with those which were ascertained to have been constructed by the Indians who were here when the region was first peopled by the whites. We have also the positive testimony of the Cherokees to the effect that they retained not even a tradition of the race by whom they were made. The authors of these tumuli were probably idol worshippers. Among the Cherokees this religious custom was never known to exist. The belief cherished by them with respect to a future state forbids the supposition that the idols found in the neighborhood of these tumuli were fashioned by them. Again, no migratory or nomadic race of people would have undertaken the

*Ibid., pp. 37-41.

erection of such vast earth works, involving immense labor and designed for almost endless duration. Men must have emerged from the hunter state; they must have become more advanced in civilization; population must have become more dense before the erection of such temples—such fortifications—could have been undertaken. There was not in the sixteenth century a single tribe of Indians, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, who had means of subsistence sufficient to enable them to apply to such purposes the unproductive labor necessary for the erection of such a work. Nor was there any in such a social state as to enable a chief to compel the labor of the nation to be thus applied. It is only under despotic forms of government that pyramids will ever be erected in honor of princes—or such huge earth works be dedicated to religious purposes. It is evident that these monuments were never constructed by the Indians who possessed this region when Georgia was first peopled by the whites. Without pausing to enumerate the proofs upon which the supposition rests, we may here state in general terms that all the probabilities point to Asia as the country whence came the earliest inhabitants of America. When or what place they located, cannot at this remove be definitely ascertained. While there are indications now and then of what may be termed an intrusive type of civilization, referred by some to occasional adventures and migrations, having an impulse from the east toward the Atlantic coast, we incline to the opinion which looks to Mexico as the parent of the immediate civilization which originated in this valley, and which resulted in these memorials to the industry, religious zeal and military skill of a people who, in the absence of some definite name, are denominated Mound-Builders. The remains which they have left behind them are in many instances precisely similar to those which have been exhumed in the valleys and at the base of these ancient temples, seated upon the plains of Mexico. Another fact worthy of notice is this: these remains are generally located upon or near streams, having communication directly or indirectly with the Gulf.''*

Testimony of a Skeleton: Perhaps a Race of Giants.

Since the locality in question was visited by Colonel Jones, light from other sources has been thrown upon these mysterious tumuli. The following item is copied from one of the old scrap-books of Judge Richard H. Clarke. It reads:

''Several years ago an Indian mound was opened near Cartersville, Ga., by a committee of scientists from Smithsonian. After removing the dirt for some distance a layer of large flag-stones was found, which had evidently been dressed by hand, showing that the men who quarried the rock

*Charles C. Jones, Jr., in Monumental Remains of Georgia, pp. 27-119.

understood the business. These stones were removed, and in a vault beneath them was found the skeleton of a giant, measuring seven feet and two inches. His hair was coarse and jet black, and hung to the waist, the brow being ornamented with a copper crown. The skeleton was remarkably well preserved and was taken from the vault intact. Nearby were found the bodies of several children of various sizes. The remains of the latter were covered with beads made of bone of some kind. Upon removing these the bodies were found to be enclosed in a net-work of straw or reeds, and underneath these was a covering of the skin of some animal. In fact, the bodies had been prepared somewhat after the manner of mummies and will doubtless throw new light upon the history of the people who reared these mounds. On the stones which covered the vault were carved inscriptions, and if deciphered will probably lift the veil which has enshrouded the history of the race of giants which undoubtedly at one time inhabited the continent.''*

Kingston: Story of the Old Beck Home.

One of the most historic old landmarks in Cherokee Georgia is the famous old Beck home, at Kingston. It is situated a half mile from the town center, but within a stone's throw of the railroad track. This relic of ante-bellum days was purchased in 1850 by the noted author, Dr. Francis R. Goulding, who remodelled the building to suit the needs of a school which he here successfully taught for a number of years. The top story of the house was converted into a large dancing hall and equipped with a stage for private theatricals and school exhibitions. Appurtenant to the house, there is a bold spring of water, crystal clear, to which White, in his "Statistics of Georgia," makes reference, stating that it threw out several hundred gallons a minute, boiling from under a cleft of rocks. Some fine old beech trees cast a luxuriant shade over the spacious grounds; and, after years of absence, gray-haired men have returned to Kingston to find their names cut high into the bark, where they had cut them low on

*Extract from a letter written by a Mr. Hazleton to J. B. Toomer and published in the "Banner," of Athens, Ga., date unknown. Reproduced from one of the scrap-books of Judge Richard H. Clark, in the Carnegie Library, in Atlanta, Ga.

the trees in the early fifties. While residing in the old Beck home, Dr. Goulding wrote his world-renowned story: "The Young Marooners." The property was acquired in 1858 by its present owner, Mrs. Josephine Hardin Beck.

During the Civil War this famous old landmark of Kingston was used as a hospital by the Federal Army, under General Sherman, and one hundred and fifty Union soldiers were buried in the back yard. These were afterwards removed to the Federal Cemetery at Marietta. In the meantime, quite a number of the inscriptions had faded and some of the wooden boards had rotted away, but Mrs. Beck—though a Southern lady—was so unremitting in her watchful care over these graves, in which slept the soldier boys of the North, that she was able to restore each epitaph, by means of a note-book which she faithfully kept. Today not one of them sleeps in an unknown grave at Marietta. There is quite an interesting story in regard to the fine old mahogany furniture from San Domingo, still used in the old Beck home. It was purchased by Colonel William Hardin, Mrs. Beck's father, from Governor George R. Gilmer. The latter ordered it from England, for his use in the executive mansion while Governor, but it was so long on the way that the old Governor was not only out of patience, but out of office when it finally arrived. Colonel Hardin, on taking his cotton to Charleston, in 1836, managed to get on the track of this furniture, bought it from Governor Gilmer and transported it to his home on the Etowah. In 1859 it became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Beck. Colonel Hardin took an important part in the removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia, in 1837, and was put in command of one of the detachments. He was the father of the late Colonel Mark Hardin, for years clerk of the Georgia House of Representatives.*

*Authority: Miss Ada Beck, now of Laredo Seminary, Laredo, Texas.

It was on one of the hills around Kingston that Brigadier-General Wofford, then in command of the Department of North Georgia, surrendered his army at the close of the Civil War. Three breastworks erected during the campaign of 1864 still stand within the corporate limits of the town. So compact is the clay of which these fortifications were constructed that they have undergone no diminution since they were first built, nearly half a century ago; and on top of them today there are growing large trees. In the cemetery at Kingston 250 nameless Confederate soldiers are buried, besides two soldiers who wore the blue uniform. Years ago the Ladies Memorial Association erected a shaft of marble in honor of these unknown heroes, placing it in the center of the consecrated area of ground. Since then the Women's History Club has marked each grave with a neat headstone of marble. The Union soldiers are included among this number and are designated by the initials "U. S. A." For more than forty years the women of Kingston have cared for these graves. Consequently when it was proposed some time ago to remove the bodies to Marietta they protested. The very thought was a nightmare to them. One of the earliest settlers in the neighborhood of Kingston was Mr. Levi Jolly, who came to this locality from North Carolina soon after the removal of the Indians. His daughter, Mrs. E. K. Van Metre, still resides here. Major Charles H. Smith once lived at Kingston, and the original Bill Arp, from whom the great humorist derived his celebrated pen name, was likewise a Kingstonian; but a most nondescript character, "gin tales be true." The Reynolds home, commonly known as the Branson place, a mile and a quarter from Kingston, is an interesting old mansion of the ante-bellum type. It was built of brick made by slave labor on the plantation; and with its large white columns in front it is not unlike the old home of General Lee at Arlington. The town of Kingston was named for United States Senator John P. King, of Augusta, one of Georgia's earliest rail-

way pioneers and for years president of the Georgia Railroad.

Cassville: its Former Glories Recalled. Fragrant with the memories of a past generation is the historic little town of Cassville, once the most famous seat of learning and the most important center of population in the whole of Cherokee Georgia. Here the Supreme Court held its first sessions and rendered its first decisions.* Here, in elegant homes, lived some of the wealthiest people of the State. Here flourished two noted schools: the Cassville Female College and the Cherokee Baptist College, both of which were formerly the scenes of gay commencements. It is doubtful if any community in the State has ever known an abler group of lawyers than Cassville boasted before the war, some of them men of the very highest eminence at the Bar. Here, it is said that the first brick sidewalks in upper Georgia were laid, and the first prohibitory measures against the sale of intoxicants were put into effect. Here sleep, in unknown graves, over 300 Confederate soldiers, over whom stands one of the oldest Confederate monuments ever erected; and here one of the first memorial associations in the State was organized. But Cassville was not a friend to railroads. Moreover, it lay in the track of General Sherman's fiery march to the sea, and when he quit the town there was little left except blackened ruins. Today Cassville is only a small village, its former prosperity a dream of yesterday; but it still boasts some splendid citizens.

Cassville dates back to 1832. It was made the county-seat of Cass County by an Act of the Legislature creat-

*Authorities: Mrs. M. L. Johnson, of Cass Station; Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Cartersville; Mr. T. Warren Akin, of Washington, D. C.

ing this county out of lands then recently vacated by the Cherokees; and some of the first settlers are named in the charter granted to the old Cassville Academy, to wit: John W. Hooper, William L. Morgan, Malachi Jones, Charles Cleghorn, and Thomas G. Barron.[1] However, the town was not incorporated until December 27, 1843, when the following residents were named commissioners; Samuel Morgan, William Latimer, Thomas A. Sullivan, George B. Russell and Julius M. Patton. The courthouse was situated in a grove of magnificent oak trees, some of which still linger upon the square as stately reminders of an era which has long since vanished.

The nearest depot—two miles and a half distant—is Cass Station. Prior to the war, Cassville's population numbered 2,000 souls, quite a large one for those days, when the population of the State was chiefly rural and nearly every one lived on plantations. In 1853, when her two famous schools were incorporated, Cassville, at the request of her own citizens, was placed under laws restricting the sale of intoxicants, and she was probably the first town in the State to adopt measures looking toward ultimate prohibition.

Cassville was named for General Lewis Cass, of Michigan. At this time, the old soldier was widely popular throughout the South, but his subsequent views on the subject of African servitude, alienated his former friends in the slave-holding States. In 1861, when the name of the county was changed to Bartow, an effort was made to change the name of the town to Manassas; but the United States postal authorities refused to ratify this legislative act.[2] Cassville loved her colleges; and it was due largely to the supposed harmful effect that the railroads were likely to have upon these institutions that she refused the State Road surveyors the right of way to her doors. Charters for both the Cherokee Baptist

[1] Acts, 1843, p. 94.
[2] Acts, 1861, p. 101.

College and for the Cassville Female College were granted on the same day—January 10, 1854. According to Mrs. William H. Felton, the former of these schools was burned before she refugeed from Cassville, her old home; the latter was burned by the modern Attilla: General William T. Sherman.

It is not a little singular that a town like Cassville should have become the storm center of such bitterness as to warrant its utter destruction by the Federals. Various explanations have been given. One is that General Sherman, in a spirit of retaliation, wished to rebuke the State Leigslature for its action in repudiating General Cass. Others assign as a reason for the town's destruction, its conversion of public buildings into hospitals and its stout loyalty to the Confederate cause. Still another ground for resentment is traced to the following incident: When some Federal prisoners, on a certain occasion, were brought through Cass Station, one of a number of young ladies from Cassville attached her mourning veil to a cane and waved it at these prisoners, who, angered by the spectacle, swore to be revenged whenever an opportunity should occur. But whatever the reason for destroying Cassville, it became an accomplished fact when General Sherman appeared upon the scene in 1864. We close this story of Cassville with the following eloquent apostrophe from a recent speech delivered by one of her sons on an anniversary occasion: "Dear classic, historic old Cassville, always held by the things of the past! She purposely and designedly isolated herself from the swift current of commercial life; refused to allow her peace, quiet and dignity to be invaded by the screech of the locomotive and the rumble of traffic; waived aside the coming of the State Road and retired within her classic shades to preserve her schools of learning and her home life from the raw and ruthless touch of commercialism. Alas, for her! The breath of

war blasted her dreams and laid her homes in ashes. But her scattered people are still true to the past and revere the conditions that placed her upon the pinnacle of Cherokee Georgia's ante-bellum achievements."

The Old Cemetery. In the old cemetery at Cassville, over 300 Confederate soldiers lie buried in unknown graves. But they are not forgotten. Overlooking the sacred area of ground, in which these knights of the Southern Cross repose, there rises an impressive monument—one of the earliest ever erected to Confederate valor. This shaft was reared, at infinite sacrifice, by the devoted women of Cassville, out of the poverty of a desolated region. It is built of brick, in each of the four sides of which there is embedded a marble shield, bearing an appropriate inscription. The first Confederate soldier buried in this enclosure was a Mr. Carpenter, of Virginia, whose uncle lived at Cassville.* The latter,

*Intimately recalling Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," yet striking a distinctly original note in form and sentiment, Mrs. J. D. Carpenter, of Cassville, a kinswoman of this young man, wrote a lovely poem—now many years ago—entitled: "The Ruined Village." It was first printed in the Quitman "Banner," and afterwards in the Cartersville "Standard," appearing in the latter paper on May 10, 1867. These verses are selected:

"Old Cassville, in thy early days, the Indian of the wood,
Amid thy tall and stately oaks, in buckskin garments stood;
By nature, they were savages, but 'twas not by their hands—
Dear Cassville stands a monument of far more savage hands!

Thou wert a place of quietude and sweet domestic joys,
Outstanding on the noble hills were school for girls and boys;
And no mean poltroon trained the thoughts, but sages true and sound,
Taught the young idea how to shoot, in science most profound.
* * * * * *
E'en thus it was in bygone days, when hopes were bright and fair;
But now the lyre has changed its note, the minstrel changed his air;
The winds, in whispering murmurs, creep, around the ruined walls,
And owls and bats their vigils keep, amid those blackened halls.
* * * * * *
Sad desolation marks the spot, but still assemble there,
A few to share each other's toils, or join in mutual cheer;
Nor will they, as the years roll round, forget the appointed day,
To strew with flowers those warriors' graves, from loved ones far away.

And will you, as you strew them wide, save each a little flower
For one lone grave we stood beside, in Autumn's twilight hour?
That hour, so fraught with loneliness, ere night her curtains spread,
We laid our warrior down to rest, among the sleeping dead."

on hearing of his nephew's serious wounds, caused him to be brought to his home, where he was given the best medical attention, but without avail. In this same burial-ground sleep Hon. Warren Akin and General William T. Wofford, two of Georgia's most distinguished sons.

Early Settlers and Noted Residents. Cassville, on account of its prestige as a seat of culture and as a center of refining influence, intellectual and social, early became the home of some of Georgia's best families. Dr. H. V. M. Miller, afterwards a United States Senator from Georgia, resided here at one time, later removing to Rome. Here lived Judge Augustus R. Wright, a noted Congressman and jurist; Colonel Warren Akin, at one time a strong minority candidate for Governor; General William T. Wofford, a gallant Confederate officer, who commanded the Department of North Georgia, at the close of the war; Judge John W. Hooper and Judge Turner H. Trippe, two strong judges of the Cherokee Circuit. The list also includes: Lewis Tumlin, Zachariah Hargrove, B. D. Hamilton, Major S. L. Chunn, Dr. Underwood, William Headen, John Word, Chester Hawks, Jesse P. Jones, Joseph Bogle, Dr. R. H. Patton, Thomas Dunlap, William Latimer, John H. Rice, J. M. Wilson, Hawkins Price, Nelson Gilreath, G. H. Gilreath, Richard Gaines, Abda Johnson, Mark Johnson, A. M. Franklin, H. W. Cobb, William Goldsmith, and a host of others. With the decline of Cassville, not a few of the old families removed to Rome.

Cartersville. Cartersville, the county-seat of Bartow County, was named for Farish Carter, Esq., perhaps the wealthiest landowner in the State during the ante-bellum period. The town was incorporated by

an Act approved February 5, 1850, with the following commissioners: R. H. Cannon, W. W. Leak, William H. Puckett, J. F. Sproull, and Coleman Pitts.* Its earliest city charter was granted in 1872. Just after the first battle of Manassas, the name of the county was changed from Cass to Bartow, in honor of the gallant Francis S. Bartow, who perished at the head of his regiment, in this opening battle of the war. At the same time, without success, an effort was made to change the name of the former county-seat from Cassville to Manassas. Nevertheless, when Cassville was destroyed by General Sherman in 1864, the county-seat was changed to Cartersville, then a thriving town on the Etowah. Due to its splendid railway facilities and its high altitude, Cartersville is today one of the liveliest trade centers of Georgia, with a promising future outlook. Some of the most distinguished men of Georgia have been residents of Cartersville, including Hon. Mark A. Cooper, General P. M. B. Young, Dr. W. H. Felton, Rev. Sam P. Jones, Major Charles H. Smith, better known as "Bill Arp;" Dr. Charles Wallace Howard, former United States Attorney-General; Amos T. Akerman, Hon. Lewis Tumlin, Hon. John W. Akin and many others.

BEN HILL

Volume I.

Ben Hill: Dramatic Incidents in the Career of the Great Orator.

The most colossal figure in Georgia during the days of Reconstruction was the man of consummate eloquence for whom this county was named. He was a statesman of proven fidelity, of keen insight into governmental problems, and of unquestioned moral courage. The spectacle which he presented in Davis Hall, in 1867, when oblivious

*Acts, 1849-1850, p. 103.

to the presence of an armed soldiery, he hurled his terrific denunciations and his burning anathemas into the teeth of the men who represented the carpet-bag regime in Georgia, is wholly unique; and together with the dramatic figure of the rugged old Governor who denounced fraud and tyranny in the earlier days of Georgia, it will be treasured in the enduring affections of the Commonwealth. The outlines of the picture will never need to be retouched.

Judge Hill, in the excellent biographical memoir which he has written of his distinguished father, thus narrates the circumstances:* "In 1867 the Reconstruction measures were passed by Congress and submitted to the Southern States for ratification. It is not the purpose of the writer to enter into a discussion of these measures. It is enough to say that they were enacted by a fanatical body of law-makers in bitter hatred of the South and for the purpose of degrading her people. A few citizens of Atlanta met together for the purpose of taking such action as might be deemed necessary to meet the exigency of the hour. These men looked around for leaders. Brown was advocating the prompt acceptance by the South of the terms proposed. Stephens was in silent despair at Liberty Hall. Toombs was abroad. Howell Cobb declined to give advice. Herschel V. Johnson promised to write a letter reviewing the situation. Mr. Hill came to Atlanta to confer with his fellow citizens. After doing so, he secured copies of the military bills and promised to give advice in a few days, at the expiration of which time he notified the gentlemen that he was ready to make a speech in Atlanta at such time as they might wish. July 10, 1867, is an ever-memorable day in the history of the South. On the night of that day a voice was raised in behalf of Southern honor and manhood for the first time since the surrender. The speech of Mr. Hill put courage in the place of despair,

*Senator Benjamin H. Hill: His Life, Speeches and Writings, by Benj. H. Hill, Jr., pp. 50-51, New York, 1891.

and that night the glorious fight for political redemption was inaugurated."

One who was present on this occasion describes the scene from the standpoint of an eye-witness.* Says he: "The hall was insufficiently lighted and the pallor of men's faces in the pit almost put to shame the lamps which here and there flickered. Mr. Hill appeared in a full dress suit of black. His superb figure showed to best advantage, his gray eyes flashed, and his face paled into dead white with earnestness. Just before he began, the Federal generals, in full uniform, with glittering staff officers, entered the hall and marched to the front, their showy uniforms and flushed faces making sharp contrast with the ill-dressed crowd of rebels through which they pushed their way, and sat in plain censorship over the orator and his utterances. With incomparable unconcern, Mr. Hill arose. The threatening presence of the soldiers, the jails which yawned behind them, the dangers which the slightest nod from the officers might bring, had no effect upon him. Without hesitation he launched his denunciations upon them and upon the power which they represented. For two hours he spoke as mortal seldom spoke before, and when he had done Georgia was once more on her feet and Georgians were organized for the protests of 1868 and the victories of 1870."

BERRIEN

Nashville. In 1856 Berrien County was formed out of Coffee, Lowndes and Irwin Counties, and named for Judge John MacPherson Berrien, the "American Cicero." The commissioners chosen at this time to select a county-site were: William Roberts, Josiah Parish, Cornelius Tison, Jasper M. Luke, and Owen

*Ibid., p. 294.

Smith.[1] Nashville was granted a charter of incorporation on December 20, 1892, with W. L. Swindle, Esq., as Mayor, and with Messrs. John T. Taylor, W. E. Lamb, L. A. Carter, L. L. Albrittin, and T. I. Griffin as Councilmen.[2] In 1900, Nashville was reincorporated, this time as a city, with its area considerably extended. It has grown rapidly of late years; scores of strong business and professional men have located here on account of the splendid outlook of the town; and today Nashville is one of the most important trade centers and one of the most progressive communities of South Georgia.

Indian Fighting in the Swamps. Captain Levi J. Knight was a celebrated Indian fighter. The following story, in which he figures with some prominence, was found in an old scrap-book kept by the late Judge Richard H. Clarke. It was told by Bryan J. Roberts, a wealthy pioneer citizen of Lowndes, who several years before his death divided a large estate between his children. It runs as follows: "In 1836 the rumors of depredations committed by the Indians in other portions of the State caused widespread alarm in this section, and the citizens organized companies for protection. Captain Levi J. Knight commanded the company to which Mr. Roberts belonged. This company was on duty for 105 days, and was engaged in two bloody fights with the red-skins. Some time in the fall of the year mentioned, a squad of Indians raided Mr. William Parker's home, not far from Milltown, in what is now Berrien. They carried his feather beds out in the yard, cut them open, emptied the feathers and appropriated the ticks. They also robbed him of provisions, clothing, and money in the sum of $308.

"Captain Knight was soon on the trail of the squad and overtook them near the Alapaha River, not far from

[1] Acts, 1855-1856, p. 112.
[2] Acts, 1892, p. 162.

Gaskin's mill-pond. The sun was just rising when the gallant company opened fire on the savages. A lively fight ensued, but it soon terminated in an utter rout of the Indians, who threw their guns and plunder into the river and jumped in after them. A few were killed and a number wounded. One Indian was armed with a fine shot-gun. This he threw into the river. He also tried to throw into the stream a shot-bag, but it was caught by the limb of a tree and suspended over the water. Strange to say, it contained Mr. Parker's money, every cent of which was recovered. The fine gun was fished out of the river and was afterwards sold for $40, a tremendous price for a gun in those days.

Having driven the Indians from the dense swamp beyond the river, Captain Knight marched his company as rapidly as possible in the direction of Brushy Creek, in the southwest part of the county [i. e., Lowndes]. In the distance they heard a volley of small arms. On arrival, they found that a battle had already been fought, and the volley was only the last tribute of respect over the grave of a comrade-in-arms, Pennywell Folsom. Mr. Robert Parrish, who became quite prominent and lived near Adel, had his arm broken in this fight. Edwin Henderson was mortally wounded and died near the battle-field, and there were two others killed. The Indians lost 22, besides a number wounded. The battle was fought in a swamp where Indian cunning was pitted against Anglo-Saxon courage, and in five minutes after the engagement opened there was not a live red-skin to be seen. From this place Captain Knight marched his company into what is now Clinch. He overtook the Indians at Cow Creek, where a sharp engagement occurred. Three were killed and five made prisoners. Mr. Brazelius Staten was dangerously wounded, but finally recovered. This ended the Indian fighting in which Captain Knight's company was engaged. More than three quarters of a century has since passed, and the actors in the bloody drama are now at rest.

BIBB

Fort Hawkins: the Cradle of Macon. One of the special features of the Sixteenth Annual Conference of the State D. A. R. in Macon was the unveiling by Nathaniel Macon Chapter of a handsome marble tablet on the site of old Fort Hawkins—the birthplace of the present city of Macon, and the most important stronghold on the Georgia frontier in pioneer days. Following an elegant repast at the Hotel Dempsey, over which the newly elected State Regent, Mrs. T. C. Parker, most graciously presided, the visiting daughters and invited guests, promptly at 3 o'clock, on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 17, 1914, were conveyed in automobiles to the site of the old fort, some three-quarters of a mile from the town center. It was underneath a cloudless sky and on an afternoon balmy with the breath of opening spring-time that the following program was rendered:

Invocation.
Song, "The Red Old Hills of Georgia," by the School Children.
Remarks by the State Regent, Mrs. S. W. Foster, introducing the orator of the day.
Address, by Hon. Lucian Lamar Knight.
Song, "Georgia," by the School Children.
Benediction.

On an eminence overlooking the city of Macon and the sinuous bed of the Ocmulgee River, the site of old Fort Hawkins commands a prospect unsurpassed in the State for magnificence of view. But nothing today remains of the ancient stronghold which once stood upon these heights, except a few broken fragments of rock. The handsome memorial tablet is a work of art. Chiseled into the polished face of the tablet is a sculptured design of the old fort as it looked when first built in 1806, while underneath is inscribed in large letters:

FORT HAWKINS.

The base is formed of original stones used in the construction of the old fort. These are said to have been

dragged from the bottom of the river. On the reverse side is this inscription:

From 1806 to 1828.

Capt. Benjamin Hawkins
Capt. Philip Cook
Major-General John McIntosh
Major-General John Floyd
Brigadier-General David Blackshear
Major Christopher Strong
Colonel David Booth
Colonel Ezekiel Wimberly
Capt. James Saffold

The McIntosh trail began here.

It was during the Regency of Mrs. Edgar A. Ross, who founded the Nathaniel Macon Chapter, that a movement looking toward a memorial for old Fort Hawkins was first launched. Between Mrs. Ross and the late Colonel Charles R. Pendleton, editor of the Macon *Telegraph,* there waged a controversy relative to the date of Macon's birthday, the latter contending for 1823, when lots were first sold in Macon, the former for 1806, when Fort Hawkins was built on an eminence overlooking the Ocmulgee River, from a site included within the present city limits. Since the Macon *Telegraph* began its career at Fort Hawkins, Colonel Pendleton was forced in the end to surrender, and some time afterwards the Macon *Telegraph* ordered a lot of post-cards to be printed containing a picture of old Fort Hawkins, described as the birthplace of Macon.

Major Philip Cook. One of the early commandants at Fort Hawkins, was Major Philip Cook, of the Eighth United States Infantry, who was stationed at this point on the frontier at the outbreak of the War of 1812. His father, Captain John Cook, was

an officer in the famous legion of cavalry commanded by Colonel William Washington; while his mother was Martha Pearson, who came of a noted Revolutionary household of Virginia. Major Cook married a famous beauty, Ann Wooten, whose father, Major John Wooten, lost his life at Fort Wilkinson. As an Indian fighter, Major Cook won early distinction. But he was also a most accomplished gentleman and a man of wide information. His knowledge was almost encyclopedic. On the topics of the day he was so well versed that questions were often referred to him which no one else on the frontier could answer. Two of his sons attained distinction: Dr. John Raiford Cook, a Confederate surgeon, and General Philip Cook, a gallant soldier and civilian, who served Georgia on the tented field, in Congress and as Secretary of State, succeeding in this last position the lamented Nathan C. Barnett. The present distinguished Secretary of State, Hon. Philip Cook, Jr., is the grandson of Major Philip Cook, the commandant at Fort Hawkins.

Macon's First White Child.

While stationed here Major Cook became the proud father of the first child of white parentage born within the limits of the present city of Macon—Martha Pearson Cook, afterwards the much-beloved Mrs. Isaac Winship. There is ample authority for this statement.* But the premier honors in this respect are not Mrs. Winship's sole title to distinction. She was a tireless worker in the hospitals during the dark days of the Civil War; and, wherever an old soldier survives, the memory of this sainted woman is a fragrant recollection, sweeter than spikenard or myrrh. Three distinct Georgia cities witnessed her patriotic activities—each in the order named—Atlanta, Griffin and Macon. In the first-mentioned place she headed the hospital relief corps. At Griffin she was instrumen-

*J. C. Butler, in History of Macon. Mrs. W. L. Peel, of Atlanta, in a statement made to the author. Hon. Philip Cook, Secretary of State.

tal, as president of the Ladies' Memorial Association, in building the first Confederate monument in Georgia, and at Macon she was the moving spirit in the erection of the handsome memorial unveiled to the heroes of the South, in 1879. To quote the words of her granddaughter, Mrs. Martha Cook Flournoy: "She carried carloads of coffins to the battle-field of Jonesboro, and with colored help gathered up our dead from the trenches and caused the bodies to be buried decently in the cemetery at Griffin." This work was done with money raised by Mrs. Winship's personal efforts. Her last days were spent in Macon, the home of her girlhood. Mr. Isaac Winship was one of the founders of the celebrated iron works, with which the Winship family of Georgia is still identified. Captain Emory Winship, a hero of the Spanish-American War and a well-known financier, is a lineal descendant.

Lost at Sea: the Shipwreck of the "Home." United States Senator Oliver H. Prince, who perished at sea on board the ill-fated steamship "Home," in 1837, was a resident of Macon. The particulars of the tragic disaster are thus narrated by Governor Gilmer:

"About the first of July, 1837, my wife and I left home, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Prince, they for Boston and New York, and we for Western Virginia. The four of us had passed the time of the session of the Legislature of 1824 in the same public house, where we had our own private table and drawing-room. Mr. Prince and I had served in Congress together in 1834-35. We had acted together as trustees of Franklin College, and belonged for many years to the same bar in the practice of law. Mrs. Prince was an exceedingly pretty woman. Mr. Prince was a man of wit. We went by the way of Charleston to Norfolk. The ladies were ill most of the time. I had looked upon the ocean before, but had never been out of sight of land. Its vast expanse of ever-moving waters kept me so excited that I scarcely left the deck of the vessel until we reached port.

"Mr. Prince went to the North to have printed a new edition of his Digest of the Public Laws of Georgia. When the work was completed, he and Mrs. Prince left New York for Georgia in the steam vessel, the

Home. The dreadful catastrophe which befell the ship, Mr. and Mrs. Prince, and almost all the passengers, made such an impression upon the whole country that the event is still freshly remembered by every one, whenever the bursting of boilers, the burning of steamers and the wreck of vessels are mentioned. Soon after the steamer left New York there arose a violent storm, which drove the vessel to the North Carolina coast in a sinking condition. All were stimulated to do whatever could be done to save the vessel and themselves.

"Mr. Prince took command of the hands at the pump, where his self-possession and strong strokes showed that he worked for a nobler purpose than fear for his own life. When exhausted by his efforts, he joined his wife, to devote himself to her safety. The self-sacrificing nature of Mrs. Prince would not yield to the temptation of clinging to her husband, when his exertions might be necessary to the safety of others on board. She urged him to return to his efforts at the pump. Immediately afterwards she attempted to obey the advice of the Captain, to remove from one part of the vessel to another less exposed to danger.

"As she stepped out of the cabin into an open space, a wave passed over and through the vessel, and carried her into the ocean. When the storm subsided, her body was found deposited on the shore. Mr. Prince, resuming his labors at the pump, was spared the pangs of knowing the fate of his wife. To a young man who lived to report the story, Mr. Prince said: 'Remember me to my child, Virginia.' If there was aught else the uproar of the ocean prevented its being heard. No account was ever given of the last struggle for life by those who worked at the pump. In a great heave of the ocean, the vessel parted asunder and went to the bottom."*

Mercer University.

Vol. I., Pages 313-314;
Vol. II, Greene County.

Historic Old Wesleyan.

Volume I, Pages 200-203.

The Last Hours of Justice Lamar.

Says a biographer of the great jurist: "In December, Mr. Lamar, with his wife, left Washington, intending to visit again the Mississippi coast. On the day of his departure he was attacked, while en route, with an acute pain of the heart, and was obliged to lie over for two days in Atlanta, where he was entertained by Hoke Smith, Esq. He

*George R. Gilmer, in Sketches of Some of the First Settlers of Upper Georgia.

then left for Macon [Mrs. Lamar's old home], where there were great numbers of loving friends, and many reminiscences of his early manhood. Here he remained until the end came.

"For a while Mr. Lamar seemed to be improving. There were numbers who expected to see him within a few weeks resume his place on the Bench; but the great jurist was already entering the dark penumbra. He and Mrs. Lamar* were not staying at the latter's home in Macon, but were visiting Captain W. H. Virgin, a son-in-law of Mr. Lamar's, in Vineville, a suburb. He made occasional trips to the city on the electric cars. On Monday, the 23rd of January, 1893, he called at the office of Captain R. E. Park, in company with Dr. Flewellen, a cousin of Mrs. Lamar's. They sat for perhaps a half hour with Captain Park, discussing various topics, and when they left he carried with him several magazines to read at night. He conversed freely with Dr. Flewellen while returning home on the car, and said that his exercise made him feel like eating a good meal. He dined with the family shortly after six o'clock and partook of his accustomed dishes with his usual appetite.

"Dinner over, he walked with the family into the sitting room, and during the conversation extended Dr. Flewellen a cordial invitation to visit him in Washington the approaching summer. About 7:30 Dr. Flewellen left the house, commenting upon the apparent improvement in Justice Lamar's general health. But it was hardly fifteen minutes later when the jurist complained of symptoms of his old attack, also saying that his arms felt benumbed. He soon retired without any very unusual trouble; and the family were disposed to attribute his condition to exhaustion from the trip to town. After going to bed he complained of suffocation, and it then became impossible for him to breathe freely until he was placed comfortably in a chair near the fire. He grew worse, however, and it soon became evident that he was sinking.

"Captain Virgin boarded a street car and went at once for Dr. Parker, returning with the physician about 8:40. He was found to be speechless and unconscious, and to the physician evidently beyond the reach of help. His head hung almost limp in the hands of one of the attendants, who was relieved by Captain Virgin. In this position his life passed out without a struggle, and so quietly and peacefully that those about him did not know the exact moment at which the soul took flight. In frequent conversations he alluded to his condition, but said that he was not afraid of death. His chief wish was to visit his father's grave and some of the scenes of his earlier years; but this was denied him. The thought of his Creator was his great consolation, and he died enjoying the full appreciation of the revealed truth.

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*Mr. Lamar's second wife was Henrietta J. Holt, widow of General William S. Holt, of Macon. His first wife was Virginia Longstreet, daughter of the celebrated Judge A. B. Longstreet, author of "Georgia Scenes," and at one time President of Emory College, at Oxford.

"Every tribute was paid to his memory by State and nation. He was buried with civic honors in Riverside Cemetery, in Macon, on the banks of the Ocmulgee River, and thousands gathered beside the open grave to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. In the fall of 1894 the remains of Mr. Lamar were removed to Mississippi and laid beside the wife of his youth and the mother of his children, in St. Peter's Cemetery, at Oxford."*

Sidney Lanier. Vol. I, Pages 236-240.

Birthplace of Sidney Lanier.

Harry Stillwell Edwards, one of the State's most brilliant men of letters, was only a lad when Sidney Lanier left Macon to find a permanent home in Baltimore, Md. But he well remembers the great poet. Before the Macon History Club, at its February meeting in 1913, Mr. Edwards read a charmingly written paper on the physical surroundings of Lanier's early life. As a contribution to our none too abundant knowledge of a man of genius whose place in the literature of song is now universally recognized, this paper will doubtless be preserved. It is too precious a document to serve only a transient purpose; and if the limitations of space permitted us to do so we would gladly reproduce it in full. Mr. Edwards has greatly endeared himself to lovers of Lanier for this service to the poet's memory, the value of which even now is priceless. His description of the home in which Lanier first saw the light of day will be read by every one with deep interest. Says Mr. Edwards:

"On High street, near the Crutchfield's, is the cottage generally accepted as the birth-place of Sidney Lanier. I remember its condition in 1869, when I left school and went away from Macon temporarily. As it now stands, it has a porch across the front, with dormer windows above. But originally it had only a little square porch, at the front door, with two small square columns in front and two pilasters behind. Four or five steps led up to the porch, and a gravel walk cut to the gate, with evergreens on both sides, and johnquils and spirea growing in the yard. The gate and fence were square pickets. The street was a favorite one with

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*Edward Mayes, in Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Life, Times and Speeches.

myself and brother because Horace and Virgil Powers, our most intimate friends, lived just above the Lanier cottage, and there was a park place for play in front. But at no time during these years of which I speak did any of the Laniers live in the cottage described.'"*

BROOKS

Quitman. In 1858, by an Act of the Legislature, Brooks County was formed out of Lowndes and Thomas Counties, and named for Hon. Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina. The same Act authorized the Inferior Court judges to select a site for public buildings, to be called Quitman. The town was incorporated by an Act approved December 19, 1859. Quitman is today one of the most progressive communities of South Georgia, occupying the center of a rich agricultural belt, with splendid railway connections, an extensive trade, both wholesale and retail, a strong local Bar, several properous banks, a public-school system unsurpassed in the State, and a citizenship, public-spirited, wideawake, enterprising, and united. The reader is referred to the preceding volume of this work for additional information in regard to Quitman.

BRYAN

Hardwick: One of the Lost Towns of Georgia. On the west side of the Ogeechee River, fourteen miles from the sea, are the ruins of an old town, which was once expected to become the capital of Georgia. The movement to make it such was favored by two royal Governors, but the dream failed to materialize, and today there are only a few pathetic fragments to tell where Hardwick once stood. The town was laid out, February 4, 1755, and was named in honor of Lord Hardwick, a kinsman of Governor Reynolds and a Lord High Chancellor of England. When Gov-

*This paper was published in the Macon Telegraph, February 16, 1913.

ernor Reynolds visited the town, on his tour of inspection, he was so delighted with the situation that he wrote to the Board of Trade in London, declaring it to be the only fit place for the capital.[1] The choice was indeed in many respects an ideal one. The town was situated upon a bluff, at a point where the river formed an elbow and where there existed an earlier settlement, to which was given the name of George Town. At this time there were a number of serious objections offered to Savannah, among which —to quote the language of Governor Reynolds—were "the shoalness of the river and the great height of the land," making it inconvenient for the loading and unloading of ships. Its location, on the extreme edge of the province, was another ground of complaint. As soon as the project for removal was agitated, therefore, an instant demand was created for lots in the new town. There were as many as twenty-seven sold, and land to the extent of 21,000 acres in the immediate vicinity was granted to various parties, who pledged themselves to the success of the proposed scheme. But the home government failed to vote the necessary funds for making the transfer of the capital, and, notwithstanding an effort which was subsequently made by Governor Ellis toward the same end, the movement eventually collapsed. Deprived of the dignity upon which it counted, the town of Hardwick became scarcely more than a village, though DeBrahm reckoned it among the five seaport towns, and recommended its fortifications.[2] Governor Wright was never partial to Hardwick. He, therefore, discouraged any attempt to revive the old agitation, on the ground that Savannah was conveniently located, both for trade with South Carolina, and for intercourse with the Indians. He could see no advantage in moving the capital so short a distance, even if removal were deemed wise. The views of Governor Wright upon this subject were largely influenced by the fact that he

[1] H. M. Public Records, London, Vol. 35, Georgia, B. T.
[2] H. M. Public Records, London, Vol. 13, No. 14, Maps, B. T.

was born in South Carolina; but his judgment was no doubt sound. When Bryan County was organized, in 1793, Hardwick became temporarily the county-seat, but it does not appear that any public buildings were ever erected; and as early as 1797 the General Assembly designated as the site of the court-house, a point at or near the Cross Roads about two miles from Ogeechee Bridge. In 1829 Sherwood found the town of Hardwick only a cluster of houses.* In 1866 an effort was made to revive the town, but it bore little fruit. Thus passed into oblivion an ambitious little town of the Georgia coast, which was favored by two royal Governors of the province, and which was named for an eminent Lord High Chancellor of England. The site of the old town is two miles from Genesis Point, a locality made famous by Fort McAllister during the Civil War.

Belfast: The Home of James Maxwell. One of the most substantial of the old Colonial homes of Georgia was in this county, the residence of James Maxwell, on Bryan's Neck, a fertile stretch of alluvial land between the Midway and Ogeechee Rivers. He called it Belfast. Colonel Maxwell was a Scotch-Irishman. His ancestors moved to the north of Ireland from Maxwelton, on the Nith, in Dumfries, Scotland, and lived for some time either at or near Belfast, a circumstance which accounts for the name which he gave to his elegant mansion on the coast of Georgia. It overlooked the Midway River, a tidewater stream, which is little more than an arm of the sea; and to judge from the blocks of tabby which still mark the site of the old historic Maxwell home, it must have been built upon ample proportions. Much of the social life of the period, when knee-buckles and powdered wigs were in vogue, found picturesque expression here in more than one gor-

*Sherwood's Gazetteer, p. 116, 1829.

geous entertainment, which brought together the wealthy nabobs of the low country, many of whom were sworn officers of the Crown. Though an aristocratic seat, its doors were never barred against the stranger; and the ample feasts which were here spread, in the spacious days before the Revolution, set the pace for much of the proverbial hospitality of later times. Miss Maria J. McIntosh, in one of her novels entitled: "Lofty and Lowly," has charmingly pictured the old Maxwell home, under the name of "Montrose Hall." Surrounded by magnificent live oaks and embellished with ornamental shrubs and plants of every kind, the grounds were lavishly in keeping with the fine old manor, and the whole atmosphere of the place evinced the gentle blood, the exquisite culture, and the large means of the thrifty owner.

James Maxwell was an early pioneer settler. Together with his brother, Thomas Maxwell, and several other residents of South Carolina, "most of whom were men of easy fortunes," he applied on December 12, 1747, for an extensive grant of land, lying on both sides of the Midway River. They wanted 6,000 acres; but to deed such large bodies of land was not in accordance with the policy of the government at this time, and they were forced to be content with 500 acres each. James located near the point which is today occupied by an important lumber mill industry and which still bears the original name of the place—Belfast. Thomas located on the opposite side of the river, at a point called Hester's Bluff. Another brother, Audley Maxwell, settled in St. John's Parish, at or about the same time, locating near the head of Midway River, at a place which he called Limerick. James Maxwell was one of the original trustees to whom was entrusted the work of laying out the town of Sunbury. He was also a member of the first provincial Congress of Georgia. It is thought by some that the Lieutenant Maxwell, who fought with General Oglethorpe at the battle of Bloody Marsh, was James Maxwell. The

records state that Lieutenant Maxwell was appointed an aide de camp, together with Hugh Mackay.* At any rate, it is certain that James Maxwell had a son of the same name who married Ann Mackay, a daughter of Captain James Mackay, of Strathy Hall. The latter was a member of the King's Council and a very prominent man.

Elizabeth, one of the daughters of James Maxwell, married Thomas Young, who was styled the "richest Tory in Georgia," an epithet which was doubtless true to the facts, if exception be made of the royal Governor, Sir James Wright. McCall gives an account of a dinner which was given in 1777 by the owner to a number of British officers at Belfast, in honor of the King's birthday, and while the guests were seated at the table, drinking his Majesty's health, a detachment of American soldiers surrounded the house and made the British officers prisoners of war. "Buckland Hall," "Kilkenny" and many other places in Bryan County were originally old Maxwell homes. An engagement occurred at Belfast on the night of June 4, 1779, in which Colonel Cruger, of the British army, and some of his officers, were captured by Captain Spencer, commander of an American privateer then lying in the Midway. Learning that the officers were that evening dining with a certain Tory named Thomas Young, at Belfast, Captain Spencer ascended the river in small boats, landed about eight o'clock with twelve of his men, surrounded the house and captured all present at the dinner. The prisoners were paroled the next morning, and Colonel Cruger was soon afterward exchanged for Colonel McIntosh, who had been captured at Brier Creek. There is now a post village on the site of the old town.

*Letter of Oglethorpe, dated Frederica, July 30, 1742.

BULLOCH.

Statesboro. To find the beginnings of the present town of Statesboro, we must go back to an Act approved December 19, 1803, by Governor John Milledge. In this Act a certain tract of land, conveyed by George Sibbald to the Inferior Court of Bulloch, containing 200 acres, is declared to be the site for public buildings in the new county, said town to be known by the name of "Statesborough."[1] Hon. Peter Cone, an early pioneer, of Bulloch, whose home was in the neighborhood of Statesboro, was for years a dominant figure in the politics of Georgia. Entering the State Senate in 1830, he was returned at each successive election continuously, with only one exception, until 1852, when he voluntarily withdrew from public affairs. Some of the early representatives of Bulloch in the State Legislature were: Charles McCall, John Rawls, Drewry Jones, Shepherd Williams, Samuel S. Lockhart, Allen Rawls, Michael Young, Malachi Denmark and Francis McCall, who served in the Senate down to 1830, when Peter Cone entered the arena of politics; and among the members of the House were: Andrew E. Wells, Lewis Lanier, Samuel Lockhart, John Burnett, Sherrod McCall, R. T. Stanaland, Malachi Denmark, James Rawls, James Wilkinson and Wm. H. McLean.

BUTTS.

Jackson. Jackson, the county-seat of Butts, was named for General Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States, and was incorporated as a town by an Act approved December 26, 1826, at which time the following commissioners were named, to-wit.: Samuel Lovejoy, Edward Butler, William V. Burney, John Robinson and Henry Hatley.[2] Besides these, some of the

[1] Acts, 1826, p. 177.
[2] Clayton's Compendium, 145.

early pioneer settlers were: John Hall, Wiley Ferrell, John McCord, James W. Harkness, Flem Childers, John Goodman, James H. Stark, David J. Bailey and Fred Stewart. The first school building stood on what is now Oak Street, and the teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Clark, A. B. Florence and Algernon Fellows. The first mercantile firms were Hurd and Hungerford, and Andrews and Little; while the pioneer lawyers included David J. Bailey, afterwards a member of Congress; Rufus McCune, and James H. Stark.

In 1850, the Baptists built the first house of worship in Jackson. Rev. W. G. McMichael became the pastor of this flock, and for more than twenty years ministered to this congregation. In 1881, when the old East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railway, now the Southern, was completed from Macon to Atlanta, the town received a decided impetus and became at once the most important station between the points above named. Jackson Institute was built in 1889, and among the first teachers was Rev. J. W. Beck, father of Judge Marcus W. Beck, of the State Supreme Court. Here, too, Miss Leonora Beck, afterwards Mrs. Ellis, began her brilliant career as an educator. Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, was a native of Butts, in which county he spent his boyhood days. David J. Bailey and Henry Hendrick represented this county in the Secession Convention at Milledgeville, in 1861. The population of Jackson at the present time is nearly 4,000. It is a city of splendid banking institutions, of strong commercial establishments, and of beautiful homes.*

The Varner House. Mrs. A. H. Alfriend, Regent of the Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R., and chairman of the General William McIntosh Memorial Association, is making what promises to be

*Authority: Mrs. J. D. Jones, Regent, D. A. R., Jackson, Ga.

a successful effort for the purchase of one of Georgia's most historic shrines: the famous old Varner House at Indian Springs. To this end she has formulated a bill asking for an appropriation of $8,000 from the treasury of the State, and this bill is now pending in the General Assembly of Georgia. The Varner House was built in 1823 by the brave Indian chief, whose memory is today revered by every true and loyal Georgian. It was built as a hotel for the convenience of the great multitudes which even at this early day visited the famous Indian Springs. On the counter, which is still preserved intact, General McIntosh, in 1825, signed the fateful treaty which proved to be his death warrant. Loyal to the Indian, as well as to the white man, he obtained for his tribe, under this treaty with the government, a domain of territory equal in extent to that which was ceded, besides a moneyed consideration of approximately $5,000,000. But he was rewarded with death at the hands of his own people. As the result of this treaty agreement with the Creek Indians, Georgia acquired a vast extent of territory, embracing millions of acres, yet Georgia has never in any way shown her appreciation of this brave chief, to whom she owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. Without an exception, the Varner House at Indian Springs is the most important unmarked historic spot in this State. The house stands today just as McIntosh built it, except for the veranda, which was formerly two storied, with large square columns. Two partitions have also been put into the lower floor. But the expenditure of a very small sum of money will suffice to make necessary alterations, so that the building can be used for conventions, public gatherings, etc., and to furnish accommodations at a minimum rate to persons of limited means anxious to obtain the benefit of the springs. Much of the original furniture still remains in the house, including books, pictures and trinkets of various kinds. The reader is referred to Vol. I of this work for a detailed story of the famous treaty which

THE VARNER HOUSE:

Where Gen. McIntosh Signed His Death-Warrant in the Famous Treaty at Indian Springs in 1825.

cost General McIntosh his life. Under the head of Carroll County will be found an article which tells how General McIntosh was murdered. Mrs. Alfriend is sure to succeed in her patriotic undertaking. She comes of fine old Revolutionary stock, and defeat is a word with which she is absolutely unfamiliar. Her great-grandfather, Joseph Winter, was Secretary of the Committee on Safety, on Washington's staff, and read the Declaration of Independence to the public in New York, on July 18, 1776, at which time the British coat-of-arms was torn from the front of the City Hall. Her grandfather, John Gano Winter, was one of the greatest promoters and financiers of this State.

CALHOUN

Morgan. On February 20, 1854, an Act was approved creating out of Baker and Early Counties, in the extreme southwestern part of the State, a new county, to be called Calhoun, in honor of the great apostle of Nullification. The Inferior Court of the county was empowered to select a county-site and to superintend the erection of buildings. The site selected was called Morgan. There was an old family of this name residing here when the town was established, which makes us question the none too well authenticated tradition that it was named for General Daniel Morgan, of the Revolution. On March 5, 1856, the town was formally chartered with the following-named commissioners: W. G. Pierce, W. E. Griffin, George Goodson, John Shropshire and Hiram Morgan.*

Arlington. Situated on the dividing line between Calhoun and Early Counties, is Arlington, a rapidly growing city, which will doubtless some day be the capital of a new county in this part of Georgia. The town was named for General Lee's old home on the Potomac River,

*Acts, 1855-1856, p. 381.

and was granted a charter of incorporation on September 13, 1881, at which time the corporate limits were fixed at one half a mile in every direction from the depot of the Southwestern Railroad. But the necessities of growth within the next decade demanded a new charter; and, on October 9, 1891, the town was incorporated by an Act repealing the old charter and designating Hon. N. A. Beckom to hold the office of Mayor, and Messrs. J. S. Collins, S. T. Nance, D. A. Carter and G. W. Harrison to serve as aldermen, pending an election to be held on the first Tuesday in September, 1892.[1] The present public school system was established in 1905, with Messrs. G. W. Harrison, Y. W. Fudge, W. H. C. Cunningham, J. S. Cowart, R. H. Bostwick and H. M. Calhoun named as the first official board of trustees. The commercial enterprises of the town are financed by strong banks, and there are few communities in the State with a finer body of enterprising business men. Many beautiful homes have recently been built in Arlington, some of which would be an ornament to Atlanta's far-famed "Peachtree."[2]

CAMDEN

St. Patrick. At the close of the Revolution, there were few settlements in Camden, except on Cumberland Island, and for a number of years the county was unrepresented in the State Legislature, due to the scarcity of population. But the need of a town on the mainland was fully realized. Accordingly, a number of the new settlers on Cumberland Island undertook to build a town on the north bank of the St. Mary's River, at a place called Buttermilk Bluff. On December 12, 1787, a tract of 1,672 acres was purchased from Jacob Webb, who held an original grant from the State. The price paid for this land was thirty-eight dollars. There must have been an Irishman among the number, for the name given to the new town was St. Patrick. Each subscriber was to own four lots, on one of which he was to build within six months a house covered with shingles; and if he failed to comply with this agreement, he was to forfeit his land. The town was laid out in 1787 by James Findley, County Surveyor; and the first settlers of St. Patrick were: Isaac Wheeler, William Norris,

[1] Acts, 1890-1, Vol. II, p. 867.
[2] Acts, 1905, p. 429.

Nathan and Wm. Ashley, Jas. Seagrove, Lodwick Ashley, Jas. Findley, John Fleming, Robert Seagrove, Henry Osborne, Thomas Norris, Jacob Weed, John Alexander, Langley Bryant, Johnathan Bartlett, Stephen Conyers, William Ready, Prentiss Gallup, Simeon Dillingham, and Richard Cole. The streets of the town were named in honor of these men. St. Patrick was the first county-seat of Camden. On an old ballot list prepared for the first town election in 1788, appear some additional names, showing that among the new settlers were: Talmage Hall, James Woodland, Thomas Staffold, John King, and others. In 1792, the name of the town was changed by an Act of the Legislature to St. Marys.*

St. Marys. Volume I. Pages 350-356.

Some of the Pioneers. To add a few names to the above list: Nathan Atkinson, a native of Northampton County, Va., became a resident of Camden, in 1785, followed some ten years later by his brother John; and from these progenitors have sprung one of Camden's most distinguished family connections. Isaac Lang arrived soon after the close of the Revolution and located where the town of Jefferson afterwards arose. His descendants for more than a hundred years have been prominent in county affairs. Likewise among the early arrivals were David and Hugh Brown. The former married a Miss Atkinson, and became a wealthy planter. The latter also accumulated a large property. He is said to have been a man of massive intellect, and holds the record for length of service in the Legislature. John Hardee came from North Carolina in 1788, and founded the family from which the great Confederate tactician, Gen. Wm. J. Hardee, sprang. Thomas Miller,

*History of Camden County, Georgia, by James T. Vocelle.

a Scotchman, was also an early settler. He was an ancestor of Judge Andrew J. Miller, for whom Miller County was named. Gen. John Floyd, his son, Gen. Charles R. Floyd, the Hazzards, the Scarletts, the Holzendorfs, the Demeres and the Hulls were also pioneer families of Camden. Here also at one time lived the famous McIntosh family; and what is now known as Refugee Plantation, was granted to George McIntosh when Georgia was a Province of England.

Former Days Recalled. Camden County was the home for many years of Captain William Cone, a distinguished fighter in the War of 1812. He was also great Indian fighter, and the story is told of him that on one occasion he was captured by the Indians, who were delighted at having in their possession the "Big Captain." They carried him to their camp and after binding him and placing him between two warriors, they lay down to sleep. During the night Cone managed to get loose from his fetters, and after taking all the shot from the gun shells of his captors, without arousing them from their slumbers, went down the road about one hundred yards from the camp, and sat down awaiting daylight. Great was the consternation of the Indians when they awoke and found their prisoner gone. They had only to go a short distance, however, before they came across him seated on a log. One warrior raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. Cone placed his hand to his heart and showed the shot to the Indians, but the shot had been in his hand all the while. Another Indian fired at him with the same effect, and then convinced that Cone was what they had always suspected him to be, the Evil One, took to their heels and fled. Captain Cone represented Camden County for many years in the General Assembly of the State, and, although uneducated and unpolished, rose to a high place in that body. He was the father of the late Peter Cone, of Bulloch, who was long a commanding figure in legislative halls.

The house is still standing in St. Marys, where many years ago Aaron Burr was entertained as the guest of Major Archibald Clark, then a distinguished resident of the old town. Major Clark was a warm personal friend of the former Vice-President. It was not long after this visit that he was captured in Alabama on the charge of conspiracy against the United States government. Major Clark also entertained General Winfield Scott at his residence in St. Marys, when that distinguished fighter was returning from the Indians wars in Florida. It is said that General Scott was so tall that he was obliged to bend his head in order to enter Major Clark's front door. During the War of 1812 the English occupied St.

Marys. Major Clark was at that time collector of the port and had quite a lot of government money in his possession. The British, after making an unsuccessful attempt to get this money, took Major Clark a prisoner and carried him away from his home. Mrs. Clark, who was a descendant of Captain Wordsworth, of Charter Oak fame, was often forced to entertain the British at her home. One day a British officer was seated in the parlor, and looking down at the carpet on the floor, remarked: "Mrs. Clark, I see you have the British crown in your parlor." "Yes," replied Mrs. Clark, "but it is under our feet."

Colonel Edmound Atkinson, who commanded the 26th Georgia Infantry during the Civil War, was a native of Camden. He was a gallant officer and a kind and considerate commander. Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, an ex-justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and Judge Samuel C. Atkinson, a present member of this same high bench, are distinguished sons of Camden. Their father was the late Captain A. S. Atkinson, and their mother Miss Mary A. McDonald, daughter of ex-Governor Charles J. McDonald. Camden County furnished to the Confederacy, during the Civil War, one lieutenant-general (William J. Hardee), five colonels, fourteen captains and two full companies of soldiers, all out of a white population of 3,000.

Coleraine. Volume I. Pages 358-359.

Camden's Noted Residents. Volume I. Pages 361-362.

Fort Tonyn. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, Charles and Germyn Wright, brothers of Governor Wright, of Georgia, built a fort on their lands on the St. Marys River. As near as can be ascertained this fort was located where Scrubby Bluff now is. The Wrights called it Fort Tonyn, after the royal Governor of Florida. Fort Tonyn became a rendezvous for all the Tories and outlaws in this part of the country. Spoils were brought to this place and divided among the members of this gang, who bore the appellation of Florida Rangers. But when General Howe, in 1778, reached Fort Tonyn, on his way to East Florida, he found the fort evacuated and demolished *

CAMPBELL

Early Settlements and Pioneers. In 1826 there were living in Campbell on well-tilled plantations the Colquitts and the Randalls. John Colquitt and Mrs. Randall were brother and sister of Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, the noted jurist and statesman. Judge Colquitt was also an early resident, coming from his home in Walton County to Pumpkintown Ferry, on the Chattahoochee, where he bought lands of one Sanford Bell, who was later killed in the Texan war of 1836. The fertile lands were slowly settled because of the dread of an outbreak of the Creeks against Chief William McIntosh. It was generally supposed that an attack would occur from the Campbell or Coweta side of the Chattahoochee, but the party of Indian warriors who murdered General McIntosh formed in Alabama at a time when the waters of the Chattahooche were swollen by a freshet. When the son, Chilly McIntosh, escaped in a travelers' coat and swam the river with the treaty papers, it was Cheadle Cochran, of Campbell County, who first gave him aid.

Since the white man's ownership, the county has not been rich in fish or game, but it abounds in Indian legends and relics. Numerous trails leading to the Five Notch Road can be found, also plateaus in the creek bottoms, where their corn dances occurred. These were witnessed surreptitiously by the Colquitt and Randall slaves.

There is a steep hill called "Slip-Down Mountain" between Pumpkintown and McKoy ferries. Tradition says that a fierce battle happened here between the Cherokees and Creeks, in which the vanquished were pushed into the river. This was verified in 1890 by the high waters washing up particles of human bone, also beads, pots and arrows.

On the Douglas side, above Campbellton, is a mound now covered with a pine growth, said to be the grave of an Indian queen, Anawaqua. A strip on either side

of Sweetwater was neutral ground, where Creeks and Cherokees made treaties. Here Gov. Charles McDonald owned a mill site which he sold to Pendleton Watson. In the section near "Salt Spring," or Lithia, the first white settlers were the Watsons, Stricklands, Duncans, McLartys, McElroys and Van Zants.*

When the time was ripe for the establishment of a county-seat, Judge Colquitt proposed Pumpkintown. Even today its broad fields present a prosperous, inviting aspect. The cheery breezes whisper of thrift and enterprise. But Pumpkintown lost.

Historic Campbellton Eight miles above Pumpkintown three brothers, Alfred, George and Lang Camp, owned large plantations, adjoining which was the uncleared tract of Frank Irwin. The latter planned a town called Campbellton, and offered free lots to those who would live upon them. It was the accepted county-site. A substantial brick court-house was built in 1828 by Contractor Glascock, and still stands on an old red hill overlooking the river. The Colquitts, disgusted, moved to LaGrange, the Randalls to Alabama.

Judge Colquitt, though an eminent jurist, was also a man of varied affairs. His business agent in charge of his mercantile and farming interests was young Benjaman Camp, who came with him from Walton to Campbell. Selling his share of the Colquitt interests for negroes, he participated in the general exodus from Pumpkintown, went to South Carolina and married. Returning in 1834, he bought the lands of Tarleton Sheets, Bennett Lee and Billy Johnson, nearer Campbellton, and became a pioneer of progress in Campbell. Campbellton was then a flourishing town, with commodious, elegant homes. Prominent people were the Lathams, Smiths,

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*Authority: Mrs. Lee C. Moore, now of Decatur, Ga.

Cantrells, Hornsbys, McClures, Gormans, McKoys, Beavers, Butts, Hopkins and Blacks.

Across the river were the plantations of Wade White, Alston Arnold, James Nelson, Thomas Camp, the Hintons, Hammonds, Bullards, Rutledges, Longinos, Clecklers, Varners and Hutchinsons. Near Sand Town lived the Danforths, Campbells, Bryants, Wilsons and Aderholts. Here lies buried a Revolutionary soldier, John Gibson.

For many years the planters hauled their cotton to the Augusta market, returning with the luxuries of life. They had the necessities at home. The houses in the clearings were of the log double-pen style. Later, weather boarding, an upper story and shed rooms were added. The open areaway became a hall, with a square portico, and columns at the front. The kitchens were in separate out-buildings. Schools were conducted by itinerant Northern or Irish masters, of whom the first requirement was the ability to make rapidly and well a goose quill pen. The Friday afternoon sessions were devoted to lessons in etiquette.

The high schools in Campbellton and Palmetto prepared the young men for the University.

Crowds always thronged Campbellton during court week and on muster days. The center of interest to the young, next to the Judge's silk hat or Colonel Camp's plumed headpiece, was the ginger cake cart of old Mistress Teale. Once some mischievous boys pushed it down the hill into the river, but reimbursed the distracted old lady.

There was much wealth in Campbellton, but the spirit of the place was neither commercial nor intellectual. It was simply gay. The perpetual pursuit of the frail poppies of pleasure; the curse of drink; the bitterness of the Reconstruction era, resulting in tragedy and murder, blighted its growth. The best blood of its citizenship, which was largely professional, was sacrificed to the Confederacy. The drift of population toward the route

of the West Point Railroad left Campbellton in isolation. Among the citizens who left to give their energy to the upbuilding of Atlanta were Lucius J. Gartrell, Alfred Austell, Jett Rucker and W. J. Garrett.

In 1870 the county-seat went to Fairburn, and at that time in Campbellton stood rows of good houses, abandoned, with hearthstones long cold, and weeds overrunning the flowers at the doorstep—a deserted village, memory-haunted, more to the taste of Poe than of Goldsmith. Today a shadow broods over the country road, once a street of life and joy. While the court-house, academy and Masonic lodge stand dark and silent, two churches on their original sites have opened their doors, Sunday after Sunday, to the people of the country-side.

Occasionally another sleeper finds rest among the mossy marbles of the old Methodist church-yard. Old Campbellton is with the past. New Campbellton consists of two modest dwellings nestling near the country store.

Fairburn. Fairburn, the present county-seat of Campbell, was incorporated by an Act of the Legislature, approved February 17, 1854,[1] at which time it was on the old boundary line between Fayette and Campbell counties. But subsequently an Act was passed annexing a part of Fayette County to Campbell; and in this Act, approved October 17, 1870, provision was made for a new county-site, as follows:[2] "Be it further enacted that the county-site of Campbell be, and is hereby moved to some convenient and suitable place on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, in Campbell County; that such place be selected by a popular vote of all the citizens entitled by law to vote in the County of Campbell, laid off and described in section eighth of this Act, which election shall be held on Tuesday after the first Monday in November next, at the several precincts included within the limits of the county; that the superin-

[1] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 244.
[2] Acts, 1870, pp. 15-16.

tendents of said election shall meet at Campbellton, on the day after the election, and consolidate the election returns of said county-site before the Ordinary, who shall, with four commissioners to be selected by him, residing near the county-site, without delay, purchase a sufficient tract of land for the court-house and jail, and proceed to build the same out of any funds belonging to the county, not otherwise appropriated, etc." Under the terms specified in this Act, Fairburn was made the new county-site of Campbell, in the late fall of 1870. Among the early settlers in this neighborhood, the names most prominent were McBride, Brewster, Short, Roan, Henderson, and Roberts.

Palmetto. The town of Palmetto was chartered by legislative act, approved February 18, 1854, and the following well-known residents were named as the first commissioners: Willis P. Menifee, Samuel Swanswer, James J. Beall, Reuben Melsaps and John M. Edwards.* But the town existed as an unincorporated community for several years prior to the date of this charter; and the name is said to have been conferred upon the little village at this place by a company of South Carolina soldiers en route to the Mexican War. Palmetto, at an early date, restricted the sale of intoxicating liquors. The present public school system of Palmetto was established in 1885. Some of the most substantial families in this vicinity during pioneer days included the Watts, the Gentrys, the Joneses, the Griffiths, the McLarens, the Tatums, the Menefees, the Hollemans and the Cochrans.

*Acts, 1853-1854. p. 264.

CANDLER

Metter. On July 17, 1914, Governor Slaton approved a bill creating by Constitutional amendment the new County of Candler. It is to be carved out of territory formerly embraced within three contiguous counties, to-wit.: Tattnall, Bulloch and Emanuel. Metter, a wideawake little town, on a branch line of the Central of Georgia, will be the new county seat. There was practically no opposition to the measure at this session of the Legislature, as the various counties affected by the proposed legislation were friendly to the bill; but in former years the champions of the measure have waged a losing fight against bitter opposition. Since the creation of the new county involves an amendment to the Constitution, it is first necessary to submit the same to popular vote for ratification; but the result can be safely foreshadowed. The new county is named for Governor Allen D. Candler, one of Georgia's most distinguished sons. On the field of battle, in the halls of Congress, in the chair of Governor, in the office of Secretary of State, and, last but not least, as Compiler of State Records, he was called upon to serve the State in many distinguished capacities; but in not one of these high stations did he fail to approve himself a statesman and a man.

Says the Atlanta *Constitution*: "Governor Slaton on Friday signed the bill creating the new county of Candler, and thus ends one of the most determined fights waged in the Legislature. The effort of the people of Metter to secure the creation of the county of Candler is only equaled by that of the people of Winder, who succeeded some days ago in passing the bill to create the county of Barrow. The first bill to create Candler County was introduced ten years ago. For ten sessions the people of Metter have been knocking at the doors of

the General Assembly, and finally they have been successful. This success is largely due to F. H. Sills, editor of the Metter *Advertiser*, and Dr. W. D. Kennedy, who helped finance the project. Dr. Kennedy was the first to conceive the idea of a new county. Three years ago Mr. Sills was put in charge of the campaign, and during that time he has given the legislature no rest. Governor Slaton signed the bill with a special fountain pen, which the people of Metter presented to Mr. Sills in recognition of his services. Candler County will have a population of 12,725; tax values of $2,729,000, and an area of 361 square miles."

CARROLL

The Murder of General McIntosh.

On the west side of the Chattahoochee River, within the borders of the present County of Carroll, stood the old home of General William McIntosh, the famous chief of the Cowetas or Lower Creeks. The unfriendly Indians, piqued by the relinquishment of the Georgia lands, were bent upon the death of the brave chief, at whose door lay the responsibility for the treaty at Indian Springs. He was accordingly condemned in general council, under color of what was claimed to be an unwritten law, exacting the forfeiture of life for the offence in question. Quite a party of Indians, numbering in the aggregate one hundred and seventy, undertook to execute the sentence; and, proceeding furtively to the home of General McIntosh, they concealed themselves under cover of the woods until just before dawn, on May 1, 1825. They were provided with light-wood knots, for the purpose of setting fire to the house, and they were also well armed.

Before emerging from ambush, they first sent an interpreter, James Hutton, along with two Indians, to ascertain, without arousing suspicion, what temporary

sojourners the McIntosh abode sheltered. In an outhouse in the yard, which was usually allotted to guests, the chief's son, Chilly McIntosh, was found, sharing the apartment with an old peddler. But the spies barely put foot upon the doorstep before the young man, guided by instinct, scented danger, and leaped at one bound through the open window. Fire was opened upon him, but the shots failed to overtake the mercurial youth.

And now the entire body of Indians surrounded the house in which General McIntosh slept, and began to light the fagots underneath the doors and windows. The stifling smoke awoke the brave chief, only to greet him with the crackling flames and to show him in the funeral glare of the red torches what deadly peril surrounded him. It was the most lurid dawn upon which he ever looked; and, fully comprehending the awful horror of the wild scene, he realized that he was now to perish amid the blazing rafters of his home. But the proud old Indian spirit within him nerved his sinews for the ordeal. He was determined to die game; and, though denied the honors of equal battle, he could at least greet the shades of his ancestors with the war-cry upon his lips.

Behind barricaded doors, with the aid of an Indian friend who was the only other occupant of the building at the time, he returned for several moments the blasting fire which came from the red belt. But an entrance was soon forced; and, hurling himself upon the invaders who now rushed in, the faithful ally was the first to fall, riddled with bullets. General McIntosh, retreating up the stairway in the suffocating smoke, fired shot after shot as he went, making the foul murderers pay heavy cost for the life which they were now about to take. But at last the brave chief lay prostrate upon the floor bleeding from countless wounds. And now the fiendish glee of the red devils filled the air with the most infernal music of pandemonium. They sang and danced and shouted about the mutilated body while the flames underneath and around roared and seethed. It was like the glimpse which one might get at hell-gate.

Still the brutal instincts of the savages were not yet fully gorged. The brave chief was next dragged by the heels into the yard, and while his lips yet breathed the challenge of an unsubdued old warrior, the bloody knife was plunged into his heart. It straightway ended the death struggles, and, lifting his mangled face to the fading dawn stars, William McIntosh, chief of the Cowetas, bravest of the brave, Georgia's true and tried friend, slept the heavy sleep of his fathers.

Rapine was next added to the measure of revenge which included already murder and arson. Everything of value about the place, which they were not able to carry off, they ruthlessly destroyed, like the savage hordes of Attilla. The devastation was made complete, and the rising sun found the home of the brave chief a mass of ruins. Georgia has always felt some twinge of conscience over the sad fate of McIntosh. It is said, on good authority, that the Indian chief, realizing the imminence of danger, had sent to Milledgeville for armed protection, and though it was readily promised, it was never received. General McIntosh was at all times the staunch friend of Georgia. In the War of 1812 he had resisted the most tempting overtures of the British emissaries; and, espousing the American cause, he had earned the rank of Brigadier-General. Later he had fought under General Jackson, in the campaign against the Seminole Indians in Florida. He was ever marked by an unswerving integrity of character, and to the famous Highland clan, of which he was a member, he brought new laurels. General Lachlan McIntosh, of the Revolution was a kinsman. Governor George M. Troup, then Governor of the State, was a cousin. The latter's mother was a McIntosh, an own sister to the General's father. Though Governor Troop himself could boast no Indian blood in his veins, he possessed both the grim determination and the courage of his kinsman. The crisis which he was now called upon to face was well calculated to test the metal of the man in the executive chair.

Carrollton. When the County of Carroll was organized in 1826 out of lands acquired from the Creeks, under a treaty which cost the brave McIntosh his life, it extended from the borders of the Cherokee nation on the north, to the Alabama line, at what is now West Point, on the south. It was called the "Free State of Carroll," partly on account of its magnitude, and partly for the reason that it boasted at this time comparatively few slaves. The county-site was first located at what is today known as Old Carrollton, a point eight miles northeast of the present town. But in 1829 the site of public buildings was changed to a locality better adapted to the purpose, but the original name was still retained. Both the county and the county-site were named for Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who lived to be the last survivor of the immortal group of patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence. On December 22, 1829, an Act was approved, making New Carrollton the permanent site for public buildings, and incorporating the town with the following commissioners: Henry Curtis, Hiram Sharp, William Bryce, George Gibson and Giles S. Boggess.* Carrollton is a wideawake business community, with a splendid body of citizens, numerous solid mercantile establishments, several strong banks, and many beautiful homes. The present public school system was established in 1886.

Unmarked Grave of General McIntosh. Overlooking the Chattahoochee River, on the famous McIntosh Reserve, within the present borders of Carroll, is the grave of General William McIntosh, unmarked, except for a pile of flint rocks, in a thicket of underbrush. As the result of his friendship for Georgia, several millions of acres were acquired by the State, under what is known as the second treaty of Indian Springs. But his own brave life was forfeited; and

*Acts, 1823, p. 201.

there will rest a foul blot upon Georgia's escutcheon until she marks with an appropriate memorial the last resting place of her true and tried friend: the martyred chief of the Cowetas.

CHARLTON

Folkston. In 1854, Charlton County was organized out of Camden,[1] and named for Judge R. M. Charlton, of Savannah. The commissioners to choose a county-seat were: Thomas Hilliard, A. J. Bessant, Thomas D. Hawkins, and Robert King.[2] Folkston is only a small village, named for an old family then resident in this neighborhood. Since the building of the A. B. & A. Railroad, on which the town is located, its growth has received a fresh impetus.

Center Village. Volume I.

CHATHAM

Savannah
Founded 1733. Volume I, Pages 378-380.

First Jury Empaneled in Georgia. One of the chief concerns of Oglethorpe, after fixing the site of the town, was the erection of a courthouse, for the administration of justice in the settlement. Though a somewhat rude affair, the building, which was speedily raised for this purpose, also met the religious needs of the colony for several years. The following persons composed the first jury ever empanelled in Georgia: Samuel Parker, Thomas Young, Joseph Cole, John Wright, John West, Timothy Bowling, John Milledge,

[1] Not out of Wayne and Appling, as inadvertently stated in Vol. I.
[2] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 290.

Henry Close, Walter Fox, John Grady, James Carwell, and Richard Cannon. The recorder was Noble Jones. His constables were Richard Cannon and Joseph Cole, while his bailiffs were George Symes, Richard Hodges and Francis Scott. The first tax collectors, or tithingmen, were Francis Magridge and Thomas Young. The following prominent citizens were made conservators of the peace: Peter Gordon, William Waterland, Thomas Causton, Thomas Christie, George Symes, Richard Hodges, Francis Scott and Noble Jones.[1]

Georgia: the Only Free-Soil Colony. Under the laws enacted by the Trustees slavery was forbidden in Georgia. It is an interesting fact that at this time the institution was elsewhere unchecked. There were slaves in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, as well as in Virginia and South Carolina. The earliest prohibitive legislation upon the subject emanated from the Trustees of Georgia; and the first of the English colonies in America to outlaw slavery was the colony founded by Oglethorpe.*

Other enactments of the Trustees made it impossible either to sell or to mortgage lands in Georgia. They excluded rum from the colony, and sought to encourage the manufacture of wine and silk. Such restrictions were ill-adapted to meet the demands of competition. The colony began to languish. Discontent became widespread, and finally these measures were repealed.[2]

First Commercial House in Georgia. James Habersham, in association with Charles Harris, established in Savannah in 1744 the first commercial house in Georgia. The firm was known as Harris and Haber-

[1] Jones, Stevens, McCall, Lee and Agnew.

[2] Bancroft's History of U. S., Vol. 2, p. 287; 1, 513, 572; 2, 268-280; also McCall, Jones, Stevens, etc.

sham. It gave great encouragement to planters, from whom were purchased deerskins, poultry, lumber, and other wares, a cargo of which, valued at $10,000, was shipped to England in 1749. This was the beginning of the foreign trade relations through the port of Savannah. The establishment of Habersham and Harris was located near the water's edge, in the rear of where the commission house of Robert Habersham afterwards stood.[1]

The Jews in Georgia: Volume I, Pages 97-103.

Georgia's First Barbecue. "On the Sunday morning before leaving South Carolina, the colonists held a special thanksgiving service, after which Oglethorpe, at his own expense, gave a grand dining, to which, in the name of the colonists, he invited the soldiers from the barracks, besides a number of citizens. More than three hundred people partook of the feast, at which was served, so we are told by one who was present, four fat hogs, two fine English beeves, eight turkeys, one hundred chickens and ducks, a hogshead of rum punch, a hogshead of beer, and a barrel of wine. Notwithstanding the large quantity of liquor consumed, not a man became intoxicated, and perfect order was preserved. This was the first Georgia barbecue; for, though spread in South Carolina, it was given by the first Georgian, and was served in the abundant and generous way which has since made Georgia barbecues the most famous of feasts."[2]

Traditions of Sir Walter Raleigh. "In ascending the Savannah River, Oglethorpe is said to have carried with him the Journal of Sir Walter Raleigh. From the general characteristics of the place, from the latitude which it occupied, and especially from the traditions of the Indians, he was led to believe that the celebrated English explorer had landed at Yamacraw bluff and had conversed with the natives. In fact, a grave-mound, distant some half a mile from the

[1] Lee and Agnew, Jones, Stevens, McCall, etc.
[2] J. Harris Chappell, in Stories of Georgia.

spot, was pointed out by the Indians, who informed the founder of the colony of Georgia that the king who then talked with Raleigh was there interred.''*

Christ Church. Volume I, Pages 77-80.

The Wesleys: John and Charles. When Oglethorpe returned to Georgia, in 1736, after a sojourn of several months in England, there sailed with him to Savannah two young religious enthusiasts, whose names were destined to become household words throughout the whole of Christendom: John and Charles Wesley. It was the founder's anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the colony which induced him to make overtures to these devout men. On the other hand, it was the somewhat ascetic creed of self-denial embraced by the Wesleys which induced them to exchange the luxurious life of an English country-side for the privations of an unexplored wilderness beyond the Atlantic. Reared under the pious roof of old Samuel Wesley, who, for more than forty years, was rector of the church at Epworth, both heredity and environment impelled them toward the pulpit. However, it was not until they became students at Oxford that they acquired the austere habits of life which set them peculiarly apart; and here, in association with congenial spirits, few in number but kindred in character, they formed a club, which drew upon them no small amount of ridicule and abuse. They were regarded in the light of pietists. The name which finally stuck—Methodists—seems to have been given to them by a fellow of Merton College. At first John Wesley declined the offer of Oglethorpe. His father was recently deceased and his mother was old. The latter, however, rallied him with mild rebuke. "Had I twenty sons," said she, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed,

*Chas. C. Jones, Jr., in History of Georgia, Vol. I.

though I should never see them more." Thus admonished, he waived his scruples and agreed to accompany Oglethorpe to Georgia, his special desire being for missionary work among the Indians; and for this purpose he came with full religious ordination. But Charles engaged himself in the capacity of private secretary to Oglethorpe; and his acceptance of purely secular work in preference to holy orders is said to have given offense to John, whose paramount reason for sailing to Georgia was "to save his soul." But Charles, almost from the outset, felt himself to be a misfit. It was at the expense of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts that John embarked upon the expedition. At first he refused to receive the stipend of fifty pounds per annum, but he afterwards agreed to take it. Another of the Oxford band who joined the brothers was Benjamin Ingham, a man of parts, who later joined the Moravian brethren, married a titled lady, and became the head of a sect called the Inghamites.

It was late in the fall of the year when two vessels, the Symond and the London Merchant, each of 220 tons burden, quit the English docks, bearing three hundred emigrants to Georgia. The Wesleys traveled in the former. Among the passengers were twenty-six Moravians, whose demeanor during the progress of a somewhat stormy voyage made an extraordinary impression upon the Oxford men; and such was John Wesley's eager desire to converse with them that he immediately began the study of German and acquired no little familiarity with the language before reaching port. The piety of these devout Moravians moved him to admiration. Indeed, he questioned the genuineness of his conversion prior to meeting them. In his mission to the new world he was destined to meet with little apparent success, but he needed just the mental and spiritual discipline which it gave him. To quote Dr. J. W. Lee: "The John Wes-

ley who went out to Georgia was still in a crysallis condition; he had yet to learn how to expand his wings. It is not true that his career in Georgia was the utter failure it has been represented to be in many treatises. It is true, however, that it was hampered by the uncertain condition of will which is apt to precede some great spiritual change." On the 14th of February, 1736, which proved to be the Sabbath, the vessels anchored in one of the coves of an island, probably Cockspur. The day was calm and beautiful. Early in the morning the voyagers went ashore, and there, on a rising knoll, with his fellow voyagers around him, John Wesley lifted his voice in prayer for the first time in the new world, where the present generation sees his followers numbered by millions. Soon after reaching Savannah, John Wesley was designated to succeed Samuel Quincy, in charge of the religious affairs of the settlement, while Charles, in company with Oglethorpe, journeyed still further to Frederica.

The Grave of Tomo-Chi-Chi. Volume I, Pages 85-87.

Bethesda. Volume I, Pages 80-85.

The Cradle of Methodism. "Through John and Charles Wesley, the early life of Savannah and of the Colony of Georgia is linked with one of the most powerful religious movements of the eighteenth century. John Wesley himself says: 'The first rise to Methodism was in 1729, when four of us met together at Oxford. The second was at Savannah in 1736, when twenty or thirty persons met at my house. The last was at London, on this day, May first, 1738, when forty or fifty of us agreed to meet together every Wednesday evening.' Of the four young men who met together at Oxford, all visited Savannah, John and Charles Wesley, Benjamin Ingraham and George Whitefield, three of them having the charge of churches in the colony. Verily, Savannah has every right to be a stronghold of Methodism. But a mistaken notion has somehow caught the popular credence regarding the Wesleys and Whitefield.

They were all Church of England men, and were appointed as such to be chaplains in Savannah. Their methods of life gained them the name of Methodists; applied at first simply to those who performed rigid outward observance of devotional duties; and it gradually acquired and embodied the doctrines peculiar to Wesley as they were unfolded.

"Another event which lends luster to the small settlement on the banks of the Savannah River was the establishment of a Sunday-school in the parish of Christ Church by Reverend John Wesley, nearly fifty years before Robert Raikes began his system of Sunday instruction in Gloucester, Eng., and eighty years before the first Sunday-school in America, modeled after his plan, was established in New York. . . . This Sunday-school begun by Wesley, was perpetuated by Whitefield at Bethesda, and has continued until the present—constituting the oldest Sunday-school in the world. Nor does this end the claim of Savannah upon John Wesley. Here in Savannah was his first book of hymns written, though it was published in Charleston, in 1737. But one copy is known to be in existence, discovered in England in 1878. Rare as any Shakespeare, this hymnal escaped the search of both English and American collectors; no biographer of John Wesley so much as dreaming of its existence. It is also interesting as an early-printed American book, apart from its interest as a hymnal and a portrayal of Wesley's mind during his eventful visit to Georgia. The volume is a small octavo volume of seventy-four pages, the title page of which reads: 'A Collection of Psalms and Hymns—Charleston. Printed by Timothy Lewis, 1737.'"*

John Wesley Quits Savannah: His Love Affair.

Says Dr. James W. Lee, in narrating the circumstances under which the great founder of Methodism left Savannah, in 1736:

"During his stay at Ebenezer, Wesley opened his heart to Spanenberg on a matter which was weighing heavily upon his mind; and he has placed on record his approval of the good pastor's advice. On his return to Savannah the affair was to assume a very serious aspect, and to bring to an abrupt termination his career in the settlement. The chief man at Savannah was a certain Thomas Causton, who began his career as the com-

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*Adelaide Wilson, in Historic and Picturesque Savannah. Consult also: James W. Lee, in Illustrated History of Methodism.

*Though Savannah has been called the "cradle of Methodism," it was not until 1807, nearly three-quarters of a century after the Wesleys returned to England, that this new religious denomination succeeded in obtaining a foothold in Savannah. Rev. Hope Hull, in 1790, undertook to hold a series of meetings in a chairmaker's shop, but, according to Dr. White, his preaching aroused mob violence, and his success was small—White's "Historical Collections of Georgia," under Chatham.

pany's storekeeper, and was successful in securing the good will of Oglethorpe. This led to rapid advancement, which, however, was undeserved; for, some years later, he was detected in a course of fraudulent dealing and was summarily cashiered.

"There was living in his household at this time an attractive young lady, named Sophia Christina Hopkey, or Hopkins, his niece, who showed herself a devoted attendant at church services, and most receptive to the ministrations of the handsome young pastor. Desirous of learning French, she found in him an excellent teacher. Wesley's London friend, Delamotte, however, who regarded Miss Sophia as sly and designing, and doubted the sincerity of her professions, warned John Wesley against her. Wesley seems also to have discussed the matter of her sincerity—or rather of her fitness to be a clergyman's wife—with the excellent Moravians. The advice which they gave him coincided with Delamotte's, and the result was a distinct coolness in his manner toward the young lady. She resented the change, and, understanding its significance, accepted the advances of a less scrupulous suitor named Wilkinson, a man by no means conspicuous for piety. As her spiritual adviser, Wesley still continued to visit Mrs. Wilkinson.

"At length, believing that he perceived in the lady's conduct distinct marks of spiritual degeneracy, he deemed it his duty to repel her from holy communion. This summary and injudicious step was naturally interpreted in an unpleasant way. The husband and uncle of the lady sued him in the civil court for defamation of character; and, in the squabble which followed, the people took part against Wesley. Holding peculiar views respecting the limited jurisdiction possessed by civil courts over clergymen, Wesley refused to enter into the necessary recognizances, and a warrant for his arrest was accordingly issued. To avoid further trouble, he determined to fly, like Paul from Damascus. He left the place secretly by night, in the company of a bankrupt constable, a ne'er-do-well wife-beater named Gough, and a defaulting barber. They rowed up the river in a boat to the Swiss settlement at Purysburg, and proceeded thence on foot to Beaufort; but, misdirected by an old man, they lost the way, wandered about in a swamp, and, for a whole day, had no food but a piece of gingerbread. Finally they arrived at Beaufort, where Delamotte joined them, and thence they took boat to Charleston. Here Wesley preached again 'to this careless people,' and four days later took leave of America, embarking on board the 'Samuel,' Captain Percy.

"On the voyage, which was a stormy and unpleasant one, he devoted himself to ministering to the spiritual wants of those on board. In the solitude of his cabin he gave himself up to deep heart-searching. He felt that the want of success which attended his work in America was due to some lack of real devotion in himself. As he expressed it very tersely in a note to one of the entries in his journal: 'I had even then the faith of a servant, though not of a son.'

"Meanwhile, George Whitfield, to whom he had sent a pressing invita-

tion to join him in Georgia, had embarked on his journey; and, the two vessels, as it happened, the one outward bound, bearing Whitfield, all aglow with missionary enthusiasm, the other about to enter port, carrying the disappointed Wesley, met at the mouth of the Thames. The question whether Whitfield should proceed or return weighed heavily on the mind of the older man, who seems to have thought that the decision rested with him. At length, having cast lots—a Biblical practice shared by him with the Moravians—he sent word to Whitfield that he had better return. But Whitfield did not highly esteem this method of coming to a practical decision, resolved to continue on his voyage; and, in due time, he landed at Savannah.'"*

Wesley's Georgia Diary and Hymn-book.

"Bishop E. R. Hendrix had the good fortune, while on a visit to England in 1900 as the fraternal delegate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the British Wesleyan Conferences, to come into possession of the original diary kept by John Wesley during his stay in Georgia. This rare manuscript journal has been in the hands of only two families since it was given, in 1817, by the Rev. Henry Moore to Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Caermarthen. She left it by will, in 1847, to the Rev. John Gould Avery, a Wesleyan preacher, who valued it so highly that it was retained in the possession of himself and his only daughter, Mrs. Norton Bell, the wife of a London architect, until bought, in 1897, by Mr. R. Thursfield Smith, J. P., of Whitechurch, Shropshire, a retired engineer and iron manufacturer.

"The book is a small duodecimo, bound in leather, and contains one hundred and eighty-six pages, all but eleven of which are numbered, and are filled with Wesley's handwriting. Each of the numbered pages is devoted to the doings of a single day, and each line to the work of a single hour, except on one or two occasions when the writer was traveling. The whole, therefore, contains a minute account of the way in which Wesley spent every hour of every day during the time embraced in the record. The first entry is dated Saturday, May 1, 1736 [Old Style]; the last is dated February 11, 1737. Wesley relates in his printed journal that he 'first set foot on American ground,' Friday, February 6, 1736, entering upon his ministry in Savannah on Sunday, March 7, of the same year; and on Friday, December 2, 1737, he continued, 'I shook off the dust of my feet and left Georgia, after having preached the gospel there—not as I ought but as I was able—one year and nearly nine months.' He took his final leave of America on the twenty-second. This record therefore relates to the greater part of the time spent by him as a missionary in Georgia.

"In the journal, the entries for the day begin at four o'clock in the

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*Rev. James W. Lee, D. D., in Illustrated History of Methodism.

morning, and end at nine o'clock at night; and also every hour of the day is inserted, whether the writer was on land or sea. The dates are given at the head of each page with the utmost exactness. The handwriting is neat and clear, and resembles that found in Wesley's later manuscripts. It was all written with a quill pen, on good paper, and with durable ink. The book is stained with oil or sea water, for he carried it with him on his voyages during his stay in America, several of such voyages being mentioned in the book. In one passage he uses the shorthand of Byrom's system, which he learned as early as 1731. The book shows that he was often attacked by ailments which ordinary mortals would have regarded as severe. Again and again he is seized with 'cholick,' which he sometimes spells with and sometimes without the 'k.' The first registered attack was on May 5th. It was on this date he met with trouble by declining to baptize a child because the mother refused to have it dipped. Wesley dined there, and 'took a glass of spirit and water to cure me of the cholick.' He abstained from spirituous liquors, 'unless in cases of extreme necessity' or 'at a wedding feast.'

"On one occasion he suffered from an attack of 'St. Anthony's fire,' which 'smarted much.' He was also attacked by 'shocking headaches,' intermittent fever, violent and protracted nausea, dysentery, and boils. He was also occasionally deprived of sleep by the attacks of nocturnal insects. He had often to take 'physick,' and was frequently 'in pain' or 'sick.' The only robust exercise he took was 'walking' or 'felling trees,' or 'nailing pales.' References are made to different places about Savannah, such as Frederica and Thunderbolt, and to the different people whom he chanced to meet. He speaks of Tomo-chi-chi and the Indians. While in Savannah, Mr. Wesley acquired German, Spanish and Italian. He prepared while there a small volume of seventy-four pages, with the title-page: 'A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. Charles-town: printed by Lewis Timothy.' This was the first Methodist hymn-book ever published."*

Wormsloe. Volume I, Pages 87-90.

Brampton. Volume I, Pages 93-97.

Georgia's First Secession Convention. "Memorable in the political annals of the colony were the proceedings of the Provincial Congress, which assembled at Savannah on the 4th of July, 1775. Every parish was represented, and the delegates were fitting

*James W. Lee, D. D., in Illustrated History of Methodism, Appendix A.

exponents of the intelligence, the dominant hopes, and the material interests of the communities from which they respectively came. This was Georgia's first secession convention. It placed the province in active sympathy and confederated alliance with the other twelve American colonies, practically annulled within her limits the operation of the obnoxious acts of Parliament, questioned the supremacy of the realm, and inaugurated measures calculated to accomplish the independence of the plantation and its erection into the dignity of Statehood."

The following members submitted proper credentials and came together at Tondee's Long Room:

TOWN AND DISTRICT OF SAVANNAH.—Archibald Bulloch, Noble Wymberley Jones, Joseph Habersham, Jonathan Bryan, Ambrose Wright, William Young, John Glen, Samuel Elbert, John Houstoun, Oliver Bowen, John McClure, Edward Telfair, Thomas Lee, George Houstoun, Joseph Reynolds, John Smith, William Ewen, John Martin, Dr. Zubly, William Bryan, Philip Box, Philip Allman, William O'Bryan, Joseph Clay, Seth John Cuthbert.

DISTRICT OF VERNONBURGH.—Joseph Butler [declined to take his seat], Andrew Elton Wells, Matthew Roche, Jr.

DISTRICT OF ACTON—David Zubly, Basil Cowper, William Gibbons.

SEA ISLAND DISTRICT.—Colonel Deveaugh, Colonel Delegall, James Bulloch, John Morel, John Bohun Girardeau, John Barnard, Robert Gibson.

DISTRICT OF LITTLE OGEECHEE.—Francis Henry Harris, Joseph Gibbons, James Robertson [declined to take his seat].

PARISH OF ST. MATTHEW.—John Stirk, John Adam Treutlen, George Walton, Edward Jones, Jacob Wauldhauer, Philip Howell, Isaac Young, Jenkin Davis, John Morel, John Flert, Charles McCay, Christopher Cramer.

PARISH OF ST. PHILIP.—Colonel Butler, William LeConte, William Maxwell, James Maxwell, Stephen Drayton, Adam Fowler Brisbane, Luke Mann, Hugh Bryan.

PARISH OF ST. GEORGE.—Henry Jones, John Green, Thomas Burton, William Lord, David Lewis, James Pugh, John Fulton.

PARISH OF ST. ANDREW.—Jonathan Cochran, William Jones, Peter Tarlin, Lachlan McIntosh, William McIntosh, George Threaderaft, John Wereat, Roderick McIntosh, John Witherspoon, George McIntosh, Allan Stewart, John McIntosh, Raymond Demere.

PARISH OF ST. DAVID—John Cuthbert Seth, William Williams, Sr.

PARISH OF ST. MARY.—Daniel Ryan.

PARISH OF ST. THOMAS.—John Roberts.

PARISH OF ST. PAUL.—John Walton, Joseph Maddock [declined to take his seat], Andrew Burns, Robert Rae, James Rae, Andrew Moore, Andrew Burney, Leonard Marbury.

PARISH OF ST. JOHN.—James Screven, Nathan Brownson, Daniel Roberts, John Baker, Sr., John Bacon, Sr., James Maxwell, Edward Ball, William Baker, Sr., William Bacon, Jr., John Stevens, John Winn, Sr.

The congress was organized by the election of Archibald Bulloch as president and of George Walton as secretary. Both these officers were unanimously chosen. Its organization having been perfected, the body adjourned to the meeting-house of the Rev. John J. Zubly, who preached a sermon on the alarming state of American affairs.*

Bonaventure. Volume I, Pages 90-93; also Volume II, Historic Church-Yards, etc.

Georgia's First General Assembly. Among other important changes made by the Trustees, a Colonial Assembly was authorized, consisting of sixteen members, proportioned to the population of the different parishes or districts, writs of election were issued, and the members were required to convene at Savannah, on the 15th of January, 1751. The Assembly met on the day appointed. Francis Harris was chosen speaker, and Noble Jones and Pickering Robinson were appointed a committee to prepare a report on the state of the colony, said report to furnish the basis of discussion. Oaths of allegiance and abjuration were administered to members on the day following. The gentlemen who constituted the first General Assembly of Georgia were:

SAVANNAH DISTRICT.—Francis Harris, Speaker; John Milledge, William Francis, William Russell.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT.—George Catogan, David Douglass.

EBENEZER DISTRICT.—Christian Reidlesperger, Theobald Keiffer.

ABERCORN AND GOSHEN DISTRICTS.—William Ewen.

JOSEPH TOWN DISTRICT.—Charles Watson.

VEGNONBOURGH DISTRICT.—Patrick Hountoun.

*Charles C. Jones, Jr., in History of Georgia, Vol. 2.

ACTON DISTRICT.—Peter Morell.
LITTLE OGEECHEE DISTRICT.—Joseph Summers.
SKIDAWAY DISTRICT.—John Barnard.
MIDWAY DISTRICT.—Audley Maxwell.
DARIEN DISTRICT.—John Mackintosh, B.

It appears that the powers of the Assembly amounted to little more than those of a grand jury, in making a presentment of grievances to be redressed. Several articles were laid before the president, but the members were powerless to enact laws, and the business of the Assembly being finished, the house adjourned, after a session of twenty-two days.[1]

According to the basis of representation fixed by the Trustees, every town or district, which numbered ten families, was entitled to one deputy; and wherever thirty families were settled, they were entitled to two deputies. Savannah, being much the largest town in the province, was allowed a representation of four deputies; but Ebenezer and Augusta were restricted to two. For some reason, Frederica was not represented in the first general assembly at Savannah. Doubtless the town had commenced to decline; but two delegates were apportioned to Frederica, provided the settlement at this place could muster thirty families.

Some of the qualifications for future membership in the assembly possess an amusing interest. In the first place, it was provided that after June 24, 1751, no person could be chosen a deputy who had not one hundred mulberry trees planted and fenced upon every fifty acres he possessed; and in the next place, it was provided that after June 24, 1753, no person could be chosen a deputy who owned an excess of negro slaves beyond the fixed proportion, who had not at least one female in the family who was well instructed in the art of reeling silk, and who did not produce fifteen pounds of silk upon every acre of land.[2]

One of the recommendations of the first General Assembly was that the militia be organized, and President Parker, immediately after his appointment, proceeded to carry out this recommendation. General Oglethorpe's regiment having disbanded, the colony was left almost without protection against the Indians, whose friendship was uncertain. Those citizens who owned as many as three hundred acres of land were ordered to appear at Savannah at a certain time on horseback, to be organized as cavalry, and all who owned less land were to be organized as infantry. The first general muster or gathering of the militia was held in Savannah in

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[1] Capt. Hugh McCall, in History of Georgia, Vol. I.
[2] Condensed from History of Georgia, by Wm. Bacon Stevens, M. D., D. D.

June, 1751, when about two hundred and twenty men paraded under Captain Noble Jones.*

First Rally of Patriots. On July 14, 1774, there appeared in the Georgia *Gazette,* a card calling upon the friends of liberty to meet at Tondee's Tavern on the 27th day of the same month. It was signed by Noble Wymberley Jones, Archibald Bulloch, John Houstoun, and John Walton, the last a brother of the signer. At the appointed time and place a number of patriots assembled, but some of the parishes were not represented. Another meeting was, therefore, set for August 10, and, notwithstanding the Governor's proclamation of warning, it was well attended. Strong resolutions were passed; and, though it was thought best not to send delegates to the Continental Congress, the action of the assemblage was unequivocal. Thus the youngest of the original thirteen colonies and the most loyal to England of the entire sisterhood was at last aroused; and nothing save the most strenuous activities of Governor Wright prevented the most radical steps from being taken.

Some of the more radical members, in protest against the conservative action of the body, met and chose Noble Wymberley Jones, Archibald Bulloch and John Houstoun to represent the province in the Continental Congress. However, since they lacked the proper credentials they did not repair to Philadelphia; they simply addressed a letter to John Hancock, expressing the sympathetic attitude of Georgia. The Puritans of the Midway settlement alone went to the full limit of protest. They dispatched Lyman Hall to Philadelphia, single-handed and alone, to represent the Parish of St. John. It was not until after the battle of Lexington, in 1775, that the tie of allegiance to England was formally severed by a famous convocation held at Tondee's Tavern.

*Lawton B. Evans, in School History of Georgia.

Tondee's Tavern. Volume I, Pages 385-386.

Georgia's First Newspaper: "The Gazette." Twelve years prior to the battle of Lexington, the earliest printing-press was installed in Savannah; and on April 7, 1763, appeared the initial number of the *Georgia Gazette*, edited by James Johnson. It was the eighth newspaper to be published in the colonies. Beyond the announcement of vital statistics, the arrival and departure of vessels in the harbor, and items relating to traffic, the little weekly sheet contained no local news. According to one authority, Savannah and Charleston exchanged brieflets in regard to each other: the Charleston editor would gather information about Savannah from visitors who came to trade in Charleston; and this he would publish in the Charleston paper. Two weeks later it would appear in the *Georgia Gazette*, and vice versa.

But the local column was soon developed. The spirit of resistance to the oppressive measures of the British Parliament bore fruit in news items, which were published at first hand. The earliest bugle call for the patriots to assemble in Savannah was sounded through the columns of the *Georgia Gazette*, on July 14, 1774. They were requested to meet at the Liberty Pole, in front of Tondee's Tavern, on July 27 following, and the card was signed by the famous quartette of liberty: Noble Wymberley Jones, Archibald Bulloch, John Houstoun and John Walton, the brother of the signer. Though a large number responded at the appointed time, the Province at large was not represented, and another call was issued for August 10, 1774. At this time, in spite of the Governor's solemn edict of warning, also published in the *Gazette*, they met together and took conservative but firm action. The strong influence of the Governor and the effective opposition of such pronounced Loyalists as James Habersham and Noble Jones

alone kept the assemblage from sending delegates at this time to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

Among the patriots who responded to the earliest summons were: John Glen, Joseph Clay, Noble Wymberley Jones, John Houstoun, Lyman Hall, John Smith, William Young, Edward Telfair, Samuel Farley, John Walton, George Walton, Joseph Habersham, Jonathan Bryan, Jonathan Cochrane, George McIntosh, William Gibbons, Benjamin Andrew, John Winn, John Stirk, David Zoubly, H. L. Bourquin, Elisha Butler, William Baker, Parmenus Way, John Baker, John Stacy, John Morel and others.

Other Historic Sheets of Savannah.

In 1796, some three years before the suspension of the *Georgia Gazette*, arose the *Columbian Museum and Savannah Advertiser*, a periodical which appeared semi-weekly, on Tuesdays and Fridays. It finally merged into the *Museum and Gazette*. On January 1, 1802, appeared the first number of the *Georgia Republican*, also a semi-weekly, owned and edited by John F. Everett. Later it became a tri-weekly, appeared in the afternoon, and also underwent a change of name, styling itself the *Georgia Republican and Savannah Evening Ledger.*" On October 17, 1817, it became a daily during the fall and winter months. Espousing the Whig principles, it adopted, in 1840, this motto: "The Union of the Whigs for the Sake of the Union." Among the men of talent who were associated with the editorial columns of this influential paper were P. W. Alexander and James R. Sneed. It ran for seventy years, covering twenty-four changes of management.

With the advent of the Christmas holidays of 1818 appeared the first issue of the *Georgian*, edited by John M. Harney, an erratic genius, whose "Farewell to Savannah" still abides among the local traditions. Written in clever verse, it calls down the direst maledictions of

heaven upon the city, whose dust he was preparing to shake from his shoes. One of his earliest successors was Israel K. Tafft, a name fragrant in Savannah. Later R. D. Arnold and William H. Bulloch became joint editors and proprietors, and, in 1849, Henry R. Jackson, fresh from the fields of Mexico, brought martial honors, as well as literary gifts, to the editorial helm. Successive changes occurred; and finally, in 1859, on the eve of the Civil War, it ceased to exist. The gifted Albert R. Lamar also at one time edited the *Georgian*. In 1852 came the *Evening Journal,* founded by J. B. Cubbege, and from time to time other sheets appeared.

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But the newspaper most conspicuously and brilliantly identified with Savannah entered the lists in 1850: the *Savannah Morning News*. It was founded in 1850 by John M. Cooper, in association with the famous humorist, William T. Thompson. The latter's pen for more than thirty years flashed from the editorial page. Under him the paper became one of the most powerful dailies of the State; and, though proprietors came and went, he remained steadfastly at his post. Joel Chandler Harris was also at one time on the editorial staff.

Upon the Federal occupation of Savannah, S. W. Mason took possession of the plant, and began the publication of the *Savannah Herald,* subsequently settling the claims of the former proprietors, which were submitted to arbitration. It then became the *Savannah News and Herald,* but in 1867 Mr. John H. Estill purchased an interest in the paper, and, buying his partner's stock some time later, he resumed the original name: the *Savannah Morning News*. The business sagacity of Colonel Estill, who was one of Georgia's ablest financiers, soon retrieved the disasters of the paper, enlarged its area of circulation and made its influence felt more potentially than ever upon the political life of the Commonwealth.

Gazaway Hartridge, one of the most brilliant young men of his day in Georgia, edited an afternoon paper in Savannah at one time; but accepting a position in New York he removed to the metropolis, where he soon afterwards died. On Novemebr 19, 1891, under the management of Pleasant A. Stovall, proprietor and editor, was launched the *Savannah Evening Press,* one of the most powerful and popular dailies of the State. In the recent election for United States Senator, Mr. Stovall was one of the strongest minority candidates.* Since the election of Woodrow Wilson, whose nomination he was among the first to advocate, Mr. Stovall has been appointed U. S. Minister to Switzerland.

Mulberry Grove. Volume I, Pages 108-113.

Savannah's Revolutionary Monuments. Volume I, Pages 103-108.

Roman Catholic Diocese of Savannah: Cathedral of St. John.

Right Reverend Benjamin J. Keiley, Bishop of Savannah, contributes the following outline sketch of the Roman Catholic Church in Georgia. Says Bishop Keiley:

"The present diocese of Savannah, embracing the entire State of Georgia, was, at first, subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Baltimore, Rt. Rev. John Carroll, who was appointed in 1790. The impossibility of caring for such an extended territory was soon evident, and thirty years afterwards the three States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia were separated from the jurisdiction of Baltimore and a See established in Charleston, to which Rev. John England, an Irish priest, was appointed. Bishop England was consecrated in Cork, in September, 1820, and, sailing from Belfast, arrived in Charleston December 30 of the same year. He labored in his diocese for twenty-two years. He was in all probability the ablest man that the hierarchy in these States has pro-

*Authorities: History of Georgia, 1850-1881, by Isaac W. Avery; Historic and Picturesque Savannah, by Adelaide Wilson.

duced. A man of great learning, untiring zeal, and striking force, he wielded a great influence outside his fold. Bishop England found about 1,000 Catholics in his diocese, and left more than 12,000, besides 16 churches, 21 priests and 2 convents. He was the founder of the institution of the Sisters of Mercy, to which Savannah and Charleston are indebted for devoted work during the yellow fever epidemics.

"The great obstacle which confronted Bishop England was the unreasoning and un-Christian prejudice against Catholics. It was during his episcopate that North Carolina repealed her Constitutional enactment, whereby civil rights were denied Catholics. Nor was the feeling in Georgia less decided. One of the striking anomalies of human nature is shown when men who ostensibly leave home to escape persecution for religion's sake, no sooner establish themselves under new conditions, than they set up a system of exclusion and persecution. It was not confined to the meddlesome and intolerant Puritans to justify the accusation of 'falling first on their knees and then on the aborigines.'

"Reasons similar to those which induced the creation of the See of Charleston demanded the erection of the See of Savannah, and on November 10, 1850, Rev. F. X. Gartland, V. G., of Philadelphia, was consecrated the first bishop of the See of Savannah. Bishop Gartland had as priests in his new diocese Fathers Whelan, Barry, Jerry O'Neill, Sr., Jerry O'Neill, Jr., Kirby, Duggar, Quigley and James O'Neill. He died of the fever in 1854, and his successor, Father Barry, was not consecrated until August, 1857. After Bishop Barry came Bishop Verot, who died Bishop of St. Augustine, having been transferred in 1870. Bishop Persico came next in succession, but his health failing he resigned, and Bishop W. H. Gross became the fifth bishop of Savannah. The latter was transferred to Oregon, and Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, Del., was selected by the Holy See as the sixth incumbent of the Savannah diocese. Bishop Becker died July 29, 1899, and the present bishop was appointed as his successor and consecrated at Richmond, Va., June 3, 1900.

"The records of the church in Georgia, however, antedate the coming of Bishop England.

"From the records of our Cathedral, I find, under the date of Saturday, October 15, 1796, the following entry: 'Today the funeral service was supplied in the cemetery of Savannah, at the grave of the venerable and zealous man, John Le Moyne, parish priest of the city of Marly le Roi, in France, who died on the 16th. day of November 1794; by me, a priest and canon regular of the Order of St. Augustine in France, in the presence of Messrs. Charles Pardeilles, M. D. and Thomas Decheneaux, a merchant of Savannah, who have attested this with their signatures.

"'LE MERCIER, Canon Regular.

"'CHARLES PARDEILLES, M. D.

"'THOMAS DECHENEAUX.'

"Father Le Mercier appears to have served the few Catholics in Savannah (mostly from San Domingo and Ireland) until 1804, when Rev.

Anthony Carle seems to have been the pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist; a small chapel having been built near where St. Patrick's school-house now stands. Father Carle's name continues as rector until December, 1819, when a vacancy existed for some time. During the period of these two rectors there are found entries signed by Rev. Felix McCarthy. Father Le Mercier was here in 1806, but his name appears as rector of the church in Charleston.

"On the 21st of January, 1821, our records contain the following notice, in the well-known hand of Bishop England:

"'The See of Charleston has been created on the 11th. of July 1820, and I having been consecrated first bishop thereof, on the 19th. day of January 1821, I visited this city and appointed the Rev. Robert Brown, of the Order of Hermits, of St. Augustine, to discharge the pastoral duties therein.

"'JOHN, Bishop of Charleston.'

"Bishop England found only one resident pastor when he came, viz., the one at Augusta."

"Father Brown remained as rector of the Church of St. John the Baptist until 1825, when he was succeeded by Rev. Francis Boland, whose name does not occur on the record after August 15, 1826. There are found the names of Rev. J. W. McEncroe during the rest of 1826 and of Rev. John McGinnis until December, 1827. After that date Rev. Joseph Stokes is signed to the records as pastor of Savannah. During a portion of his incumbency, Father McGinnis seems to have acted as assistant. The last entry made by Father Stokes is under date of October 22, 1833, and on November 23, there is the record of a baptism performed by Rev. John Barry, and on November 21, there is a marriage performed by J. F. O'Neill (Father Jerry O'Neill, whose memory and name are held in benediction in Georgia wherever his ministry called him), who for nearly forty years lived in Savannah. Father Jerry was a devoted friend of the South. His death took place some twenty years ago. He brought the Sisters of Mercy to Savannah in 1845, where they yet carry on institutions of education and charity. One of the original colony, Mother Agnes, only died a few years ago. During Father O'Neill's pastorate a new church was erected in Savannah, as the number of Catholics had increased. Other names, dear to the older Catholics, are found on our registers: Fathers Peter Whelan, J. F. Kirby, P. J. Kirby, Edward Quigley, C. C. Prendergast, P. Dufau, V. Van Roosbroeck, W. J. Hamilton, Patrick, Aloysius, John (the last three being companions of Bishop Persico), J. B. Langlois and M. Cullinan.

In 1877, I find the first entry of a baptism performed by the late revered Father Cafferty. Savannah now has three churches for white and one for colored Catholics, an infirmary, a home for the aged poor, under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor, an orphan asylum for the white and one for the colored children, and a Catholic population of about

7,000. The Sacred Heart Church has been recently erected, with a fine college for boys, in charge of the Benedictine Fathers.

The magnificent cathedral of St. John the Baptist, in Savannah, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night, February 6, 1898. On the following Tuesday, the bishop called a meeting of prominent Catholic gentlemen of the parish, and it was unanimously resolved to build the cathedral in a handsome and more substantial manner than before. The first contribution received for the rebuilding fund was from Master Fitzhugh White, son of Rev. Robb White, then rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church (Christ's), who of his own accord gave $5 in gold. Tenders of temporary quarters came from the Savannah Guards, the Young Men's Hebrew Association and Rev. Charles H. Strong, of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, who at once offered the parish hall. Letters of sympathy also came from the session of the Independent Presbyterian Church and the wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, as well as from the rector of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church (colored). Rev. Isaac P. Mendes, the respected rabbi of Temple Mickva Israel, was one of the earliest contributors to the cathedral fund."

The Old Masonic Hall: an Historic Rookery.

From an old copy of the *Savannah Morning News*, dated March 28, 1888, is condensed the following item in regard to one of the old landmarks of Savannah:

"The two-story wooden building on a brick basement, fronting on President Street, was erected by the members of Solomon's Lodge, in 1799, and was used by the Masonic fraternity until 1858, when they removed to the building on the northeast corner of Bull and Broughton streets, having sold the old site to the city in 1856. Together with this particular piece of property, the city also bought the lot adjoining on the west, which was at one time the residence of General Lachlan McIntosh, of the Revolutionary Army, intending to erect thereon a guard-house or police station; but the people in the neighborhood objected, and it was sold to the late John J. Kelly for $1,000. He afterwards bequeathed it to the Union Society. The workmen yesterday pulled down the partitions which divided the old lodge-room into bedrooms, and it once more assumed the appearance of a meeting-place of the brethren. It was here that Hon. William Stephens, General James Jackson, Governor Josiah Tattnall and other illustrious Georgians and Masons met in the early days; and here it was also that the young Cuban patriot, General Lopez, who was soon afterward garroted in Havana, was made a Mason in 1850. The Whitefield Building, a noble structure, will succeed the old hall, and the site is virtually a Masonic contribution; for not only was the land itself the gift of the late John J. Kelly, but the money for the erection of the new struc-

ture is part of the bequest of the late William F. Holland, to the Union Society; and both of these public benefactors were Masons of high rank. The building will be an appropriate memorial to George Whitefield, the founder of the Bethesda Orphan House, and to John J. Kelly and William F. Holland, two members of the society, whose timely beneficence has added this property to the assets from which is to be derived an income for the support of the orphans of the Union Society, the present guardian of Whitefield's sacred trust to the people of Savannah."

"Concerning the origin of the first Masonic Lodge in Georgia there is an interesting tradition to the effect that in 1733 a number of Masons under the leadership of General Oglethorpe, while at Sunbury, then a small settlement on Medway River, organized, under an immense live oak, a lodge which was afterwards known as Savannah Lodge. However, the authentic records begin with an organization which was chartered in 1735 as Solomon's Lodge. This is the Mother-Lodge of Georgia. From the old tree under which the first shrine is supposed to have been erected, a relic of precious value has been carved in the form of a chair, which ornaments the lodge-room of the Masonic Hall. After the year 1800, Union, L'Esperance, Hiram and Oglethorpe lodges were instituted. During the Morgan excitement, these were broken up, however, and only Solomon's Lodge remained. The first hall erected for the meetings of the brothrhood was the two-story building on President Street, to which reference has been made in the above newspaper extract. The present hall is an elegant brick structure on the northeast corner of Bull and Broughton."

Chatham Academy: Savannah's Pioneer School.

It was not until 1812 that work commenced in the erection of Chatham Academy; but the enterprise derived its legal beginning from an Act of the Georgia Legislature, passed on February 1, 1788, in the city of Augusta, when the following trustees were appointed: Messrs. John Houstoun, John Habersham, William Gibbons, Sr., William Stephens, Richard Wylly, James Houstoun, Samuel Elbert, Seth John Cuthbert and Joseph Clay, Jr. By the same Act the proporety of Bethesdo College, or Orphane House, was vested in Selina, Countess of Huntington, in obedience to the trust of the late George Whitefield. The Academy was thus from its inception associated with Bethesda College. These were sister institutions. The one, the property of George Whitefield, bequeathed by him to Lady Huntington, in trust for literary and benevolent purposes; the other the property of Bartholomew Zouberbuhler, devised by him for benevolent purposes. The Legislature proposed to make practical use of the latter's

*Lee and Agnew, in Historical Record of Savannah.

gift by placing it in the hands of the trustees for the projected academy, with the proviso that nothing therein should bar the claim of any legal heir to the property of the said Zouberbuhler. But trouble arose, and, on December 8, 1791, the Legislature passed an Act to quiet the heirs. They were required, however, to pay an annuity of one hundred pounds, for the ensuing four years, to be applied to the support of the Academy; and, on failure to do so, the trustees were authorized to recover same in the courts.

Still the matter dragged. Finally, on December 23, 1808, the Legislature passed an Act providing for the sale of the property of Bethesda, both real and personal, in order that the purposes of the institution might be more effectively served. It was stipulated that the debts of the institution should be paid first; and then, of what remained, one-fifth was to be given to the Savannah Poor-House and Hospital. The rest was to be divided equally between Chatham Academy and Bethesda Orphanage; and in connection with this donation the former institution was directed to educate, without cost, at least five orphan children.

Funds having accumulated sufficient to warrant the building of an academy, the City Council, in 1810, on the joint application of the trustees of Chatham Academy and the president of the Union Society, passed an ordinance granting five lots in Brown Ward as a site for a structure to be erected by the two institutions for educational purposes. The work was put in charge of a committee of the two organizations, of which Mr. John Bolton was chairman. The basement walls were laid with heavy rock ballast, probably brought from abroad in the vessels coming to Savannah. On January 5, 1813, at noon, the completed structure as formally opened for the reception of scholars. Dr. Henry Kollock delivered an eloquent address, and two hundred and nineteen pupils were enrolled. At a meeting of the Union Society, on May 7, 1813, it was decided to sell to Chatham Academy the interest of Bethesda Orphanage in the common property, an exception being made of the western wing. This was used for a number of years as a hotel. However, in 1887, it was purchased by the trustees of Chatham Academy and converted into class-rooms. This handsome addition was christened Hunter Hall, in honor of Mr. William Hunter, for many years president of the board. At the present time, Chatham Academy occupies the entire building, one of the most substantial and elegant structures in Savannah, with the main entrance on Bull Street.*

General Lafayette Arrives on Georgia Soil.

This happy event took place on Saturday, March 19, 1825. Up to the last hour almost, the time for the arrival of our venerated guest was but conjectural, opinions were various as to the moment at which he might be expected. The stages and packets were crowded with passengers, particularly from the South. The Light Dra-

*Adelaide Wilson, in Historic and Picturesque Savannah.

goons from Liberty County, under the command of Captain W. M. Maxwell and the Darien Hussars, commanded by Captain Charles West, had reached town on the preceding Tuesday. At half past five o'clock on Saturday morning, by a signal from the Chatham Artillery, the various organizations were warned to repair to the several parade grounds. The line was formed at eight o'clock, after which, there being no appearance of the boat, arms were stacked and the troops dismissed until the arrival. The first tidings of the welcome vessel were announced by the Exchange Bell, and almost at the same moment the volumes of smoke which accompanied her was perceived over the land; she was then about twelve or fifteen miles off, but rapidly approaching. The troops were immediately formed and marched to the lower part of Bay Street, where they were placed in position on the green in front of the avenue of trees. It proved to be an ideal day. About nine o'clock the mists dispersed, the skies became clear, and a gentle breeze arose, blowing directly up the river, as if to add speed to the vessel which was to land the distinguished visitors upon our shores.

As the steamboat passed Fort Jackson she was boarded by the Committee of Reception, and the General was addressed by the chairman, George Jones, Esq. The boat now approached in gallant style, firing, by the way, while a full band of music on board played the Marseillaise Hymn and other favorite French and American airs. At the anchorage a salute was fired by the Revenue Cutter Gallatin, under the command of Captain Matthews, and General Lafayette was assisted to the first barge, accompanied by the committee, the other boats being occupied by the remainder of the suite. At the docks were assembled the leading dignitaries and officials of the State; deputations from the Hibernian, St. Andrew's and Agricultural Societies, all bedecked with badges; besides a multitude of citizens. The Savannah Volunteer Guard, in honor of the Nation's guest, wore the Revolutionary cockade. As the General placed his foot upon the landing place, a salute was fired by the Chatham Artillery, in line on the bluff, with four brass field pieces, one of which was captured at Yorktown. He was here received by William C. Daniel, Esq., Mayor of the city, amid cheers from the assembled spectators.

On arriving at the top of the bluff, he was presented to Governor Troup, by whom, in the most cordial manner, he was welcomed to the soil of Georgia. Lafayette replied in feeling terms, and was then introduced to several Revolutionary soldiers, among whom were General Stewart, Colonel Shellman, Eb. Jackson, Sheftall Sheftall and Captain Rees. The eyes of the old General sparkled. He remembered Captain Rees, who proceeded to narrate some incident. "I remember," said Lafayette, taking the captain's hand between both of his own, and, with tear-filled eyes, the two men stood for a moment, absorbed in the recollection of youthful days. The officers of the brigade and of the regiment were then introduced, after which the procession moved as prescribed in the arrangements of the day, and about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon he arrived at the lodgings assigned

to him, at Mrs. Maxwell's, where Governor Troup also was lodged. During the passage of the procession, windows and doors everywhere were crowded to excess; and the expression of feeling displayed by all was most enthusiastic, from the highest to the lowest. He was saluted by the ladies with the waving of handkerchiefs; which he returned by the repeated and continued inclination of the head in acknowledgment. At sundown, another salute was fired by the Marine Volunteer Corps.*

Savannah's Confederate Monument. One of the artistic features of Forsyth Park, where it stands upon a high mound overlooking a beautiful expanse of velvet green, is Savannah's handsome monument to the Confederate dead. It is a structure of Gothic design, massive in proportions. The corner-stone was laid on June 19, 1874, at which time Captain George A. Mercer delivered the address, while the city council, the military, and the Masonic orders took part. The unveiling occurred on May 24, 1875, when Hon. Julian Hartridge, then a member of Congress, delivered the address. At the urgent request of the Savannah Memorial Association, General Joseph E. Johnston acted as grand marshal. Surmounting the handsome pile stands the bronze figure of a Confederate soldier at parade rest. This, together with the iron railing which surrounds the lot, was the gift of Mr. G. W. J. DeRenne, of Wormslow.

Memorial Arch: Colonial Park. On February 14, 1914, the handsome memorial arch which forms an exquisite gateway of stone to Colonial Park, was formally unveiled by Savannah Chapter, of the D. A. R., in the presence of a large concourse of people. Georgia's

*Accompanying General Lafayette from Charleston were several distinguished South Carolinians, including the Governor; but, according to the laws of the Palmetto State, her Chief Magistrate was not allowed to cross the border, and he, therefore, returned, after making the proper apologies. However, two of the escort, Colonel Huger and Major Hamilton, remained and participated in the exercises.

Chief-Executive, Hon. John M. Slaton, was an honored guest of the occasion and took a prominent part in the exercises. There is not a burial ground in the State whose soil is consecrated by the ashes of a greater number of Revolutionary patriots, and the monument was reared to commemorate the heroism of these brave men. Here sleep the Habershams, the Clays, the Cuthberts, the Wyllys, the Bullochs, the McIntoshes, and scores of others identified with the heroic struggle of independence. The following detailed report of the ceremonies of unveiling is reproduced from a newspaper account:*

With fitting ceremonies the beautiful memorial arch erected at the main entrance to Colonial Cemetery by the Savannah Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was unveiled Thursday morning, Georgia Day, and formally presented to the city, in memory of the soldiers of the Revolution whose remains are interred there.

The occasion was an inspiring one. A number of distinguished guests, including Governor Slaton, were on the speakers' platform, and soldiers, including the coast artillery corps from Fort Screven and the National Guard of Georgia, in their bright uniforms, were on every hand. The unveiling was preceded by a parade of the military.

When the time came for the unveiling of the monument Otis Ashmore, master of the ceremonies, and Mrs. John S. Wood, regent of the Savannah chapter, descended from the speakers' platform and walked to the first row of chairs in front of the arch, where were seated Miss Rosalind Wood, daughter of the regent, and Miss Susie Cole Winburn, daughter of a former regent, who were to act as sponsors.

As the two young women were escorted to their stations, the band began playing "To the Flag," and at this signal the two immense American flags that had previously hidden the memorial from view were drawn slowly back, disyplaying the beautiful design. As the arch came into view the heads of the men in the gathering were bared, and the soldiers stood at "salute."

The parade formed in front of the City Hall. The line of march was headed by the band from Fort Screven, followed by squads from six companies of regulars stationed there. Then came a picked company from the First Georgia Regiment, Captain Morgan in command, and the rear was Georgia Hussars, Captain Frank P. McIntire commanding. The military formed a square about the monument.

In front of the arch and to the left of the speakers' platform were seated the members of the Savannah Chapter, Daughters of the American

*Savannah Morning News.

Revolution, the hostesses of the occasion, and their guests. Behind these were as many people as could crowd into the limited space, and the streets were blocked for some distance on either side.

The Right Rev. F. F. Reese, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Georgia, pronounced the invocation. The dedicatory address was delivered by Judge Walter G. Charlton, of the Superior Court of Chatham County, who presented the arch to the city in perpetuity. John Rourke, Jr., in the absence of Mayor Richard J. Davant, accepted the gift on behalf of the city.

CHATTAHOOCHEE

Cusseta. On February 13, 1854, an Act was approved creating out of the two counties of Muscogee and Marion a new county, to be called Chattahoochee, after the river which formed its western border. The following commissioners were empowered by this Act to choose a county-site and to negotiate a purchase of land on which to erect public buildings, viz., James R. Love, William Bagby, David M. Glenn, William Wooldridge and Joshua M. Cook. Near the center of the county a site was chosen, to which, in honor of a tribe of the Lower Creek Indians, was given the name Cusseta. The town was incorporated in 1855. Since obtaining railway connections, Cusseta has commenced to bristle with new life and to enter upon a new era of development. The Cusseta Institute was chartered in 1897, with the following board of trustees: J. M. Leightner, Dr. C. N. Howard, W. F. Cook, J. J. Hickey, C. C. Wilkinson, John Stephens, J. C. F. McCook, D. J. Fussell, J. S. Brewer, and C. W. F. King.*

CHATTOOGA

Summerville. Within a few months after Chattooga County was created in 1838 from Walker and Floyd, an Act was approved by Governor Charles J. McDonald, making the site for public buildings per

*Acts, 1897, p. 182.

manent in the town of Summerville.[1] During the same year a charter was granted to the Summerville Academy, the original trustees of which institution were: John Hunter, Robert Bailey, John T. Story, Edwin Sturdivant, and Middleton Hill.[2] Three years later five new trustees were added to this number: Charles A. Heard, Charles Price, S. E. Burnett, D. C. Hunter and R. W. Jones. The Summerville Male and Female Academy was chartered in 1856. It is said that the name of this town was suggested by its peculiar charm of environment, in a picturesque open valley of the mountains. Sequoya, the modern Cadmus, who invented an alphabet for the Cherokee language, lived at one time near Alpine, on the borders of Chattooga. Two famous Indian villages of frontier days in this county were: Broom Town and Island Town. Judge John W. Maddox, at one time a member of Congress, and Hon. William C. Glenn, a former Attorney-General of Georgia, were natives of Chattooga.

CHEROKEE.

Canton. Originally the name of this historic town was Etowah, so called from the river which divides the county into two almost equal parts. Soon after the county was erected out of lands then recently acquired from the Cherokees, Etowah was chartered by an Act of the Legislature, approved December 24, 1833, at which time the following residents were named as commissioners: Howell Cobb, Philip Croft, M. J. Camden, James Burns and William Gresham.[3] These gentlemen were also made trustees of the town academy, with the exception of Mr. Camden, in whose place William Lay was chosen. But Etowah did not suit the people for some reason, and on December 18, 1834, the name was changed

[1] Acts, 1839, p. 210.
[2] Acts, 1839, p. 6.
[3] Acts, 1833, p. 331.

to Canton.[2] Early in the forties, one of Georgia's most illustrious sons, Joseph E. Brown, afterwards Governor, Chief Justice and United States Senator, chose this town as his future home; and late in the fifties the County of Cherokee became the birth-place of another Governor, Joseph M. Brown. Canton was for years the home of Dr. John W. Lewis, a Senator of the Confederate States, and here, at a green old age, resides Judge James R. Brown, a noted jurist and a brother of Georgia's war Governor.

History of the Famous "Joe Brown Pike." There are few people living in Georgia who have not heard of the famous weapon of defence devised by Georgia's war Governor to meet the exigencies of a very grave situation in this State during the late civil conflict. It was known as the "Joe Brown Pike." But while the name of this hostile instrument may be a familiar one to the ear there is not one man in a hundred who knows what the "Joe Brown Pike" resembled or where and how it was manufactured. The following article on the subject from the pen of Clark Howell, Jr., appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* of July 14, 1912. Says Mr. Howell:

"Half a century ago, when the Civil War was well under way and the Union forces were making their dreaded invasion of the Southland, when all the gun factories and practically everything in a manufacturing line was owned by the North, Georgia's famous war Governor, Joseph E. Brown, issued an official call to the mechanics of Georgia, urging them to produce the so-called 'Joe Brown Pike.' The South was short on weapons or defence and the Governor adopted this as a dernier resort.

"The call was issued from the executive department of the old State Capitol at Milledgeville, February 20, 1862. Along with the call there was sent to every mechanic and blacksmith in the State a letter urging him personally to help in the general work of aiding the Confederacy in its dire troubles by making pikes. If the receiver of one of these letters notified the Governor that he was favorably disposed he was sent full in-

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[2] Acts, 1834, p. 263.

structions as to how to manufacture the implements, as well as a sample pike.

"The pikes were made with a long white oak or hickory stick with an iron head. The wooden part of the pike was 6 feet 7 inches long and was bound by four iron bands, the blade being 18 inches long and reminding one of the two-edged swords of the Crusaders. The blade, when not in use, could be lowered into the stock, which was about twice the size of an ordinary broom handle, but could readily be placed in position for defence or attack by releasing a spring, which pushed the blade into position, where it was held by the upper bands. In the same way it was dropped and caught by the lower bands.

"The celebrated order of Georgia's war Governor is here produced:

"'Executive Department, Milledgeville, Ga., February 20, 1862.

"'To the Mechanics of Georgia:

"The late reverses which have attended our armies show the absolute necessity of renewed energy and determination on our part. We are left to choose between freedom at the end of a desperate and heroic struggle and submission to tyranny, followed by the most abject and degraded slavery to which a patriotic and generous people were ever exposed. Surely we cannot hesitate. Independence or death should be the watchword and reply of every free-born son of the South.

"'Our enemies have vastly superior numbers and greatly the advantage in the quantity and quality of their arms. Including those, however, which have been and will be imported, in spite of the blockade, we have guns enough in the Confederacy to arm a very large force, but not enough for all the troops which have been and must be called to the field. What shall be done in this emergency? I answer: use the 'Georgia pike,' with a side knife, 18-inch blade, weighing about 3 pounds. Let every army have a large reserve, armed with a good pike and a long knife, to be brought upon the field, with a shout for victory, when contending forces are much exhausted or when the time comes for the charge of bayonets. When the advance columns come in reach of the balls let them move in double quick time and rush with terrific impetuosity into the lines of the enemy. Hand-to-hand the pike has vastly the advantage of the bayonet, which is itself but a crooked pike with a shorter staff, and must retreat before it. When the retreat commences let the pursuit be rapid, and if the enemy throw down their guns and are likely to outrun us, if need be, throw down the pike and keep close to their heels with the knife, till each man has hewn down at least one of his adversary.

"'Had five thousand reserves, thus armed, and well trained to the use of these terrible weapons, been brought to charge at the proper time, who can say that the victory would not have been ours at Fort Donaldson? But it is probably unimportant that I state here the use to be made of that which I want you to manufacture. I have already a considerable number of pikes and knives, but desire within the next month ten thousand more

of each. I must have them, and appeal to you, as one of the most patriotic classes of our fellow citizens, to make them for us immediately.

"'I trust that every mechanic who has the means of turning them out rapidly and the owner of every machine shop in this State will at once lay aside all other business and appropriate a month or two to the relief of the country in this emergency. Each workman who has the means of turning them out in large numbers without delay will be supplied with a proper pattern by application to the ordinance department at Milledgeville. Appealing to your patriotism as a class and to your interest as citizens, whose all is at stake in this great contest in which you are engaged, I ask an immediate response.

"'In ancient times that nation, it is said, usually extended its conquests further whose arms were shortest. Long range guns sometimes fail to fire and waste a hundred balls to one that takes effect, but the short range pike and the terrible knife (as they can be almost in a moment) wielded by a stalwart patriot's arm, never fail to fire and never waste a single load.

"'I am, very respectfully,

"'Your fellow citizen,

"'JOSEPH E. BROWN.'

"In addition to the pikes made by the free men of Georgia, in response to the Governor's call, two or three thousand were made by the convicts in the State penitentiary at Milledgeville. These were crated in coffin-like boxes, a hundred to the box, and sent to Savannah, where they were to be usd in the defence of Fort Pulaski. There was never occasion to use them in actual fighting, although several battalions were well drilled in the use of the pike and knife.

"After the war a large number of these pikes were stored in the arsenal at Augusta, where they remained until ten years ago, when they were sold at public auction by the Government. There were four different patterns of the knives. The sale was advertised by the Government, and people came from Maine to California to buy the curious war implements."

CLARKE

Oldest State University in America. Franklin College: Volume I, Pages 139-146, 425-436.

Historic Homes of Athens. Unrivalled among the cities of Georgia for its majestic old Southern mansions of the ante-bellum type, Athens, even at the present day, pictures to the imagination what life in

DR. CRAWFORD W. LONG'S OLD HOME, ATHENS, GA.

Dixie was before the war; for while commercially a town of the most progressive pattern, it is nevertheless, in its domestic ideals, still charmingly reminiscent of the Old South's palmiest days and best traditions. Several years before the war, Colonel John T. Grant, one of the wealthiest citizens of the State, erected on Prince Avenue a magnificent home, which is still one of the glories of Athens. Its graceful Corinthian columns, its wide porticos, its lofty arches, make it still the finest specimen extant of the classic style of architecture, peculiar to the ante-bellum period. This stately old mansion is a beautiful monument within itself to the civilization which produced it: proud, aristocratic, ample, elegant. It was built by Colonel Grant soon after his marriage to Miss Martha Cobb Jackson, a granddaughter of the peerless old Governor who fought the Yazoo fraud; but on his removal to Atlanta at the close of the war Colonel Grant sold his splendid old home in Athens to Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, afterwards a United States Senator, who located in Athens mainly for the purpose of educating his two boys, Ben and Charlie. When Mr. Hill removed to Atlanta in 1875 this handsome property was purchased by Mr. James White, its present owner and occupant.

Scarcely inferior to the old Grant home, either in stateliness of proportions or in simple elegance of design is the fine old Joseph H. Lumpkin mansion, on Prince Avenue. It was built by the great Chief Justice soon after his removal to Athens from his former home in Lexington; and, when first built, it occupied an eminence some distance from the avenue which it overlooked. Rising out of a wealth of evergreens, it presented a semi-regal aspect, and, due to its elevation, it made a more impressive picture to the eye than did the Grant home, which was built on a level with the street, with a smaller area of ground in front. Here the famous Home School was taught for a number of years by the Sosnowskis. The handsome old mansion is today occupied by Mr. W. L. Childs, and is owned by himself and his sister, Mrs. David C. Barrow, wife of the Chancellor.

What is known as the Tom Cobb place, a stately old mansion on the same avenue, was built by Mr. Charles McKinley and sold by him to Judge Joseph Henry Lumpkin, who gave it to his daughter, Mrs. T. R. R. Cobb. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. A. M. Dobbs. On the opposite side of the street stands the Camak home, one of the oldest landmarks in Athens. It was built by James Camak, Esq., shortly after his removal to Athens in 1817, and here for the remainder of his days this pioneer railway builder and financier resided. It is today owned and occupied by his son's widow, Mrs. M. W. Camak. The old Dearing home, on Milledge Avenue, a handsome specimen of Colonial architecture, was built by Mr. Albon Dearing, whose son of the same name is its present owner and occupant. The old Hull home, a stately mansion of the best ante-bellum type, is still one of the ornaments of Milledge Avenue. It was formerly owned by Colonel Benjamin C. Yancey, and later acquired by the Hulls.

On Prince Avenue, at the intersection of Grady Street, stands the majestic old mansion in which the South's great orator journalist spent his boyhood days and to which he feelingly referred in his famous New England speech. It was built by Colonel Robert Taylor, who sold it early in the fifties to Major William S. Grady, a wealthy business man of Athens, who fell at Petersburg, in 1863. The Grady home is now owned and occupied by Mrs. L. D. DuBose. Standing some distance back from this same avenue, near the intersection of Barber Street, looms an impressive old land-mark: the Thomas home. It was built by General Howell Cobb and sold by him to Mrs. Nina Thomas. The stately old residence is now owned and occupied by Mr. W. I. Abney. The handsome old home on Milledge Avenue, now the property of Judge Strickland, was built by Dr. Jones Long, a brother of Dr. Crawford W. Long.

General Howell Cobb built the handsome old home on Hill Street, which continued to be his home for a number of years, and where his son, Judge Howell Cobb,

BOYHOOD HOME OF HENRY W. GRADY, ATHENS, GA.

From an original sketch by Miss Garland Smith.

afterwards resided. It is now the home of Mr. I. W. Richardson. On Pulaski Street, a fine old Colonial mansion, was built by Mr. Blanton Hill, whose daughter, Mrs. Augusta Noble, occupied it for a number of years after his death. It is today the property of Mr. John D. Moss. On this same street, a stately old home was also built by Mr. Stevens Thomas, a wealthy ante-bellum citizen of Athens. It is now used by the Y. W. C. A. as a home for working girls, and faces on Hancock Avenue.

The old Lucas home, at the south end of Jackson Street, was built by a Mr. Hopping. Afterwards, for a while it became the home of Hon. Eugenius A. Nisbet, and still later the home of Mr. F. W. Lucas, who occupied it for years. It is now owned by the University of Georgia and used for the time being as a dormitory for students. The home of the late Mr. Stephen C. Upson, on Prince Avenue, was built by Hon. Henry G. Lamar, the marriage of whose daughter to Hon. O. A. Lochrane, afterwards Chief Justice, was here solemnized. The Chancellor's home on the University campus was built for Dr. Alonzo Church when he was president of Franklin College. The Crawford W. Long home, on Prince Avenue, an attractive structure of the modern type, became in after years the boyhood home of Judge Peyton L. Wade, of the State Court of Appeals. Cedar Hill, the famous old home of Governor Wilson Lumpkin, on an eminence overlooking the Oconee River in the immediate environs of Athens, was inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Martha Lumpkin Compton, from whom the place subsequently became known as Compton Hill. It is now owned by the University of Georgia. The old home has recently been removed to one side, in order to make room for the new agricultural building, and some of the students now reside here during the college sessions. The old Hamilton home, built by Dr. James S. Hamilton, is now owned and occupied by Mr. E. R. Hodgson, Jr. Dr.

E. S. Lynden's home, at the north end of Jackson Street, was built by Dr. Edward Ware.*

The Lucy Cobb Institute. Volume I, Pages 437-438.

John Howard Payne's Georgia Sweetheart. Volume II, Pages 62-71.

Origin of the Southern Cross of Honor. Volume I, Pages 222-224.

James Camak. One of the earliest pioneer residents of Athens was James Camak, Esq., whose name was inadvertently omitted from a list of settlers in Volume I of this work. But no history of Athens can be written without some account of this eminent citizen of the ante-bellum period, who, coming to Athens from Milledgeville, in 1817, built the stately old mansion on Prince Avenue, still owned by the family, perhaps the oldest surviving landmark of a community famed for its historic homes. With far-sighted ken, Mr. Camak was quick to see and prompt to grasp the possibilities of the Iron Horse. He became one of the builders of the Georgia Railroad, a corporation with whose directorate he was identified until the hour of his death. The town of Camak, an important station on the main line, today commemorates the part played by this wise builder in the railway development of his State. Mr. Camak, in 1834, organized in Athens the famous old Branch Bank of the State of Georgia, a financial institution of which he became the first executive head. He married Helen Finley

*Authority: Miss Garland Smith, Athens, Ga.

the daughter of an early president of Franklin College; and for years was an honored trustee of the oldest State University in America.

Where the Georgia Railroad Originated. To quote a distinguished local historian: "The Georgia Railroad, one of the most important enterprises in the State, had its inception in Athens. The first meeting was held here in June, 1833, with Mr. Asbury Hull as chairman, and later, during the same year, he introduced in the Legislature a bill for its incorporation. Here for years the annual meetings of the road were held, and all its directors were Athens men until the line was completed. The board of directors in 1835 was composed as follows: James Camak, William Williams, John A. Cobb, Elizur L. Newton, Alexander B. Linton, James Shannon, W. M. Morton, and W. R. Cunningham. The road was originally intended to run between Augusta and Athens, while a branch line to Greensboro was contemplated. Subsequently the Greensboro branch became the main stem, extending to Atlanta, after which Athens was left on the branch road."*

The Cobbs. Dr. Henry Hull, one of the most distinguished of the ante-bellum residents of Athens, has left us the following unique comparison between the two famous brothers, Howell and Thomas R. R. Cobb. It was written soon after the close of hostilities, when Dr. Hull was quite an old man. Though both of the Cobbs were distinguished soldiers, the title which he gives the former is "Governor," while the latter he calls "General." Says Dr. Hull:

"The question has often been asked, Which was the more talented of the two. One may as well inquire which is the greater genius, a great painter or a great philosopher? There is no unit of measurement with

*A. L. Hull, Annals of Athens, p. 100.

which to compare them. So of these two brothers—their minds were of different structure. The Governor controlled men by unequalled management and tact; the General by the irresistible force of argument. The Governor was the greater politician, the General the greater lawyer. While the wonderful talents of both commanded respect, the social qualities, the genial bon homme, the generous open-heartedness of the Governor secured your love; the commanding power of intellect in all the General said or did excited the admiration. The Governor would, in commercial language, look at the sum total of an account, without regard to the items, or grasp the conclusion of a proposition without examining each step by the demonstration. The General received nothing as true which could not be proven, and submitted every question to the crucible of reason before he pronounced upon its absolute truth.

"I do not speak of the public acts of these brothers, but remember them only as boys, students, and fellow-citizens. The Governor was generous and liberal, almost to prodigality. When his father, from a reckless disregard of economy and mismanagement of his affairs, had allowed his debts to accumulate to an amount which could not be paid by the sale of his property, the Governor devoted the whole of a handsome estate—left him by an uncle, Howell Cobb, for whom he was named—to the liquidation of the remaining liabilities, so that no man should say that he had been injured by his father. With a hand open as day to melting charity, he gave to those who asked of him, and from those who would borrow of him he turned not away. And many were the cases of a princely generosity and charity of which this world never heard, but which were elsewhere recorded. The General gave as much, or perhaps more, in proportion to his means than the Governor, but in a different way. His benefactions were governed by the dictates of reason, rather than by the impulses of feeling. All plans suggested for the promotion of the public good received his efficient and hearty support. He took a lively interest in everything connected with the prosperity of the town, including the University, the schools and the churches. He was the founder of the Lucy Cobb Institute, and contributed more of his time, influence and money to insure its success than did any half dozen men put together.

"General Cobb was prominent in every association of which he was a member. He was a man of the most wonderful versatility of talent, and would concentrate the power of his wonderful mind on the propriety and necessity of secession, on some intricate and abstruse point of law, on the best manner of conducting a Sunday-school, or on any subject which men thought of and talked about, with equal facility, and as if the matter under discussion was the only one he had ever studied, and with a rapidity of transition from one to another, which was almost startling, even where the topics were totally dissimilar. The patient and long-continued investigation of the most abstruse subject was pastime to him, and after such labor he would meet you with a cheerful smile on the brightest face, and crack

his jokes as if he did nothing else all his life. He was surely the most remarkable man of his day."

To the foregoing parallelism it may be added that General Cobb took no active part in politics until the election of Mr. Lincoln. He then fairly electrified the State with his eloquence, advocating immediate and unconditional surrender. The suddenness of his appearance upon the hustings and the popular enthusiasm which he aroused over Georgia caused Mr. Stephens to liken him to Peter the Hermit, a comparison which was peculiarly apposite, in view of Mr. Cobb's intensely religious nature. He was one of the most pious of men. With reference to his capacity for labor, Judge Richard H. Clark, who was associated with him in the first codification of the laws of Georgia, states that at the close of each day's work his mind was invariably fresh and buoyant. He was an absolute stranger to mental weariness, though he performed the labors of Hercules. At the age of 36 he wrote Cobb on Slavery, a masterpiece of legal literature. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Provisional Congress, he also drafted the Constitution of the Confederate States. The original document, in General Cobb's own handwriting, is still preserved in the family of his daughter, Mrs. A. L. Hull.

The Lumpkins: Mr. Augustus L. Hull, of Athens, Ga., who possessed an intimate personal acquaintance with the Lumpkins, has given us the following pen-picture of the famous brothers, Wilson and Joseph Henry Lumpkin, both of whom were long residents of Athens:

"The one, the eldest, the other, the youngest, of eight children, they were as dissimilar as brothers could be. One a shrewd politician, the other abhorring politics; one commanding by his ability, the other persuading by his eloquence; one robust in his aggressiveness, the other fond of study; one a Baptist, the other a Presbyterian; one an adherent of Clark, the other

of Troup; one a Democrat, the other a Whig; one tall, the other short in stature; but both men of striking presence, and both of great abilities.

"Wilson Lumpkin was Congressman, United States Senator and Governor of Georgia. During his administration the State road was built, and he devoted his energies to the material development of the State. Governor Lumpkin was long the president of the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia. As he headed the procession to the chapel on commencement occasions, with a tall, commanding presence, erect and dignified, with long hair brushed back from his head and falling over his shoulders in gray curls, he seemed one of the most impressive men I have ever seen. He was thrice married, and built the old stone house, now in the campus extension, in which he lived for many years, and where he died in the closing days of 1870. One of his children, a very bright and attractive boy of six or seven years, wandered one afternoon away from the house and lost his way in the woods along the river. Though search was made all night, he was not found till next morning, exhausted with wandering and wild with terror. The horrors of the darkness of that night destroyed his mind, and though he grew to be a man of fine proportions and pleasing countenance, mentally he was never any older than on the morning when he was found, and forty years afterward, as though he recalled that dreadful night, he wandered again into the woods and was drowned in the river, not far from the place where they found him before.

"Judge Lumpkin was a learned jurist and a finished scholar. He loved study, and was a great reader. His speeches, of which no record now remains, were full of pathos, and the fire of eloquence, and his decisions while on the Supreme bench are models of clearness and elegant composition. A natural teacher, for many years he imparted instruction to the young men in his office and in the Lumpkin Law School, charming them alike by the elegance of his language and the thoroughness of his knowlegde. He was a great temperance advocate, and his voice, always heard on the side of righteousness, was a power for good.

"Judge Lumpkin was the first Chief Justice of Georgia; and one of his successors in office, Chief Justice Bleckley, said of him: 'His literary power was in vocal utterance. In the spoken word he was a literary genius, far surpassing any other Georgian, living or dead, I have ever known. Indeed, from no other mortal lips have I ever heard such harmonies and sweet-sounding sentences as came from his. Those who never saw and heard him cannot be made to realize what a great master he was.' Judge Lumpkin died June 4, 1867, from a stroke of paralysis."

One of Washington's Men. In an old cemetery, near the historic site of Cherokee Corner, lie the mortal remains of Charles Strong, Sr., a Revolutionary soldier, who served under the immediate com

mand of General Nelson. His commission was issued by William Lochren, January 18, 1781. He was present when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, in Virginia, after which he removed from his old home in Goochland County, Va., to a plantation in Clarke County, Ga., near Cherokee Corner, where he died October 15, 1848. There are numerous descendants in Georgia of this revered soldier and patriot.*

CLAY

Fort Gaines. During the Creek Indian War there was built near the site of the present town of Fort Gaines, on the Chattahoochee River, a stronghold to protect the extreme western frontier of Georgia. It was named for General Edmond P. Gaines, an officer of the United States Army, and a prominent figure in the military operations of this period against the Creeks. We find from the records that by an Act approved December 14, 1830, the town of Fort Gaines was chartered, with the following named commissioners, to wit: Gabriel Johnson, John Dill, Edward Deloney, George W. Prescott and James V. Robinson.[1] One year later, the old Fort Gaines Academy was chartered, at which time Messrs. Samuel Johnson, Thomas B. Patterson, Sr., Leonard P. McCollom, Ira Cushman and James Buchanan were named as trustees.[2] But one school was not enough. Though on the frontier, Fort Gaines was educationally wideawake, and, on December 31, 1838, an Act of the Legislature was approved, granting a charter to the Fort Gaines Female Institute, one of the earliest pioneer schools for young ladies. The management of this school was entrusted to the following trustees: John Dill, Simon Green, Samuel Gainer, James P. Holmes,

*Authority: Mrs. W. C. Clarke, Covington, Ga.

[1] Acts, 1830, p. 217.

[2] Acts, 1831, p. 17.

and William Mount.[1] When Clay County was organized from Randolph and Early in 1854, the county-seat of the new county was made permanent at Fort Gaines. Clay's first representative in the Legislature was L. B. Dozier. Others who followed him were: Peter Lee, F. T. Cullens, John L. Brown, W. A. Graham, S. R. Weaver, R. A. Turnipseed and John B. Johnson.

CLAYTON

Jonesboro. On the site of the present town of Jonesboro, there was formerly a village known as Leaksville, an academy for which was chartered as early as December 22, 1823, with the following pioneer residents named as trustees:[2] Thomas Wilburn, Robert Leak, John Chislum, Jack Wilburn and Columbus Watson. When the Central of Georgia reached this point, imparting new life to the town and giving rise to visions of civic importance, the name of Leaksville was discarded, and, in compliment to one of the civil engineers who surveyed the line, Mr. Samuel G. Jones, the town was called Jonesboro. Mr. Jones was the father of the late Governor Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama, afterwards a District Judge of the United States. When the County of Clayton was organized in 1858, Jonesboro was made the county-site of the new county; and by an Act of the Legislature, approved December 13, 1859, the town was incorporated with the following-named commissioners: James B. Key, Sanford D. Johnson, G. L. Warren, Joshua J. Harris, W. H. Sharp, R. K. Holliday and James Alford.[3] One of the strongest advocates of the measure creating Clayton County was Judge George Hillyer, a member of the present Railroad Commission

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[1] Acts, 1838, p. 4.
[2] Acts, 1823, p. 15.
[3] Acts, 1859, p. 175.

Judge Hillyer was then just entering public life, and he made a host of warm friends by his plendid work for the bill.

Pioneer Settlers. As gathered from the oldest records extant, some of the pioneer settlers of Clayton were as follows: James B. Key, John M. Huie, Stephen G. Dorsey, R. E. Morrow, Philip Fitzgerald, Abner Camp, James Davis, J. B. Tanner, N. C. Adamson, G. W. Adamson, A. Y. Adamson, Andrew L. Huie, A. J. Mundy, Joshua J. Hanes, James Daniel, W. W. Camp, Thomas Moore, John Stanley, Elijah Glass, Hilliard Starr, W. Y. Conine, James McConnell, Luke Johnson, Reuben Wallis, James F. Johnson, Thomas Johnson, James S. Cook, William Cater, Moab Stephens, James H. Chapman, Thomas Byrne, Zachariah Mann, Patrick H. Allen, Peter Y. Ward, and others. James F. Johnson was the first State Senator and Elijah Glass the first Representative, both elected in 1859.

CLINCH.

Homerville. Homerville, the county-seat of Clinch County, was founded in the year 1859 by Dr. John Homer Mattox. The public buildings were first located at Magnolia, but the need of a central location and the desire to be on a railroad brought about the removal of the court-house to Homerville in 1862. As soon as the Atlantic and Gulf Line was completed to this point, Dr. Mattox saw a bright future for a town in this neighborhood. Accordingly, he began to lay off some of his land into town lots. This property was first acquired, in 1842, by his father, Elijah Mattox, and, at the latter's death, was inherited by Dr. Mattox.

The new town was first called "Station Number 11." However, in a few years the name was changed to Homerville, in honor of Homer Mattox. At this time, a

group of homes, a small store and a shed designed for the railroad station, marked the beginning of the future county-seat. Today Homerville possesses a bank, two handsome church buildings, several stores, and some of the most attractive homes in this part of Georgia. Waterworks and electric light plants have recently been installed, while a telephone system has been in use for several years. The Bank of Homerville has a capital stock of $25,000, with a surplus equal to half this amount. Its officials are: President, R. G. Dickerson, a former State Senator and one of the State's foremost men; Vice-President, W. T. Dickerson, also formerly State Senator and a prominent lawyer; and Cashier, G. A. Gibbs.

Among the prominent citizens of Homerville, in addition to the bank officials mentioned, are Judge John T. Dame, the Ordinary; his brother, George M. Dame, a strong factor in county and town affairs; S. L. Drawdy, Judge of the County Court of Clinch, and a former Representative; his brother, Charlton C. Drawdy; J. F. Barnhill and J. H. Ferdon, two prominent naval stores men; W. V. Musgrove, and many others. Homerville was first incorporated in 1869. In the western part of the town is the handsome new school-house, DuBignon Institute, named in honor of the late Fleming G. DuBignon, one of Georgia's most gifted sons. The original building was destroyed by fire in 1909, but on the same site the present structure was completed the following year.*

COBB

Marietta: A Brief Sketch. Nestling almost within the shadow of Kennesaw Mountain, the little city of Marietta is identified with some of the most heroic memories of the Civil War. On either side of the town there are beautiful cemeteries consecrated to the ashes

*Authority: Mr. Folks Huxford, Homerville, Ga.

of the gallant dead, most of whom fell in fiercely contested battles around Marietta, in the campaign of 1864. The Federal Cemetery, a magnificently wooded area, to the east of the town, contains the graves of 12,000 Federal soldiers; while over 3,000 wearers of the gray uniform sleep in the beautiful enclosure of ground, known as the Confederate Cemetery, just to the west of the State Road.

But the history of Marietta antedates by more than a generation the titanic death grapple between North and South. It came into existence when Cobb County was erected out of a part of the territory wrested from the Cherokee Indians, and was made the permanent county-site by an Act of the Legislature, approved December 19, 1834, at which time the following pioneer citizens were named as commissioners: Leonard Simpson, Washington Winters, James Anderson, George W. Cupp and Lemma Kerkly.* As a health resort, Marietta enjoyed from the start a peculiar prestige among the towns of the Georgia uplands. It furnished a delightful retreat in summer for scores of families from the coast and developed excellent schools, which made it a seat of culture and a center of refinement, long before the Civil War.

John Heyward Glover. Perhaps the pioneer citizen to whose constructive leadership the city of Marietta owes its largest debt of gratitude was Colonel John Heyward Glover, a native of Beaufort District, S. C. Settling at Marietta, in 1848, he became at once a dominant factor in the affairs of the town and was the first citizen to hold the office of mayor. He donated the land for the present court-house and public square; while his widow, in after years, donated the tract today known as the Confederate Cemetery, but used for general purposes of burial. He was one of

*Acts, 1834, p. 252.

Marietta's earliest captains of industry; and his tireless energies supplied an impetus from which much of the subsequent growth of Marietta has resulted. He died in the prime of life, on March 28, 1859, and his untimely death was made the subject of resolutions adopted by the town council of Marietta and by the local Bar, at a meeting over which Judge George D. Rice presided.

Some Early Pioneers. But there were many other men of note connected with the beginnings of Marietta. Captain Arnoldus V. Brumby, who founded the Georgia Military Academy, famous in war times as our Georgia West Point, came to Marietta in the early fifties. He was followed, in 1858, by his brother, Prof. Richard T. Brumby, at one time a partner of the noted William C. Preston, of South Carolina, in the practice of law, and afterwards an educator of eminent distinction. Dr. Isaac Watts Waddell, an early pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was one of the tall landmarks of his denomination in Georgia. Mrs. Lizzie Waddell Setze, his daughter, has lived in Marietta continuously since 1842. Dr. Scott, the first rector of St. James, afterwards became a Bishop. On the present site of the Episcopal Church, John R. Winters helped to build the first house in Marietta. General A. J. Hansell built the handsome old home where Miss Sarah Camp now lives, on Kennesaw Avenue. Governor Charles J. McDonald was a pioneer resident of Marietta, and a part of his original home place is today owned and occupied by Governor Joseph M. Brown. Judge George D. Anderson, Colonel George N. Lester, Colonel James D. Waddell, Colonel James W. Robertson, afterwards Adjutant-General of Georgia; Judge David Irwin, one of the original codifiers of the law of Georgia; General William Phillips, who commanded a noted legion of cavalry during the Civil War; his brother, Colonel Charles D. Phil-

lips, Hon. William Y. Hansell and many other men of note were identified with Marietta's early days.

The Georgia Military Institute. On December 8, 1851, an Act was approved, chartering the famous Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, as a private enterprise, under the control of certain well-known citizens, to wit: David Irwin, Andrew J. Hansell, William P. Young, John H. Glover, Martin G. Slaughter, David Dobbs, John Jones, Charles J. McDonald, William Harris, Mordecai Myers and James Brannon.[1] Some few years later it became an institution of the State. Colonel A. V. Brumby was the first superintendent. He was the father of the gallant officer of Dewey's flagship, Lieutenant Thomas M. Brumby, who raised the first United States flag at Manila.

The first commandant was Colonel James W. Robertson. In the wake of Sherman's march to the sea, the Georgia Military Institute became a blackened ruin; but during the fourteen short years in which it existed as an institution, it literally sowed the dragon's teeth from which an army of trained warriors was destined to spring. As a feeder for the Confederate ranks, it became famous throughout the land, and there must have been a thrill of peculiar satisfaction in the breast of the great Federal commander when he applied the torch to an institution which was the dread and terror of Yankeedom. The following account of the origin of this school is condensed from White.[2] Says he: "Its first session opened on July 10, 1851, with only seven cadets; but before the close of the term the number was increased to twenty-eight. Since then the number has steadily and rapidly increased at each session until the present time; and now, having completed but two years

[1] Acts, 1851-1852, pp. 298-299.
[2] White's Statistics.

of its history, it numbers one hundred and twenty cadets, five professors and one assistant professor. It was incorporated by the Legislature as a college, during the session of 1851-1852. At the same time, the Governor was directed to make requisition upon the government of the United States for arms and accoutrements. These have been received. The government and discipline of the Institute are strict. The course of study is thoroughly scientific and practical, and the whole is modeled after the United States Military Academy at West Point."

With the approach of General Sherman towards Marietta, in 1864, the cadets were organized into a battalion, under the command of Major, afterwards Brigadier-General, F. W. Capers, and there were no better fighters in Johnston's army than these beardless boys.

They served from May 10, 1864, to May 20, 1865. Scores of them were wounded in battle. Not a few of them were killed outright. In every action they gave a brave account of themselves; and, according to Judge Robert L. Rodgers, one of the gallant band, they constituted the last organized body of Confederate soldiers on duty east of the Mississippi River. Under an order from General Lafayette McLaws, dated May 1, 1865, after both Lee and Johnston had surrendered, they rendered service to the Confederate government by guarding the military stores at Augusta, until relieved by a garrison of Federal soldiers, who came to take possession.

Thus it was reserved for these cadets of the Georgia Military Institute to obey the last orders of a Confederate officer during the war between the States.

Where Two Governors Have Lived: An Historic Home.

The town of Marietta has given the State two Governors who occupied the same home site: Charles J. McDonald and Joseph M. Brown. The latter, when an employee of the Western & Atlant

Railroad, in the capacity of traffic manager, with little thought of what the future held in store for him, purchased the old McDonald place at Marietta, and after his marriage, on February 12, 1889, to Miss Cora McCord, made this his home for the future. He purchased the property from General Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, from whose name it borrows an added wealth of associations, and here, surrounded by stately forest oaks, he has since spent the greater part of his time, in the enjoyment of an ideal home life, semi-rural in character. The site was happily chosen by Governor McDonald during the early ante-bellum period. It included originally quite a large portion of the present town, and something like 110 acres were embraced in the tract conveyed to Governor Brown. The old residence, which was built and occupied by Governor McDonald, was burned to the ground by General Serman. But the comparatively new residence of the present Governor was built only a stone's throw from the old chimney piles which survived the general wreck.

The present Governor's father was a warm admirer of Governor McDonald. It is said that the former, after drafting his first inaugural address, submitted the manuscript to Governor McDonald for approval and was more than gratified by the fact that the old Governor could suggest nothing in the way of improvement or correction. As a further proof of the friendship which existed between them, one of the sons of Georgia's war Governor was named for Governor McDonald. They were both men of positive convictions, and were both trained in the Jeffersonian school of politics.

Governor McDonald was born in Charleston, S. C., but his sturdy virtues were cast in the rugged molds of the Scottish Highlands. He came to Georgia when a lad and lived for a while in Hancock. At the age of twenty-eight he was elected Judge of the Flint Circuit and two years later was made Brigadier-General of the State militia. From 1839 to 1843 he held the high office

of Governor, and from 1855 to 1859 he wore the ermine of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He was an ardent advocate of State rights, a strict Constructionist of the Federal Constitution, and a devoted patriot. Due to his extreme views upon questions of the day, he was defeated by Howell Cobb for Governor in 1850, but scarcely more than a decade passed before the State came to his way of thinking and adopted the ordinance of secession. He died in Marietta, on the eve of the Civil War, at the age of sixty-eight.

Governor Brown was first elected to the office of Governor in 1908. He had previously been a member of the State Railroad Commission, an office to which he was appointed by reason of his familiarity with railroad matters. But he took a position in regard to port rates at variance with the views held by Governor Smith, in consequence of which there occurred an open rupture between them. The Commissioner's resignation was demanded. To vindicate himself before the people, Mr. Brown became a candidate for the office of Governor, and in the ensuing election was victorious at the polls. There is a story told to the effect that Mr. Brown had sent a communication to Governor Smith voluntarily relinquishing his office as commissioner, but that Governor Smith had refused to open it, thereby hurling a fire-brand into Georgia politics, which ultimately compassed his defeat. It is certain that Mr. Brown sent a letter to Governor Smith, which the latter returned to him with the seal unbroken; but what it contained has never been divulged.

The whole State was divided into Brown and Smith camps, and the political feud between Clark and Crawford was re-enacted upon a wider stage of politics. Though Governor Brown was successful in the first election, Governor Smith opposed him in the second campaign, and was again elected to the office of Governor. But, during his term of office, the Legislature elected him to fill the unexpired term of Senator Clay, a race in which he defeated Hon. Joseph M. Terrell, who was ten

porarily filling the vacancy under an appointment by Governor Brown. Thus the fight was still on. Upon the election of Governor Smith to the United States Senate, the friends of Governor Brown urged him to re-enter the field for Governor. He did so; and, on December 7, 1911, was re-elected. The interval of sixty days between the retirment of Governor Smith and the inauguration of Governor Brown was filled by the President of the State Senate, Hon. John M. Slaton, who became ad interim Governor of Georgia. The only instance on record in the history of the State, where father and son have held the office of Governor, is furnished by the Browns. The library of the present Governor contains a number of rare books, and is particularly rich in works which deal with early American antiquities. Several years ago, he published a romance, entitled "Astyanax," in which he portrays the ancient civilization of Mexico. Though not an orator in the forensic sense, he wields an effective pen, and is characterized by much of his father's far-sightedness of vision. Besides the home place at Marietta, Governor Brown cultivates an extensive plantation in Cherokee.

Governor Charles J. McDonald: An Episode of His Career. Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, a grandson of Governor Charles J. McDonald, and himself a Georgian of distinguished attainments, has preserved the following dramatic incident in the life of the illustrious statesman. Says he:

"Governor McDonald came into office under trying circumstances. The State treasury was empty. The evil effects of the great panic of 1837 were still pressing upon the people, like a nightmare. The great work of building the Western and Atlantic Railroad was languishing. The public debt had been increased to one million dollars—an enormous sum in those days. Worst of all, the State credit was at a low ebb, because of the protest of an obligation of three hundred thousand dollars, which had been contracted by the Central Bank under authority of the General Assembly of Georgia. Commerce and business generally were paralyzed. In 1837

the Legislature had passed an act allowing the counties of the State to retain the general tax, the same to be applied by the inferior courts to county purposes. As might have been expected, the counties frittered away the money. The bank was nearly destroyed by putting upon it a burden which did not belong to it, and the State was left without resource or credit.

"Governor McDonald had inherited from his Scotch ancestors a hard head and a sound judgment. Never did he need his inherent qualities more than he did in the situation which then confronted him. He first recommended that the State resume the entire amount of the State tax which had been given to the counties, with but little benefit to them and greatly to the injury of the State. This recommendation prevailed, and a law was enacted ordering the State tax to be turned into the treasury. Almost immediately following this necessary action, the Legislature, in 1841, passed an Act reducing the taxes of the State twenty per cent. This Act Governor McDonald promptly vetoed, with an argument, brief and pointed, and a statement which made his veto message unanswerable. He had been re-elected in 1841 and, on November 8, 1842, in his annual message urging upon the Legislature the only effective remedy for relieving the State from its difficulties, he used these words: 'The difficulty should be met at once. Had there been no Central Bank the expense of the government must have been met by taxation. These expenses have been paid by the Central Bank and have become a legitimate charge upon taxation. This must be the resort, or the government is inevitably dishonored. The public faith must be maintained, and to pause to discuss the question of preferences between taxation and dishonor would be to cast a reflection upon the character of the people, whose servants we are.'

"The issue was joined. The Legislature had rejected a measure calling for additional taxation to meet these just claims. The session was near its close. It was evident that unless some drastic action was taken the Legislature would adjourn, leaving an obligation of one hundred thousand dollars unmet. Governor McDonald acted with firmness and promptness. He shut the doors of the treasury in the face of the members of the General Assembly of Georgia. Great excitement followed. The members of the Legislature denounced him as a tyrant worse than Andrew Jackson, who had gone beyond the limits of reason. Even his political friends, alarmed at the storm which had been raised, urged him to recede from his position and to rescind his order to the Treasurer. He resolutely refused. As a result, the necessary bill was finally passed, and at the next session he was able to report an improved condition of the finances and a revival of confidence in the Central Bank. It was without doubt a most fortunate thing for Georgia at this critical period in the history of the State that a man of Governor McDonald's firmness, prudence, and business sagacity was at the head of affairs.'

Governor McDonald is buried in the Episcopal Ceme

tery, at Marietta. The grave is handsomely marked by a monument of marble, which consists of a solid column surmounted by an urn, the whole resting upon a pedestal of granite. The coat of arms of Georgia is chiselled into the column, while above the device is inscribed "McDonald." Underneath appears the following epitaph:

> "Sacred to the memory of Charles James McDonald. Born July 9, 1793. Died December 16, 1860. Aged 67 years, 5 months, and 7 days. 'Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation He hath made in the earth.'"

Cobb in the Mexican War. In 1845, when hostilities with Mexico began, a company of soldiers was dispatched from Cobb to the seat of war. It was called the Kennesaw Rangers, and was annexed to the Georgia Regiment of Volunteers, in command of Colonel Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah. Its officers were as follows: Captain, A. Nelson; First Lieutenant, James M. Dobbs; Second Lieutenant, W. J. Manahan; Sergeants, J. H. Mehaffey, H. Trotter, Andrew B. Reed and Joseph H. Winters; Corporals, S. M. Anderson, William D. Neal, William D. Gray and William H. Craft. Ninety-two members enrolled.

The Little Brass Cannon. There stands in the Confederate Cemetery, at Marietta, a little brass cannon, concerning which there is a story of dramatic interest. During the year 1852, the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, was presented by the State with four six-pounder guns, made of brass, to be used in the artillery drills. On the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Herschel V. Johnson, at Milledgeville, in 1856, the cadets were present. They took with them two of the guns, to be used in the inaugural ceremonies; but while a cadet was loading one of them it fired prematurely, mutilating an arm of the gunner. The disastrous

affair occurred on the Capitol grounds. Two years later the cadets witnessed the induction into office of Governor Joseph E. Brown, on which occasion they again took two of the guns with them; but fortunately this time there was no mishap.

When the Institute was closed, in 1864, by reason of the imminence of hostilities, due to the approach of General Sherman, a battalion of cadets was formed. As the boys, however, were armed with Belgian rifles and were enlisted as infantrymen, they did not need the heavy guns. So the six-pounders were left on the parade grounds at the Institute. At the close of the war they were not to be found in Marietta.

Judge Robert L. Rodgers is of the opinion that they were brought to Atlanta, in the wake of Johnston's army, and that in the battles around the beleaguered citadel of the Confederacy, the guns fell into the hands of the Federals. At any rate, they were captured by the enemy, whether at one place or at another.

Years elapsed without bringing any word in regard to the missing guns. Finally, in 1909, Governor Joseph M. Brown, who was then in office, was notified by the War Department at Washington that in the arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y., there was a little brass cannon having on it the inscription: "Georgia Military Institute, 1851." At the same time it was stated that the trophy of war could be purchased for the sum of $150. In proportion to the sentimental value of the old relic, the amount was nominal. But Governor Brown was not authorized to pay the money out of the treasury of the State. Moreover, the ex-cadets were scattered throughout the Union—the few who still survived the flight of fifty years. So the Governor referred the matter to the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Marietta. These patriotic women immediately went to work. They enlisted the co-operation of Senators Bacon and Clay and of Congressman Gordon Lee, the latter of whom represented the district. Together, they induced the Government t

donate the cannon to the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Marietta. It was a generous act on the part of the Federal authorities, especially in view of the partisan role which such an engine of war is supposed to have played, but the cannon was never fired by the cadets against the United States flag.

Soon after the matter was thus happily settled the cannon arrived. In due time it was installed upon a pedestal of granite and placed in the Confederate Cemetery, at Marietta, within sight of Kennesaw Mountain, to guard the heroic dust which here sleeps. On April 26, 1910, it was formally unveiled with impressive ceremonies. Judge Robert L. Rodgers, of Atlanta, welcomed the little cannon back home in an eloquent speech, while the veil was drawn by Miss Annie Coryell, the charming little granddaughter of Colonel James W. Robertson, the first commandant of the Institute. There were a number of the old cadets present, besides a host of distinguished visitors, including his excellency, Governor Joseph M. Brown. The site of the famous old school is in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where the little cannon keeps vigil.

Kennesaw Mountain. Volume I, Pages 208-211.

Cheatham's Hill: The Illinois Monument. On June 27, 1914—fifty years after the battle of Kennesaw Mountain—a superb monument of Georgia marble was formally unveiled by the State of Illinois, at Cheatham's Hill, a part of the historic battle ground, near Marietta. Governor E. F. Dunne, representing the State of Illinois, accompanied by a special delegation from the General Assembly of his State, and Governor John M. Slaton, representing the State of Georgia, with a special committee from the Georgia House and Senate, took part in the impressive exercises. One of the features of the day was a basket-dinner served by two of Mari-

etta's patriotic organizations: Kennesaw Chapter, U. D. C., and Fielding Lewis Chapter, D. A. R. The monument is built of silver gray Georgia marble, twenty-six feet in height and nineteen feet wide at the base. It carries a bronze statue of a soldier, seven feet in height, interposed between two allegorical figures, and the total cost of the structure was $20,000, which amount was appropriated by the Legislature of Illinois. Miss Sara Sadely, eleven years old, of Anderson, Ind., a little granddaughter of W. A. Payton, of Danville, Ill., the supervising architect, who constructed the monument, drew the cord which unloosed the veil from the handsome structure. Both of the chief executives delivered eloquent speeches, full of the spirit of reconciliation. Governor Dunne, in a beautiful word picture, paid tribute to the soldiers of the two great armies who here struggled for mastery; to the followers of Johnston, as well as to the men under Sherman; and he closed his splendid address by quoting the following stanza from Finch's great poem:

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

Lieutenant Brumby Raises the American Flag at Manila.

During the war with Spain, in 1898, it was reserved for an American sailor, whose boyhood was spent in Marietta, to achieve signal distinction. This was Lieutenant Thomas M. Brumby, whose father, Colonel A. V. Brumby, was the first superintendent of the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, a soldier who followed the Stars and Bars, and a gentleman who was universally esteemed. "Tom" Brumby was a lieutenant on board the famous "Olympia," the flagship of Admiral Dewey. He is credited by one of the war correspondents, Mr. E. W. Harden, of the *Chicago Tribune,* with having suggested the plan of the battle, and

since the Spanish fleet was completely annihilated by this exploit, while not an American boat was injured nor an American sailor killed, it is no slight honor to have planned such an engagement. However, there are other things to the credit of this gallant officer which cannot be questioned. It devolved upon him to hoist the American flag over the surrendered citadel, an act which not only announced the formal occupation of the Philippine Islands by the United States government, but also proclaimed a radical change of national policy, which, reversing the precedents of one hundred years, elected to keep the American flag afloat upon the land-breezes of the Orient.

Returning home, some few weeks later, Lieutenant Brumby was the hero of the hour in Georgia. The most enthusiastic demonstration was planned in honor of the brave officer; and on the Capitol grounds, in Atlanta, before an audience which numbered thousands of people he was awarded an elegant sword. Hon. Clark Howell, President of the State Senate, introduced Governor Allen D. Candler, who, in turn, made the speech of presentation. Sea-fighter though he was, Tom Brumby faced the great concourse of people like an embarrassed school girl. He felt more at home when riding over the perilous torpedoes, but he managed to stammer his simple thanks and to tell the audience that he merely did his duty as a sailor. Unobserved by many in the vast throng, whose eyes were riveted upon the hero, there quietly sat in the background an old lady, who was bent with the weight of fourscore years. It was Tom Brumby's mother. Thus was the master touch added to a scene which lacked none of the elements of impressiveness. But the irony of fate was there, too; for ere many weeks had softened the echoes of applause, the brave lieutenant was dead. The spectacle presented on the grounds of Georgia's State Capitol was only the first part of the hero's Welcome Home.

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Roswell. Volume II, Pages 215-222.

Dr. Francis R. Goulding. Volume II, Pages 222-225.

The Grave of Dr. Goulding. In the little burial-ground of the Presbyterian Cemetery, at Roswell, lies the dust of the famous author, whose tale of "The Young Marooners" has endeared him to the heart of childhood in two hemispheres. The grave is unmarked by any towering shaft. Only the simplest pieces of marble, one at the head and one at the foot—neither of them six inches above the ground—tell where the great author sleeps. There is a peculiarity about the inscription which I have never witnessed in any other burial-place of the dead. It consists of his name alone; but scant as the epitaph is, it is divided between the two stones. The one at the head spells "Rev. Francis R." The one at the foot reads "Goulding." Unless the visitor is guided to the spot by the caretaker of the little grave-yard, he is apt to miss it, so dwarfed are the simple markers beside the splendid piles which rise in the immediate neighborhood. Perhaps the lowly grave is in keeping with the modest life which Dr. Goulding lived. He was only an humble shepherd of Zion, whose duty it was to feed the lambs of the Master. He preached in obscure places. He walked in wayside paths. But the whole world today is filled with the fame of Dr. Goulding. The author of "The Young Marooners" is one of the immortals; and if the children whose fancies he has charmed could only build him a monument by each contributing a mite it would overtop the tallest pine at Roswell.

The Tomb of Roswell King. It was the wish of Roswell King to be buried near the factory which he built in the little town which bears his name. Consequently, when the old pioneer died he was laid to

rest on a hill overlooking the busy theatre of his labors. Perhaps he imagined that the whir of the spindles might lull him to peaceful dreams. At any rate, his dying request was fulfilled; and on the spot where he was buried a monument of massive proportions was afterwards reared. It bears the following inscription:

> "In memory of Roswell King, born at Windsor, Conn., May 3, 1765, and died at Roswell, Cobb County, Ga., February 15, 1844. Aged 78 years, 9 months, and 12 days. He was the founder of the village which bears his name, etc."

Though somewhat soiled by the touch of time the shaft is well preserved. The interment of Roswell King at this place caused a grave-yard for public use to be opened on the hill, and today it goes by the name of the "Old Presbyterian Cemetery," others more recent having superceded this pioneer burial-ground. Barrington King, who succeeded his father as president of the factory, sleeps in the "New Presbyterian Cemetery," not far removed from Dr. Goulding, where his grave is handsomely marked. There is still another cemetery in Roswell, which is owned by the Methodists; and in view of the fact that the population of the little town has rarely exceeded one thousand inhabitants it has been lavishly supplied with facilities for leaving the world.

Where an Ex-President's Grandfather Sleeps.

Less than fifty feet distant from the tomb of Roswell King is the grave of Major James S. Bulloch, the grandfather of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. It is marked by a slab somewhat dingy with age, on which, however, the lettering is quite distinct. The inscription reads:

> "James S. Bulloch. Died in Roswell, February 18, 1849, in the 56th. year of his age. There are no partings in heaven."

Major Bulloch was an exceedingly devout man. He was superintendent of the little Presbyterian Sunday-school at Roswell, and one day, when intent upon his duties in this capacity, he was stricken with paralysis and summoned from his useful work to his crown of reward.

COFFEE

Douglas. Coffee County was organized in 1854 out of four other counties: Clinch, Ware, Telfair and Irwin, and was named in honor of General John Coffee, a distinguished soldier and civilian of this State. The place selected as a county-seat was called Douglas, in honor of the noted Stephen A. Douglas, styled the "Little Giant." For years the growth of the town was slow; but, with the coming of railway facilities, it has forged rapidly to the front. Douglas was chartered as a town in 1895 and as a city in 1897.

COLQUITT

Recollections of Walter T. Colquitt. Major Stephen F. Miller, in his Bench and Bar of Georgia, speaking of Walter T. Colquitt, says:

"It made no difference how many speakers of note were assembled on the platform at a mass-meeting, whether from other States or from Georgia, whether ex-Governors or ex-members of the Cabinet, he towered above them all in energy of declamation and in power to sway the multitude. His was an eye which could look any man or any peril in the face, without blanching, as an eagle is said to gaze upon the sun.

"Judge Colquitt imitated no model. He grasped the hand of a poor man as cordially and treated him with as much respect as if he had been the richest in the land; and if his attentions to either varied, it was only to show more kindness to the humble, to ward off any appearance of neglect. As an advocate, he stood alone in Georgia, perhaps in the whole South. No man could equal him, in brilliancy and vigor where the passions of the

jury were to be led. In criminal cases, where life or liberty was at stake, he swept everything before him. No heart could resist his appeals, no eye withhold its tears, on such occasions. He has been known to get down upon his knees and to implore jurors by name to save the husband, the father, the son; not to break anxious hearts at home, not to stamp disgrace upon innocent kindred. At other times he would go up to certain members of the jury and address them: 'My Baptist brother,' 'My Methodist brother,' 'My young brother,' 'My venerable brother,' applying suitable expressions to each one as the facts might authorize, and, with a look and a prayer to heaven, which impressed the greatest awe, would stir the soul to its very depths. Many examples of the kind might be given, as the author has been informed by eye-witnesses: he never heard Judge Colquitt make a speech in court, but has heard him in other places. It is said that he rarely failed to obtain verdicts in favor of his clients when the occasion called forth his energies. Delivery, gesticulation, pathos, ridicule, scorn, mimicry, anecdote, the tone of his voice, the motion of his features—all acted a part, all assisted in the incantation. No wizard could have been more potent in exercising his charms. In all this exhibition there was much to offend particular schools of acting; but it was nothing more than holding a mirror up to nature—nature in a tempest.

"Nor was Judge Colquitt at a loss for other methods. He could be as gentle as a zephyr when it suited his purpose, when there were pictures of bereavement or sorrow to press home to the jury. Then the sweet, plaintive tones of his voice, the melting sadness of the heart, and the glistening pearl-drops from the eye, would dissolve all opposition. He would take a poor, fainting mortal in his arms, and softly as an angel he would lay him down to repose amid the flowers of Eden."*

Moultrie. Volume I.

The Colquitt Family Record.

Judge Walter T. Colquitt was three times married. His first wife, whom he married February 23, 1823, was Nancy H. Lane, daughter of Joseph Lane, Esq., for many years a Representative in the Legislature from Newton. Six children were the result of this union, four of them reaching mature years. Alfred H. Colquitt became a Major-General in the Confederate Army, Governor of the State, and United States Senator from Georgia, filling the chair once occupied by his distinguished father in the upper national arena. Peyton H. Colquitt became a Colonel in the Confederate Army and was killed at the head of his regiment in the battle of Chickamauga. Emma married Samuel M. Carter, son of Colonel Farish Carter,

*Stephen F. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. I.

and himself an eminent planter; while another daughter married Hon. O. B. Ficklin, of Illinois, at the time a Representative in Congress.

The second marriage of Judge Colquitt was in 1841 to Mrs. Alphia B. Fauntleroy, formerly Miss Todd, sister of the late H. W. Todd, Esq., of West Point, and aunt of Dr. J. Scott Todd, of Atlanta. She lived only a few months.

Judge Colquitt was united in marriage the third time to Harriet M. Ross, daughter of Luke Ross, and sister of the late well-known merchants J. B. and W. A. Ross, of Macon. Four children were born of this union, among them Hugh Haralson Colquitt.

The father of Judge Colquitt was Henry Colquitt, a native of Virginia, who emigranted to Georgia and settled in Wilkes. His mother was Nancy Holt. Related to him, on the maternal side, were Judge William W. Holt, of Augusta; Judge Thaddeus G. and General William S. Holt, of Macon; Hon. Hines Holt, of Columbus, and Mrs. Judge N. L. Hutchins, of Lawrenceville, mother of the late Judge Hutchins. After the death of her first husband, the widow Colquitt married the father of the late General Hartwell H. Tarver, of Twiggs.

The Colquitts: A Parellelism.

During the memorial exercises, held in the United States Senate Chamber, on January 8, 1895, in honor of Alfred H. Colquitt, United States Senator from Georgia, General John B. Gordon, his colleague and life-long friend, delivered an address, in the course of which he drew the following comparison between the two Colquitts, both of whom became United States Senators. Said he:

"Walter T. Colquitt—the father—was one of the most brilliant Georgians of his day. He filled many positions of responsibility and trust, and illustrated them all. As an advocate before a jury he had no superior and few peers. As a lawyer or political debater there was scarcely a limit to his mental activity, to his capacity for grasping facts analyzing arguments and forcing his convictions upon others. In the court-house, legal technicalities and even venerated precedents went down before his fiery eloquence the impetuosity of his assaults, and the blighting effects of his withering sarcasm. His form and face, eye and voice, all reflected the action of his brain and the rapture of his spirit; and when greatly aroused there was not an emotion or passion or sensibility that he did not touch and master. He was preacher, judge, general of militia, member of the House of Representatives, and Senator. The versatility of his genius and the power of his endurance, both physical and mental, were almost phenomenal. It is a tradition of his early career that he united a couple in marriage, drilled his

brigade of militia, tried a man for his life, sentenced him to be hung, and preached a great sermon, all on the same day.

"Alfred H. Colquitt, my long-cherished friend and recent associate in this Chamber, whose death we mourn, was the eldest son of this remarkable man. The two, father and son, possessed traits and characteristics in common; but in many particulars they widely differed. Both were possessed of the keenest insight into human nature. Both were emphatically men of the people. Both had in them the martial instinct and the spirit of command. Both were members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate. Both were devoted and prominent communicants of the Methodist Church; and both were accustomed, while engaged in other avocations, to minister at its altars and teach from its pulpits.

"These two distinguished men differed widely, however, in the method and manner of presenting truth, whether from rostrum, hustings, or pulpit. The elder as a public speaker was fervid, lucid, rapid, impetuous. The younger Colquitt was perhaps less emotional, but more logical; less passionate, but more persuasive. The elder was more the natural orator than his gifted son, with a more intense nature and electric style. He was greatest when confronting a multitude differing from him in opinion. On such occasions he was almost matchless. When in the whirlwind of political debate, his words came in a tempest of invective against supposed personal wrongs or injustice to his party and people. The younger Colquitt excelled, however, in the more orderly and logical, if not more forceful presentation of his arguments and convictions, in pathos and persuasive power, and in the enduring hold upon the hearts and control over the actions of men. . . . It is no exaggeration to say of him, Mr. President, that few men with a career so long and brilliant have lived a life so pure and blameless, and left a legacy so rich and inspiring to the young men of the country. He died as he had livel, beloved by his people anl accepted of God. In the bosom of his native State we have laid him, and on his chosen hillside, where the music of Ocmulgee's waters and the weird songs of the pines will chant above him their everlasting anthem of praise and benediction."

COLUMBIA

Old Kiokee: Daniel Marshall's Arrest. While Planting the Baptist Standard in Georgia.

On the first day of January, 1771, Daniel Marshall, an ordained Baptist minister, sixty-five years of age, moved from Horse Creek, S. C., and settled with his family on Kiokee Creek, about twenty miles northwest of Augusta. He had been residing for some time in South Carolina, where he had organized two churches,

and while living at Horse Creek had made frequent evangelistic tours into Georgia, preaching with wonderful fervor in houses and groves.

We will gaze upon him as he conducts religious services. The scene is in a sylvan grove, and Daniel Marshall is on his knees, engaged in prayer. While he beseeches the Throne of Grace, a hand is laid upon his shoulder, and he hears a voice say:

"'You are my prisoner!'

"Rising to his feet, the earnest-minded man of God finds himself confronted by an officer of the law. He is astonished at being arrested under such circumstances, for preaching the gospel in the Parish of St. Paul; but he has violated the legislative enactment of 1758, which established religious worship in the colony according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. He is made to give security for his appearance in Augusta on the following Monday, and is then allowed to continue the services. But to the surprise of every one present, the indigation which swells the bosom of Mr. Marshall finds vent through the lips of his wife, who has witnessed the whole scene. With the solemnity of the prophets of old, she denounces the law under which her husband has been apprehended, and to sustain her position she quotes many passages from the Holy Scriptures, with a force which carries conviction.

"One of the most interested listeners to her exposition was the constable, Mr. Samuel Cartledge, who was so deeply convinced by the inspired words of exhortation which fell from her lips that his conversion was the result; and, in 1777, he was baptized by the very man whom he then held under arrest. After the interruption caused by the incident above described, Mr. Marshall preached a sermon of great power, and before the meeting was over he baptized, in the neighboring creek, two converts, who proved to be relatives of the very man who stood security for his appearance at court. On the day appointed Mr. Marshall went to Augusta, and after standing a trial was ordered to desist; but he boldly replied in the language of the Apostles, spoken under similar circumstances:

"'Whether it be right to obey God or man, judge ye.'

"It is interesting to note that the magistrate who tried him, Colonel Barnard, was also afterwards converted. Though never immersed, he was strongly tinctured with Baptist doctrines, and often exhorted sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He lived and died in the Church of England. Following this dramatic episode, Mr. Marshall does not seem to have met with further trouble; but the outbreak of the Revolution soon suspended religious activities."

"Daniel Marshall was born at Windsor, Conn., in 1706, of Presbyterian parents. He was a man of great natural ardor and holy zeal. For three years he buried himself in the wilderness and preached to the Mohawk Indians near the head waters of the Susquehanna River. War among the savage tribes led him to remove ultimately to Virginia, where he became a convert to Baptist views. He was immersed at the age of forty-eight, his wife submitting to the ordinance at the same time; and then, after preaching for several years in the two Carolinas, he came to Georgia, settling on Kiokee Creek at the time above mentioned.

"Though neither learned nor eloquent, he possessed the rugged strength of mind which fitted him for pioneer work, and he knew the Scriptures. From his headquarters on Kiokee Creek he went forth preaching the Gospel with great power. By uniting those whom he had baptized in the neighborhood with other Baptists who lived on both sides of the Savannah River, he formed and organized Kiokee Baptist Church, in the spring of 1722; and this was the first Baptist Church ever constituted within the limits of Georgia.

"The Act incorporating the Kiokee Baptist Church was signed by Edward Telfair, Governor; Seaboard Jones, Speaker of the House, and Nathan Brownson, President of the Senate. It is dated December 23, 1789, seventeen years subsequent to the actual time of organization. The first meeting house was built where the town of Appling now stands. Daniel Marshall became the pastor. He served in this capacity until November 2, 1784, when he died in his seventy-eighth year. Abraham Marshall, his son, continued his work.

"When this pioneer minister moved into the State, he was the only ordained Baptist clergyman within its bounds; but he lived to preside at the organization of the Georgia Association, in the fall of 1784, when there were half a dozen churches in the State, hundreds of converts, and quite a number of preachers. His grave lies a few rods south of Appling Court House, on the side of the road leading to Augusta. He sleeps neither forgotten nor unsung, for every child in the neighborhood can lead the stranger to Daniel Marshall's grave."*

On December 23, 1789, the pioneer Baptist church in Georgia was incorporated by an Act of the Legislature, under the name of the "Anabaptist Church on the Kioka," with the following trustees: Abraham Marshall, William Willingham, Edmond Cartledge, John Landers, James Simms, Joseph Ray and Lewis Gardner.*

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*Condensed from History of the Baptist Denomination in Georgia. Compiled by the Christian Index.

*Marbury and Crawford's Digest, p. 143.

Peter Crawford's Tomb. Some time ago, while engaged in making certain researches in Columbia County, Prof. Alfred Akerman, of the State University, stumbled upon an old burial-ground, almost completely overrun by weeds and briars. Even the inscriptions upon the tombs were so blurred that he could hardly decipher them; but he finally managed to trace the letters. One of these tombs contained the following epitaph:

> In memory of PETER CRAWFORD, a native of Virginia. He became early in life a citizen of Georgia. Highly gifted mentally and physically, he closed a long life of distinguished usefulness. As clerk of the Superior Court and Senator of the County in the Legislature of the State, during nearly the whole period of his manhood, these records attest the value of his services. Under a sense of right he was inflexible. His social virtues were marked by an expansive hospitality and benevolence. The widow and the orphan gratefully bestowed on him the honorable title: Their Friend. Born February 7, 1765. Died October 16, 1830. My father.

Peter Crawford was a power in Georgia politics. For years he voted the Whig ticket; and during the latter part of his life became involved in a controversy the outcome of which was a duel fought between his son, Hon. George W. Crawford, and a talented young lawyer of Appling, Hon. Thomas E. Burnside. Gov. Crawford manfully espoused his father's side in this quarrel, since the latter was then an old man, and jeopardized his own life in order to avenge his father's honor. His filial devotion is further shown in the erection of this monument, for which he probably wrote the epitah. On a neighboring tomb, this record is inscribed, no doubt also from the pen of Governor Crawford:

In memory of MARY ANN, wife of PETER CRAWFORD. A cherished wife, she was the mother of a large family. For many years the survivor of her partner, she was the center and light of a large social circle. A Christion, she bestowed her charities with the gentleness of her sex. A woman, she was steadfast to her sterner duties. Her four-score years only weakened the tie which binds life to the body; all else was clear and calm. Born May 9, 1769. Died January 22, 1852.

Pioneer Senators and Representatives. During the early ante-bellum period of the State's history, Columbia was represented in the General Assembly of Georgia by a brilliant galaxy of men. Some of her pioneer Senators included: James O'Neil, Thomas Carr, John Foster, William Wilkins, Peter Crawford, Archer Avary, Abner P. Robertson, William B. Tankersley and Thomas H. Dawson. On the list of Representatives we find: Walter Drane, James Simms, Benjamin Williams, John Foster, Hugh Blair, John Hardin, Solomon Marshall, William B. Tankersley, Thomas Carr, Archer Avary, George Carey, Arthur Foster, Thomas E. Burnside, Turner Clanton, Nathaniel F. Collins, Nathan Crawford, Thomas N. Hamilton, John Cartledge, Moody Burt, and Robert M. Gunby.*

Duels Fought by the Crawfords. Volume II. Under the Code Duello.

CRAWFORD.

Fort Lawrence. This stronghold was built to protect the old Creek Indian Agency on the Flint River, and was located on the east bank of the stream, occupying an eminence not far from where the Flint River is crossed by the main highway running from Macon to Columbus. The last vestige of the ancient fort has long since disappeared; but it was probably a stockade fort built after the fashion common in pioneer days. If constructed by Col. Hawkins, who resided here for sixteen years as agent among the Creek Indians, it was probably

*See Vol. I of this work, pp. 34-39.

not unlike the defensive structure at Fort Hawkins, a stronghold built under his immediate supervision.

Survivor of Goliad Massacre. Few of Fannin's men escaped the brutal massacre at Goliad, in the war for Texan independence, in 1836, but one of these was a former resident of Crawford: Mr. John T. Spillers. Surviving the frightful holocaust, Mr. Spillers returned to his old home in Georgia, where his last days were spent. He probably joined the company organized in Macon by Colonel William A. Ward. This company passed through Knoxville, Ga., en route to Texas, where it was annexed to Fannin's command. While passing through Knoxville, a flag of white silk bearing a lone star of blue was presented to the company by Miss Joanna E. Troutman —afterwards Mrs. Vinson—who designed with her own hands this unique and beautiful emblem, which afterwards received adoption as the national flag of Texas.* During the year 1913, the body of Mrs. Vinson was exhumed from its former resting place at Knoxville and re-interred with official honors in the State cemetery at Austin, Texas.

Most of the gallant men to whose keeping this historic flag was entrusted by its fair designer, met an ignominious death at the hands of the treacherous Mexicans; but Mr. Spiller escaped. How he managed to do so is explained in an affidavit given to his attorney, Mr. William I. Walker, of Crawford, in 1874, when the latter was seeking to obtain for him a pension from the State of Texas.

Mr. Spillers was at this time quite an old man, as nearly forty years had elapsed since the Goliad massacre; and he was probably also in reduced circumstances. The old soldier states in this affidavit that he is entitled to a

*Documents in the possession of Mrs. E. T. Nottingham, of Thomaston, Georgia.

pension "by reason of his having served as a volunteer in the army of Texas, under Colonel Fannin, in the Texas revolutions, in the years 1835 and 1836, having escaped the massacre of Fannin's command by reason of being kept a prisoner and laborer by the Mexicans."* Mr. Walker believed implicitly in the justice of the old soldier's claim, to secure which he made a special trip to Texas, bearing a letter of introduction from Governor James M. Smith.

Anecdote of Mr. Crawford's School-Days. Joseph Beckham Cobb narrates the following incident of Mr. Crawford's school-days at Mount Carmel:

"It was determined by himself and some of the elder school boys to enliven the annual public examinations by representing a play. They selected Addison's Cato; and, in forming the cast of characters, that of the Roman Senator was of course, assigned to the usher. Crawford was a man of extraordinary height and large limbs, and was always ungraceful and awkward, besides being constitutionally unfitted, in every way, to act any character but his own. However, he cheerfully consented to play Cato. It was a matter of great sport, even during rehearsal as his companions beheld the huge, unsightly usher, with giant strides and stentorian tones, go through with the representation of the stern, precise old Roman. But, on the night of the exhibition, an accident, eminently characteristic of the counterfeit Cato, occurred, which effectually broke up the denouement of the tragedy. Crawford had conducted the Senate scene with tolerable success, though rather boisterously for so solemn an occasion, and had even managed to struggle through with the apostrophe to the soul; but, when the dying scene behind the curtain came to be acted, Cato's groan of agony was bellowed out with such hearty good earnest as totally to scare away the tragic muse, and set prompter, players and audience in a general, unrestrained fit of laughter. This was, we believe, the future statesman's first and last theatrical attempt."*

Knoxville. Four counties of Georgia were organized by an act approved December 23, 1822, viz., DeKalb, Bibb, Pike and Crawford; and, for the last

*Joseph Beckham Cobb, in Leisure Hours.

named of these counties, the site of public buildings was fixed at a convenient place called Knoxville, in honor of Gen. Henry Knox, of the Revolution. The town was incorporated on December 24, 1825, with the following pioneer residents named as commissioners: John Harvey, John Vance, Frank Williamson, Jesse Stone, Martin T. Ellis.[1] At the same time a charter was granted to the Knoxville Academy, with Messrs. James Lloyd, Coleman M. Roberts, Edward Barker, Levi Stanford, and Wm. Lockett as trustees.[2] Miss Joanna E. Troutman, who designed the Lone Star flag of Texas, was a resident of Knoxville, where she was living when the war for Texan independence began in 1836.

COWETA.

Bullsboro. Volume 1. pp. 484-486.

Newnan. Newnan, the county-seat of Coweta County, has already been treated at some length in the former volume of this work, as the successor of old Bullsboro, a town out of which it grew, and the site of which is today marked by an old pecan tree which stands some two miles to the north-east of the present court-house. During the past few years the growth of Newnan has been marked. Its cotton mills employ an army of operatives and produce annually an enormous output of the best fabrics. As a commercial center, with fine railway facilities, the town supplies an extensive trade, while the surrounding country is rich in agricultural products. There is a briskness, a vim, and a stir about the city of Newnan, an evidence of thrift on its streets and in its market-places, the like of which can be found in few communities of its size; and with the impetus acquired from its re-

[1] Acts, 1825, p. 183.
[2] Acts, 1825, p. 9.

cent growth, it will eventually become one of the largest towns of the State. Its per capita of wealth is already considerably above the average. Many of its homes are palatial; its schools afford the very best educational advantages; and its local affairs are controlled by men of intelligence, of character, and of enthusiasm for the public weal. Long before the war it was widely known as a seat of learning on account of the prestige of its noted Temple College. Some of Georgia's best families have long been identified with Newnan, such as the Dents, the Berrys, the Bigbys, the Norths, the Pinsons, the Kirbys, the Halls, the Wrights, the Thompsons, the McLendons, the McKinleys, the Calhouns, the Hills, the Rays, the Caldwells, the Coles, the Hardaways, the Nimmonses, the Orrs, the Robinsons, and the Powells. From its professional and business ranks have come some of the most distinguished men of Georgia, such as Hon. W. B. W. Dent, Judge Hugh Buchanan and Judge John S. Bigby, all of whom were members of Congress; Gov. Wm. Y. Atkinson, former Attorney-General, Hewlette A. Hall, Dr. A. B. Calhoun, whose son, the renowned specialist, lately deceased, Dr. A. W. Calhoun, spent his boyhood days in Newnan; Hon. Peter Francisco Smith, a distinguished legal scholar, writer, and man of affairs; Judge Dennis F. Hammond, Judge L. H. Featherstone, Judge Owen H. Kenan, Judge John D. Berry, Judge R. W. Freeman, Dr. James Stacy, for more than forty years pastor of the Presbyterian church, a scholar and a historian; Prof. M. P. Kellogg, a noted educator; Carlisle McKinley, a gifted poet and journalist; Hon. Ezekiel McKinley; Hon. J. J. McClendon, and a host of others.

Oak Hill. Historic Church-yards and Burial-Grounds.

College Temple. One of the most noted institutions of learning in Georgia during the last half of the Nineteenth Century was "College Temple," at Newnan, a college for women, and the first

to grant the higher degree, for in a printed address by the president, Prof. Kellogg, given on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the school he refers to "that maiden commencement (in 1855), when the degree—Magistra in Artibus (M. A.)—was conferred the *first* time by a female college in America."

The college was the life work of Prof. Moses Payson Kellogg, the sole proprietor and president. Prof. Kellogg was born in Richford, Vt., on May 19th, 1823. He graduated at the University of Vermont, at Burlington, and came to Georgia about 1843. His first school was at Rock Springs Academy, in Coweta County; and his success there attracted the attention of the trustees of the Newnan Academy, who invited him to take charge of that institution. This he did in 1849.

Prof. Kellogg was a very scholarly man, splendidly educated, with a wonderful amount of executive ability. He kept fully abreast of the times and introduced into his school many useful aids for imparting knowledge. When teaching at the academy he had a telegraph instrument with wires encircling the building, and brought to the town a daguerreotype artist with his newly invented instrument.

In December, 1851, Miss Harriet Robie Baker came from Weare, N. H., where she was born, August 14th, 1825, to teach at the Academy under Prof. Kellogg. They were married the following August 4th. Throughout, his wife was his counsellor and chief assistant, always at his side.

Prof. Kellogg believed thoroughly in the higher education of girls as an important factor toward improving the men of the future, and he conceived the idea of founding in Newnan, a college for women only. This he located on a plot of ground on the east side of the present Temple Avenue between Clark and College Streets. The corner stone of the first building of "College Temple" was laid on May 19th, 1852, and the first term of the school was opened on Sept. 7th, 1853. The college was chartered by an act of the State Legislature on Feb. 11th, 1854, and the first graduating class of eight girls received their M. A. degree in June, 1855.

The school buildings were three in number, all of attractive architecture designed by Prof. Kellogg. These were located on extensive grounds laid out in artistic style with long hedges and walks, and groups of trees and shrubs. The dormitory was a large square three-story building, entirely surrounded by an upper and lower veranda. The main building, known as Arcade Hall, contained a large auditorium, school assembly hall, class rooms and library. This library was one of the interesting features of the school and held several hundred volumes of reference books, classics and high class fiction, besides numerous globes, charts, astronomical and geometrical maps and maps on physical geography. Many specimens of gold and other minerals were used in the study of mineralogy. The third building, the Laboratory, was well equipped with instruments for experiments in chemistry, electricity and physics.

The "Fly Leaf," the school paper, made its first appearance in 1855 and continued many years. It was edited by the senior class, and after th

first few years, set up and printed by them at the college. The school contained a primary and a collegiate department, with a large corps of teachers. In the collegiate department besides Greek and Latin, the German, French and Italian languages were taught.

Important to note is the fact that this was the first school for girls in the state to teach industrial work, typography and telegraphy having been taught almost from the beginning. Cooking and sewing were taught also at this period, but left to the choice of the pupil. The students came from Georgia and the surrounding states, and a few from New England and the West. No pupil was turned away for lack of money, and hundreds of girls were educated free by this good man. In these Prof. Kellogg took great pride. The annual commencements lasted several days, and attracted large crowds.

In 1864 the school session was discontinued for several months, and the 7 buildings occupied by hospitals for wounded and sick Confederate soldiers. The senior class was, however, graduated that year as usual. The school continued without other interruption until the last class received its diplomas in June, 1889.

Owing to Prof. Kellogg's advanced age and the establishment of the public school system in Newnan in 1888, the college was discontinued. All the buildings were destroyed in 1904, except the Laboratory, which was made into a dwelling. There is a large marble shaft in the Newnan cemetery erected to Prof. Kellogg by his loving pupils, which recalls the past of this noble institution, and the work of this good man.*

CRISP.

Fort Early. Some twelve miles to the south of the present town of Cordele was located a stronghold which, in pioneer days, played an important part in defending our exposed frontier: Fort Early. It was named for a distinguished Governor of this State who occupied the executive chair when the fort was built during the war of 1812. It was constructed by Gen. David Blackshear, a noted Indian fighter, and afterwards used by Gen. E. P. Gaines and Gen. Andrew Jackson. As to the character of the fort, little is known, but it was probably a stockade fort like Fort Hawkins, designed especially for Indian warfare on the border. Between Fort Early

*Authority: Miss Ruby Felder Ray, State Editor, D. A. R. Atlanta, Ga.

and Cordele runs a little branch known as Cedar Creek, where the last attack made by the Creek Indians upon the whites in this section of Georgia was successfully repelled, on January 22, 1818. Two gallant American soldiers, Capt. Leigh, and a private, Samuel Loftis, perished at this place while trying to find a safe passage across the swollen stream for a portion of Jackson's army. They were shot by the savages from ambush.

Cordele. Vol. I. pp. 499-501.

DADE.

Trenton. On December 25, 1837, an Act was approved by Gov. George R. Gilmer, creating the county of Dade out of lands formerly included in Walker. The place chosen as a county-site was first called Salem. But there were a number of localities throughout the State, including not a few old churches and camp-grounds, which bore this name. Consequently, in 1840, it was changed to Trenton.[1] On February 18, 1854, the town was incorporated with the following named commissioners: James M. Hill, Robert L. Hawkins, Horace Lindsay, Wm. C. Shanock, and Manoes Morgan.[2]

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[1] Acts, 1840, p. 36.
[2] Acts, 1854, p. 251.

DAWSON

Dawsonville. Dawson County was formed from Lumpkin, in 1858, and named for the distinguished Wm. C. Dawson, a United States Senator from Georgia, then lately deceased. The site chosen for public buildings was called Dawsonville; and, on Dec. 10, 1859, the town was incorporated with the following named commissioners: Dr. John Hockinhull, J. M. Bishop, Lawson Hope, Samuel C. Johnson, and Wm. Barrett.*

Recollections of William C. Dawson. In a letter to Major Stephen F. Miller, Judge Dawson's son, Edgar G. Dawson, writes thus concerning the distinguished statesman and jurist:

"I see that the Masonic Fraternity is preparing to raise a monument to his memory and to establish a 'Dawson Professorship' in the Masonic Female College.

"My father was very liberal in his donations to such institutions. He was always active in the cause of education. As you are aware, he was eminently social—remarkably fond of the chase—always kept a fine pack of fox-hounds, the fleetest in the country, for he spared no expense in procuring them. He was the best horseman I ever saw, surpassing all his companions in his exploits upon the field. I have frequently seen him from day-break until night in the chase of the red fox, and then return home and work in his office until twelve or one o'clock. I think he was one of the most industrious men I ever knew.

"He made companions of his children, and never failed to have them with him, when not inconvenient to do so—upon the circuit, at Washington, in his travels, on the plantation. He seemed delighted in the chase to see his sons well mounted, contesting with him the palm of horsemanship, in leaping fences and ditches, and in keeping nearest the hounds in full pursuit through woods and fields.

* * * * * * *

"Just a few months prior to his death he wrote me: 'I shall return to the practice in the spring, and, having naught to draw my attention from it, I shall expect to be pointed at by the people and to hear them say: 'There is a rising and promising young man who will soon make his mark

*Acts, 1859, p. 152.

at the bar.' He always contended that he was never over thirty years of age, and in fact, he was as able and active at fifty-eight as he was at thirty-eight.''

DECATUR

Bainbridge. Under an Act, approved December 19, 1823, organizing the county of Decatur, the following named commissioners were chosen to select a county-seat to superintend the erection of public buildings thereon, to-wit: Duncan Ray, Wm. Hawthorn, Philip Pittman, John Sanders, and Martin Hardin[1] The site chosen was a point of land overlooking the Flint River, within a mile of Fort Hughes. It was called Bainbridge, in honor of the gallant naval officer, William Bainbridge, who commanded the celebrated frigate "Constitution." The county itself was named for the illustrious American Commodore Stephen Decatur. On December 22, 1829, the town was chartered with the following named commissioners: Peter Cohen, Daniel Belcher, Jethro W. Kieth, Matthew R. Moore, and Jeremiah H. Taylor.[2] The old Decatur Academy was chartered on December 19, 1829, with Messrs. Alexander McGowan, Wm. Whiddon, John DeGraffenreid, Wm. Williams, Wm. Powell, and Thomas King as trustees.[3] In 1840 a female seminary was chartered. Bainbridge is today one of the most important commercial centers of the State, with extensive railway and steamboat connections. It is also the center of a territory rich in agricultural resources. See Vol. 1. for additional facts in regard to Bainbridge.

[1] Acts, 1823, p. 58.
[2] Acts, 1829, p. 186.
[3] Acts, 1829, p. 10.

Fort Hughes (Bainbridge). Volume 1. Page 504.

Fort Scott. This stronghold was built during one of the campaigns against the Seminole Indians in Florida. It was located on the west bank of the Flint River, a stream then called by the Indians "Thronateeska." The Fort was named for Gen. Winfield Scott, a distinguished officer of the United States Army, under whose leadership the campaign was conducted. Nothing is known at this time concerning the character of the fort, which was probably little more than an earthwork, enclosed by a stockade.

Distinguished Residents of Decatur. Volume I. Pages 506-507.

Attapulgus. Attapulgus, a town on the Southern & Florida line, in the lower part of the county, is one of the oldest communities in Decatur, founded some time in the eighteen-thirties. The Pleasant Grove Academy, located at this place, was chartered in 1836, but three years later the name of the school was changed to the Attapulgus Academy, and at this time the following trustees were chosen, to-wit.: Thomas, Hines, William Williams, Daniel T. Lane, John Durham, Asa Hutchings and Hiram King.[1] Five new trustees were added in 1841, as follows: James E. Martin, Edmond Smart, William Martin, Joshua Grant and Isaac M. Griffin.[2] In 1849, John H. Gibson, Daniel McKinnis and Robert J. Smallwood were added to the board.[3] On January 22, 1852, a charter was granted for a female school, with the following named trustees, to-wit.: James Gibson, Andrew McElroy, Emery Lassiter, William Smith, Thomas R. Smith, Charles J. Munnerlyn and John P. Dickinson, to be styled "Trustees of the Female Amademy of Attapulgus."[4] The town was incorporated December 21, 1866, with Messrs. Emery Lasseter, George W. Donalson, Thomas R. Smith, W. A. B. Lasseter and L. H. Peacock named as commissioners.

[1] Acts, 1839, p. 6.
[2] Acts, 1841, p. 10.
[3] Acts, 1849-1850, p. 22.
[4] Acts, 1851-1852, p. 329.

DEKALB

Decatur. DeKalb County was organized in 1822 from Henry and Fayette counties and was named for the celebrated Baron DeKalb, of Revolutionary distinction. The county-site was called Decatur, for the famous American Commodore, Stephen Decatur, whose brilliant naval exploits were then still fresh in the public mind. Decatur was formally incorporated as a town, on December 10, 1823, with the following named commissioners: Reuben Cone, Wm. Morris, Wm. Gresham, James White, and Thos. A. Dobbs.[1] The DeKalb County Academy was chartered on December 18, 1825, but the charter was amended one year later, at which time the following trustees were named: Samuel T. Bailey, Zachariah Holloway, Wm. Ezzard, Joseph Morris, Joseph D. Shoemate, Reuben Cone, James Blackstocks, Wm. Towns, Merrill Collier, Samuel Prewett, and James M. C. Montgomery.[2] Decatur is one of the strongest Presbyterian communities of the State, outside of the large cities. The church of this denomination here is the mother church of this section of Georgia.

Agnes Scott College, one of the most noted schools of the country for the education of young ladies, is located here, under Presbyterian control. Decatur was the home of the famous poet and painter, Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers. Hon. Charles Murphey and Hon. Milton A. Candler, both members of Congress, also lived in Decatur. This wideawake community has recently organized a Chamber of Commerce, whose enterprising activities have been the wonder of the State resulting locally in a rapid increase in the town's volume of business, besides arousing the emulation of other communities.

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[1] Acts, 1823, p. 169.
[2] Acts, 1825, p. 5.

Stone Mountain. Pages 245-252.

Distinguished Residents of DeKalb. Vol. 1. pp. 512-514.

DODGE

Eastman. On October 26, 1870, an Act was approved creating the new county of Dodge out of lands formerly included in three large counties of this section: Montgomery, Telfair and Pulaski. Under the terms of this same Act, the county seat was fixed at Eastman, otherwise known as station number 13, on what was then the Macon and Brunswick Railroad.[1] The town was chartered in a separate Act approved on the day following, at which time Messrs. John L. Parker, David M. Buchan, J. J. Rozar, E. E. Lee, and John F. Livingston were named commissioners.[2] The county was named for William E. Dodge, of New York, a wealthy merchant, whose lumber interests in this immediate section were extensive, in addition to large holdings on St. Simon's Island. The town was named for Mr. W. P. Eastman, a native of New England, who organized the Dodge Land Company, a syndicate largely instrumental in developing this part of Georgia. The present public school system of the town was established in 1894. Eastman is the center of a rich agricultural section and is one of the most progressive trade centers in Georgia, possessing several strong banks, a number of solid business establishments, and many elegant homes.

The Eastman Riot. Eastman, the capital of Dodge County, in what is known as Middle South Georgia, has an unusual record. Here a hanging occurred in 1882, in which four men and a woman suffered the penalty of death. This is believed to be the largest

[1] Acts, 1870, p. 18.
[2] Acts, 1870, p. 186.

number of people ever legally executed at the same time in any place in the United States. The hanging was the culmination of what was known as the Eastman Riot, and to the credit of the town, although it was only in its teens, the law was allowed to take its course, and Judge Lynch was kept in the background. It is an interesting story and deserves to go down in history as one of the bloody chapters of the Black Belt.

On Sunday, August 6, 1882 a big negro camp meeting began in Eastman. The town at that time was only a small village. Fully three thousand negroes from the surrounding country came in on several special excursion trains. Provisions were made for a few white people, and among them was Jim Harwood, a boy about eighteen years old from Cochran, who came to visit relatives. In Eastman at that time there were nine drug stores, most of them being places opened for the sale of whiskey and calling themselves drug stores to keep within the law. Into these places many of the negroes, both men and women, went to fill up on fire-water, and soon they had reached the danger line.

One negro stole a watch of another and was detected. He was arrested and taken in charge by two town marshals, A. P. Harrell and B. A. Buchan. They started with him toward the calaboose, but he had been drinking enough to make him obstreperous, and he began an attack on the officers. He succeeded in freeing himself and ran. Buchan, thinking to frighten him, fired at him. The ball hit him just where his suspenders were crossed in the back, and he fell dead.

Great excitement followed among the negroes, most of whom were half drunk, and they gathered themselves into a howling mob not less than a thousand strong, and pursued the officers, both of whom managed to escape. As the mob turned a corner, young Harwood saw them coming, and ran. Thinking he was one of the officers, the negroes, like a pack of wolves, followed. He ran to the home of Mr. Wright Harrell and crawled under the house. The family was at dinner, and young Harwood ran into the back room and hid under the bed. The negroes stormed the house, and Mr. Harrell begged them to leave, assuring them that their man was not there. Brushing him aside, they broke into the house and soon found the unfortunate youth. They dragged him out, beating him with clubs and pistols. As they came out with him an old negro, who had been a slave of his father, forced his way through the crowd, and throwing his arms about the young man's neck, begged that his life be spared. He was beaten into insensibility, and then the boy was shot and beaten to death with pickets snatched from the fence by the members of the bloodthirsty mob. As Harwood was being dragged into the house, Ella Moore, a negro woman, ran up and made several desperate efforts to cut his throat.

The death of the boy seemed to arouse the negroes to a sense of their danger, and rushing to the trains they compelled the trainmen, at the point of revolvers, to pull out of town. Many of the negroes were left, and soon they were fleeing in all directions.

In about an hour fifty or more farmers, armed to the teeth, rode into Eastman. They were organized and began a systematic search for the rioters. The jail was soon filled with prisoners, and there was a strong sentiment to lynch the whole crowd. This was strengthened when it was learned that three people who had been sick had died from the shock they had sustained when they had heard of the riot. There were conservative men enough in the town to let the law take its course, and soon there were twenty-two prisoners in the jail, with evidence enough against them to convict.

Many of them had been arrested on the testimony of reputable witnesses in the neighboring towns, who had heard them boasting of what they had done.

Five of the twenty-two, Simon O'Gwin, Joe King, Bob Donaldson, Reddick Powell and Ella Moore, were tried before Judge A. C. Pate, Tom Eason being the solicitor-general. They were convicted of murder, and all five of them dropped to death at the same moment in the court-house yard on the 20th of October, 1882. Seventeen of the others were found guilty, but recommended to mercy, and were sent to the penitentiary for life. Many of the witnesses of the deeds of this dark and bloody Sunday are still living at Eastman.*

DOOLY

Vienna. The original county-seat of Dooly was a little town on the Flint River called Berrien. It was selected, under an Act of 1823, by a board of five commissioners, to wit: Blassingame Pollet, Wm. Hilliard, Thomas E. Ward, Thomas Cobb, and Littleberry Richardson.[1] In 1833, the name of the town was changed from Berrien to Drayton, due presumably to a protest felt in this section against some of the unpopular views of Judge Berrien, who held that a United States Senator was not to be governed, on every question, by the wishes of his constitutents.[2] But the new county-site failed to give satisfaction. On December 23, 1839, an Act was approved, appointing Wm. Smith, David Scarboro, Joel Dorsey, James Oliver, Thomas Cobb, and John Crumpler, to select a new site for public buildings. At the same time,

*Authority: Rev. Alex. W. Bealer, of Eastman, Ga.

[1] Acts, 1823, p. 190.

[2] Acts, 1833, p. 322.

provision was made to compensate the owners of property in the town of Drayton.[1] Meanwhile, another town, named for Judge Berrien, seems to have arisen; and, on December 11, 1841, an Act was approved providing that, when a sufficient quantity of land was donated at Berrien, the new county-site should be located at said place; but there is nothing in the records to show that a removal was ever made.[2] Finally, however, in the late forties, the county-seat was changed to Vienna; and, on February 18, 1854, the new county-seat was incorporated as a town with the following commissioners: Chas. H. Everett, Seth Kellum, Lemuel M. Lasseter, John Brown and Stephen B. Stovall.[3] With two railway connections, Vienna is today quite a thriving center of trade; notwithstanding its proximity to Cordele, a town whose growth has been phenomenal.

DOUGHERTY

Albany. In Volume I, of this work, will be found a brief outline sketch of Albany, to which it may be added that, under an Act approved December 27, 1833, the following pioneer residents were named town commissioners: Herman Mercer, Samuel Clayton, Mordecai Alexander, Nelson Tift, and Jeptha C. Harris. In this same Act, Nelson Tift, Jeptha C. Harris, and Tomlinson Fort were given a permit for constructing a bridge across the Flint River at this point. When Dougherty County was formed in 1853, from Baker, the town of Albany became the new county-seat.

Dougherty's Distinguished Residents.

[1] Acts, 1839, p. 213.
[2] Acts, 1841, p. 70.
[3] Acts, 1854, p. 273.

EARLY

Blakely. On December 15, 1818, Early County was created by an Act of the Legislature, out of treaty lands acquired from the Creek Indians. However, it was not until 1825, that the county was completely organized. It was originally one of the largest counties in the State, but portions of it were given to other counties to somewhat equalize them in size. The first settler near the town of Blakely was Wesley Sheffield, whose descendants in the country are still numerous. About the year 1821, Mr. Benjamin Collier donated four acres of land to be used for the site of public buildings, an offer which the commissioners accepted, calling the town Blakely, after Capt. Johnson Blakely, a distinguished naval officer in the war of 1812. The local historian who records this interesting fact adds that if Earlytown had been chosen as the name of the capital of Early County, it would have saved much ink, paper, time, and temper to postmasters and others.

Mr. Collier erected the first dwelling house in Blakely on what is today known as the old Fleming place, on South Main Street. Blakely, no doubt, began to make history at an early date, but the first notice taken of her by the historian was in 1829, when the town contained eight private dwellings, a school house, a court house, and a jail. The first Clerk of the Court was N. M. McBride, Esq. Judge Benjamin Hodges was an early Justice of the Peace, and John Floyd was the first Sheriff. According to Deed Book, Vol. C., County Records, the earliest known settlers in Blakely were Benjamin Collier, Joel Perry, James T. Bush, F. Mercier, A. M. Watson, and Robert Grimsley. From 1821 to 1829 these names appear: J. H. Bush, A. D. Smith, Joseph Miller, Willis Dobbs, David D. Smith, John Floyd, Isaac Livingston, J. W. Mann, James W. Alexander, John B. Applewhite, Wm. Phillips, and A. O. Daniels. About 1830 records are found of Peter Howard, A. M. Freeman, Miller Gar-

rett Freeman, Aaron Goolsby, Anthony Hutchins, James Buchanan, John Hays, Joel Crawford, and others.

To visitors, an object of much interest in the neighborhood of Blakely, is an Indian mound, some three miles distant which is supposed to have been formerly a trading post and rendezvous of the Indians. Blakely is today a progressive city, of 3,000 inhabitants. Many handsome homes, public buildings, churches, and banks, testify to her growth in recent years. All the religious denominations have lately erected beautiful temples of worship. Last year the city completed an up-to-date school building, at a cost of $25,000. The Club Women of Blakely are engaged in active work. There are two patriotic societies—the Blakely Chapter, U. D. C., and the Peter Early Chapter, D. A. R.; also a splendid Public Library Association, and a Woman's Civic Club. The local camp of Confederate Veterans is Camp Doster, named for Dr. B. R. Doster, a brave Early County soldier. The erection of a granite boulder to mark the Jackson Trail is contemplated at an early date by the D. A. R. chapter.*

Flag-Pole and Monument.

On the beautiful court house grounds, at Blakely, there stands a landmark of unique historic interest: the old Confederate Flag Pole. It looks today just as it did in the sixties when it floated the Stars and Bars, high above surrounding objects. This hallowed reminder was erected in the spring of 1861, and no other section of the South today is known to boast one of these emblems of liberty. It was manufactured from a huge pine tree, the stump of which stands a short distance south of Blakely. During a cyclone several years ago, the flag-pole was broken off near the base, but by request of the President of the U. D. C., of Blakely, it was bound together with strong brass bands and iron clamps painted white and re-erected

*Authority: Mrs. Walter Thomas, Regent Peter Early Chapter, D. A. R., and first president Blakely Chapter, U. D. C.

by the city electrician. The flag-pole towers nearly to the court house dome, commanding an outlook upon the horizon for miles in every direction—a cherished relic of the Civil War.

Close to the flag-pole stands the Confederate monument, a handsome structure of solid granite, dedicated to the heroes of the Lost Cause, by the local U. D. C. chapter. The shaft rises 30 feet and is 18 feet wide at the base. It rests upon a green mound charmingly ornamented with plants and flowers. The monument was unveiled on April 26, 1909, at which time, Judge Arthur G. Powell, a native of Blakely, then Judge of the Court of Appeals delivered the oration. Lettered upon the monument are the following inscriptions:

East Face: "Erected by Blakely Chapter, U. D. C. Lest We Forget." West Face: "A tribute to the noble Confederate soldiers who cheerfully offered their lives in defence of local and self-government. To those who fought and survived." North Face: "1861—1865." Flags furled. South Race: Crossed Sabers.*

Recollections of Peter Early.

"In court, Judge Early knew no parties, but maintained his office with the sternest proprieties, and measured out justice with an even balance. There was a peculiarity about the corners of his mouth which I never saw in any other man's. His lips were always compressed and firm. I never saw him smile. His countenance reflected more of sadness than of cheer, yet indicated the deepest reflection. Seated on the bench, he was erect and commanding, with his arm usually folded across his breast, and one knee thrown over the other. He seldom altered this posture. He looked severe and haughty; yet he was dignified without the least affectation. His mind was in perfect correspondence with his body; it never hesitated or faltered, but comprehended instantly whatever was presentd to it. Having drawn his inferences with the sound judgment for which he was distinguished, he rarely saw cause to change his opinion. He possessed the highest degree

*Authority: Mrs. Walter Thomas, who unveiled the monument.

of self-respect, and knew how to respect others. He met promptly and decided positively all points of law brought before him. There was nothing negative or vacillating in the character of Judge Early. In every respect, he was a model judge and a perfect specimen of man.'"*

ECHOLS

Statesville. Statesville, the county-seat of Echols, was incorporated on December 13, 1859, with the following commissioners: Jesse P. Prescott, John T. Allen, R. W. McAlhaney, Benj. Statsvey, and James S. Carter.[1]

EFFINGHAM

Springfield. On February 7, 1799, an Act was passed by the Legislature at Louisville, appointing five commissioners, viz., David Hall, Joshua Loper, Samuel Ryals, Dodhelf Smith, and Druries Garrison, to lay out a tract of land for a county-site, and to superintend the erection of public buildings thereon. This was the beginning of the present town of Effingham. The town academy was chartered by an Act approved December 1, 1809, with Messrs. Thomas Polhill, Sr., John Kogker, Christian Treutlen, Wm. Bird, and George S. Newland, as trustees.[2] Springfield was incorporated on December 31, 1838, with the following commissioners: John Charlton, J. W. Exley, S. Bourquine, J. M. Shellman, and W. W. Wilson.[3] The town was re-incorporated in 1850.

Elberton. The county-seat of Effingham, from 1787 to 1796, was Elberton, a small town located near Indian Bluff, on the north side of the great Ogeechee River, and named for General Elbert.

*Dr. John G. Slappey, in a letter to Major Stephen F. Miller.
[1] Acts, 1859, p. 200.
[2] Clayton's Compendium, p. 518.
[3] Acts, 1838, p. 130.

Tuckasee-King. Under an Act of the Legislature of Georgia, dated February 26, 1784, this place was designated as the first county-seat of Effingham. It was located near the present line of Screven. The site, however, proved to be unsatisfactory, necessitating a change to Elberton.

The Salzburgers. Pages 179-193.

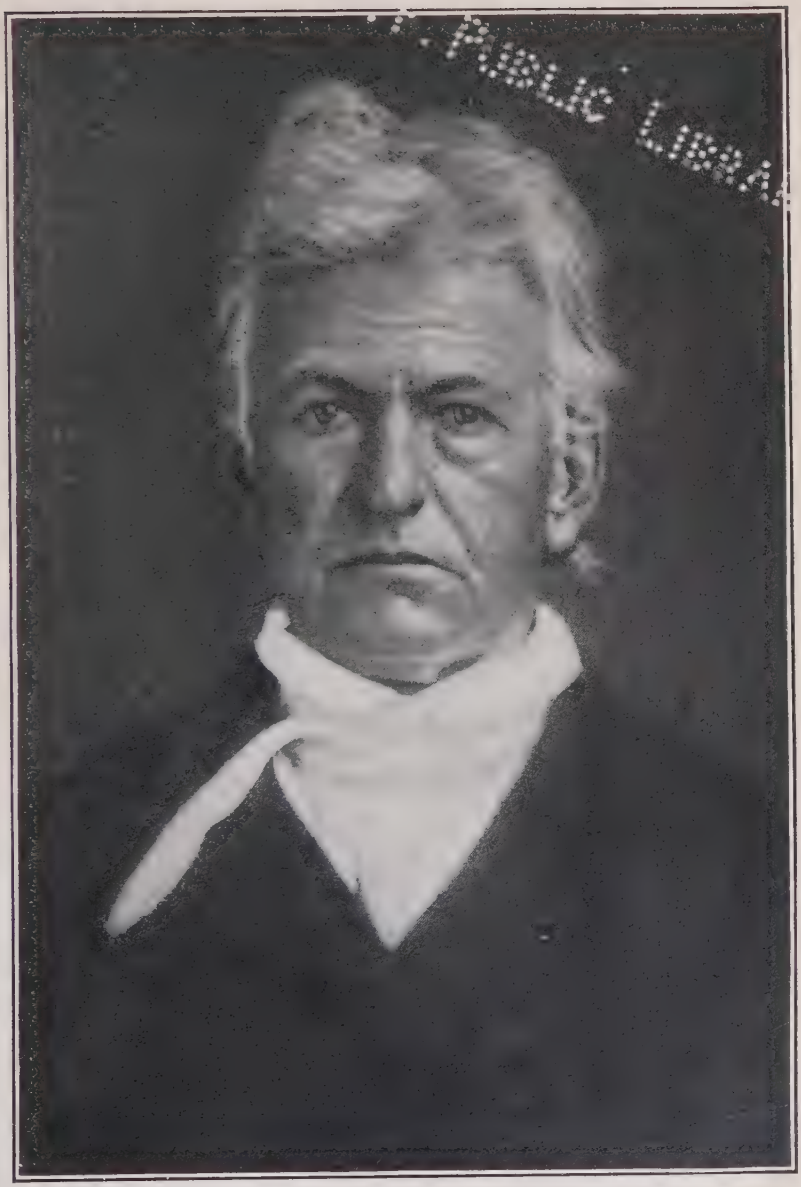
ELBERT

Old Ruckersville: A Rural Community. Whoever writes of old Ruckersville —the Ruckersville of ante-bellum days—to write intelligently, must speak of a whole community! Not those alone who lived within the confines of a small incorporated village of some 200 souls, but of the many who resided along the banks of the Savannah River in the southeastern belt of Elbert County, Georgia. Socially, politically, and in all matters of religion, they were one large family; and it may be doubted if there existed, anywhere, just previous to the great Civil War, a people so hardy, so independent, or with such lofty ideals of right living. When it is pointed out that in their business activities they were almost wholly agricultural, the volume of their prosperity is truly amazing.

It was the fixed habit of these people to practice the Golden Rule. Obedience to the law of the land was rigidly enjoined; and a man's word was his bond. To take advantage of another was regarded as beneath good morals, to get into lawsuits was to a man's discredit, and while the annals of the village reveal that here lived the Preacher and the School Master, the Banker and the Doctor, the Merchant and the Tailor, the Wheelwright and the Surveyor, yet no lawyer ever had the hardihood to hang out his shingle in Ruckersville, and when Ruckersville furnished a member of the Legislature for the County, he went from the ranks of those employed in agriculture.

Just here it may be noted, that, it was this same member of the Legislature who introduced and caused to be passed the first Homestead bill in the South, giving to the wife and children $50.00 worth of household and kitchen furniture. Of politics there was a plenty—truly educative and of absorbing moment. It was not a question of which party was the most honest or economical, but a question of men's lives and fortunes. In Ruckersville the old line Whig had been supreme—Henry Clay was the idol to be worshipped; and when Toombs and Stephens thundered in the village grove beneath the giant oaks, dangerous and ominous was the new democracy to that people. "Tis true tis pity, and pity tis tis true"—that the Whig did not prevail!

How the Village Began: Joseph Rucker. Many of the most familiar names in Middle Georgia may be traced back to Virginia, and to that tide of immigration which about 1786, began to flow southward from the Old Dominion, and, hence, it came to pass that Ruckersville, Virginia, and Ruckersville, Georgia, were both founded by members of the same family. When Peter Rucker, planter of St. Mark's Parish, Orange County, Virginia, died in 1742, he left a large off-spring. The Virginia village was named in honor of this family, and it fell to the lot of his great grandson, through Thomas, and Cornelius, and John, to name a village in Georgia, Ruckersville! This great grandson was Joseph, the son of John Rucker, and Elizabeth Tinsley, born on January 12, 1788. In his young manhood, he was fortunate enough to win the affections of Margaret Houston Speer, daughter of William Speer, who lived at Cherokee Falls, on the Savannah River. They were married in January, 1812, and settled on the head waters of Van's Creek. Early in life, Joseph evinced the strength of character, which marked him a leader among men. In later years



Joseph Rucker

Planter and Financier, Who Stamped His Impress Upon Ante-Bellum Georgia.

(Reproduced from an old daguerreotype.)

he often said that he owed everything to his mother to whom he was a devoted son.

In 1822, the village of Ruckersville was incorporated, but no boundaries were fixed, and from that day until this, the name has been applied not so much to a town as to a large neighborhood. In 1827 Sherwood's Gazateer described it as containing 10 houses, 6 stores and shops, an academy, and a house of worship for the Baptists. In 1849 it had 200 souls. This paragraph, quoted from a sketch of Joseph Rucker in the Cyclopedia of Georgia, will help us to form a picture of Ruckersville:*

"From our present standpoint there was little in the locality to commend it as a center of influence, or as the seat of a great estate. The land was young, roads were bad, markets there were none, and it was a four days journey to Augusta, the nearest approach to a city. And yet, in that secluded locality, remote from marts and markets, Joseph Rucker not only created a fortune great for his day and generation, but displayed such wisdom and executive ability and manifested such high traits of character as marked him as an extraordinary man."

Plantation Management on a Colossal Scale. In this day of subdivided labor, it is difficult to appreciate the kind and variety of talent then required in the successful management and development of great landed estates at points distant from centers of trade and according to present standards, practically inaccessible for want of highways, railroads, and means of transportation. The successful agriculturist in every stage of the country's history has needed the highest order of judgment and forethought, and has necessarily been a man of affairs. But the successful planter at the early ante-bellum period required in the Southern States at least, a combination of talent, which would

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* Vol. III, p. 222.

now thoroughly equip the master minds who control the colossal enterprises of the Twentieth Century. For such a planter had not only to be an agriculturist, but a manufacturer and a financier; and, above all, he had to know how to manage, care for, and develop men. In all these departments Joseph Rucker was conspicuous. The cotton industry was in its infancy, but even in this he made a marvelous success. Stock of all kinds, horses, mules, cows, goats and sheep, were raised. The cotton was to be ginned, and the ginnery and the press were supplemented by the spinning of yarn and wool, and the weaving of cloth. There were blacksmiths, wheelwrights, and carpenters, besides saw-mills to make the lumber for the Quarters. This prince of planters had his own tan-yard, and tanners, his harness-makers and shoe-makers. Immense crops of wheat and corn were raised. Corn cribs abounded. There were also mills for converting grain into meal and flour. The management of these separate and various industries was not the most difficult task. There were the slaves themselves, a large and heterogeneous body, a wholly irresponsible people, whose ancestors had only recently come from Africa. These had to be trained and taught, and how humanely and well this was done, by the old time planter, is shown by the conduct of these same slaves, when, during the war, discipline was necessarily relaxed and control partially suspended.

Joseph Rucker: A Pen Picture.

Joseph Rucker lived the typical life of the Southern planter. Self-centered and independent, he lived at home. He had little to buy and always something to sell, and his great crops of cotton were shipped in Petersburg boats down the Savannah to Augusta. The neighboring community was unusually prosperous. The Harpers, the Martins, the Heards, the Whites, the Maddoxes, the Clarks, the Adamses, and a

host of others, made a neighborhood ideal in its social and domestic charms. Joseph Rucker's home especially, was the scene of a wide and generous hospitality—a social center which made its impress upon its inmates, and the memory of which abides to the third and fourth generation. He was pre-eminently a good neighbor, counsellor, and friend, for he gave needed help at the right moment. Extremely dignified, grave and reticent, he was also open-handed and generous. In politics, a Whig, he was one of the chosen friends, counsellors, and advisers of the great leaders of the Party in that District so noted in State and National Politics. He never sought political preferment, though always taking an interest in the questions of profound importance which then agitated the South.

Living at a time when the country was experimenting with Bank laws, he organized, and, as President, managed, with phenomenal success, the Bank of Ruckersville, under circumstances which would now provoke a smile. We cannot think of a bank, a moneyed institution, with hardly a human habitation in sight, surrounded by original forests. This institution was operated in a small, unpretentious frame building. Its doors and shutters were studded with nails at close and regular intervals to guard against the burglars' axe. It had a safe without time lock, opened with a key carried by the President. The furniture was of the plainest, but it issued bills which passed current par throughout the State. It throve and prospered, and with the assistance of the wealthy planters in the neighborhood, became a strong financial institution, contributing to the development and prosperity of that part of the State. In his old age, Joseph Rucker was a man of striking appearance, ruddy cheeks, snow-white hair, clear blue eyes. Dressed in the prevailing style, black broadcloth coat, cutaway to the waist line at the front, beaver hat, turn down collar and stock, and gold fob, he might have posed for the portrait of the ante-bellum planter, one of those who made the old South.

His son-in-law, the late Rev. James S. Lamar, of Augusta, in an unpublished manuscript, has left us the following graphic pen picture of Joseph Rucker:

"In manner and bearing Squire Rucker was simple and unpretentious, and by nature thoughtful, quiet and dignified. He enjoyed a good anecdote or story, and possessed a rich store of personal reminiscence, from which he was fond of drawing for the entertainment of others. He told his stories well, and, of course, like all genuine reconteurs, he sometimes repeated himself. It was his custom to go to Elberton on the first Tuesday in every month, when the principal men of the county would assemble in a sort of general meeting together, to attend the sheriff sales, to transact business with each other, to laugh and talk and crack jokes, and especially to save the country by discussing politics. Among the leading citizens of the town or county at that time were such influential men as Major Hester, Major Jones, Mr. Pverton Tate, Mr. Lofton, the Mattoxes, the Harpers and the Burches, Judge W. W. Thomas, and (during court week) Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs and Judge William M. Reese. All of them were squire Rucker's friends.

"Squire Rucker's judgment was never known to fail him. Violently opposed to secession, when the final act came at Milledgeville, he said, pointing to one of his slaves: 'See that fellow. A year ago he was worth $1,500.00; today he isn't worth a silver thrip.' But he accepted the situation—helped to equip a company—took $30,000 of the first issue of Confederate bonds, at par. These bonds were lying in the old Bank of Athens, in the care of the late Albin Dearing, when the war was over; not a coupon had ever been clipped."

"The house was approached through a long avenue of cedars and box planted by Margaret, from which the place became known as Cedar Grove. The fine oll trees, the office, the flower garden, the kitchen garden, the well-house, the smoke-house, the kitchen, the buildings for house servants, and, not far off, the barns, the carraige houses, the quarters, presentd a typical picture of the life of the ante-bellum planter who lived at home, making on his own acres all that was needed for those dependent upon him. For there, as in so many other similar places throughout the State, the tannery, the blacksmith-shop, the corn-mill, the flour-mill, the cotton gin, the spinning wheels, the looms and the wheelwright were an essential part of the plantation. It was a hive of industry, and it is not surprising that in time a name should be given to the little center, nor is it strange that it should have been named after the village in Orange County, Virginia, from which John Rucker had come in 1785.

"He was always called Squire Rucker. I well remember the first time I saw him. It was in the summer of 1856. He was dressed in the old-fashioned suit of broadcloth, a vest also of cloth, and a coat of the same material in the style called shad-belly—somewhat like the cutaways of the present day. He were it unbattoned—a watch chain with a heavy seal

HOME OF JOSEPH RUCKER, AT OLD RUCKERSVILLE, GA.

hanging from a fob, or watch, pocket. His neckcloth was then and always pure white. It was not a simple tie, but a sort of folded handkerchief, put on by laying the middle part against the throat, leading the ends back and crossing them, then bringing them to the throat to be tied together. The knot was plain. I am not sure that there was even a bow.

"He was polite, but very reserved. He seemed to be studying me. His conversation, so far as it was directed to me, was mainly questions—chiefly about men and women and things in Augusta—Mrs. Tubman, the Cummings, the Claytons, the Gardiners, and Mr. Metcalfe—then about cotton and business and prospects; but no human being could have told from any expression of his face what effect my answers had upon him, or what inference as to me he drew from them. Considering the time of the year and the purpose of my visit, I must say it was a little chilly. Presently supper came on—such a supper as only the Ruckers could get up—and the conversation took a somewhat wider range. The family were book people—Dickens was the rage then, and I had read Dickens and Thackery, and had dipped into Cousin and various philosophers; and at that period of my life I could talk—an art which I have unfortunately lost. So that when the old gentleman found that I could hold my own with Elbert and others, and that all the family treated me with sincere respect and consideration, he seemed to thaw, little by little, concluding, I suppose, that I might turn out to be something in my way, if I was nothing in his."

Personal Sketches. Col. L. H. O. Martin, a native of Elbert County, was one of the most prominent and successful planters of his day—essentially a man of affairs, of striking appearance and fascinating manners, he numbered his friends by the hundreds. In early life he married the daughter of Col. Thomas Heard, who lived near Savannah River. He was the bosom friend of Joseph Rucker and of his son, Tinsley Rucker, and rarely a day passed that there was not mutual visits between the families. He was the most delightful of talkers, and a safe counsellor in all matters of weighty importance. He was among the foremost of that brilliant coterie of men that made social life so pleasing to the planters of the day. During the Civil War he served upon the staff of General Toombs.

Colonel James Loftin was the fountain head of all knowledge to be gained from books for the rising generation, for many years at Ruckersville. A ripe scholar of vast information, he successfully taught the classics, philosophies, and mathematics in his school for young men. He had a most charming family, and one of his sons, John Loftin, was a leading member of the Macon Bar for many years after the War.

Peter W. Alexander, born in Ruckersville, in 1823, graduated from the University of Georgia in 1844. From his early youth his tastes were literary—of magnificent frame and courtly bearing, he was a splendid type of a Southerner. Removing to Columbus, Ga., he entered Journalism, and soon became a writer of note. The outbreak of the Civil War found him in Savannah, owner and editor of the Savannah "Republican." His opinions in political life were eagerly sought, and as war correspondent for his paper, he was the most noted of all Southern correspondents.

His love for his old home and associates at Ruckersville has kept green his memory in the hearts of many to this day.

Overton Tate, a planter of large means, married Rebecca Clark, a niece of Joseph Rucker. His home was always the center of large entertainment and social enjoyment. His wife, still living, at the age of ninety years, surrounded by loving and accomplished children and grandchildren, is one of the noblest specimens of womanhood that ever graced the life of any community.

Dr. Richard Banks, of Ruckersville, was a noted physician, for whom Banks County was named. He was the beloved good Samaritan of his day, and it was said

of him that his charities were only bounded by his opportunities for doing good unto others.

Tinsley White Rucker was the oldest son of Joseph Rucker. Born at Ruckersville, in 1813, he graduated at the University of Georgia in 1833, and soon married Sarah Elizabeth Harris, the daughter of General Jeptha V. Harris, of Farm Hill. He represented Elbert County in the State Legislature in 1836. A man of lofty ideals and of high purposes, his life was without fear and without blemish. Farm Hill, his home, previous to the Civil War, was one of the best known and one of the most beautiful estates in Georgia.

Elbert M. Rucker, another of Squire Rucker's sons, was a man of great learning and of rare oratorical powers. So vast was his information, that General Toombs once declared it to be more varied and extensive than any other living man's. But no sketch of Ruckersville is complete that fails to mention the fact that one of the most noted of present-day novelists was born in this village: Mrs. Corra White Harris, who wrote "The Circuit Rider's Wife." It was also the birth-place of Associate-Justice Joseph R. Lamar, of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Petersburg: An Old Forgotten Tobacco Market. On a peninsula which the Broad and Savannah Rivers unite to form, in the extreme southeast corner of Elbert, there once stood an important town, which, until the tobacco trade was abandoned by the planters, was one of the foremost commercial centers of Georgia—old Petersburg. But even this ancient town stood upon the ruins of one much older still. During the Colonial period there was located here a settlement which was called Dartmouth. It was named in honor of the Earl, to whose influence was due the concessions enjoyed by a band of colonists engaged at this point in trade with the Indians. The area in question was known

as the New Purchase, and to defend it against assault there was erected in the angle between the two rivers a stronghold called Fort James.

But the little settlement failed to realize the expectations of those who planted it, and, after struggling somewhat feebly for existence, it met an early death. The second effort to settle the place was more successful. On February 3, 1786,[1] for the convenience of planters in the immediate neighborhood, an Act was passed by the Legislature at Augusta, authorizing Dionysius Oliver to erect on his land a warehouse, to be used for the inspection and storage of tobacco; and from this circumstance dates the commencement of the town of Petersburg. The cultivation of tobacco was just beginning to attract the attention of planters. On the coast, both the production of silk and the cultivation of indigo were languishing. Cotton was little grown at this time, because it lacked the stimulus of the cotton gin. Many of the early settlers in this particular neighborhood, according to Colonel Jones,[2] were from Virginia, and, besides bringing with them to Georgia a love of the weed, they also possessed a high appreciation of tobacco as an article of prime commercial value. Since the lands in this locality were well adapted to the culture of the plant, it soon became the market crop of the farmers; and to comply with the law which forbade the exportation of tobacco, without previous inspection, together with the payment also of certain fees, it was necessary to establish warehouses at convenient points.

Under the invigorating spell of the tobacco trade, Petersburg began to grow. The area was divided into town lots, with convenient streets intersecting each other at right angles. The warehouse was located near the point of confluence between the two streams, but far enough removed from the water's edge to escape an overflow. In the course of time others were built in the same neighborhood, including one by William Watkins, who secured Legislative permission in 1797.[3] The intellectual character of the residents is attested by the fact that in 1802 eighteen of the principal citizens of the town organized themselves into a union, the avowed purpose of which was the diffusion of knowledge and the alleviation of want. Its membership was as follows: Shaler Hillyer, president; John Williams Walker, secretary; Memorable Walker, Oliver White, James Sanders Walker, John A. Casey, Thomas Casey, Robert Watkins, William Jones, Albert Bruxe, Robert H. Watkins, Rigual N. Groves, Nicholas Pope, Andrew Greene Semmes, James Coulter, William Wyatt Bibb, Garland T. Watkins and Thomas Bibb. Dr. W. W. Bibb became a United States Senator. He was also the first Territorial Governor of Alabama, an office in which he was succeeded by his brother, Thomas Bibb. The town was governed by commissioners, who were first chosen by the Legislature and afterwards by the local citizenship.

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[1] Watkin's Digest, p. 325.
[2] Dead Towns of Georgia, p. 234, Savannah, 1878.
[3] Watkin's Digest, p. 658.

It is of record that on December 1, 1802,[4] Robert Thompson, Leroy Pope, Richard Easter, Samuel Watkins and John Ragland were appointed commissioners of the town of Petersburg and were charged with its "Better regulation and government." In the zenith of its prosperity, the town numbered between seven and eight hundred souls, and was considered second in importance only to Augusta. As long as the tobacco trade continued, the town flourished; but with the rise of the cotton plant it began to decline. The residents gradually moved to other localities. Only a few remained to people the little grave-yard of this deserted village; and today sunken wells and moss-covered mounds, with an occasional loose brick from some ancient chimney pile, survive to tell the wayfarer where Petersburg once stood in the forgotten long ago.

Rose Hill. Reminiscent of the best days of the old regime and famous throughout the whole length and breadth of the South, is one of the fine old ancestral homes of Elbert: Rose Hill. The original structure, built in the early part of the last century by Thomas Jefferson Heard, still constitutes the main part of the present establishment; but wings have since been added on either side, giving it a much more regal appearance than it wore in the days of its first owner. The oldest building is known as Middlesex; while the two annexes are called respectively, Essex and Wessex. The estate itself is called Rose Hill, a name whose appropriateness is well maintained by the scene which greets the visitor's eye, on approaching this magnificent home. Acres of roses, rising terrace upon terrace, furnish a mountain of fragrance, out of which loom the stately parapets of the old mansion.

Rose Hill is today the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene B. Heard, the fame of whose hospitality has long since crystalized into a proverb. Mr. Heard acquired Rose Hill by inheritance from his grandfather; but the estate has lost none of the splendor of the old days in his possession. Peaches are cultivated on a vast scale. The cotton acreage is something enormous, and scores of la-

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[4] Clayton Digest, p. 92.

borers are employed; but there is not a negro on the plantation whose welfare is not an object of constant solicitude to the humane owners of Rose Hill. Mrs. Heard is one of Georgia's most gifted women, an acknowledged leader in not a few of the great forward movements of her time; and here, in this beautiful home of the Old South, some of the most beneficent and helpful reforms of the new era, have found an inspirational beginning. Here originated the Traveling Library of the South, and here the first Federated Woman's Club in Georgia was organized. To give our readers a better acquaintance with Rose Hill, we quote from a well-known writer the following descriptive paragraphs:*

Box and cedar hedges border both sides of the walks. Large magnolia and crepe myrtle trees, gnarled and spotted from old age, envelop the home in their green foliage; ivy from Kenilworth Castle covers Middlesex windows and walls, and the sparrows and jay-birds make merry all day long, hiding in its deep branches. Purple iris and small, old-fashioned gladioli planted by the owner's grandmother, bloom in reckless masses over the green lawn. Roses climb to the second-story balconies, their petals blowing out over the air as a soft summer breeze would sway the graceful stems.

Roses everywhere, a wealth of bloom and variety from stock bought of famous collections or given by friends from some distant place, their own kind they name for the favorite guests. A bright red rose is the Josie S., called for the dark-haired, bright-cheeked girl who would come down from the city with her lovers to see if they were as nice in the quiet of the country as on the more diverting streets of town. Another, a pale yellow bud, fragrant as a tea rose, is the Kitty T., its namesake a tall blonde girl with a wealth of golden hair and twinkling gray eyes.

Stone gates lead out into the "park," and tall cedar hedges follow the drive to the outer entrance on the main highway. A garage has been built for their automobile, but it has been so hidden by shrubs and vines that it looks almost as old as the "outbuildings" which were on the "street" in slave time, where were the cabins of those negroes working about the yard.

Telephones and an ample water supply bring the city comforts to them, and the library tables are covered with magazines and newspapers. But the pride of the owners are the old English prints of 1803 and the colonial mirrors in empire style of gold and mahogany that have been in the family for more than half a century. Tall colonial mantels, hand-

*Miss Nita Black, in the Atlanta Journal.

carved, are just as they were in the days of their ancestors. Candles are used almost entirely, and for these there are tall, old-time brass holders. In Middlesex are the general living rooms, two libraries with heavily laden book shelves, the dining-room and the breakfast-room. Upstairs are the several guest-rooms. "Little Miss," the only daughter, is now married and lives in Essex, while her father and mother reside in Wessex."

Elberton. In 1790, Elbert County was formed out of Wilkes, and named for Governor Samuel Elbert, in whose honor the county-seat was likewise named. It is said that a bold spring of excellent water settled the location of the future seat of government. Elberton was incorporated by an Act approved December 10, 1793, the preface to which contains this insignificant sentence: "Whereas the town of Elberton requires regulation." The commissioners of the town named in this Act were: Middleton Woods, Reuben Lindsay, Doctor John T. Gilmer, Beckham Dye, and James Alston. Only Beckham Dye is represented by the present population. Elberton made little progress for many years. The wealthy pioneers were planters who resided mainly along the Savannah River. Ruckersville and Petersburg were the centers of local commerce.

But the early residents must have believed in education, as indicated by Legislative Acts incorporating Philomathia Academy in 1823; Eudisco Academy in 1823, and Elberton Female Academy in 1826. The Elberton Female Academy continued without change even in name until it was superseded by the public schools of the present time. The Elberton Male Academy was incorporated later. It closed during the Civil War, and small boys were received into the Female Academy. Methodist and Baptist churches were built soon after the town was established. The Presbyterians built many years later.

The leading representative citizens between 1825 and 1860 were: Major Alfred Hammond, Robert McMillan, Esq., Thomas Jones, William Nelms, Zachariah Smith,

W. A. Swift, Amos Vail, J. A. Trenchard, Young J. Harris, Dr. Henry J. Bowman, Dr. Calhoun Wilhite, Simeon Hall, Robert Hester, Esq., Doctor M. P. Deadwyler, Dr. D. A. Mathews and Major John H. Jones. Robert McMillan and Robert Hester were brilliant lawyers. Dr. Deadwyler was the leading physician, a courteous gentleman, loved by everyone. He died without children, leaving as sole heir to his liberal fortune, a wife who generously and wisely distributes it to worthy causes. The present handsome Baptist Church, one half of which she donated, stands as his memorial.

But Elberton owes her chief debt of gratitude to Major John H. Jones. He was born in Elberton in 1814, and here he died in 1899. In 1873, Elberton was thirty miles from any railroad. Many times its citizens had tried to build a railroad and failed. Major Jones then took up the fight. For six years he gave to this work his time and brains and character. The Elberton Air Line Railroad from Elberton to Toccoa, Ga., was the result. It was completed December 5, 1878, and Elberton, now 8,000 population, dates its progress from its completion.

Major Jones married Lavonia, daughter of Major Alfred Hammond. The splendid city of Lavonia was named in her honor. They reared a large family of children and their children and grandchildren are among the people most prominent in business, social, educational and church work. Major Jones graduated from the State University in 1838. He was refined, courteous, affectionate, good. Upon every public question, he stood for the progressive and the moral. The present Elberton is his most enduring monument.

Tomb of Hon. Wiley Thompson. Within a stone's throw of the town center, on property owned and occupied by one of the leading business men of Elberton, is the tomb of Hon. Wiley Thompson, a distin-

*Authority: Judge Geo. C. Grogan.

guished statesman, who represented Georgia in Congress for several successive terms during the early ante-bellum period. He met his death at the hands of Seminole Indians in Florida. The inscription on this distinguished Georgian's monument reads as follows:

> WILEY THOMPSON. Born Sept. 23, 1781. Murdered at Fort King, Florida, by the Seminole Indians, Dec. 28, 1837. Aged 56 years, 3 mos. and five days. "Blessed is the man that loveth the Lord and delighteth in his commandments."

EMANUEL

Swainsboro. On November 18, 1814, an Act was approved by Gov. Early, designating as a site for public buildings in the new county of Emanuel, a locality within one mile of the place pointed out by one Jesse Mezzle, as the center of the county.[1] The commissioners to choose a site and to superintend the erection of public buildings were named in the original Act of 1812, creating the new county, to wit: Edward Lane, Francis Pugh, Needham Cox, Eli Whitdon, and Uriah Anderson.[2] To these were subsequently added, Jesse Mezzle and Archibald Culbreth. The site agreed upon for the county-seat was made permanent by an Act approved December 6, 1822, and the name of the town—as this Act informs us—was to be Swainsboro.

To Paris and Back. Thirty years later an effort was made to change the name of the town to Paris; and by an Act approved February 18, 1854, this name was formally bestowed upon the town.[3] At the same time Paris was to be retained as the county-seat, and the following commissioners were appointed to put into effect the terms of this act, viz., Elam B. Lewis, Joshua J. Arnold, Berry Stroup, Nathan

[1] Lamar's Digest, p. 210.
[2] Lamar's Digest, p. 197.
[3] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 269.

Stephens and D. B. Smith. But Paris was short-lived; and eventually Swainsboro reappeared. Since railway facilities were obtained, the growth of the town has been marked. Swainsboro was named for an influential family of pioneer settlers from the State of North Carolina. Stephen Swain represented Emanuel in the Senate of Georgia almost continuously from 1813 to 1836, after which, according to the records, Ethelred Swain was frequently returned.

EVANS

Claxton. On August 14, 1914, an Act was approved creating by Constitutional amendment the new County of Evans out of lands formerly included in Tattnall and Bulloch; and if this amendment is ratified at the polls it will give Georgia one-hundred and fifty-two counties. Claxton, the new county-seat, was originally known as Hendrix. But there was already a post-office in Georgia by this name; consequently the postal authorities at Washington requested the ladies of the communities to select a new name for the town, which they did, selecting the name of Claxton. Situated on the Seaboard Air Line, the growth of the town of late years has been exceedingly rapid.

Gen. Clement A. Evans. Gen. Clement A. Evans, whose services to the State are memorialized in this Act of the Legislature, was a gallant Confederate officer, who, at Appomattox, commanded Gordon's famous division. Some time after the surrender had taken place, there was heard the noise of rapid firing in a remote part of the field. On investigation, it was found that Gen. Evans, ignorant of affairs at headquarters, was leading a victorious charge upon the enemy's breastworks. Subsequent to the war, Gen. Evans became a devout minister of the gospel and served a number of Methodist churches; but he also gave much of his time to public affairs. In 1894, he was a popular candidate for Governor of Georgia, but retired from the race prior to the date of election, on account of a physical inability to meet the demands of a strenuous campaign. Ten years later, he was elected by his old war comrades to succeed Gen. Stephen D. Lee as Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. As a member of the State Board of Prison Commissioners, he rendered the State an important service in his old age. Two great orations were delivered by Gen. Evans during the last

years of his life: one on the unveiling of an equestrian statue to Gen. John B. Gordon, on the capitol grounds, in Atlanta; and the other on the dedication of the famous monument in Richmond, Va., to his revered chieftain: Jefferson Davis.

FANNIN

Morganton. In the Act creating Fannin County, in 1853, judges of the Inferior Court were empowered to select a county-seat, near the center of the county; and, in pursuance of this Act, a locality was chosen to which was given the name of Morganton. The town was incorporated by an Act approved March 5, 1856, with the following town commissioners, to wit: James H. Morris, Wm. B. Brown, Thomas M. Alston, Wm. Franklin, and Madison Casady. The charter was afterwards several times ameneded.

Massacre of Fannin's Men. Pages 115-121.

Blue Ridge. Blue Ridge, the present county-seat of Fannin, was incorporated as a town on October 24, 1887, at which time Hon. J. W. Gray was designated to fill the office of mayor, and Messrs. M. McKinney, F. H. Walton, W. T. Buchanan, Wm. Taylor, E. L. Rickets, and W. B. Wuce were named to serve as aldermen pending the first regular election. The corporate limits of the town were fixed at one mile in every direction from the depot of the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad; but, in 1890, this area proving too large for immediate purposes, was diminished.* On August 13, 1895, the county-seat of Fannin was changed to Blue Ridge, as the result of an election for which due and legal notice was given.* The present public school system of Blue Ridge was established in 1899.

*Acts, 1855-6, p. 353.

FAYETTE

Fayetteville. In 1822, Fayette County was organized out of lands recently acquired from the Creeks, under the first treaty of Indian Springs. By an Act approved December 20, 1823, Fayetteville was made the permanent site for public buildings. At the same time a charter of incorporation was granted, with the following residents named as commissioners: Jordan Gay, Simeon L. Smith, Wm. Harkins, John Hamilton, and Tandy D. King.* The Fayette County Academy was chartered in 1840. Both the town and the county were named for the great palladin of liberty, General LaFayette, who made his last visit to Georgia in 1825.

FLOYD

Rome. In 1832, Floyd County was organized out of lands then recently acquired from the Cherokees, and named for Gen. John Floyd, a noted Indian fighter of Georgia. The first county-site chosen by the Inferior Court judges was Livingston; but in 1838, the seat of government was transferred to Rome, at the head of the Coosa River. The Rome Academy was chartered in 1837; the Cherokee College of Georgia in 1850; the Cherokee Wesleyan Institute in 1854, and the Rome Female College in 1857. As a seat of culture, Rome gradually forged ahead of Cassville, for years an educational center of Cherokee Georgia. Some of the early pioneers of Rome were: Daniel R. Mitchell, Philip W. Hemphill, Judge John H. Lumpkin, Judge Wm. H. Underwood, Major Chas. H. Smith, Andrew J. Liddell, Zachariah B. Hargrove, Wm. Smith, A. T. Hardin, Wm. T. Trammell, Alfred Shorter, Judge John W. Hooper, Dr. H. V. M. Miller, Simpson Fouche, Thomas Hamilton, T. J. Ste-

*Acts, 1823, p. 179.

phens, Nathan Bass, Judge Augustus R. Wright, W. S. Cothran and many others.

Historic Third Avenue: The Girlhood Home of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

The following article from a local contributor recently appeared in one of the newspapers:

"Third Avenue, of this city, since the election of Woodrow Wilson, is now considered more historic ground than ever. On the north, the avenue is bounded by the Oostanaula River, and extending in the far distance is Lavender range of mountains, at whose base Generals Hood and Sevier marched. DeSoto, the famous discoverer, is said to have camped over the river opposite Third Avenue on his way to the Mississppi. At the eastern end of the avenue, where runs the Etowah River, is a little island that marks the site where Revolutionary soldiers once camped.

"At the foot of Third Avenue runs the first of Rome railroads. On the street was once the Shelton manse, on whose campus once camped Federal soldiers. When peace was restored and years rolled by, Shorter College was built on this site by Alfred Shorter, as a gift to one of his daughters. Across the street from the Presbyterian Church is a house where Henry W. Grady brought his bride from Athens. Near the First Methodist Church, on this same street, is the old home of Bill Arp. The brick cottage, now "Rosemont," was once the home of Mrs. John J. Seay, a kinswoman of Secretary Bayard. Mrs. Seay's sister was bridesmaid to Miss Mittie Bullock, Theodore Roosevelt's mother.

"Just below the brow of the hill there stands an old garden, and just beyond it a low white cottage. Some of the shrubs and flowers were planted by Rev. S. E. Axson, when this was the girlhood home of Ella Lou Axson, the first lady of the land and the wife of President-elect Woodrow Wilson. In that little white house her big brown eyes looked wonderingly out toward the future. What were her girlish dreams, her hopes, her ambitions? She lived with her books and her paintings, among the Southern flowers; and here with her gentle mother and sainted father she spent many of her girlhood days."

Prehistoric Memorials: The Mound-Builders.

The region of country between the Oostanaula and the Etowah Rivers is rich in antiquities. Besides an unwritten body of traditions, there are numerous relics which testify to the former existence in this locality of a race of inhabitants older than the Cher-

okees. We quote from an account written by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., in 1861. Says he:*

"The organic traces of the Mound-Builders are frequent in this neighborhood. Just where the rivers meet, there once stood upon the point of land, whos base is washed by these streams, an interesting mound, circular in shape, some twelve or fifteen feet in height and, at the base, not less than fifty feet in diameter. The earth and clay which composd this tumulus have been almost entirely removed, the same having been employed in leveling the streets of Rome and in making a landing place for the ferry-boats. From this mound silver ornaments and beads of gold were taken. It was found to contain numerous skeletons, pots, vases, stone axes, arrowheads, spearheads, shell ornaments, pipes, copper beads, mortars, circular stones, carefully rounded and polished, besides other relics of a less interesting character. Along the banks of the two rivers are numerous traces of inhumation. This spot appears to have been consecrated to the purposes of burial. The swollen tides never wash the shore, without bringing to light new proofs of this fact. In the immediate neighborhood were several other mounds of smaller dimensions, all of which seem to have been devoted to the purposes of sepulture. They are now nearly level with the plain. Upon the very spot occupied by at least two of them have been erected the dwellings and work-shops of another and a nobler race. The contents of these were all similar. They were composed of the blue clay and alluvial soil of the valley, interspersed with stones and musele shells taken from the beds of the confluent streams."

But the Cherokees possessed no information concerning these mounds. They knew nothing whatever of the race of people by whom they were built. Says Colonel Jones:* "When questioned by the whites who first located here, they replied by saying that they retained not even a tradition of those who constructed them." The story is shrouded in oblivion. With respect to the physical characteristics of the environment, Colonel Jones waxes eloquent. Says he: "Beautiful in all its features is this necropolis of a departed race. Standing upon the almost obliterated traces of the larger mound, whose base is washed by the confluent waves of the Etowah and the Oostanaula, the eye, gladdened by the joyful meeting, watches the stranger wavelets, now friends, as in joyous companionship they leap along the current of the softly gliding Coosa. . . . The dark green foliage which crowns the left bank grows darker still as the shadow of the opposite hill—almost a mountain—settles upon the river; while the trees on the other side are joyously waving their beautiful branches in the soft sunlight which rests upon the valley beyond. On the right, hill succeeds hill in gentle undulation. Behind, stretches the valley of the Etowah, beautiful in its

*Monumental Remains of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., pp. 82 83 Savannah, 1861.

*Ibid., p. 83.

foliage, attractive in its graceful windings, as it bends over to guard in its accustomed channel, the stream which imparts its life and verdure. Upon the adjacent eminences, sits the village of Rome. The stately trees have fallen before the stroke of the woodsman. Broad bridges span the waters. The steamboat, freighted with the products of intelligent husbandry, stem their currents. Through the echoing valley of the Etowah, are heard the shrill whistle and the rapid march of the locomotive. On every side are seen the traces of a new, a superior, and an advancing civilization. How changed since the time when the Mound-Builder fixed here his home, and above the remains of his family and friends, heaped these memorials of his sorrow—these tributes to the memory of the departed."

Indian Antiquities. "Some eight miles above Rome, in a bend of the Oostanaula River, known as Pope's Bend, is a mount, at present some five or six feet in height and, at the base, some eighty feet in diameter. It stands in the middle of a field, which is said to have been cleared and cultivated by the Indians. Circular in form, its central portion is considerably depressed. In consequence of the exposure of this tumulus to the immediate action of wind and tempest and due to its having been for years cultivated, its present proportions do not realize its original size. The walls of this mound must at first have been raised several feet above its central portion. In this respect, it seems quite unique. Now, however, the outer rim has an elevation of not more than two feet. It is composed entirely of the sand and soil of the valley. Upon its surface were found broken fragments of pottery, a stone axe, a pipe, a soapstone ornament, broken clay utensils and numerous fragments of human bones. This was, without doubt, a burial mound. Just across the river, and upon a neck of land formed by the confluence of Armurchee Creek and the Oostanaula, is still another. The surface of the ground for several acres here is covered with pieces of pottery, and a great varity of spear and arrow-heads. From this mound were taken a mortar of beautiful proportions, pestles, stone axes, etc. We are inclined to refer these last tumuli to an Indian origin. Certain it is that many of the remains found in and about them are purely Indian in character. It will be observed, however, that the same locality sometimes, and in fact not unfrequently, indicates the existence of remains peculiar both to the Mound-Builders and to a later period.

". . . From the best authority it appears that the Cherokees of this region did not, as a general rule, erect mounds over the dead. The usual custom was to hide the body in some rocky fissure, covering it with bark, despositing with it the bow and arrow, pots, stone axes, and other articles, the property of the deceased, and then close securely the entrance. Often the hut of the deceased was burnt, and with it many articles used by

the late owner. Sometimes they interred beneath the floor of the cabin, subsequently setting fire to the walls and roof, thus obliterating every trace of the inhumation.

"Again, they buried by placing the body underneath a ledge of rocks, or upon the slope of a hill in some unfrequented spot, heaping above it a pile of stones. Subsequently they adopted the plan of digging a grave some three feet or more in depth, into which the corpse was lowered. Above it was heaped a small tumulus, some six or eight feet in length and two or three feet in height. Upon the range of hills running to the south of Rome are several graves of this latter description. They lie north and south and are generally located in the vicinity of large trees. On the right bank of the Etowah River, near Rome, at a point known as 'Old Bridge,' a heavy ledge of rocks, projecting from the side of the hill, overhung the river. It was necessary to remove this, in order to construct the track of the Rome Railway. When forced from its position by the blast, the fissures in the ledge were found to be filled with the skeletons of Indians. By many they were supposed to have been the dead killed in a battle fought but a short distance from this spot, and here secreted by those who survived. Upon the hill opposite Rome, known as 'Cemetery Hill,' many bodies have been discovered securely lodged in the inequalities of the hillsides, carefully covered and with utensils of the chase, of war, and of domstic use, buried with them. Scattered throughout these valleys, however, there are mounds of moderate dimensions, circular or ovoidal in form, which are doubtless to be referred to an Indian origin. Judging from the internal evidence, we are inclined to regard them as the oldest organic remains of the Cherokees. Elevated spaces, perfectly level at the top, are still to be seen. These were formerly used by the Cherokees for the purposes of sport, dancing, ball playing, and quoit rolling. In one locality, not far from the village of Rome, was pointed out a track, some quarter of a mile or more in extant, which tradition designates as an Indian race-course. All traces of the dwellings have, of course, disappeared, with the exception of some of the more modern buildings—such as the ruins of the house formerly occupied by John Ross, the chief of the national, beautifully situated upon a gentle elevation, on the edge of the Coosa Valley, near the inception of the river; and the former residence of Major Ridge, which still remains in good preservation [1861], upon the left bank of the Oostanaula River, some two miles from Rome. These, however, are modern in character and belong to the semi-civilized Indian, as modified in his tastes and habits by association with the white race.'"*

The aboriginal remains of these valleys may be divided into three classes: 1. Those which are to be referred

*Charles C. Jones, Jr., in Monumental Remains of Georgia, pp. 82-93. Savannah: 1861.

to the Mound-Builders. 2. Such as are purely Indian in character. 3. Those which, although the work of Indians, were modified by intercourse and contact with Whites or Europeans. Authorities: Jones, Adair, Bartram.

Base-Ball: A Game of Indian Origin. There is little room for doubt that the most typical as well as the most popular of American games, viz., base-ball, originated among the North American Indians. As played by them the game was, of course, crude, and in some respects was not unlike the game of foot-ball. It is only by an evolutionary sort of process that the favorite sport of the modern college athlete can be traced to the primitive play-grounds of the savage wilderness, but the essential principles of the game were undoubtedly derived from the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent. Throughout the whole of upper Georgia, there are traditions without number concerning important issues, such as boundary line disputes, which were settled by the game; traces of the old fields can still be found on which the famous contests occurred; and in Cherokee County, not far from the town of Canton, is a village which commemoratively bears the name of Ball Ground. To James Adair, the celebrated annalist of the North American savage, are we indebted for the following description of this favorite pastime of the Indian:

"The ball is made of a piece of scraped deer-skin, moistened and stuffed with deer's hair, and strongly sewed with deer' sinews. The ball sticks are about two feet long, the lower end somewhat resembling the palm of a hand. They are worked with deer-skin thongs. Between these they catch the ball and are enabled to throw it a great distance, when not prevented by the opposite party, whose effort it is to intercept its passage. The goal is some five hundred yards in extent. At each end of it, they fix into the ground two long, bending poles, which are three yards apart at the bottom, but reach much farther outward at the top. The party who succeeds in throwing the ball over these, scores one; but if the ball goes underneath, it is cast back and played for as usual. The gamesters were equal in number on both sides; and at the beginning of every

course of the ball they throw it high in the center of the ground and in a direct line between the two goals. When the crowd of players prevents the one who catches the ball from throwing it directly in front, he commonly sends it in the right course by an artful, sharp twirl. They are so exceedingly expert in this manly exercise that, between the goals, the ball is mostly flying the different ways, by the force of the playing-sticks, without falling to the ground; for they are not allowed to catch it with the hand. In the heat and excitement of the game, the arms and legs of the players are sometimes broken. The celebration of this game is preceded by fastings and night-watches, by those who are about to engage in it. They turn out to the ball-ground, in a long row, painted white, and whooping as if Pluto's prisoners had all broken loose. The leader then begins a religious invocation, which is joined in by his companions. Each party strives to gain the twentieth ball, which they esteem a favorite divine gift.'' From the foregoing description it will be observed that while the modern game of base-ball differs materially from the primitive game played by the North American Indians, the equally popular game of foot-ball preserves many of the savage characteristics of its original prototype.''[1]

FORSYTH

Cumming. The county of Forsyth was organized in 1832 out of a part of the Cherokee lands named for the Hon. John Forsyth of Georgia. The county-site was called Cumming, in honor of a gallant officer of the war of 1812, Col. Wm. Cumming, of Augusta. Cumming was incorporated by an Act approved December 22, 1834, with the following commissioners: John Jolly, Daniel McCoy, John H. Russell, Daniel Smith, and Wm. Martin.[2]

Recollections of John Forsyth. ''In the great Anti-Tariff Convention, at Milledgeville, in 1832, Mr. Berrien, who led the movement, was forced to grapple with the best off-hand debater in the world. Burke may have been more philosophical and ornate, Fox more logical and comprehensive, Sheridan more brilliant in repartee, and Pitt, in stately grandeur of eloquence, may have surpassed him, but not one of these was the polemic gladiator, the ever-buoyant and ready master-of

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[1] Charles C. Jones, Jr., in Monumental Remains of Georgia, pp. 91-93; also James Adair, in the History of the Indian Tribes, etc.

[2] Acts, 1834, p. 255.

elocution that Mr. Forsyth was, with look and gesture, inflection of voice, and all the qualities of a high-bred soul gushing for victory. He was a perfect model of eloquence, without having copied any man or any rules. By some happy method, accidental or otherwise, he had accommodated his organs of speech to the capacity of the lungs for respiration. He was never out of breath: his voice was always clear and resonant, always pleasing to the ear in its high or low keys and in its grand or simple modulations. There was no hurry, no discord, no break, in the constant stream of pure vocalization. The listener had no dread of failure. . . . His very looks accomplished a great deal. A glance of the eye, a motion of the finger, a wave of the hand, a curl of the lip, a twitch of the Roman nose, could kill or cripple at the will of the speaker. The person of Mr. Forsyth was exceedingly handsome. His form was classical. He was neither too light nor too heavy for grace of manner. No orator in the United States possessed such a fine command of the keys and modulations whereby the heart is subdued at the will of the orator. His supply of the best words was inexhaustible. In this respect, he very much resembled Lord Erskine. Had he been less a man of the world, less indoctrinated in the etiquette and levity of courts, less inclined to the heartless formalities of fashion, he would have been more of a public benefactor and more deeply entwined in the affections of men. His instincts were not with the masses. He was faithful to his trusts, because it was impossible for him to do a mean or base act. He was always courteous and obliging in his personal relations; still there was a diplomatic element in which he loved to revel, and from which he derived his chief enjoyment. Beyond this, life was measurably insipid; nor is it certain that the philosophy of Bolingbroke or the morals of Chesterfield contributed to his happiness. But if Mr. Forsyth had his defects—and he would be more than mortal to be exempt—let it be remembered that the sun has spots which do not mar its brilliance. It may be centuries before such a man shall again exist.'"*

"The late John Forsyth was one of the most accomplished men of his time. As an impromptu debater, to bring on an action or to cover a retreat, he never had his superior. He was acute, witty, full of resources, and ever prompt—impetuous as Murat in a charge, adroit as Soult when flanked and out numbered. He was haughty in the presence of enemis, genial and winning among friends. His manners were courtly and diplomatic. In the times of Louis the XIV, he would have rivalled the most celebrated courtiers; under the dynasty of Napoleon he would have won the baton of France. He never failed to command the confidence of his party; he never feared any odds against it; and, at one time, was almost its sole support

*Stephen H. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. II.

in the Senate against the most brilliant and powerful opposition ever organized against an administration.'"*

FRANKLIN

Carnesville. In 1784, the Legislature of Georgia created two large counties: Franklin and Washington, out of lands obtained from the Indians, under the treaties of 1783, negotiated at Augusta. These were the first counties created after the war for independence, and most of the lands in these counties were given in bounty warrants to Revolutionary soldiers. Due to conditions on the frontier, several years elapsed before there was any permanent county organization. But Carnesville, as a mountain village, doubtless arose soon after the Revolution. It was made the permanent site for public buildings in the county of Franklin, by an Act approved November 29, 1806, at which time the following commissioners were appointed: James Terrell, Obadiah Hooper, Joseph Chandler, Frederick Beal, and James King.[1] The town was incorporated on December 7, 1809, by an Act entrusting its better regulation to the following board of commissioners: Frederick Beall, Samson Lane, Benjamin Dorsey, Dudley Jones, and Andy Williamson.[2] The town was named for Judge Thomas P. Carnes, a noted Congressman and jurist of the early days.

FULTON

Atlanta. As stated in Volume I, of this work, Atlanta was the offspring of railways, and was first called Terminus, afterwards, Marthasville. The latter town was incorporated by an Act approved December 23, 1843, with the following commissioners: L. V. Gannon, John

*J. F. H. Claiborne, in The Cabinet—Past and Present.
[1] Clayton's Compendium, p. 309.
[2] Clayton's Compendium, p. 320.

Bailey, Willis Carlisle, John Kile, Sr., and Patrick Quinn.[1] Later on, the name of the town was changed to Atlanta, and under this name was incorporated as a city by an Act approved December 29, 1847, with provision for its government by a mayor and councilmanic board, consisting of four members. Moses W. Formwalt was the first mayor. It is commonly understood that Atlanta's original charter was drawn by the late Judge John Collier. Until 1853, Atlanta was in DeKalb County; but, when the new county of Fulton was organized under an Act approved December 20, 1853, out of DeKalb and Henry Counties, Atlanta was chosen as the new county-site. The First Baptist church, chartered on January 26, 1850, was the earliest church incorporated. The trustees were: David G. Daniel, Ira O. McDaniel, Fred Kicklighter, Alfred W. Woodin, and James S. Baker.[2] Next came the First Presbyterian church, whose charter was granted on February 10, 1854, with the following board of trustees: John Glenn, Oswald Houston, Julius A. Hayden, James Davis, Joel Kelsey, George Robinson, and Wm. Markham.[3] There is no record of a charter for the Methodists, but they were here in the very beginning and afterwards acquired the property which was at first jointly owned by the several denominations in common, on the site of the present Candler building, where the First Methodist church long stood. The present school system of Atlanta was established in 1872.

"Gate City": When the Sobriquet was First Used. At a meeting of some of the early pioneers, held at the Kimball House, on the evening of April 24, 1871, soon after the original structure was completed, quite a number of spicy reminiscences of the ante-bellum days were revived. To the fund of

[1] Acts, 1843, p. 83.
[2] Acts, 1849-1850, p. 76.
[3] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 274.

anecdotes, the following contribution was made by Judge William Ezzard, an ex-Mayor. Said he:

"The name of the Gate City was first given to Atlanta in Charleston in 1856, and it came about in this way. When the road was completed between Charleston and Memphis, the people of Charleston put a hogshead of water on the car, together with a fire-engine, and accompanied them to Memphis for the purpose of mingling the waters of the Atlantic with the waters of the Mississippi. In the year 1857 the Mayor of Memphis, with quite a number of ladies in the party, came to Atlanta, en route to Charleston, carrying water from the Mississippi, and they also carried a fire-engine for the purpose of mingling the waters of the Mississippi with the waters of the Atlantic. They arrived about 12 o'clock. I was then Mayor of Atlanta, and we gave them a reception and prepared a handsome collation for them. The next morning they left for Charleston. I went with them. There were also several others in the party from Atlanta. We arrived in Charleston, and had a grand time there. We paraded the streets, marched down to the bay, and then went through the ceremony of pumping this water from the Mississippi into the ocean. There were a great many people present on this occasion; they came from all parts of Georgia and from all parts of South Carolina; and a grand banquet was given by the people of Charleston. Everything was well arranged. There was a toast drafted for Savannah, one for Macon, one for Augusta, and one for Atlanta, and so on. The toast prepared and given for Atlanta was: 'The Gate City—the only tribute which she requires of those who pass through her boundaries is that they stop long enough to partake of the hospitality of her citizens.' This was the substance of the toast. I may not recall the exact language. After that Atlanta was always called the Gate City, and it was never known as that before. I responded to this toast for Atlanta. It was given, I suppose, from the fact that this railroad had just been constructed through the mountains, for the purpose of connecting the West with the Atlantic seaboard, and there was no way to get to either place except to pass through Atlanta."*

"Peachtree:" Its Derivation. There is little room for doubt concerning the source from which the name of Atlanta's thoroughfare was derived. In the early days of the last century, an Indian village, called the standing Peachtree, stood just to the North of the

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* History of Atlanta and Its Pioneers, published by the Pioneer Citizens Society, p. 210.

city's present site. The stream which meandered near the village was called Peachtree Creek, while the path which led to it through the forest was called Peachtree Trail. With the influx of population, the path was eventually widened into Peachtree Road, a thoroughfare which is today lined with some of the most palatial and elegant homes to be found south of Baltimore.

To cite authorities: Dr. Abiel Sherwood, in his quaint little work entitled "Sherwood's Gazeteer," published in 1830, states, on page 103, that the town of Decatur was then "95 miles northwest of Milledgeville, 25 miles southwest of Lawrenceville, 9 miles southwest of Rock Mountain, and 12 miles east of the Standing Peachtree on the Chattahoochee." The author prints the words "Standing Peachtree" in capitals, just as in the case of the towns mentioned. Moreover, since the various roads entering Atlanta, viz., the Roswell, the Marietta, the Decatur, the McDonough, were each named for the towns to which they led, the same, especially in the light of other evidence, must be inferentially true of Peachtree.

But there is still another witness. At the outbreak of the War of 1812, Governor George R. Gilmer, who was then barely of age, received a lieutenant's commission; and as soon as enough recruits were collected an order was issued for them to be put in charge of an officer, and sent into the Indian country, where active hostilities were going on against the Creeks. Says Gov. Gilmer:*

"I asked for the command and received it. I marched with twenty-two recruits, having no arms, except refuse drill muskets, a small quantity of loose powder, and some unmolded lead. My appointed station was on the banks of the Chattahoochee, about thirty or forty miles beyond the frontier, near an Indian town, not far from where the Georgia Railroad [meaning Western and Atlantic], now crosses the Chattahoochee River." It was an awkward business for one who had only seen a militia muster and who had never fired a musket. I was ordered to build a fort. I had never seen a fort, and had no means of knowing how to obey the order but what I could get from Duane's Tactics. I went to work and succeeded very well, so far as I know, as the strength and fitness of my fortification was never tested. Some few days after my arrival at the standing peachtree, a rough Indian fellow came into the camp with some fine catfish for sale. I had supplied myself with hook and line for catching cat in the Chattahoochee before I left home, and had bated and hung them from limbs

*Gilmer's "Georgians."

into the water. I had noticed this fellow the day before gliding stealthily along near the bank of the river, in a small canoe, where the lines with baited hooks were hung. I intimated to him that the fish he was offering to sell were taken from my hooks. With demoniac looks of hatred and revenge, he drew his knife from his belt, and holding it for a moment in the position for striking, turned the edge to his own throat, and drew it across; expressing thus more forcibly than he could have done by words his desire to cut my throat. I never saw him afterwards.'"[1]

The Atlanta Campaign. When Grant was made commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, Sherman succeeded him in the chief command at the West, and, under Sherman, were three armies with three superb commanders: the Army of Tennessee, under McPherson; the Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, and the Army of the Ohio, formerly under Burnside, but now commanded by Schofield. At the beginning of May, 1864, this triple army covered a line about twenty miles in length, a little south of Chattanooga: McPherson on the right, with 25,000 men; Thomas in the center, with 60,000, and Schofield on the left, with 15,000; in all, 100,000 men, with 260 guns. Opposed to this force was a Confederate army, under command of Joseph E. Johnston, who, among the Southern generals, ranked next in ability to Lee. It was generally understood by the public that Sherman's grand object in this campaign was the capture of Atlanta, the principal city of Georgia between the mountains and the sea-coast. But Grant and Sherman well knew that an even more important object was the destruction or capture of Johnston's army, and this was likely to be no light task. Johnston was a master of Fabian strategy, whom it was next to impossible to bring to battle unless he saw a good chance of winning.'"[2]

Hood Supersedes Johnston. Despite the masterful tactics of Johnston, in opposing the march of Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta, there was great dissatisfaction over what seemed to be the failure of the former to accomplish definite results, notwithstanding the heavy odds which confronted him. With President Davis he had never been a favorite; and, on July 17, 1864, when the two hostile armies stood before

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[1] On page 257, the same authority speaks of a meeting of the chiefs of the Standing Peachtree with two or three chiefs of the neighboring villages.

[2] The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War, by John Fiske, pp. 324-325.

Atlanta, the President felt constrained to relieve him of the command, appointing in his stead an intrepid soldier: John B. Hood, who was expected to conduct an aggressive campaign. His reputation as a fighter was well established and his appointment carried with it the understanding that defensive tactics were to be abandoned. It is said that Sherman, on hearing of the change, made this remark: "Heretofore, the fighting has been as Johnston pleased, but hereafter it shall be as I please." When the news reached the Union army, it undoubtedly formed the subject of some conversation between Sherman and McPherson, as they sat on the steps of the porch of a country house. In allusion to the incident, Sherman himself says in his "Memoirs": We agreed that we ought to be unusually cautious and prepared for hard fighting, because Hood, though not deemed much of a scholar, or of great mental capacity, was undoubtedly a brave, determined, and rash man." General O. O. Howard in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," comments thus: "Just at this time, much to our comfort and to his surprise, Johnston was removed and Hood put in command of the Confederate army." In the light of subsequent events, the judgment of Mr. Davis in making the change, is at least open to criticism; and, to quote the language of Henry R. Goetchius, a distinguished student of the campaign: "Who knows but what the history of the Confederate States of America might have been written differently had not the criticism of the rash, the thoughtless and the ignorant been allowed to lead to a substitution of the Confederate Fabius with a brave, but impetuous Varro."*

The Battles Around Atlanta. On July 20, 1864, Hood attacked the Federal army at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, and then began the struggle for the prize of war. There followed a week of desul-

*Sherman's Memoirs, Vol. II, p. 75; Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Vol. IV, p. 313; Johnston's Narrative, etc.

tory fighting, in which he lost perhaps 8,000 men and accomplished nothing. Says Professor Derry: "Through bad management the attack was not made as promptly as Hood desired, nor with as good results; for the Confederates were repulsed with heavy loss." For the defence of the city over 10,000 State troops had been placed in the trenches, cannon had been obtained, and supplies made ready for the anticipated assault. Major-General Gustavus J. Smith commanded the State militia and General Toombs, at this time, was on his staff. The four brigades of State troops were commanded by the following officers: R. W. Carswell, P. J. Phillips, C. D. Anderson, and H. K. McCay. Besides these, there were several Georgia regiments in the Confederate army under General Hood, and they served throughout the campaign. Quite a number of Georgians, with the rank of Brigadier-General, participated in the battles around Atlanta, among them, Alfred Iverson, Jr., Hugh W. Mercer, M. A. Stovall, John K. Jackson, Alfred Cumming, Claudius C. Wilson, Robert H. Anderson, Henry R. Jackson, and B. M. Thomas. Lieutenant-Generals Joseph Wheeler and William J. Hardee were both in these engagements; and Major-General W. H. T. Walker. On July 22, occurred one of the most terrific engagements of the entire war. Both sides fought with grim determination. It was Hood's plan to drive Sherman back toward the Tennessee line, but at the close of the day he was still where the morning found him.

Walker and McPherson Killed: Battle-Field Memorials.

Two of the ablest commanding officers of the Civil War fell, on July 22, in the heat of this renowned engagement. Major-General James B. McPherson was killed while making a reconnoisance near the skirmish line of the Confederates. He was ordered to surrender; but, raising his hand as if to salute, he wheeled about and galloped off. Instantly a volley of

muskets was discharged, and the brave officer fell from his horse to the ground, bleeding from several wounds. Both Sherman and Grant placed the highest estimate upon his abilities.

The other distinguished soldier who was numbered among the slain was Major-General Wm. H. T. Walker, a Georgian. He was gallantly leading an attack upon the Federals, who occupied the crest of a hill, when he was shot in the thigh. As he fell to the ground, he was caught by an officer, who, in the act of leaning toward him, was shot in the head. The body of General Walker was sent to Augusta, for burial; but the spot on which he fell, about two miles east of Atlanta, has been appropriately marked. The memorial consists of a cannon mounted upon a pedestal of granite and surrounded by an iron railing. At each corner of the base is a pyramid of cannon-balls. On the south side is this inscription:

> In Memory of
> MAJOR-GENERAL WM. H. T. WALKER,
> C. S. A.

On the north side is inscribed the following:

> Born, November 26, 1816
> Killed on this spot
> July 22, 1864.

The monument was erected some few years ago, by the veterans of Camp Walker. In like manner, the place where General McPherson fell has been marked. It is half a mile distant on the same tragic field. This monument was erected by the United States Government. In honor of the same gallant officer, the local military post bears the name of Fort McPherson. Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Brown, a brother of Georgia's war Governor, was also among the victims, while Brigadier-General Hugh W. Mercer was severely wounded.

Applying the Torch to Atlanta: A Metropolis in Flames. When Hood left the fated city, on the night of September 1, 1864, he started toward the Tennessee line, his object being to force Sherman to quit Georgia, in order to protect his base of supplies. It was an unexpected development. The wily commander was somewhat perplexed; but instead of starting in pursuit, he ordered Thomas to follow Hood, while he kept his clutch upon Atlanta. Then it was that the idea of continuing his triumphant march to the ocean front fired his brain; and, after receiving Grant's permission to undertake the movement, provided Thomas was left sufficiently strong to cope with Hood in Tennessee, he began to make preparations. The city's destruction was resolved upon; and, on September 4, an order was issued requiring the departure of all citizens, save such as were in the employ of the Federal government. Those who did not choose to go South, were sent North. Only the smallest amount of personal property could be taken away. This ruthless expulsion of over twelve thousand people, some of whom were entirely without means, worked the most grievous hardships; and, though Mayor Calhoun urged a revocation of the order, his appeal was fruitless.

Then began the fiendish work of incendiarism. The torch was remorselessly applied. To quote Colonel Clarke: "What could not be consumed by fire was blown up, torn down, or otherwise destroyed. No city during the war was so nearly annihilated. The central part or business locality was an entire mass of ruins, there being only a solitary structure standing on our main street, Whitehall, between its extreme commercial limits. At least three-fourths of the buildings in the city were destroyed, the remainder consisting chiefly of dwelling houses. Father O'Reilly was instrumental in saving the Catholic and several Protestant churches, and also the City Hall. The Medical College was saved through the efforts of Dr. N. D'Alvigny. Atlanta was left a scene of charred and desolate ruins, the home of half-starved

and half-wild dogs, who, with the carrion crows, feasted upon the refuse, together with the decaying carcasses of animals.''[1]

Sherman's March to the Sea Begins. On November 15, 1864, with sixty thousand men, Sherman left the smouldering ruins of Atlanta behind and started upon his devastating march to the sea. The port of Savannah became his objective point. Cutting a swath forty miles wide, his army marched like a pestilence through Georgia, destroying what could not be utilized for food. Crops were laid waste, farmhouses burned, and whole villages wrecked. Horses were seized; and cows and hogs were either used for food or left dead in the field. Thieves who followed the army, or belonged to its lowest elements, reveled in the plunder of silver chests or other receptacles in which valuables were stored. The track of desolation was three hundred miles in length; and Sherman, in his report, said: ''I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred million dollars.''[2]

Atlanta Becomes the State Capital. During the war period, Atlanta was an important depot of supplies. Its destruction by General Sherman emphasized its value not only from the strategic but equally from the commercial point of view; and, furthermore, under the regime of reconstruction, it was the chief abode of the military power. Between the two oceans there was scarcely a point on the map which was better known in newspaper circles.

Consequently, when the Constitutional Convention of 1868 assembled in Atlanta, the city again sued for the coveted boon. The council agreed to furnish the necessary buildings, well equipped for the purpose, and without cost to the State for ten years; these to include a residence for the Governor, a receptacle for the State Library, and convenient quarters for the executive, leg-

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[1] E. Y. Clarke, in Illustrated History of Atlanta; Wallace P. Reed, T. H. Martin, etc.; also John Fiske in the The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War.

[2] Lawton B. Evans, in History of Georgia for Schools: Isaac W. Avery, in History of Georgia, 1850-1881.

islative, and judicial departments. The fullest protection was also guaranteed for the safety of important State documents and papers. The council agreed further to donate the old fair grounds, containing twenty-five acres, on which to erect the new capitol building, or in lieu thereof, any unoccupied ten acres within the city limits which the General Assembly might prefer. By resolution adopted on February 27, 1868, the convention accepted the city's offer; and, in the Constitution, which was subsequently ratified at the polls, an article was inserted making Atlanta the seat of government. Thus the battle was won.

In 1889; the new capitol building, a structure of magnificent proportions in every respect, worthy of the great commonwealth, was completed on the south side of the town and on the site of the old City Hall Park, for years the seat of legislation in local affairs. The ground is somewhat elevated at this point, giving to the lordly dome, which crowns the massive pile, an appropriate setting. It is to be regretted that the building is not constructed entirely of Georgia stone, the quarries of this State having become so famous that many public building throughout the Union have made use of our home products. But the vast marble and granite resources of Georgia were not sufficiently developed at this time to meet competition. Hence oolitic limestone was substituted; an excellent material of great durability and strength, obtained from Indiana. However, the interior finish of the building shows the exquisite beauty of ornamentation which belongs to Georgia marble. The magnitude of the building is such that the demands for space can be met for years to come, however great the increase in the volume of official business. The labor of construction occupied five years. But so care-

Unbesmirched by Graft: Georgia's Capitol a Monument to Official Integrity.

fully was the work supervised by the men to whom this important responsibility was entrusted, that the structure was not only built within the figures of the original appropriation, but an unexpended residue of several thousand dollars was left in the treasury, to challenge the admiration of an age of graft. Thus an object-lesson is presented to New York, to Pennsylvania, and to other States, in which similar enterprises have furnished the opportunity for unlimited corruption. The following distinguished Georgians constituted the commission: Governor Henry D. McDaniel, General Philip Cook, General E. P. Alexander, Captain Evan P. Howell, Hon. W. W. Thomas, and Judge A. L. Miller. The cornerstone of the building was laid with masonic ceremonies in 1884, and the oration was delivered by the polished and eloquent General Alexander R. Lawton, of Savannah. Carpeted with grass and ornamented with shrubs and plants the area surrounding the capitol building has been made very attractive, at small expense, by the exercise of good taste and judgment, together with watchful attention.

Atlanta's Great Newspapers. There will be no one to question the statement that much of Atlanta's phenomenal growth since the Civil War has been due to her great newspapers. These have proven an effective supplement to her railroads; for they have not only been king-makers in the world of politics, but powerful factors in the sphere of industrial economics. They have fostered great civic movements; they have embodied progressive ideals; they have set the pace for newspapers in other parts of the South, and while seeking primarily to build up Atlanta, they have stimulated the forces of development throughout the entire Piedmont region.

But the Gate City of the South was long a death-trap for journalistic experiments.

It is needless to go behind the Civil War period in search of testimony to support this statement. However, there are not a few items of interest to be found in the ante-bellum regime of newspaperdom. Atlanta's earliest

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Isaac W. Avery, in History of Georgia, 1850-1861; Lawton B. Evans, in History of Georgia for Schools; E. Y. Clarke, in Illustrated Atlanta; Wallace P. Reed, Thos. H. Martin, newspaper files, etc.

sheet—published in 1845—was the *Luminary*, a somewhat crude affair, of which the Reverend Joseph Baker was the editor, and he used in printing it a small hand press. But the beams of this pioneer beacon were soon extinguished. Its successors were legion, but they were uniformly short-lived. Atlanta for years became a sort of infirmary for sick newspapers and a grave-yard for dead ones. Even the *Southern Miscellany*, brought to Atlanta from Madison and edited by the afterwards famous William T. Thompson, proceeded almost instanter to give up the ghost—though an artistic success. *The Intelligencer*, a newspaper founded in the early fifties and edited for quite awhile by J. I. Whitaker, managed to weather successfully the storm of Civil War, but went down under the incubus of Reconstruction. It was on this paper that Colonel John H. Seals—who afterwards edited *The Sunny South*—earned his journalistic spurs. The Southern Confederacy, another war-time sheet, acquired wide note. It was often printed on brown paper, but was read throughout the Confederate lines. Colonel George W. Adair and Mr. J. Henly Smith were the owners, On its editorial staff was the present world-renowned dean of American newspaperdom, Henry Watterson—then a youthful novitiate, serving his apprenticeship to the pen. Two of Atlanta's most prominent business men—John H. James and B. B. Crew—first began to show the metal which was in them on this famous paper. It also possessed a poet of no mean gifts in the well-known A. R. Watson.

But it died.

History repeated itself after the war. There was no decline for years in the number of newspaper obsequies and interments. Even the first journalistic effort of the brilliant Grady—who undertook to launch the *Herald*—proved to be a tragic disaster. His associate, Robert A. Alston, a man of gifts, who scathingly denounced the convict-lease system, was afterwards killed in the State Capitol by Captain Ed. Cox. It was when the *Herald's* last issue appeared that Mr. Grady penned his famous epigram: "General Toombs loaned like a Prince and collected like a shylark." In 1872 Alexander H. Stephens entered the local arena. He acquired from Judge Cincinnatus Peeples the famous Atlanta *Sun*, in order to fight the election of Horace Greeley; but straightway the orb began to set. It is no exaggeration to say that at least a score of newspapers have been decently buried in Atlanta since Sherman's visit. The first daily publication to take vigorous root and to acquire permanent lodgings above ground was the *Constitution.*

This famous old daily was founded in the summer of 1868. Its first editor was Carey W. Styles, while W. A. Hemphill and J. H. Anderson managed the business interests. Colonel Hemphill retained his connection with the paper for more than three decades. J. R. Barrick, I. W. Avery, and E. Y. Clarke, each in succession, directed the editorial policy of the paper for the first eight years. Major Barrick was a Kentuckian by birth and

a poet by grace. In 1876 Captain Evan P. Howell acquired Colonel Clarke's interest and became editor-in-chief. With his wonderful insight into men, Captain Howell soon gathered about him a galaxy of gifted writers. It was at this time that Joel Chandler Harris, refugeeing from Savannah to escape the ravages of yellow fever, came to Atlanta, where he was soon annexed to the staff and began to write the name of Uncle Remus the famous dialect stories which were destined to carry his name around the globe. Henry W. Grady and Samuel W. Small were also discovered by this keen-eyed man of affairs; and it was not long before P. J. Moran was added to the group. In 1889 came one with a song, in the person of the gifted Frank L. Stanton, who still edits his famous column—"Just from Georgia."

Not long after the paper was launched N. P. T. Finch bought an interest and became associate editor; but eventually he left Atlanta for the West, selling his interest to Mr. S. M. Inman—ever a friend to Atlanta's great undertakings. In 1880, Henry W. Grady, who had been a space-writer, acquired an interest and became managing editor, a position which he held until his death; and it was largely under the leadership of this journalistic Napoleon that the *Constitution* became a power in newspaperdom. His feats of journalistic enterprise established new precedents, while his editorials—like blasts from a silvery bugle—thrilled and electrified the State. He was succeeded at the helm by Clarke Howell, the present superbly-equipped editor-in-chief. Captain E. P. Howell eventually retired, and Hugh T. Inman then acquired an interest, which, in turn, passed to the Bunnigan estate. In 1902 Colonel Hemphill's interest was purchased by Clark Howell, in association with Roby Robinson, the latter becoming business manager. Ten years later, Mr. Robinson relinquished this office, retaining, however, his interest; and Mr. James R. Holiday was duly installed as his successor.

In 1883 rose the *Atlanta Journal*, founded as an afternoon paper by Colonel E. F. Hoge, a prominent member of the local bar. But Colonel Hoge's health failed. The ownership then passed to John Paul Jones, who two years later sold it to a syndicate, including Hoke Smith, H. H. Cabaniss, Charles A. Collier, Jacob Haas and others. Josiah Carter was made managing editor, and the brilliant F. H. Richardson also began at this time his long connection with the paper as its chief editorial writer. Mr. Smith became president of the corporation and Mr. Cabaniss the business manager. It is due to the powerful leverage which the *Journal* developed in the Presidential campaign of 1892 that Mr. Smith—who directed the policy of the paper—was invited to enter the Cabinet of Mr. Cleveland as Secretary of the Interior. This was the beginning of his distinguished career in national politics. Twice after this he became Governor of Georgia, and on the first Monday in December, 1911, he took his seat in the Senate of the United States. In 1900 both Mr. Smith and Mr. Cabaniss

retired. The paper was then sold to H. M. Atkinson, Morris Brandon and James R. Gray, after which other changes followed; but Mr. Gray still remains at the helm as editor and president.

In 1906 the *Georgian* was founded as an afternoon paper by Mr. F. L. Seely, who associated with him Colonel John Temple Graves as editor. The latter—equally famed for his versatile pen and for his rare eloquence on the platform—was soon coveted by the metropolis of the nation, and in 1908 resigned his chair to become editor of the *New York American*, the greatest of the Hearst papers. Soon after the *Georgian* was founded, Mr. Seely acquired by purchase the *Atlanta News*, of which Colonel Graves had formerly been the editor; and the two papers were then combined. It must be said to the credit of this latest entry in the newspaper lists that in a number of battles for reform it led a victorious and splendid fight, including the crusade for the overthrow of the convict lease system and the campaign for State-wide prohibition. In 1912, Mr. Seely sold the *Georgian* to William Randolph Hearst, of New York. It was on the *Southern Temperance Crusader*, a weekly journal founded in 1858, that gifted novelist and poet, Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, made her bow to the public. She afterwards became a contributor to the columns of the *Sunny South*, a weekly periodical founded by Colonel John H. Seals in 1875 and purchased by the *Constitution* some quarter of a century later. This paper was long a fireside companion throughout the South. During the late sixties, *The Christian Index*, Georgia's pioneer religious journal, came from Penfield to Atlanta, where it is still edited; and in 1906 Joel Chandler Harris founded the *Uncle Remus Magazine*, for some time edited and published by his eldest son, Julian Harris, who inherits in no small degree the paternal genius.

Atlanta's First Memorial Day. Atlanta's first Memorial Day was observed on April 26, 1866, just one year after Gen. Johnston's surrender. The moving spirit in this pioneer celebration was Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, a gentle lady whose whole life has been unselfishly devoted to good deeds. Mrs. Morgan has seen nearly fifty recurring aniversaries of Memorial Day, but her heart is still young in its beautiful enthusiasm for a Lost Cause, while her labor of love for the boys in gray has never known a moment's languor or weariness. As Miss Eugenia Goode, she was for three years secretary of the Atlanta Hospital Association, a relief society of

which the beloved Mrs. Isaac Winship was president. On April 15, 1866, inspired by a letter from the pen of Mrs. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, advocating a Memorial Day, Mrs. Morgan requested Mrs. W. W. Clayton, with her two daughters, Julia and Sallie, afterwards Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. Crane, to unite with her in calling the ladies of Atlanta together. Accordingly a meeting was held at which initial steps were taken.

Re-enforced by Mrs. John N. Simmons, the above named ladies, within two days, raised $350 out of a poverty-stricken town with which to put the cemetery in order and to meet necessary expenses. Mrs. Morgan, with her father and mother, Major and Mrs. Hamilton Goode, the Misses Clayton, and others, went day after day to the cemetery, often taking a light lunch with them; and in person directed the hired labor until they had cleared the ground where the known Confederate dead were buried. Cedar, out of which to make wreathes, was brought from Stone Mountain to Atlanta, free of charge, by the Georgia Railroad. Both of the local papers espoused the movement and urged the merchants of Atlanta to observe the day by a general closing of stores. There was no formal oration at the cemetery, due to positive orders from the Federal officers. But Col. E. F. Hoge, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the chaplain of the occasion, Rev. Robert Q. Mallard, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, who offered a most eloquent prayer, prefaced by a few opening remarks.

As the immediate result of this simple service over the graves of the dead, there was formed in Atlanta, within the next few days a Memorial Association constituted as follows: President, Dr. J. P. Logan; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. E. B. Walker; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. J. N. Simmons. Besides, there was chosen a board of directors, with the following members, to wit: Gen. G. T. Anderson, Col. John S. Prather, Col. E. F. Hoge, Major Austin Leyden, Capt. W. M. Williams, Dr. J. G. Westmoreland, Mrs. R.

Bass, Mrs. J. M. Johnson, and Mrs. W. F. Westmoreland. Dr. J. P. Logan promptly declined the executive honors, whereupon Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan was elected president, an office which she filled for two years. In the spring of 1868, she relinquished her official duties on account of a contemplated absence from the city for an indefinite length of time, but she had given the work its initial impetus. On returning to Atlanta, she resumed her place in the ranks, where she has ever since been tireless in her manifold activities. Mrs. Morgan's successors in office have been as follows: Mrs. John B. Gordon, Mrs. J. M. Johnson, Mrs. W. W. Clayton, Mrs. John Milledge, and Mrs. W. D. Ellis. The last named lady has now been president of the Memorial Association for nearly twenty years. One whose name does not appear in the above list, but who, until her removal to Chattanooga was an unwearied worker in the ranks was Mrs. George T. Fry. Though still open to some dispute, Atlanta's Memorial Association was probably the first one organized as such in the Southern States.

Re-Interring the Dead.

During Mrs. Morgan's tenure of office, the building of a monument was first projected. But the most imperative obligation at this time binding upon them was the re-interment of the dead soldiers then lying in the trenches around Atlanta. Accordingly, a petition was made to the city council for an additional area of ground in which to reinter the dead bodies. This request was granted. But due to a lack of funds the work of removal was postponed for another year. In the meantime, Major Joseph H. Morgan painted and lettered five hundred head-boards with which to mark the graves of his fallen comrades. When the task of removing the dead bodies from the trenches around the city was at last undertaken, Mrs. John M. Johnson became the most conspicuous figure in the activities of this period. Mrs. Johnson was the wife

of a much-beloved physician of Atlanta and a sister of two noted Confederate Generals: Howell and Thomas R. R. Cobb. With a spirit which never once flagged, Mrs. Johnson superintended in her own person the work of removing the dead bodies. The sphere of her operations covered an area of ten miles around Atlanta. There was hardly a square foot of ground which she left unvisited. In some of the trenches, Mrs. Johnson found as many as eighty or a hundred soldiers, wrapped in war-blankets, with their hands crossed and with their caps over their faces. Lumber was needed for boxes; and since none was to be obtained at this time in Atlanta, Mrs. Johnson went to Stone Mountain, where she succeeded in obtaining supplies. She then supervised the making of boxes into which, first and last, some three thousand Confederate soldiers were reverently gathered and given the rites of Christian burial. When the dead bodies were re-interred, council granted the ladies permission to subdivide the unoccupied ground into lots and to offer the same for sale. Out of the proceeds arising from this source, they were enabled to place marble head-stones over the graves, to unveil the Lion of Lucerne as a memorial to the unknown dead and to make other needed improvements without calling upon the public for aid.

Atlanta's Confederate Monuments. On April 26, 1874, the magnificent granite shaft in Oakland Cemetery was unveiled to the memory of the Confederate dead. Hon. Thomas Hardeman, Jr., of Macon, was the orator of the occasion, introduced to the assemblage by Col. Robt. A. Alston; while the prayer of invocation was offered by Gen. Clement A. Evans. The monument is sixty-five feet in height. It is Romanesque in style, resting upon a base twenty feet square, from which it rises in a series of six gradations, is built of

Stone Mountain granite, devoid of ornamentation, and contains only this inscription:

> OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD—1873.

From base to apex, it represents a free-will offering to the South's heroic dead. The granite was donated by the Stone Mountain Granite Company and transported free of charge by the Georgia Railroad. Mr. Wm. Gay, the designer, donated both the tablet and the inscription. Dr. Amos Fox assumed the contract for its erection and Mr. Calvin Fay gave his services as supervising architect. The total cost of the monument was only $8,000 though it represented a minimum value of little less than $20,000. Concerts, teas, suppers, charades, moon-light picnics—these were some of the ways in which the money was realized. The corner-stone of the monument was laid on the day of Gen. Lee's funeral, at which time the oration was delivered by one of his greatest lieutenants—Gen. John B. Gordon. Some of the men of Atlanta who were unremitting in the help which they gave to the Ladies' Memorial Association were: Major Tom Williams, Capt. Wm. Williams, Mr. Charles Herbst, Mr. A. R. Watson, Col. E. Y. Clarke, Col. John S. Prather, Major Austin Leyden, Col. George W. Adair, Col. Thomas C. Howard, Mr. Neil Robson, Major Hamilton Goode, Judge W. W. Clayton, Major Joseph H. Morgan, Dr. Amos Fox, Gen. Wm. S. Walker, Col. E. F. Hoge, Mr. B. A. Pratte, Major W. D. Luckie, Mr. Anthony Murphy, and others. These names deserve to be embalmed in Atlanta's grateful remembrance. Two other Confederate monuments typifying the love of Georgia's capital city for the wearers of the gray are the Lion of Lucerne, unveiled to the Unknown Dead, in Oakland cemetery, and the handsome monument erected by the Confederate veterans to the private soldier of the South, in Westview.

Miss Junia McKinley: Her D. A. R. Memorial.

To be honored with a bronze memorial tablet in the capitol of a great State is a goal of ambition which few can ever hope to attain; but such is the tribute which an appreciative public sentiment has paid to one of the noblest of Georgia's gentle women: Miss Junia McKinley. On December 2, 1909, Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R., by special permission of the State authorities, placed this handsome tablet on the walls of the State Library, near its main entrance. Inscribed upon the tablet, in beautiful raised letters, is the following record:

> In grateful remembrance of our beloved founder, MISS JUNIA McKINLEY. 1854-1907. One of the foremost genealogists, Daughters of the American Revolution organizers, educators and patriotic relief workers in the Spanish-American War.
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> ---
>
> This tablet is erected by Piedmont Continental Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Atlanta, December, 1909.

But the wording of this memorial is entirely too brief to be more than merely suggestive. When the tablet was unveiled by Piedmont Continental Chapter, Governor Joseph M. Brown made the speech of acceptance for the State, while Hon. Hugh V. Washington, of Macon, Ga., made the speech of presentation. Mrs. Lewis D. Lowe, Regent of the Chapter, and Mrs. William Lawson Peel, Honorary State Regent, also delivered short addresses, rich in tender memories. There was a large assemblage present, completely filling the spacious hall.

These exercises constituted an extraordinary tribute, but one fully deserved. In the ranks of her patriotic order, Miss McKinley was a pioneer. She founded Atlanta Chapter, the oldest in the State, organized on the same day which witnessed the birth of the chapter in New York. When the movement was in its infancy she cherished it, loved it, brought to it her own marvelous

resources of strength. When others faltered, she stood firm; when hope flickered in other hearts, her own enthusiasm blazed the brighter. If she did not foresee its future destiny, she at least realized its inherent claims, its manifold possibilities. For months she united in her own person the various offices of her chapter and carried upon her willing shoulders the weight of its combined activities; but she found her reward in the joy of service and at the time of her death was honorary State Regent of the D. A. R.

Miss McKinley was also a gifted educator. At the age of sixteen she organized a private school which she conducted most successfully for more than twenty years. Her work was always along constructive lines. During the Spanish-American War—impelled by the spirit of Florence Nightingale—she established the D. A. R. Hospital Corps of Atlanta Chapter, becoming its vice-president. She gave her entire time to relief work at Fort McPherson and under the auspices of the American Red Cross, opened a diet kitchen for the invalid soldiers. In recognition of her work she received the appreciative thanks of a grateful government, engraved upon parchment. Miss McKinley was a kinswoman of the great President whose life, like her own, went out ere it registered its maturest powers. Her day was brief—too brief; but, from dawn to dusk, it was full of the summer's radiance, its precious moments were garnered, its golden opportunities were met, and it ended calmly, with the white promise of the stars.

Woodrow Wilson: An Incident in His Career as a Lawyer.

Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, began his career as a lawyer in Georgia's State capital. He was formally admitted to the bar in 1882; and his license to practice law in the courts of this State bears the signature of Hon. George Hillyer, Judge of the Atlanta

Circuit. Entering into a legal partnership with a brilliant young barrister like himself, Edward J. Renick, the professional shingle of the new firm was displayed from a modest office on the second floor of the old Hulsey building, on the corner of Broad and Marietta Streets. But there was no immediate rush of clients, and becoming discouraged as weeks lengthened into months without materially swelling the bank account of either, they decided to dissolve the partnership agreement and to set out in quest of new pastures.

Mr. Renick became in after years assistant Secretary of State under President Cleveland. Still later he was made special representative of the great banking house of Coudert Brothers. He died in the city of Paris while on a very important mission concerning the Gould interests, and his death was deplored on both sides of the water. Mr. Wilson went to Baltimore, to pursue a special course of study at Johns Hopkins. He was then called to an adjunct professorship of history at Bryn Mawr; thence in 1888 he went to Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., where he taught political science; and two years later accepted the chair of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton, relinquishing this chair in 1902, to become President of the Institution. The policy of his administration was to make this great seat of learning a Democracy. On account of a disagreement with his board of trustees touching a matter which he considered too vital to admit of compromise or surrender, he resigned the helm of affairs, only to be tendered the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Jersey.

Since his entry into politics, the career of President Wilson has been an open book. The following incident of his sojourn in Atlanta is taken from the files of the Constitution, under date of November 6, 1912:

"Two years after his arrival here the tariff commission appointed by President Hayes to visit the various sections of the country and report of the tariffs workings came to Atlanta and sent out invitations asking any one interested to meet with them and point out unjust discriminations as they saw them. John W. H. Underwood was the Georgia member of the

commission. When the board assembled in the convention hall of the Kimball House they were greeted by a single man, come to talk over the tariff. For two hours or more he fired question after question at the tariff experts, turned the 'evidence meeting' into a debate between himself and the board and showed those gentlemen just what the situation was in the South, says Henry Peeples, one of Atlanta's best-known attorneys, in recalling the scene:

"'What is your name?'' asked the commission of the young man.

"'I am Woodrow Wilson, a lawyer,' he answered.''

Though a native of Virginia, where he was born at Staunton, in the renowned Valley, the greater part of the President's boyhood was spent in Georgia. His father, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, was a noted Presbyterian minister, who was for years pastor of a church in Augusta. Here the future president received his elementary education, and one of his teachers at this time was Professor Joseph T. Derry, the famous historian and educator, now of Atlanta. It was in the town of Rome, at the residence of a cousin, that he first met and courted his future wife, then Miss Ellen Louise Axson. The marriage occurred, in 1885, at Savannah, the home of the bride's grand-parents, with whom Miss Axson was then living. Two of his children were born in the town of Gainesville, at the home of an aunt, Mrs. Brown, the mother of Colonel Edward T. Brown, of Atlanta. From this somewhat rapid biographical survey, his complete indentification with Georgia is made apparent, and there is no section of the State which the career of this foremost citizen of the nation has not touched. Illustrious both in politics and in letters, he has written a score of standard books and received the doctor's degree from a dozen world renowned institutions.

Dedicated by a Woman. At a cost considerably in excess of $1,000,000, Fulton County has just completed a magnificent court-house, which will doubtless meet the demands of expansion for the next one hundred years. It is a massive structure of granite, the walls of which will often ring with eloquent appeals from gifted lawyers. But an interesting fact to be noted by the future historian is that the first speech ever made in Fulton County's temple of justice was made by

a woman: Mrs. Richard P. Brooks, of Forsyth. On December 9, 1913, when the roof of the building was completed, there was a flag-raising under the auspices of Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R., at which time Georgia's State flag was presented to the State of Georgia, to the County of Fulton, and to the city of Atlanta, by this patriotic organization. General Clifford L. Anderson, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, presided. The ceremonies were held in the court-house basement, and the programme rendered was as follows:

Address of Presentation, by Mrs. Richard P. Brooks, Regent Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R.

Speech of Acceptance for the city of Atlanta, by Mayor James G. Woodward.

Speech of Acceptance for the County of Fulton and for the State of Georgia, by State Historian, Lucian Lamar Knight.

Remarks, by Mrs. Sheppard W. Foster, State Regent, D. A. R.

Two Great Universities: Oglethorpe and Candler.

Besides acquiring one of the twelve regional banks, under the new currency system of the Wilson administration, an achievement which in itself makes Atlanta one of the recognized financial capitals of the land, this favored metropolis has, during the current year, 1914, secured two great educational institutions—Oglethorpe University, a school endowed by the Presbyterians, and Candler University, a school founded by the Methodists. Oglethorpe University was formerly located at Midway, near Milledgeville, Ga.; but, after giving the immortal Sidney Lanier to American literature and educating a future Governor in the person of Joseph M. Brown, it perished amid the wreckage entailed by the great Civil War. During the present year, chiefly through the splendid initiative of one man, Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, D. D., who has made this magnificent project his dream and his passion, Oglethorpe University has been revived in Atlanta, with an endowment, aggregating in small subscriptions, over $1,000,000, besides an extensive campus, at Silver Lake, on Peachtree Road, generously donated by a syndicate owning this beautiful tract of land. It is fully expected that Oglethorpe will become a $5,000,000 plant before a decade has passed.

When the Southern Methodists, in the spring of this year, relinquished Vanderbilt, at Nashville, Tenn., it was decided by the General Conference of the Church to establish two great universities in the South, one on either side of the Mississippi River. Through the munificent liberality of Col. Asa G. Candler, who subscribed $1,000,000 to the fund—thus making the largest individual gift ever made to education by a Southern man, during his lifetime—Atlanta has secured one of these great schools, while the other one is to be located at Dallas, Tex. Col. Candler's letter, accompanying his gift, thrilled and electrified the whole Christian commonwealth. Its deep religious note and its true ring of piety make it an extraordinary document—one to be treasured in the archives of the Church; but aside from these characteristics its significance is historic. Local pledges have already swelled the subscription to something beyond $2,000,000 and when the canvass of the South-eastern States is completed it will doubtless result in a grand total of $5,000,000 for this colossal plant. Bishop Warren A. Candler has been placed temporarily at the head of the institution and will doubtless be made its permanent chancellor. As this work goes to press, the choice of a name for the proposed school has not yet been made; but throughout the bounds of the South there is only one voice and one sentiment; and if what seems to be the universal desire of the Church prevails it will bear a name illustrious in Southern Methodism; Candler.

The Burns Memorial Cottage. One of the most unique memorials in existence is located on the outskirts of Atlanta, near the terminus of the Confederate Soldier's Home car line, just half an hour's ride from the town center. It is an exact reproduction in granite of the Ayrshire Cottage, in which the immortal bard of Scotland—humanity's best-loved poet—first saw the light of day. In 1907 the Burns Club, of Atlanta,

THE BURNS MEMORIAL COTTAGE, ATLANTA, GA.

purchased in this neighborhood a tract of thirteen acres, luxuriantly wooded with forest trees, and selling in 1910 a fractional part of this property for a sum equal to three times the cost of the entire original tract of land, a fund was thus provided for erecting the Burns Cottage and for beautifying the adjacent grounds. The corner-stone of the cottage was laid on November 5, 1910, by the Grand Lodge of Georgia Masons, at which time Hon. J. H. Lumpkin, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the great bard. Three months later, on the evening of January 25, 1911, the cottage was formally dedicated with a dinner, every detail of which was most elaborately planned. The literary address on this occasion was delivered by Lucian Lamar Knight, Esq., in addition to which feature of the program speeches were delivered by the following well-known Georgians, in response to toasts: Hon. John M. Graham, president of the Burns Club; Judge Marcus W. Beck, Judge Richard B. Russell, Judge Arthur G. Powell, Dr. Joseph Jacobs, Dr. E. S. Lynden and others. Two streets, called Ayr Place and Alloway Place, have been opened to the Burns Cottage.

GILMER

Ellijay. On the site of an old Indian village of this name arose the present town of Ellijay. When the new county of Gilmer was created out of the Cherokee lands in 1832, and named for Governor George R. Gilmer, it was found that the center of the county was not far from this Indian village, and accordingly Elljay was made the county-seat. It was incorporated by an Act approved December 20, 1834, with the following commissioners: Wm. P. King, Henry K. Quillian, B. L. Goodman, Nathan Smith, and Joshua Bourn.*

The Gilmer County Academy was incorporated in 1833.

*Acts, 1834, p. 247.

GLASCOCK

Gibson. On December 19, 1857, an Act was approved organizing the new county of Glascock out of lands formerly included in Warren. It was called Glascock in honor of a distinguished soldier and civilian, then recently deceased, Gen. Thomas Glascock, whose father of the same name, was a gallant officer of the Revolution but unfortunately for his reputation, a Yazooist. The new county-seat was called Gibson, in honor of Judge William Gibson, of the Middle Circuit, who gave $500 toward the erection of the court-house.

GLYNN

Brunswick. Volume I.

Brunswick's Liberty Tree. On November 10, 1906, under the auspices of Brunswick Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. E. F. Coney, regent, there was planted a Liberty Tree, upon which the eyes of the nation have since been fixed with absorbed interest. The soil to nurture the roots of the tree came from every section of the United States and the occasion was one replete with such interest not only from a spectacular but from a patriotic point of view that other localities have since followed the example set by Brunswick, with the result that a new era has been marked in national patriotism. To make the occasion a success the Governors of the various States gladly co-operated in the matter, not only furnishing soil but writing letters of encouragement; and in addition to these letters there were scores of telegrams and messages received by the local chapter. Young ladies from the Brunswick schools were chosen to represent the different States. Dressed in the national colors, Columbia, with her thirteen maids of honor, representing the original colonies, came first, under a military escort,

followed by the band. Then came forty-nine girls, each bearing a flag and a hand full of soil from the State which she represented; and passing down the line, to the music of "America," deposited the soil at the roots of the Tree. There is a handsome bronze tablet to further mark this historic spot in the heart of Brunswick, the significance of which is to remind the youth of our country that sectional estrangement no longer exists and that in place of it we have today—

A Union of lakes and a Union of lands,
A Union of States none can sever;
A Union of hearts and a Union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever!

Memorial of Bloody Marsh. During the summer of 1913, the historic battle-field of Bloody Marsh, on St. Simon's Island, was marked by a handsome granite memorial, unveiled under the auspices of two patriotic organizations: the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames of America, and the Georgia Society of Colonial Wars. Hon. Richard D. Meader, of Brunswick, Chancellor of the latter society, delivered the principal address, in which he discussed the far-reaching significance of this decisive battle, on the Georgia coast. Said he, among other things:

"The entire population of Georgia in 1750, eight years after Bloody Marsh, was only 5,000, whereas South Carolina at the same time had 68,000, North Carolina 80,000 and Virginia 275,000. In 1742 Georgia probably did not number more than 4,000 inhabitants, so that we have the spectacle of a small army of 650 men, less than a modern regiment, defending more than 300,000 people against the attack of a powerful enemy without any assistance from those people. Assuming that Georgia's population was 4,000 in 1742, it is not probable that the adult male population was more than one-third that number, so that we see another unusual spectacle, that of one-half the entire male population being engaged in one force, a proportion which I doubt has ever been equalled in the world's history. Had this small army of 650 men been killed or captured by the Spaniards, there could have been no effective resistance from the other parts of the colony,

and Georgia as an English colony would have ceased to exist, while South Carolina and the more northern colonies would have had to fight for their existence.

"Oglethorpe, knowing the overpowering strength of the Spanish and his own weakness, realized the desperate straits he was in and made repeated but fruitless calls for additional troops upon the more northern colonies. Finally realizing that he must rely upon what force he had, in the face of great and impending danger he wrote those brave and memorable words which appear above his name on the monument that we are dedicating today."

Embedded in the monument is a neat tablet of bronze on which the following inscription is lettered:

> "We are resolved not to suffer defeat. We will rather die like Leonidas and his Spartans, if we but protect Georgia and the Carolinas and the rest of the Americans from desolation."—Oglethorpe.
>
> Erected on the battlefield of Bloody Marsh—by the Georgia Society of Colonel Dames of America and the Georgia Society of Colonial Wars in memory of the great victory won over the Spaniards on this spot July 7, 1742.

The Story of the Dodge Millions. When William E. Dodge, the great lumber baron who founded the town of St. Simon's, died in the city of New York, he left an estate, the value of which was expressed in eight figures. To share this splendid property there were several children, two of whom were Anson Phelps and Norman B. Dodge. To the first of these was born a son, Anson Phelps, Jr., and to the latter a daughter, who, wedding her first cousin, Anson Phelps, Jr., was the possessor at the time of her marriage, in her own right, of a fortune estimated at not less than three millions. Before many years had elapsed Anson P. Dodge, Jr., who was educated for the Episcopal priesthood, began to feel the lure of the foreign field. The spirit of the missionary became so powerful within him that he finally embarked upon the high seas for India, taking with him his young wife, who was by no means loath to share his lot in distant lands and among alien peoples. On the eve of her departure, however, she made her will, the contents of which she kept a secret, even from her husband, acquainting him only with the fact that he was to be her sole executor. The sultry climate of India proved to be too drastic for the frail American girl, whose delicate organism had been attuned to gentler conditions of life in her far-away home. She fell an early victim to the Indian fever; and, having her body embalmed, the disconsolate husband brought the remains back to the United States and interred underneath the chapel of Christ Church, on St. Simon's Island, near the old town of Frederica. On breaking the seal of his wife's will,

Mr. Dodge found that she had made him merely the trustee of the estate, barring a nominal support for himself. The bulk of the property was to be devoted to religious and benevolent ends. He cheerfully assumed the responsibilities which were thus put upon him; and besides helping hundreds of churches and institutions, he established at Frederica the Dodge Orphanage, for the proper care and maintainance of indigent children. He also revived and enlarged the work of Christ Church Parish, an organization whose beginning dated back to the days of Oglethorpe; and by his faithful ministrations as an undershepherd he sought the spiritual betterment and uplift in his island home. The waves of influence which went forth from the old town of Frederica touched the remotest confines of Christendom. In the meantime he married Miss Annie Gould, who entered sympathetically and helpfully into his plans and who, since the death of her husband, several years ago, has continued his great work, infused and infilled by no little of his spirit. On the walls of Christ Church there are marble tablets commemorating the unselfish lives of the saintly pair, who, under divine guidance, sought to make the wisest and best use of the Dodge millions.

The Tomb of Thomas Butler King. In the historic old burial-ground appurtenant to Christ church at Frederica, lie the mortal ashes of the far-sighted Georgian who first conceived the idea of a transcontinental railway line to connect the two oceans—Thomas Butler King. He was a member of Congress, a wealthy sea island cotton planter, and a special envoy of the United State government to Europe. The grave of Mr. King is in the rear of the church and is marked by a handsome block of marble, on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

> THOMAS BUTLER KING. 1800-1860. A profound statesman who faithfully labored for the public good, a man gentle and true, a devoted husband and father, a kind master.

His wife is buried beside him. Here also rests the celebrated scientist and planter, John Couper; his equally distinguished son, James Hamilton Couper; the noted Thomas Spalding, for whom Spalding county was named; Captain Alexander Campbell Wylly, a Captain in the Royal Army during the Revolution, afterwards Governor

of New Providence; Major Pierce Butler, and members of other prominent Georgia families, including the Pages, and the Postells.

Oglethorpe's Regiment. Whatever may be said to the disparagment of Georgia as a Colony of indigent debtors and of impecunious exiles, there was not to be found in the service of the King of England a body of soldiers whose family connections were superior to those of the men who composed Oglethorpe's Regiment. The story of how he gathered them is thus told by Colonel Jones.* Says he:

"Oglethorpe's regiment was limited to six companies of one hundred men each, exclusive of non-commissioned officers and drummers. To it a grenadier company was subsequently attached. Disdaining to 'make a market of the service' by selling commissions, the General secured the appointment, as officers, only of such persons as were gentlemen of family and character in their respective communities. He also engaged about twenty young gentlemen of no fortune to serve as cadets. These he subsequently promoted as vacancies occurred. So far from deriving any pecuniary benefit from these appointments, the General, in some cases, from his private fortune advanced the fees requisite to procure commissions, and provided moneys for the purchase of uniforms. At his own expense he engaged the servies of forty supernumeraries—'a circumstance,' says a contemporary writer, 'very extraordinary in our armies, especially in our plantations.' In order to engender in the hearts of the enlisted men an attachment for and an interest in the Colony which they were to defend and also to induce them to become settlers, permission was granted to each to take a wife with him, for the support of whom additional pay and rations were provided. So carefully was this regiment recruited and officered that it constituted one of the best military organizations in the service of the King."

As gathered by Mr. G. W. J. DeRenne, from the Book of Army Commissions, from 1728 to 1841, in the Record Office in London, some of the members of Oglethorpe's Regiment are given below. The list is fragmentary, but a more complete one is probably not in existence. These names are as follows:

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*Dead Towns of Georgia, pp. 66 67.

James Oglethorpe, Colonel of a regiment of foot.
James Cochran, Lieut.-Colonel.
Wm. Cook, Major.
Hugh Mackay, Captain.
Richard Norbury, Captain.
Alex. Herron, Captain.
Albert Desbrisay, Captain.
Philip Delegall, Senior Lieutenant.
Philip Delegall, Junior Lieutenant.
Raymond Demere, Lieutenant.
George Morgan, rank not stated.
George Dunbar, rank not stated.
Will Horton, Ensign.
James Mackay, Ensign.
Wm. Folsom, Ensign.
John Tanner, Ensign.
John Leman, Ensign.
Sandford Mace, Ensign.
Hugh Mackay, Adjutant.
Edward Dyson, Clerk and Chaplain.
Thomas Hawkins, Surgeon.
Edward Wansall, Quartermaster.

GORDON

Oothcaloga. The great valley lying between the Cohutta Mountains on the east and the Chattoogatas on the west forms a natural gateway between the North and the South, and important highways have led through this valley since the earliest prehistoric times. Gordon County lies across this valley; and, long before the coming of white men, its territory was threaded by great Indian trails connecting the regions of the Great Lakes and the Canadian woods with the waters of the South Atlantic and the Mexican Gulf. At the confluence of the Coosawattee and the Connasuaga Rivers stood New Echota, the last capital of the Eastern Cherokees. Some four miles west of this site, one or more Indian trails crossed the Oostanaula River, at a place where ancient mounds still mark the location of a once populous town of the red men; and, on this spot in after years grew the present county-seat of Gordon County: Calhoun.

But the earliest name by which the settlement at this place was known to civilization was Oothcaloga. The first whites who came into the country followed the Indian trails which, in time, they converted into roads. Still later, great lines of railway were built along the routes fixed by these ancient Indian highways. Traders camped at the river crossing, and as soon as conditions called for a place in which to hold court a log cabin was constructed in the grove nearby and called Oothcaloga court ground. Mrs. W. J. Hall, one of the oldest residents of Calhoun, thus describes the appearance of the settlement at this remote time. Says Mrs. Hall:

"We lived just down the Oothcaloga valley, and as my brother had to go to the river for a load of sand my sister and I went with him. We drove along a dim road through the woods, passing several deserted Indian houses and at one place a number of Indian graves covered with basket-work. This basket work had been made of canes, some of which had been buried in mud and made black, and these, woven in with the white canes, made various stripes. We saw a large herd of deer feeding in the woods

near the new court-house, which had just been built. We had never seen a court-house of any kind, and in our childish minds wondered what it would be like. My brother drove up to the door, which was tightly closed, and we got out of the wagon and looked through the cracks between the logs, but saw no one anywhere."

With the coming of the Western and Atlantic railroad, the little station of Oothcaloga grew in importance. A trader named Dawson established a store here and played an important part in the life of the community, giving his name to the place which ceased to be known as Oothcaloga and became Dawsonville.

Calhoun. It was soon apparent that a new county must be formed out of the northern portion of Cass and the adjacent counties of Floyd and Murray, and speculation became rife as to the location of the new county-seat. Judge John P. King of Augusta, who had been a heavy investor in lands along the line of the new railroad, bought a large amount of real estate at Dawsonville and exerted his influence to make that place the capital of the county. He erected a large hotel and offered to give lots for all public buildings. In this way Calhoun became the owner of several handsome parks.

After the formation of Gordon County, a spirited election was held at a place called Center, now known as Big Spring, to determine the location of the county-seat. Two places were voted for, "Center," and "Railroad." A large crowd assembled at Center and remained all night to learn the result. "Railroad" won and preparations went rapidly forward to convert the thriving village of Dawsonville into the county capital which was soon named in honor of South Carolina's immortal son, John C. Calhoun.

Among the leading spirits of the new town were Dennis Johnson, who assisted in making the survey of streets and parks; David G. Law, who soon became a prosperous merchant; Dr. Wall, whose name is preserved in one of the leading streets of the town; and William H. Dabney, a young lawyer who came seeking a location in the new county. He afterwards became one of

the leading jurists of northwest Georgia. As the territory around Calhoun developed its population and business grew. It became a large grain and live stock market, and the nearby town of New Echota which had prospered as a trade center after the removal of the Cherokees gradually died and its site is now a cultivated farm.

Calhoun was almost totally destroyed by Sherman's army in 1864, but after the war it rapidly regained its former prosperity. It is now not only one of the most beautiful towns in the State, but one of the most prosperous. Calhoun was the boyhood home of Maurice Thompson, the well-known author. His brother, Will H. Thompson, who wrote "The High Tide at Gettysburg," was also born and reared here.*

The Nelson Monument. On the court house square at Calhoun stands a monument to General Charles Haney Nelson, a distinguished soldier of the ante-bellum period. General Nelson won his spurs as a soldier in the war with the Seminoles, after which he became a conspicuous figure in the military operations around New Echota, incident to the removal of the Cherokees. He was not a native of this section of Georgia, but falling in love with the mountainous country he bought a plantation at Big Springs, some nine miles from the present town of Calhoun. There, on what is still known as the Nelson farm, he lies buried. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, in 1845, he went to the front, bore an important part in the struggle, and returned home with the rank of Brigadier-General. But enfeebled by exposure to a tropical climate, he survived for only a few months. The inscription on his monument reads as follows:

> Dedicated by the Surviving Officers, Soldiers and Friends to the Memory of Gen. Charles Haney Nelson. Born in Wilkes County, Ga., Nov. 2, 1796. Died Sept. 30, 1848.

*Mr. J. A. Hall, formerly of Calhoun, now of Decatur, Ga.

GRADY

Cairo. On August 17, 1905, an Act was approved creating the new county of Grady out of lands formerly included with Decatur and Thomas, and designating Cairo, a progressive and wideawake town on the Atlantic Coast Line, as the new county-seat. The town was incorporated by an Act of the Legislature, approved October 28, 1870, at which time the following commissioners were designated to hold office until the election of a mayor and councilmen as prescribed by law. These commissioners were: Milton White, Dr. J. W. Clements, and J. M. Lawrence.* During the past few years the growth of Cairo has been rapid, due to the agricultural wealth of the surrounding country, and to the public enterprise of a united citizenship.

GREENE

Greensboro. Greensboro was made the county-seat of Greene County, when the county was first created in 1786, and was named in honor of the illustrious soldier who ranked next to Washington as a commander in the Revolution: Major-General Nathanael Greene. The town was incorporated by an Act approved December 10, 1803, providing for its better regulation; and at this time the following residents were named as commissioners: Jonas Fouche, Henry Carlton, Wm. W. Strain, John McAllister, John Armour, and Fields Kennedy.* There was a strong sentiment at one time in favor of making Greensboro the seat of the University of Georgia. It has always been a center of refinement and culture as well as a conservative business town, op-

*Acts, 1870, p. 175.
*Clayton's Compendium, p. 149.

erating upon safe and sound principles. The Greensboro Female Academy, a noted ante-bellum school, was chartered in 1853. On the court-house square stands a handsome Confederate monument erected by the Greensboro women. Included among the men of eminence who have resided here may be mentioned: Hon. Thomas W. Cobb and Hon. Wm. C. Dawson, both United States Senators; Hon. Thomas F. Foster, a member of Congress; Dr. Francis Cummins, an early pioneer of Presbyterianism; Judge Thomas Stocks, one of the founders of Mercer University; Judge Francis H. Cone, an eminent jurist; Judge Henry T. Lewis, of the State Supreme Court, and a host of others. Gen. Hugh A. Haralson and Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet, were natives of Greene. On the banks of the Oconee River, in the upper part of the county, is the grave of Gov. Peter Early, whose ashes in the near future will probably rest in the cemetery at Greensboro, where several of his kindred lie buried. Bishop George F. Pierce was born on the old Foster place, three miles from Greensboro.

Penfield: The Cradle of Mercer University. Seven miles to the north of Greensboro, in a part of the county today remote from the main highway of travel, there is located an obscure village within whose quiet precincts much of the history of the Baptist Church in Georgia has been written. Here the famous university of the Georgia Baptists was founded and here the great Jesse Mercer sleeps on the old college campus. The atmosphere of the locality is rich in fragrant associations. Nor is it any small part in the drama of events which the little town of Penfield has played.

In 1829, when the Georgia Baptist Convention met at Milledgeville, it was announced to the body that Josiah Penfield, of Savannah, a deacon in the church, had

bequeathed to the convention, the sum of $2,500 as a fund for education, on condition that an equal amount be raised. The following committee was named to suggest a plan of action in regard to the matter: Thomas Stocks, Thomas Cooper, H. O. Wyer and J. H. T. Kilpatrick. They made a report at once, suggesting that the requisite sum be subscribed; and accordingly, within fifteen minutes, the amount of money necessary to secure the gift was pledged in *bona fide* notes, given to Dr. Adiel Sherwood, clerk and treasurer of the Georgia Baptist Convention. The loyal pioneer Baptists, whose generosity helped to lay the foundations of Mercer, are numerated below, together with the amounts subscribed:

Jesse Mercer	$250	Adiel Sherwood	$125
Cullen Battle	200	Thomas Cooper	110
James Shannon	100	William Flournoy	100
Armstead Richardson	75	James Armstrong	50
James Davis	50	J. H. T. Kilpatrick	100
H. O. Wyer	150	Joshua Key	100
I. L. Brooks	100	Andrew Battle	50
James Boykin	125	R. C. Shorter	50
Barnabas Strickland	36	Jonathan Davis	150
William Walker	100	Thomas Stocks	50
B. M. Sanders	150	Jabez P. Marshall	100
Robert C. Brown	50	Edmund Shackelford	150
Peter Walton	25	J. Whitefield, Cash	10

Due authority having been given, a committee purchased from James Rudd, a tract of land, seven miles to the north of Greensboro containing 450 acres. Dr. Billington M. Sanders, then a young man just entering upon the work of the ministry, but well-educated and well equipped, was engaged to act as principal. Under him the wilderness was cleared, temporary quarters were provided, and, on the second Monday in January, 1833, a manual school at Penfield was formally opened. Associated with Dr. Sanders, the first corps of instructors, were, Iro O. McDaniel, J. F. Hillyer, J. W. Attaway, W. D. Cowdry, A. Williams, and S. P. Sanford. John Lumpkin, the father of Governor Wilson Lumpkin, was a mem-

ber of the executive committee under whose oversight the school was established.

Penfield was the name given to the locality in honor of Josiah Penfield, from whose estate came the original bequest; but the school itself was named for Jesse Mercer, then the most influential Baptist divine in Georgia. Mr. Mercer, throughout his long life, constantly befriended the institution and at his death it became the principal beneficiary under his will. At the start, it was quite an unpretentious affair. Mercer Institute was the name which was first given to the modest educational plant at Penfield. In the course of time there developed around it an important town; but with the building of the Georgia Railroad it began to yield prestige to Greensboro, a town on the main line and settled by an enterprising community of well-to-do planters.

However, the Institute prospered. The students were required to perform a definite amount of work each day, for which they were paid at the rate of six cents per hour. They were also put through a course of study which was somewhat exacting. Dr. Sanders remained at the head of the school for six years. He was most successful in organizing the work upon solid foundations, partly because of his experimental acquaintance with agriculture and partly because of his exceptional qualifications as a disciplinarian. But he was none too sanguine at first in regard to the educational outlook in Georgia. He was somewhat apprehensive of failure, due to certain adverse conditions which he feared could not be successfully overcome. To illustrate his attitude, it was found that before the school could be organized an additional sum of $1,500 was needed. Dr. Sanders was asked, among others to be one of thirty to raise this amount. He replied to the effect that he was willing to be the thirtieth man to contribute, a statement which either implied some doubt in regard to the ultimate outcome, or else an an-

xiety on the part of Dr. Sanders to make the Baptists of Georgia exert themselves.

But the sum was raised. Moreover, this wise and good man was placed at the head of the school. Under him, the command to halt was never once sounded. The Institution moved steadily forward. But, after six years, he relinquished the helm. Possibly for the reason that his successors were men of books, who knew comparatively little of practical agriculture, there followed a laxity in the management of affairs. Dissatisfaction arose, and in the course of time the manual school feature was abandoned.

In 1837, the name of the school was changed from Mercer Institute to Mercer University; a charter was obtained from the Legislature; and a fund of $100,000 was raised among the Georgia Baptists with which to give it a permanent and substantial endowment. The first graduating exercises were held in the summer of 1841, when diplomas were awarded to three young men. Richard Malcolm Johnston, who became one of the foremost educators and authors of his day; Benjamin F. Thorpe, afterwards an eminent divine; and Dr. A. R. Wellborn, a successful practitioner of medicine, received degrees on this occasion. In 1840 the Theological Department was added; and Dr. Adiel Sherwood was put at the head of the newly organized school of the prophets. The name of this stalwart, and sturdy old pioneer is still fragrant in the annals of Georgia.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, the senior classmen at Penfield entered the Confederate Army almost to a man, and there were few better soldiers. Though the college did not formally suspend until 1865, it maintained an existence which was purely nominal. Most of the trustees were at the front. Widespread demoralization prevailed. So, after the invasion of the State by Sherman, the faculty with great reluctance closed the

doors. Professors Sanford and Willet, the two senior members of the faculty, opened a school in the college building and held a quasi-commencement, but the lamp of learning could not be rescued from extinction. It flickered dimly, amid the ruins, enough to reveal the chaotic conditions; and then expired in darkness.

For seven years after the war there came a break in the academic life of Mercer. The work of rehabilitation was slow, due to the utter prostation of the State, during the period of Reconstruction. Finally when the Institution again arose it was upon the heights of Macon where it today stands. Prior to the war two separate efforts were made by Griffin to secure Mercer, but without success. The various presidents of Mercer University, in the order of service, have been as follows:

Rev. Billington M. Sanders, Principal and President.
Rev. Otis Smith.
Rev. John L. Dagg, D. D.
Rev. Nathaniel M. Crawford, D.D.
Rev. H. H. Tucker, D.D.
Rev. Archibald J. Battle, D.D.
Rev. G. A. Nunnally, D.D.
Pinckney D. Pollock, LL.D.
Rev. S. Y. Jameson, D.D.

Some of these executive heads have been amongst the most eminent theologians and educators of the South.

Dr. Patrick H. Mell, afterwards Chancellor of the University of Georgia; Dr. Shaler G. Hillyer, Professor William G. Woodfin and others, also taught for a while at Mercer. Perhaps the most distinguished laymen who have occupied chairs in the Institution were Professor S. P. Sanford and Professor J. E. Willet. The former headed the department of mathematics. The latter taught the natural sciences. Both were identified with the Institution for something like fifty years and both were men of broad scholarship. The text-books on mathematics compiled by Professor Sanford are still extensively used. Though Penfield has not felt the awakening touch of Prospero's wand since the removal of Mercer University to Macon, it possesses an excellent high

school. The people of this historic little town do not put the emphasis of life upon material things. With a population of less than one thousand inhabitants, the old village of Penfield may create no ripple in the great world of commerce. But who can measure the influence which it still exerts upon thought and character? The pulsating waves of intellectual and moral energy put in motion fifty years ago have not ceased; and, be the future of the town what it may, the memories of Penfield are immortal.

The Methodist Schism of 1844: How it Originated.

Says Dr. George F. Smith:

"Before Bishop Andrew went to the West, he had made an engagement to marry Mrs. Leonora Greenwood, of Greensboro, Ga. The condition of his family, and his long absences from home, made this a necessary act; so, without undue haste, and, with great discretion, he had selected a second companion. She was very attractive in person, beautiful in manners, gentle in spirit, and deeply though undemonstratively pious. After the marriage he conveyed to his wife, in due form of law, all the rights in her property which the fact of marriage had given him as her husband. When Mrs. Andrews died, in 1854, the law re-invested him with rights in this same property, but he promptly dispossessed himself the second time, and turned it all over to her children. Bishop Andrews did not expect trouble from this marriage, and there were good reasons why he did not; for he himself had been a slaveholder for several years prior to this, in the very same way that he was now—through his wife.

"Dr. Olin, who was highly esteemed at the North and even in New England, had owned slaves and, having sold them, had the proceeds of the sales still in his possession. The General Conference appointed slaveholders, such men as Dr. Capers, to positions of distinction and trust; and only eight years before had strongly condemned the societies of Abolitionism; and many of the extreme men of New England had actually left the Church and formed another connection. Neither the spirit nor the letter of the law of the Church had been broken. On what ground, then, could he suppose that his marriage with an elegant and pious lady, who happened to own a few slaves, would call forth a tempest of such violence as to destroy the unity of the Church?

"The fact is, he did not dream of such a result. Nor was he aware of any excitement on the subject until he reached Baltimore in April, when

on his way to the General Conference in New York in May. Here he learned of the intense excitement caused by the news that one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church owned slaves, and received the first intimation that it would be a matter for investigation. He possessed a woman's delicacy of feeling, and to have his private affairs discussed by the General Conference was abhorent to his very soul. He resolved to resign, and so expressed himself, both in Baltimore and in New York. This resolution, however, he did not execute, for the reason that the Southern delegates demurred in formal resolutions and urged him not to do so, on the ground that it would inflict an incurable wound on the whole South, and inevitably lead to division.

"Resignation now became almost an impossibility; and when it was intimated that he had broken faith and must either resign or be deposed, then resignation was entirely out of the question. The issue had to come. The mass of the Northern preachers were opposed to slavery, but they were not abolitionists. They found themselves hard put to defend themselves; and when it was known that a Bishop was a slaveholder they felt that they were in a sad predicament. Accordingly, Alfred Griffith and John Davis, two members of the Baltimore Conference, were put forward to lead the attack. They introduced a resolution declaring, among other things, that Bishop Andrew was nominated by the slave-holding States in the Conference because he was not a slaveholder; and that, having become one,* 'Therefore be it Resolved, That James O. Andrew be affectionately requested to resign.'

"This precipitated the issue. The discussion was Christian in spirit and courteous in language, to which, however, there were some exceptions. To ask him to resign was so painful to many who did not wish a slaveholder in office that Mr. Finley, of Ohio, introduced his famous substitute, declaring that it was the sense of the General Conference that he desist from the exercise of the office of Bishop so long as the impediment remained. Mr. Finley was Bishop Andrew's personal friend and offered the substitute, believing it to be less offensive to the Southern delegates than the original resolution. But it was really more offensive, because, since it could not consistently remove the impediment, it amounted to permanent deposition. No man in the Conference was more strongly attached to Bishop Andrews, perhaps, than Dr. Olin. The night before he was to speak he visited the Bishop and told him the course he intended to take, and why he would take it. He would advocate the substitute; for if it were not passed New England would withdraw, and there would be division and disintegration everywhere in the North. But, if it were passed, the South would depart, and there would be union and peace throughout her borders.

*Several years previous an old lady of Augusta bequeathed to Bishop Andrew a mulatto girl in trust until she was nineteen, when, with her consent, she was to be deported to Liberia. But the girl refused to go or to accept freedom.

"The debate continued for several days. Among the Southern delegates who participated in the discussion were Dr. Winans, of Mississippi, Dr. Pierce and Judge Longstreet, of Georgia, and Dr. William Capers, of South Carolina. Others took part, but these were the giants. On the opposite side were also arrayed men of strong intellect, including Dr. Olin. Strong efforts were made to stay the tide, but all in vain. On the first of June the vote was taken on the substitute of Mr. Finley, and 111 were for, while only 69 were against it. This was virtual deposition. Grieved, but not surprised, Bishop Andrews left for his home in Georgia. One man from the North, who was a tower of strength, stood by him shoulder to shoulder in all this conflict. It was Joshua Soule, the senior Bishop of the Church. Born and reared in Maine, living in Ohio, never a slave-holder, nor a pro-slavery man, with every interest to bind him to the section in which he lived, he yet came to the South, because he believed the South was right.

"Before the General Conference adjourned the question of division was virtually settled; and with great unanimity the Annual Conference at the South appointed delegates to meet in convention at Louisville the following May. The South did not really desire division, but after the course of the General Conference it was evident that separate organization was the only way of preserving Methodism in this section—the only way of holding the Master to the Church and of carrying the Gospel to the slave. It was division or death. At the appointed time the convention met. Bishop Andrew, Soule, and Morris were all there; action was unanimous; and a call was issued to elect delegates to a General Conference to meet in Petersburg, Va., the following May. No doctrine was changed, no policy altered, no usages, rites, or customs modified; and after this convention the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved to withdraw from the South and leave the whole territory to the new organization. Thus the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, came into existence; and the General Conference at Petersburg did but little more than adjust itself to the changed condition of affairs, elect an agent for its publishing interests, editors for its papers, and two additional Bishops, Robert Paine and William Capers."*

*Condensed from Dr. George G. Smith's Life of James Osgood Andrew.

Gov. Early's Body to be Removed. On an eminence overlooking the Oconee River, in the upper part of Greene County, near Skull Shoals, the remains of Governor Peter Early have rested since 1817; but there is now a movement under way to remove the ashes of this illustrious Georgian to the cemetery at Greensboro, where several of his kindred lie entombed.

Originally the burial-ground formed a part of the old Early estate, one of the largest in Georgia. Today it occupies a corner of Mr. M. L. Bond's horse and cow lot; and, though enclosed by a wall, it is no longer a fit place for this great man's sepulchre. His widow, who afterwards married the famous Dr. Adiel Sherwood, sleeps beside him, together with an infant daughter; but the reader is referred to Volume I of this work for additional particulars in regard to the Early burial-ground. As a rule, it is best to let the ashes of the dead lie undisturbed. But until the body of Gov. Early is removed Georgia will owe an unfulfilled debt not only to the memory of an honored former chief-magistrate but to her own self respect. In the cemetery at Greensboro the old Governor's grave will not be an unvisited spot; and, what is more, it will always be guarded with sacred care and tenderness.

Joel Early: His Views on Slavery. Joel Early—the old Governor's father—was probably the first man in the United States to advocate a return of the negro race to Africa; and, notwithstanding the fact that he owned a great many slaves, he offered not only to release them from servitude, but to defray the expense of sending them back to Liberia. Early's Manor, before its destruction by fire, was perhaps the finest old country seat north of Savannah. Here, on his fertile acres, Joel Early lived the life of an English gentleman, surrounded by everything which could minister to his ease or contribute to his enjoyment. But he was an eccentric old man, full of queer whimsicalities. Eleazer Early, one of his sons, prepared and published the first map of Georgia.*

*Authority: Judge George Hillyer, of Atlanta.

Benjamin Weaver: A Revolutionary Patriot.

One of the many soldiers of seventy-six, who acquired land in Greene County, Ga., was Benjamin Weaver. Enlisting as a youthful private in a North Carolina Regiment, he was an active participant in numerous engagements and carved a record for gallantry on the field of battle, which is today proudly cherished by his descendants. He married Elizabeth Daniel, a cultured lady, with distinguished connections in both Virginia and North Carolina. The late United States Senator John W. Daniel, of the former State, came of the same virile stock. Two sons were born to the Weavers, whose names respectively were: William Wiley Daniel Weaver, and Travis Archibald Daniel Weaver. The former remained in Greene, while the latter settled in Upson. Though not among the original settlers of Greene, the Weavers were prominent in the county for more than a hundred years. After the death of Judge William Weaver, in 1905, the old home was broken up. Among the many descendants of Benjamin Weaver, not a few of whom have been men of marked prominence, may be mentioned: Judge Howard E. W. Palmer, of Atlanta; Dr. J. C. Weaver, of the medical staff of the Federal Prison in Atlanta; Dr. Olin Weaver and Hudson Weaver, of Macon; Mrs. M. M. Burks, of the English Department of Wesleyan Female College, at Macon; Dr. W. W. Stewart, of Columbus; Stewart Ticknor, a grandson of the author of "Little Giffen;" Dr. J. A. Weaver, and W. T. Weaver, of Buena Vista; Rev. Rembert G. Smith, of Emory College, Oxford; Dr. Carrie Weaver Smith, of the Virginia K. Johnson Home, Dallas, Tex.; G. A. Weaver, Jr., president of the Thomaston Branch of the Central of Georgia; G. A. Weaver, Sr., president of the Weaver Merchandise Company, of Thomaston, Ga., and Prof. W. T. Weaver, for years a distinguished educator in the common schools of this State.*

*Information kindly furnished by Mrs. Kate Weaver Dallas, of Thomasville, Ga.

GWINNETT

Lawrenceville. Lawrenceville, the county-seat of Gwinnett County, was incorporated by an Act approved December 15, 1821, with the following town commissioners: James Wardlaw, Hugh B. Grenwood, James McClure, John Geddes, Sr., and Paschal Brooks.* It was chosen as the site for public buildings when the county was first organized in 1818, and named in honor of the gallant naval officer, Captain James Lawrence, of the "Chesapeake," whose last words as he fell mortally wounded were: "Don't give up the ship!" The county itself was named for one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Button Gwinnett. Two flourishing institutions of the town in pioneer days were: the Lawrenceville Academy, founded in 1825, and the Lawrenceville Female Institute, chartered in 1837. On the courthouse square in Lawrenceville stands a monument in honor of two Lawrenceville boys, who perished in the massacre at Fort Goliad, in 1836, Capt. James E. Winn, and Sergeant Anthony Bates, of the Texas Volunteers. It also commemorates the heroic death of eight Gwinnett County men, who were killed in the Creek Indian War of 1836. Major Charles H. Smith, better known as "Bill Arp," was born near Lawrenceville. This has also been the home of the famous Hutchins family, each generation of which has produced strong leaders; the home of the Simmons family, of which the distinguished Wm. E. Simmons, is a member; the home of the Peeples family, represented by the late Hon. Tyler M. Peeples. Here, too, at one time, resided Gen. Gilbert J. Wright, Col. L. P. Thomas, and Dr. James F. Alexander.

Buford. One of the most enterprising communities in this section of Georgia is the town of Buford, famed throughout the country for its splendid tanneries. The town was incorporated by an Act approved August 24, 1872, at which time Messrs. Adam Pool, A. C. Harris,

*Acts, 1821, p. 37.

John F. Espey, W. R. Chamblee, J. R. Stringer and J. A. Pattillo were designated to serve as commissioners, pending an election to be held on the first day of January, 1873. The corporate limits were fixed at one-half a mile in every direction from the depot of the Atlanta and Richmond Air Line, now a part of the Southern Railway system.* In 1891 intoxicants were prohibited. With a rapidly increasing population, Buford began to dream of larger possibilities; and on December 23, 1896, to meet the demands of growth, a new charter was granted by the Legislature conferring upon the "City of Buford" a municipal form of government, with greatly enlarged powers.

HABERSHAM

Clarkesville. On November 26, 1823, an Act was approved by Gov. Troup, making Clarkesville the permanent county-seat of the new county of Habersham, created out of lands then recently acquired from the Cherokee Indians. The following commissioners were named in the Act: Wm. Hamilton, John Sterrett, John Bryant, Miles Davis, and H. A. Hill.* The present city charter was granted in 1900. Clarkesville was named for the illustrious General John Clarke, a soldier of the Revolution, an Indian fighter, and a Governor, twice honored with a seat in the executive chair. On account of its high altitude, in a beautiful mountainous region of the State, Clarkesville soon became a favorite resort for wealthy families of the coast, a large number coming from Savannah. Here lived Hon. Richard W. Habersham, and Hon. George W. Owens, both members of Congress; and Col. Garnett McMillan, a brilliant lawyer who defeated Ben Hill for Congress, but died soon after the election. It has also been the home of many noted families like the Erwins, the Woffords, the Wests, and others. The Clarkesville Academy was chartered on December 24, 1836, with the following trustees: George D. Phillips,

*Acts, 1823, p. 176.

George W. Owens, Richard W. Habersham, and John B. Matthews.*

Aleck's Mountain. In the neighborhood of Clarkesville there looms a peak of the Blue Ridge, locally known as Aleck's Mountain, on which to this day may be seen the remains of an old fortification, supposed to date back to the visit of DeSoto to North Georgia in 1540. According to our foremost antiquarian, Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., Xualla, one of the Indian towns at which the Spanish adventurer stopped in his quest for gold, was located in Nacoochee Valley; and, on this assumption, his march from the Savannah River westward toward what is now the city of Rome, lay directly across Aleck's Mountain, in the present county of Habersham. But aside from the ancient ruins to be found on this peak there are numerous relics in this part of the State which point to an occupancy in prehistoric times by civilized white men; if not by Spaniards, at least by Europeans.

Pioneer Senators and Representatives. Some of the leading men of the county in pioneer days may be obtained from a list of Habersham's early State Senators and Representatives, beginning with the creation of the county, in 1819, and coming on down to the outbreak of the Civil War. This list includes the following State Senators: Benjamin Cleveland, James Blair, William B. Wofford, William H. Steelman, Stephen Smith, John Trammell, John R. Stanford, Thomas Kimsey and George D. Phillips. During this same period the Representatives were: William B. Wofford, James Blair, Benjamin Chastain, Benjamin Cleveland, William H. Steelman, Absalom Holcomb, Kinchen Carr, Jesse Sanford, Thomas M. Kimsey, Elihu S. Barclay and Joseph Underwood.*

HALL

Gainesville. On April 21, 1821, an Act was approved by Gov. John Clark, chartering the town of Gainesville, selected as the county-site for the new county of Hall. In this same Act, the following pioneer citizens were named as commissioners: Stephen Reed, John

*Acts, 1836, p. 16.

Stringer, John Finch, Jesse Clayton, and Eli Sutherland.[1] As was the custom of the State, whenever a new county was organized, an academy for the proper instruction of the young was invariably provided; and, on Christmas Day, 1821, an Act was approved, chartering the old Hall County Academy, with the following trustees, to wit: Stephen Reed, David H. McClesky, William Cobb, John McConnell, Sr., and Bartimeus Reynolds.[2] In 1832, the town was re-incorporated, with Messrs. James W. Jones, James Law, Miner W. Brown, Larkin Cleveland, and John W. McAfee, as commissioners.[3] The town was not named for Gen. Edmond Gaines, as some have supposed, but for an old pioneer family resident in this locality when the county-site was first chosen.

Gainesville, on account of its high altitude, has always enjoyed a splendid health record, and has been a favorite resort for summer tourists and for invalids seeking the magic balsam. As the seat of Brenau College and Conservatory of Music, it is also widely known throughout educational circles. The city of Gainesville is located on the line of the Southern Railway, 53 miles above Atlanta; and of late years its growth has been substantial and rapid. Some of Georgia's most distinguished sons have been residents of this fine old town, including Dr. Richard Banks, for whom a county was named; Gen. James Longstreet, renowned as Lee's Old War Horse; Gov. Allen D. Candler, Judge John B. Estes, and a host of others. It is also the home of the present Congressman from this district Hon. Thomas M. Bell. Though never a resident of the town, Gov. James M. Smith is here buried beside his last wife. Two of the daughters of President Woodrow Wilson were born in Gainesville, where an aunt was then living, Mrs. Brown. The monumental features of the town include a handsome Confederate shaft, on the town square, and a memorial

[1] Acts, 1821, p. 6.
[2] Acts, 1821, p. 125.
[3] Acts, 1832, p. 201.

fountain, near the post-office building, in honor of the late Col. C. C. Saunders, a much beloved citizen.

State Rights: The Hanging of George Tassel.

During the administration of Governor George R. Gilmer, there occurred near Gainesville an incident which set at defiance the power of the United States Government, and which in an acute issue between State and Federal authorities, gave the victory to the State of Georgia. This was the execution of a Cherokee Indian named George Tassel. This was told by Professor J. Harris Chappell. The story runs thus:* In December, 1828, the Georgia Legislature passed a bill enacting that the Cherokee country should be put under the jurisdiction of the laws of Georgia. The Act was passed on the ground that, as the Cherokee country was part and parcel of the State of Georgia, it should be governed by the laws of Georgia; but the real object was to move the Cherokees from the State. In order to give them plenty of time, the Act was not to go into effect until June 1, 1830. The Cherokees felt deeply outraged, and they determined at the first opportunity to test the validity of this Act before the Supreme Court of the United States.

An opportunity soon occurred. In the summer of 1830, a half-breed Cherokee by the name of George Tassel committed a murder in the Cherokee country. He was arraigned before the Superior Court, then sitting in Hall County, and was duly tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. His attorneys appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court, asking that the verdict be set aside, on the ground that the Act of the Legislature giving the State of Georgia jurisdiction over the Cherokee country was a violation of the Federal Constitution, and was therefore null and void. The case of George Tassel versus the State of Georgia was duly entered on the Supreme Court docket.

Governor Gilmer was officially notified of the action, and was instructed to appear before the court for Georgia, as defendant in the case. But the Governor replied with spirit that the United States Supreme Court lacked jurisdiction in the case, and that the State of Georgia would scorn to compromise itself by appearing before that tribunal as defendant, under these circumstances. It was a foregone conclusion that the case would be decided against Georgia. To prevent this he resorted to the extraordinary measure of dispatching a special messenger to the sheriff of Hall County, with instructions to hang George Tassel immediately, before the case could be reached on the Supreme Court docket. The sheriff obeyed the order promptly, so poor George Tassel was hanged while his case was pending in the Federal Supreme Court. Thus ended the case, an end which, we must admit, was brought about by a rather high-handed measure on the part of the State. Georgia's action was severely criticised in the halls of

*Georgia History Stories, p. 294.

Congress; it was furiously condemned by the Cherokees themselves, and it was violently censured by a large part of the people of the North. But these protests were without effect upon Georgia. The Cherokees struck no blow from the shoulder out, but they were determined at the first opportunity to appeal again to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Unveiling of the Candler Monument. On June 3, 1913, the grave of Ex-Governor Allen D. Candler, in Alta Vista Cemetery, at Gainesville, was most impressively marked by a handsome shaft of marble, the funds for which were contributed by the members of Governor Candler's official household. These included the various appointees commissioned by the lamented former chief-magistrate during his term of office as Governor. The Candler lot is in the center of the burial-ground. Near the Governor, sleeps his distinguished father, Capt. Daniel G. Candler; while, in the immediate neighborhood, repose Gen. Longstreet, Dr. Richard Banks, Gov. James Milton Smith, and a host of noted Georgians. Overhead a blue sky beamed upon the vast concourse of people gathered at the grave of Gov. Candler. The official of the city of Gainesville, the Candler Horse Guards, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and distinguished visitors from a distance participated in the program of exercises. When the hour arrived for the unveiling, Col. S. C. Dunlap introduced Pension Commissioner, Hon. J. W. Lindsey, marshal of the day, who, after a short address, called upon Rev. Luke Johnson to make the opening prayer. Judge Lindsey then introduced Hon. Hamilton McWhorter, of Athens, who formally presented the monument to Gov. Candler's family, to the city of Gainesville, and to the State of Georgia. Speeches of acceptance were then made as follows: by Judge John S. Candler, on behalf of the family; by Mayor P. E. B. Robertson, on behalf of the city; and by Compiler of Records, Lucian Lamar Knight, Esq., on behalf of the State, the last-named speaker representing Governor Joseph M. Brown, who was unavoidably ab-

sent. The inscription on Governor Candler's monument read as follows:

> "Placed to the memory of ALLEN DANIEL CANDLER by his appointees to office and places of honor while Governor of Georgia.
>
> "Nov. 4, 1834—Oct. 26, 1910."
>
> A Graduate of Mercer University in the Class of 1859. A Soldier and Colonel in the Army of the Confederate States, 1861-1865. A Member of the House of Representatives of Georgia, 1873-1878. Senator, 1878-1880. Member of the Congress of the United States, 1883-1891. Secretary of State, 1894-1898. Governor of Georgia, 1898-1902. Compiler of State Records, 1902-1910.
>
> He was an upright man, a patriotic citizen, a true soldier, and a faithful public servant, who, in peace and in war, exemplified the virtues of incorruptible integrity, fearless courage, and unselfish devotion to the welfare of his country.

HANCOCK

Sparta. Sparta, the county-seat of Hancock County, was named for the ancient capital of the Peloponessus. Nor was the name an inappropriate one for this little frontier town on the exposed border, where the ever-present dread of an Indian outbreak called for Spartan virtues of the most pronounced type. As soon as Hancock County was organized out of lands formerly included in Washington and Greene counties, Sparta was made the new seat of government. The town was chartered on December 3, 1805, by an Act providing for its better regulation, at which time the following commissioners were appointed: Thomas Lancaster, Archibald Martin, James H. Jones, Samuel Hall, and Willie Abercrombie.[1] The Sparta Academy was chartered on December 17, 1818, with trustees as follows: Wm. G.

[1] Clayton's Compendium, p. 232.

Springer, John Lucas, Nicholas Childers, Charles E. Haynes, and Thomas Haynes.[1] Two of the most noted academies in the State were located in Hancock, not far from the town of Sparta, viz., Powelton and Mount Zion. The Powelton Academy was chartered on November 13, 1815; the Mount Zion Academy on December 20, 1823. It was at Powelton that the Baptist State Convention of Georgia was organized, and here at one time lived Gov. Wm. Rabun and Rev. Jesse Mercer. The Baptist Church of Powell's Creek was chartered November 20, 1801, with Matthew Rabun, Henry Graybill, John Veazy, Wm. Lord and Jesse Battle as trustees.[2] Mount Zion was a school which the Bemans—Nathan and Carlisle—made famous throughout the land; and here Wm. J. Northen, afterwards Governor, taught school. At Rockeby, near Sparta, the famous Richard Malcolm Johnson, author of the "Dukesboro Tales," opened a school for boys, which he afterwards transferred to Baltimore, Md. Shoulder Bone Creek, in the western part of Hancock, was the scene on November 3, 1786, of an Indian treaty which promised to end the Oconee war; but under the powerful leadership of the none too scrupulous McGillivray, it was repudiated by the Creeks. Some of the most distinguished men of Georgia have been residents of Sparta, but since these have been given in Volume I, they will not be repeated here. We will only add, in this connection, two names: Hon. George F. Pierce, Jr., a brilliant legislator; and Hon. Wm. H. Burwell, Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives, for the session just closed.

Sunshine: The Home of Bishop Pierce.

Four miles from Sparta stands the cosy and picturesque little cottage in which Bishop Pierce spent the greater part of his life and to which he gave a name

[1] Lamar's Digest, p. 22.
[2] Clayton's Compendium, p. 12.

eloquent of the happiness which he there found: Sunshine. The Bishop bought this property from Hardy Culver, an old friend. It was an old plantation, on which originally stood a building with three rooms, somewhat inconveniently situated. The spot which he chose for the site of his dwelling was in an old field, near the road. Whether from the fact that no ray of light was intercepted by a shrub or tree, or from the fact that he loved bright and cheery names, he called the place Sunshine, a name by which it was ever afterwards known; and here he made his abode for over forty years.

Across the way was Rockaby, the home of Richard Malcolm Johnston, the distinguished author of the "Dukesboro Tales;" also an editor and educator of eminent attainments. In a letter to Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, dated February 12, 1885, Col. Johnston, who was then living in Baltimore wrote:

"I was a neighbor to Bishop Pierce for twelve years, my home in Hancock, Rockaby, adjoining Sunshine, which all know to have been the name of his. I had grown already to feel great admiration for one so pre-eminently gifted, and, for many years, had heard his pulpit eloquence with continual delight. But I did not know until I had become his neighbor that, great as he was in public, he was equally so in private; and a cordial friendship grew between us, notwithstanding our divergence in religious faith. For of all the great men I have ever known he seemed to me the most tolerant toward opinions differing from his own, upon whatever plane of inquiry. I have been in his house and he in mine. We have met at the little creek, the dividing line between our plantations, and fished for minnows together; together we have ridden, in his or my buggy, to and from Sparta. He was ever a sweet consoler to me when suffering from domestic affliction. . . . The sense of humor in him was exquisite and abundant. The twinkling of his beautiful eyes was as catching as fire; . . . He was one eminently sensitive to the sweets of individual friendships. Among those outside of Hancock, my impression is that he was most fond of General Toombs. They had been friends from boyhood. . . . The very last time I saw him, except one, he spoke to me with regret, amounting almost to indignation, of the rashness with which the General was misjudged by persons who did not understand his character, his opinions, his language, and his habits. . . . He was the most beautiful of mankind without, and men of all parties believed that his external beauty was the best expression which physical form and feature could give of the more exquisite beauty within. . . . Of the orator

ical excellence of George F. Pierce, of course, the thousands who heard him known. Yet I do believe that his greatest endeavors were expended in the little Sparta Methodist Church. Scores of times I have heard him there, during a period of more than twenty years; there and at the Methodist camp-meeting, a few miles south of the village, in the whole time I have listened to outbursts of words which I do not believe were surpassed on the Bema of Athens or in the Forum of Rome.''*

Dixon H. Lewis. This extraordinary man was born in Hancock County, Ga., August 10, 1802. He afterwards removed with his parents to Alabama, became prominent in public life, represented the State in Congress, and, in 1844, was appointed by Gov. Fitzpatrick to fill a seat in the United States Senate, made vacant by the appointment of Hon. Wm. R. King to the Court of France. On the return of Mr. King, in 1846, he desired his old seat back, and entered the field as a candidate. It was a battle of giants. Both men were deservedly popular; but after an exciting contest, one of the most stubborn in the history of Alabama politics, Mr. King, for the first time in his long career, suffered defeat. However, Mr. Lewis did not long enjoy the fruits of his victory. Ill-health overtook him; and while on a visit to New York, soon after the election, he died on October 25, 1846. On receiving the news of his death the mayor of New York called the municipal boards together and it was resolved to give his remains a public burial. The body lay in state for several hours in the City Hall, whence it was borne to Greenwood Cemetery for final interment. Mr. Lewis was a man of gigantic stature.

Gov. Rabun's Family. Gov. William Rabun, who lived in this county near Powelton, left a family of seven children, including one son, Gen. J. W. Rabun, of Savannah, and six daughters, the eldest of

*George G. Smith, in Life and Times of George F. Pierce, D. D., LL. D

whom married Rev. J. W. Battle, one of the eight distinguished Battles of Hancock. The other daughters were: Mrs. William Shivers, Mrs. Dr. Bass, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Cato, and Mrs. Wooten. Some few years ago the grave of Gov. Rabun was located on a plantation, four miles west of Mayfield. It will probably be marked with an appropriate monument in the near future by his surviving relatives.

HARALSON

General Remarks. On February 5, 1856, an Act was approved creating out of lands formerly embraced in Polk and Carroll Counties a new county, to be called Haralson, in honor of a distinguished soldier and statesman, General Hugh A. Haralson, then lately deceased. The same Act creating the new county provided for its annexation to the Blue Ridge Judicial Circuit, to the Fifth Congressional District, and to the First Brigade of the Eleventh Division of the Georgia militia.* Haralson's representatives in the General Assembly of Georgia, since the organization of the county, have been as follows: K. Merchison, 1857-8; W. W. Sockwell, 1859-60; R. F. Speight, 1861-2; Walter Brock, 1863-4, 1865-6; W. N. Williams, 1868-9-70; William J. Head, 1871-2; R. R. Hutchinson, 1873-4; R. A. Reid, 1875; J. K. Hamber, 1876; A. R. Walton, 1877; Charles Taliaferro, 1878-9; J. M. McBride, 1880-1, 1882-3, 1892-3; S. M. Davenport, 1884-5; R. B. Hutcheson, 1886-7; T. W. M. Tatum, 1888-9; 1890-1; J. J. Pope, 1894-5; Price Edwards, 1896-7; E. S. Griffith, 1898-9; E. B. Hutchinson, 1900-1, 1902-3-4, 1905-6; W. T. Eaves, 1907-8; W. J. Waddell, 1909-10; W. W. Summerlin, 1911-12; and C. L. Suggs, 1913-14. This county has also furnished the following State Senators: Walter Brock, 1868-1872; William J. Head, 1878-9; J. M. McBride, 1884-5; W. F. Golden, 1890-1, 1896-7, 1902-3-4, and E. S. Griffith, 1909-10.

Buchanan. Buchanan, the county-seat of Haralson, was named for President James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, the last Democratic President of the United States before the Civil War. When the new county was organized, in 1856, the Justices of the Inferior Court were authorized to locate a site for public buildings and,

*Acts, 1855-1856, p. 110.

under the instructions prescribed in this Act, the town of Buchanan was founded. Its charter of incorporation was granted on December 22, 1857, at which time the following commissioners were designated to hold office, pending an election, to wit: T. C. Moore, W. N. Williams, Thomas Farmer, John Duke, and Mr. Coston.[1] In 1881, the old charter was superseded by a new one, in which T. H. Riddlepurger, T. J. Lovelace and D. B. Head, as Councilmen.[2] This charter was repealed in 1889 for a still later one, with modifications adapted to growing conditions.

Tallapoosa. Tallapoosa, the chief town and most important commercial center of Haralson, dates its existence as a village, almost to the county's organization; but its charter of incorporation was not granted until December 20, 1860, when the following commissioners were named, to wit: V. A. Brewster, A. M. Robinson, T. S. Garner, M. G. Harper, and Wm. L. Fell.[3] In 1880 a new charter was granted, in which Charles Taliaferro was named as Mayor, with J. T. Barnwell, W. T. Summerlin, H. M. Martin, and H. A. Kiker, as Councilmen.[4] New charters were subsequently granted in 1888 and 1896. The present public school system was established in 1888. The Tallapoosa Street Railway Company was chartered in 1891, with Messrs. C. B. Hitchcock, R. I. Spencer, D. C. Scoville, and James W. Hyatt as incorporators.[5] Tallapoosa suffered from the collapse of a famous real estate boom in 1893, but for several years past the town has enjoyed a healthy growth.

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[1] Acts, 1857, p. 178.
[2] Acts, 1880-1881, p. 484.
[3] Acts, 1860, p. 103.
[4] Acts, 1880, p. 411.
[5] Acts, 1890-1891, p. 344.

HARRIS

Hamilton. Hamilton was made the county-seat of Harris County by an Act approved December 20, 1828, at which time it was formally incorporated as a town with the following commissioners: Clark Blanford, Jacob M. Guerry, P. T. Beddell, George H. Bryan, and Norris Lyon.[1] Hamilton Academy was chartered December 22, 1828, with the following trustees: Allen Lawhorn, Wm. C. Osborn, John J. Slatter, George W. Rogers, Daniel Hightower, Thomas Mahone, John J. Harper, H. J. Harwell, and Samuel A. Billings.[2] The town was named for George W. Hamilton, a high tariff Democrat of South Carolina. The county, organized from lands formerly included in Troup and Muscogee, was named for Hon. Charles Harris, an eminent lawyer of Savannah. Some of the distinguished former residents of Hamilton are mentioned in the former volume of this work.

HART

Hartwell. In 1853, Hart County was organized out of lands formerly included in three adjacent counties: Elbert, Franklin, and Madison. Hartwell, the county-seat, was incorporated by an Act approved February 26, 1856, with the following commissioners: James T. Jones, John G. Justice, F. B. Hodges, J. N. Reeder, John B. Benson.[3] Subsequently a new charter was granted in 1885. Hartwell is today a thriving town with strong banks, prosperous mercantile establishments, and a body of citizens unsurpassed.

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[1] Acts, 1828, p. 149.
[2] Acts, 1828, p. 15.
[3] Acts, 1855-1856, p. 382.

Nancy Hart. Volume I, Pages 671-673.

The Hart Family. Volume I, Pages 673-674.

Who Struck Billy Patterson? Volume I, Pages 674-675.

HEARD

Franklin. Franklin was made the county-seat of Heard when the county was first organized, in 1830. It was incorporated as a town on December 26, 1831, with the following named commissioners: Chas. R. Pearson, Wm. Adkins, Robert M. Richards, Thomas Erwin, and John C. Webb.[1] The Franklin Academy was chartered at the same time, with Messrs. Nathaniel Lipscomb, Wm. B. W. Dent, George W. Tarrentine, Thos. C. Pinkard, and Thos. Anberg, as trustees.

HENRY

McDonough. In 1822, Henry County was organized out of Creek Indian lands. The county-seat of the new county was called McDonough, after the gallant hero of Lake Champlain, in the War of 1812, Capt. James McDonough; and was incorporated by an Act approved December 17, 1823, with Messrs. Tandy W. Key, Wm. L. Crayton, James Kimbrough, Andrew M. Brown, and Wm. Hardin, as commissioners.[2] Ten years later an academy was chartered. On December 12, 1854, the McDonough Collegiate Institute was founded, with the

[1] Acts, 1831, p. 83.
[2] Acts, 1823, p. 189.

following board of trustees: Humphrey Tomlinson, Leonard, and Thomas Anberg, as trustees.

Hampton. Originally there was a settlement at this place known as Bear Creek; but on August 23, 1872, an Act was approved granting the residents of this community a town charter and changing the name of the place to Hampton, presumably in honor of the great Confederate cavalry officer, General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. The corporate limits were fixed at one mile in every direction from the depot of the Macon and Western Railroad. Messrs. W. H. Peebles, S. H. Griffin, R. A. Henderson, Levi Turnipseed and J. M. Williams were designated to act as commissioners pending an election of town officials.[1]

HOUSTON

Perry. Perry, the county-seat of Houston, was named for the hero of Lake Erie, in the War of 1812: Captain Oliver H. Perry, and was made the seat of government when Houston County was organized in 1822, out of a part of the Creek lands ceded under the first treaty at Indian Springs. It was incorporated as a town on December 20, 1828, with Messrs. Giles B. Taylor, James M. Kelly, F. W. Jobson, James E. Duncan, and Allen Chastain, as commissioners.[2] The Houston County Academy was incorporated in 1833. But Perry was not satisfied with one school and proceeded to organize a Baptist College for young ladies, which afterwards grew into the Houston Female College, under which name it was re-incorporated on February 18, 1854, with the following board of trustees: Samuel Felder, president; John Killen, vice-president; Hugh L. Denard, vice-president; Wm. T. Swift, treasurer; Samuel D. Killen, secretary; Benj. F. Tharp, George F. Cooper, Nicholas Marshburn, Laban Segrist, James E. Barrett, Wm. Summerford, George W. Singleton, and John T. Cooper.[3] Perry

[1] Acts, 1872, p. 209.
[2] Acts, 1828, p. 159.
[3] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 125.

was the home of Hon. James M. Kelly, the first Supreme Court Reporter of Georgia. His grave is in the front yard of the old home place where Hon. Thos. S. Felder, afterwards Attorney General of Georgia, spent his boyhood days. The list of former distinguished residents of the town includes also: Judge Wm. L. Grice, Judge A. L. Miller, Judge Warren D. Nottingham, Col. Buford M. Davis, and others. Houston County was named for an honored chief-executive and patriot of the Revolution: Governor John Houstoun.

Fort Valley. Fort Valley, one of the famed centers of the peach-growing industry in Georgia, occupies a site of historic memories, associated with Indian warfare in pioneer days. The town was chartered by an Act approved March 3, 1856, with Messrs. C. D. Anderson, Wm. H. Hollingshead, Wm. J. Greene, A. D. Kendrick, and D. N. Austin, as commissioners.[1] But the old Fort Valley Academy was chartered twenty years earlier, on December 24, 1836, at which time the following trustees were named: James Everett, John P. Allen, Hardy Hunter, Henry Kaigler, and John Humphries. In 1852, the Fort Valley Female Seminary was granted a charter, with the following board of trustees: George W. Persons, John J. Hampton, Wm. A. Matthews, Adolphus D. Kendrick, Miles L. Green, Wm. J. Anderson, D. N. Austin, Judson Kendrick, Wm. H. Hollingshead, Matthew Dawsey, Benj. Barnes, Robt. M. Patterson, and James M. Miller.[2] At the beginning of the war, plans for a college were on foot; but the outbreak of hostilities prevented a consummation of this project. Since Fort Valley began to ship her wonderful peaches to Northern and Eastern markets, she has found fame and fortune; and with fine railway facilities the future of the town is bright with promise. Fort Valley's public school sys-

[1] Acts, 1855-1856, p. 377.
[2] Acts, 1852-1853, p. 326.

tem was established in 1886, is one of the best in the State, and is under the supervision of a most accomplished educator, Prof. Ralph Newton.

Some additional facts in regard to Fort Valley have been supplied by a well-informed resident of the town, as follows:

Very little is now known of the early history of Fort Valley. Matthew Dorsey and James A. Everett donated land to be used only for church and school purposes, and on this site has been recently erected the handsome high school building, at a cost of $40,000.00. In 1849 there were three stores, one academy, one church and 250 inhabitants. There was a gradual increase in the size and business of the place until 1851, when the Southwestern Railroad was completed to this point. This was followed by a very rapid growth; homes, stores, churches and hotels were built. Fort Valley suffered, in common with other towns, from the Civil War. The best business men were called to the field of battle, and commercial and industrial pursuits were checked, but after the war is prosperity exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its citizens. On the night of October 31, 1867, nearly all of the principal business houses were consumed by a most disastrous fire, but these were soon replaced by handsome brick buildings.

On Church Street we find the old home of the Hon. Joe Hill Hall but little changed. Fort Valley stands today in the midst of the best farming section of Middle Georgia, and is the peach center of the world, famous as the home of the Elberta and Hiley Belle peach. The land around is level and especially adapted to peach culture. The enormous increase in yields each year makes it impossible to estimate what the land is really worth. Fort Valley is located at the divergence of five railroads. The place is elevated 170 feet above College Hill, in Macon, Ga., and is the highest point across the country from the Atlantic to the Gulf. The system of water-works is furnished by artesian wells, and school advantages are unsurpassed, and it is an ideal town in an ideal location, with an ideal citizenship.*

IRWIN

Gov. Irwin's Family Record.

Governor Jared Irwin, for whom this county was named, will always be revered for his uncompromising opposition to the Yazoo Fraud. It was while he occupied the executive chair at Louisville that the records of this colossal iniquity

*Authority: Mrs. S. T. Neil, Fort Valley, Ga.

were by his order committed to the flames. Governor Irwin came of a long line of distinguished Scotch ancestors. His father, Hugh Lawson Irwin, of Mecklinburg, N. C., married Martha Alexander, and five children were the fruit of this union, to wit: Jared, John Lawson, William, Alexander and Margaret. With his three brothers, all of whom were soldiers in the war for independence, Jared Irwin built a fort near Union Hill, his home, to protect this section of Georgia from the Indians. It was called Fort Irwin. The Governor's grandfather, Thomas Irwin, married Margaret Lawson, daughter of Hugh Lawson, Gent., of North Carolina. This aristocratic old pioneer always affixed to his name the mark of his gentle birth. He married Mary Moore, daughter of Charles Moore, Sr., of South Carolina, and sister of Gen. Thomas Moore, of Revolutionary fame. Thomas, the Governor's grandfather, came originally from Scotland, settling first in Pennsylvania. Governor Jared Irwin married his cousin, Isabella Erwin, whose father changed the spelling of his name on account of family differences in matters of religion. Governor Irwin's daughter, Elizabeth, married Simon Whitaker, from which union sprang a son, Hon. Jared I. Whitaker, one of Atlanta's early mayors and quite a noted editor. His younger daughter, Jane, remained unmarried. It was she who succeeded in obtaining from Congress a large sum of money to cover certain expenditures made by her father in equipping troops during the Revolution. She established the fact, in her papers to Congress, that Jared Irwin entered the war as Captain, was promoted first to Major and afterwards to Colonel, and was present with his command in the sieges of Augusta and Savannah, and at the battles of Camden, Briar Creek and Black Swamp, in each of which he distinguished himself for gallant behavior. John Irwin, his son, was a captain in the War of 1812, but died a bachelor. Another son, Thomas, and a nephew, Jared, Jr., were members of the first class to graduate from Franklin College, in 1804, on which occasion both were speakers. Governor Irwin was always prominent in both military and civil affairs, and he was three times elected Governor of the State. His brother, John Lawson Irwin, was a general in the War of 1812, and was buried with military honors, at his home in Washington County, in 1822. The first monument ever erected by the State of Georgia was erected to the memory of Governor Jared Irwin, in the town of Sandersville.*

Irwinville. Irwinville, the county-seat of Irwin County, like the county itself, was named for Governor Jared Irwin, whose signature was affixed to the famous Act of 1796, rescinding the Yazoo Fraud. It was made the county-seat in 1831, prior to which time the

*Authority: Mrs. James S. Wood, of Savannah.

BURNING THE YAZOO ACT

GOV. JARED IRWIN SIGNED THE RESCINDING YAZOO ACT FEB. 13TH 1796
AND THE YAZOO FRAUD PAPERS WERE BURNED BEFORE THE CAPITOL
FEB 15TH 1796 GOV IRWIN STANDS JUST BEHIND THE MESSENGER WHO HOLDS THE PAPERS

Reproduced from an original drawing presented to the Savannah Historical Society
by Mr. Lawton B. Evans

seat of government was for a brief period at Ironville. Irwin was organized in 1818, out of treaty lands acquired from the Creeks. On the outskirts of the town of Irwinville, President Davis was arrested at the close of the Civil War, while en route to his home in Mississippi.*

Ocilla. Ocilla, one of the most progressive towns in the Southern belt, is also one of the youngest. It was granted a charter of incorporation on November 24, 1897, with the following named officials to manage its local affairs: John C. Luke, as mayor, M. J. Paulk, as recorder, and D. H. Paulk, W. M. Harris, and G. L. Stone, as aldermen.[1] In the following year the corporate limits were extended. At the same time Ocilla was created, an independent school district with the following trustees, to wit: J. L. Paulk, L. R. Tucker, A. L. Hayes, J. B. Davis, and J. R. Goethe.[2] The town officials from 1898 to 1901 were: J. A. J. Henderson, mayor; M. J. Paulk, town attorney; C. H. Martin, recorder; and J. C. Luke, D. H. Paulk, G. L. Stone, L. R. Tucker, and C. H. Martin, aldermen. Few towns in Georgia have enjoyed such a phenomenal growth during the past decade as Ocilla. It is located in the center of a rich agricultural belt; is possessed of a wideawake body of citizens whose ambition is to make Ocilla a metropolis; is enabled by its strong banks to finance a constantly increasing volume of business; and is a town fully abreast of the times in its up-to-date public utilities.

JACKSON

Historic Jefferson. This famous old town, the seat of Jackson County, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation in the year

*See Vol. I, of this work, Chapter 2.
[1] Acts, 1897, p. 283.
[2] Acts, 1898, p. 241.

1912. Jefferson is not a large town. It boasts a population of only about 1,600 souls; and many wonder why she has not progressed—why Atlanta, Macon, Columbus, and other communities have grown so much faster than the old settlement at Jefferson. But those who wonder look only at material things. Jefferson has not developed very great commercial success; but she has given to the world men who are credited with greater things than building factories and railroads.

Wm. D. Martin: His Splendid Philanthropy.

One of the noblest institutions of learning in America is old Martin Institute, located in the town of Jefferson. It was first known as the Jackson County Academy when established in 1818, at which time it was but a one-room log cabin with puncheon seats. But when William D. Martin—than whom Jefferson never boasted a better citizen—donated 150 shares of Georgia Railroad stock to the school in 1859, the name was changed to Martin Institute, in honor of this generous benefactor.

William Duncan Martin was born on Stone Horse Creek, in Hanover County, Va., on January 8, 1771, and died at Jefferson, Ga., on May 21, 1852. He came to Jefferson when well past the meridian of life, and his sole possessions at this time were a horse, a bridle and saddle, and $100 in money. It was rather late for laying the foundations of a fortune. But he applied himself to business, and as the result of prudent economy, supplemented by wise investment, he left an estate valued by his executors at $80,000. Wm. D. Martin was perhaps the first person in America to endow a public school from his private fortune. If this statement is correct, then Martin Institute is the oldest endowed educational institution in the United States; and too much honor cannot be accorded this noble philanthropist for setting a pace

which has since been followed by so many wealthy citizens in generous gifts to education.

Martin Institute has shown herself worthy of this unique distinction by giving to the world a host of bright names. Justice Joseph R. Lamar, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who just a few days ago was appointed by President Woodrow Wilson to act as one of the mediators to settle the trouble between our country and Mexico, was taught here. Dr. Henry Stiles Bradley, one of the most powerful preachers in America, was also enrolled as a student. The list likewise includes: Ex-Congressman Wm. M. Howard, who was appointed on the Tariff Board by President Taft; Rev. David J. Scott, D. D., of Texas; Rev. Joseph J. Bennett, D. D., of Georgia; Hon. John N. Holder, of Jefferson, twice Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives without opposition, and now a candidate for Congress; besides men of prominence in every pursuit and occupation. The shaft erected to the memory of Wm. D. Martin stands in the Methodist church-yard, almost under the eaves of the institution which he endowed; and, as directed in his will, it bears the following quaint epitaph:

"Remember, man, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now, so you shall be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

Dr. Crawford W. Long: The Discoverer of Anaesthesia. The typical figure by which Georgia is best represented before the world is not that of a great orator. Millions have never heard or read the matchless orations of Grady, the South's silver-tongued Cicero. It is not that of our beloved poet, Sidney Lanier, though he is loved wherever he is known. It is not that of our great statesman, Alexander H. Stephens, for colossal though his services were they benefitted his own country alone. High above these, rises the figure of an

unpretentious country doctor who made the town of Jefferson his home and whose right to the highest niche in Georgia's Temple of Fame there will be none to dispute: Dr. Crawford W. Long. The gift of Sulphuric Ether Anaesthesia made by Dr. Long to medical science not only revolutionized the practice of medicine, but made surgery a profession within itself.

On March 30, 1842, in the little town of Jefferson, Ga., Dr. Crawford W. Long, in an experimental operation, discovered that anaesthesia not only helped to make an operation successful, but rendered it painless. The discovery was not published or paraded before the people; perhaps Dr. Long himself did not realize its untold value; perhaps he did not care to exploit his achievement. But today there is not a physician of any recognized prominence in any part of the civilized world who is not familiar with the name of Crawford W. Long. The little office in which he performed his experiments has been torn away. Until two years ago, a gnarled and knotted old mulberry tree, on the north corner of the public square, marked the exact spot where his first operation was performed, an epoch-making event; but this, too, has now disappeared. Its sacrifice was demanded by a commercial age. Tell it not in Gath, but the tree was given by the town authorities to an old negro for fire-wood. Fate intervened, however; and it was bought from the old negro by Mr. W. H. Smith, of Jefferson, who had a part of it made into gavels, pen staffs, and other articles of use, for souvenirs. On a marble slab, in the brick wall of a building adjacent to Dr. Long's little office, the date of his wonderful discovery has been inscribed. This slab was erected by Prof. S. P. Orr, of Athens, an intimate friend of the Long family. There is also a magnificent monument to his memory on the town square. Dr. Woods Hutchison, of New York, and Hon. Pleasant A. Stovall, of Savannah, made the principal addresses, when the monument was unveiled by the Georgia Medical Society, on April 21, 1910. There is also a handsome

brass medallion, on the walls of his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, a genuine work of art, moulded by an old college mate.*

Harmony Grove. Long before the days of railroads, there was a famous "star route" through this section, over which the stage coach made daily trips from the classic city of Athens to the little town of Clarkesville, nestling at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains. This coach stopped at what was then known as the village of Harmony Grove, where it daily left a pouch of mail for the small group of inhabitants. At this time, there were only four families living in Harmony Grove: the Hardmans, the Shankles, the Hoods, and the Bowdons.

Mr. Seaborn M. Shankle was the pioneer merchant. He owned and operated the first store in what was afterwards the town of Commerce. Subsequent to a marriage of Mr. Shankle's sister to Mr. C. W. Hood, the latter became a member of the firm. By mutual consent this partnership was dissolved when Mr. Hood opened a store of his own, while Mr. Shankle for a short while continued to merchandise alone at the old place of business. Later, he formed a partnership with Dr. W. B. J. Hardman. But, after a few years, the firm of Hardman & Shankle was dissolved also, Dr. Hardman withdrawing from active mercantile life to settle with his family upon a large farm then recently purchased by him, about a mile from the present town center; and from this time on he gave his entire time to the practice of medicine. Mr. Shankle left a large family of children, including Rev. Grogan Shankle, pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in New Orleans; Mr. Lovick P. Shankle, a well-to-do planter of Banks County; Mr. Marvin Shankle, assistant cashier of the Northeastern Banking Company; Mr. Claude Shankle, connected with the Coca-Cola works in Atlanta; Dr. Olin Shankle, of Commerce, a successful practicing physician; Mrs. Amelia Perkins, of Atlanta, and Mrs. W. B. Hardman, Mrs. J. L. Sharp, and Mrs. W. D. Sheppard, all of Commerce. Mr. Shankle died, on August 22, 1885, leaving to his widow, formerly Miss Victoria Parks, a handsome estate, which, by judicious investment, was afterwards largely increased under her management. She also continued the mercantile establishment for a number of years.

Dr. W. B. J. Hardman lived here until his death, some twelve years ago. At the time of his removal from Oglethorpe County to Harmony Grove, he was the only practicing physician in this part of the county, and his circuit embraced an extensive area. He reared a family of ten children, to-wit.: Rev. Henry E. Hardman, Dr. L. G. Hardman and Dr. W. B. Hardman, of Commerce; Mr. Robert L. Hardman, of Atlanta; Mr. T. C.

*Authority: Mr. W. H. Smith, of Jefferson, Ga.

Hardman, of Commerce; Mr. John B. Hardman, of Commerce; and Mrs. W. L. Williamson, Mrs. Gordon T. Jones, Mrs. C. J. Hood, deceased, and Miss Sallie Hardman, deceased, all of Commerce. Mr. C. W. Hood left a family, four members of which survive: Mr. C. J. Hood, formerly Mayor of Commerce and at present cashier of the Northeastern Banking Company; Miss Mary Hood, Mr. C. W. Hood, Jr., and Miss Ruth Hood, besides a widow, formerly Miss Alice Owens, of Toccoa.

To three pioneer citizens, Messrs. Hood, Hardman and Shankle, Harmony Grove became indebted in after years for the old Northeastern Railroad, now the Lula and Athens Branch of the Southern. When the proposed line was first advocated, there was quite a rivalry between Harmony Grove and Jefferson, as to which should secure it, since to include both towns was out of the question. At the time set for a final decision, Jefferson turned up with a third more stock subscribed than Harmony Grove. But Messrs. Hood, Shankle and Hardman, representatives from the latter town, agreed personally to endorse every dollar of the stock, provided the road was built by way of Harmony Grove. This action insured success; for the representatives of Jefferson, failing to offer a similar endorsement, the road was lost.

The First School for Girls. To the old town of Harmony Grove belongs the honor of having launched successfully the first school for girls ever established in the State of Georgia. It was known as the "Female Academy of Harmony Grove," and was chartered by an Act of the Legislature, approved in 1824. The following trustees were named in the Act of incorporation: Russell Jones, William Potts, Samuel Barnett, Frederick Stewart, and John Rhea.* On account of the vast number of schools for women which have since leaped into existence, on both sides of the water, this pioneer charter is a document of prime importance in the history of modern education.

Commerce. With the completion of the Northeastern Railroad a new life began to quicken in the old town of Harmony Grove. Visions of greater things were caught, and even at this early date there was launched a movement, the ultimate outcome of which was a new

*Dawson's Compilation, p. 24.

name: Commerce. There was something catchy about the name selected. It registered a key-note of progress and made a distinct bid for trade. The caterpillar had merged into the butterfly; and while the former was doomed to creep, at a slow pace upon the ground, it was the glory of the latter to soar among the flowers. Two splendid young men from Franklin County, Messrs. W. T. Harber and G. W. D. Harber, were the first new merchants to settle in Commerce; but the Harbers were soon followed by Messrs W. A. and J. T. Quillian. Thus stimulated, the growth of the town was now steady, fresh recruits coming from most of the adjacent counties. At present, the population of Commerce is 4,000. It is now a recognized competitor of Athens, doing a business of several million dollars per annum. During the past fall season, one firm alone in a single day bought over $25,000 worth of cotton.

Paved streets, electric lights, an excellent water works system, public schools inferior to none in the State, palatial homes, superb business blocks —these are some of the most striking features of present-day Commerce. Three solid banks furnish ample means with which to finance local enterprises. The oldest of these is the Northeastern Banking Company, of which Dr. L. G. Hardman is president, Mr. C. J. Hood, cashier, and Mr. Marvin Shankle, assistant cashier. The First National Bank, organized some twelve years ago, is now a close competitor. Its officers are as follows: Dr. W. B. Hardman, president; Mr. George L. Hubbard, cashier, and Mr. A. H. Shannon, assistant cashier. Besides these, there is a private bank owned by Mr. Enoch B. Anderson, one of the best-known financiers of Commerce. Five churches minister to the town's religious needs. The late Dr. Henry F. Hoyt, one of the foremost Presbyterian divines of the State, was an uncle of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Commerce boasts of two weekly newspapers. The older of these is the *News*, owned and edited by Hon. John F. Shannon. The younger is the *Observer*, of which Hon. Paul T. Harber is editor and proprietor. Two better newspapers are not to be found in the ranks of weekly journalism in Georgia. It was due largely to the prestige of these two splendid sheets that the Georgia Weekly Press Association met in Commerce during the summer of 1914.

One of the largest cotton factories in the State is located at Commerce, known as the Harmony Grove Mills. It boasts a capital stock of $450,000, all of which is paid in. Dr. L. G. Hardman is president and Dr. W. B. Hardman, secretary and treasurer, of this mammoth establishment. There are two oil mills in Commerce, viz., the Commerce Branch of the Southern Cotton Oil Company, with Mr. T. C. Robinson, Jr., as manager, and the Farmers' Oil Mill Company, of which Mr. W. H. T. Gillespie is president and Colonel H. O. Williford, lessee. The Hardman Sanitorium, noted all over Georgia, is located at Commerce, with a corps of able physicians in charge, including Dr. L. G. Hardman, Dr. W. B. Hardman, Dr. Olin Shankle and Dr. M. J. Nelms. The town has its own telephone system, with splendid local exchange in most of the surrounding towns and villages.

But, if anything was still needed to put Commerce upon the map it was supplied a few years ago by the famous Glidden tourists, who passed through the town in making their first tour of the State. Here they spent their last night on the road before reaching Atlanta, and such was the royal reception with which the people of Commerce greeted these visitors from the North that by a unanimous vote it was decided to include Commerce on the return trip back to New York. Stopping over for luncheon they were most charmingly served by the fair maids and matrons of Commerce, on the spacious lawn of Dr. Hardman.

Commerce obtained its charter as Harmony Grove in 1883, and its charter as Commerce in 1903. Hon. William A. Quillian, now deceased, was the first mayor of Harmony Grove. The city is governed today by an efficient corps of public officials, consisting of Mr. E. B. Anderson, mayor; Mr. C. W. Goodin, clerk of council and city treasurer, and Messrs. Claude Montgomery, Frank Wright, T. C. Hardman, E. B. Crow, L. L. Davis and W. D. Sheppard, as aldermen; C. C. Bolton, as chief of police, assisted by Elmer Bailey, and Colonels R. L. J. and S. J. Smith, Jr., as city attorneys. There is not an abler Bar in any town of equal population in Georgia, and among the resident lawyers of State-wide note are: Judge W. W. Stark, a member of the present State Senate, and Colonels R. L. J. Smith, S. J. Smith, Jr., W. A. Stevenson, E. C. Starks, G. P. Martin and W. D. Martin. Dr. L. G. Hardman, perhaps the foremost citizen of Commerce, was a strong minority candidate in the recent election for Governor. He was largely instrumental in placing the present State-wide prohibition law upon the statute books.

JASPER

Old Randolph. Jasper County was first organized as Randolph, under an Act approved December 10, 1807, by Gov. Jared Irwin.* But John Randolph, the great Virginian, for whom this county was first named, having become unpopular in Georgia by reason of his views on certain public measures, the name of the county was, on December 10, 1812, changed to Jasper, in honor of the gallant Sergeant Jasper, who fell mortally wounded at the siege of Savannah. The Act in question reads as follows:

"Whereas it was obviously the intention of the Legislature of Georgia, in designating a county by the name of Randolph, to perpetuate the

*Clayton's Compendium, p. 357.

name of John Randolph, a member of Congress from Virginia, whose early exertions in the cause of democracy claimed the approbation and applause of every good citizen of these United States. But whereas the conduct of the said John Randolph, in his official capacity as a member of Congress has evinced such a manifest desertion of correct principles and such a decided attachment to the enemies of the United States as to render his name odious to every republican citizen of this State, etc. Be it therefore enacted that from and after the passage of this Act the County of Randolph shall be called and known by the name of the County of Jasper, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.''*

But the public mind is often fickle. Sixteen years later, John Randolph was again in high favor with the people of Georgia; and, in 1828, a new county was formed, bordering on the Chattahoochee River, to which was given the name of the peppery old "School-master of Congress."

Monticello. Most of the early settlers of Jasper County, were native Virginians. This was perhaps one among a number of very good reasons why the county was first called Randolph. It also throws an important side-light upon the naming of the county-seat: Monticello, for the old home of Thomas Jefferson. The town was incorporated by an Act providing for its better regulation, on December 15, 1810, when the following commissioners were named: Richard Holmes, Henry Walker, Stokeley Morgan, James Armour, and Francis S. Martin.* The old Monticello Academy was chartered in 1815; but, on December 23, 1830, the Monticello Union Academy, a more pretentious educational plant, was chartered with the following trustees: David A. Reese, Fleming Jordan, Edward Y. Hill, Moses Champion, John W. Burney, Reuben C. Shorter, and Benj. F. Ward. Monticello is a thriving town, progressive and wide-awake, but tempered by a fine conservatism and by a splendid loyalty to the old traditions.

*Lamar's Digest, p. 199.
*Clayton's Compendium, p. 609.

Some additional facts in regard to Monticello have been furnished by a distinguished resident of the town.* Says he: In 1808 a commission was appointed by the Legislature to select and purchase a site for the public buildings of the county, the site to contain two acres. This commission found a very peculiarly formed hill, a central prominence, with ridges radiating therefrom on all sides except the north side, on which was a very steep bluff, descending into a ravine, and from the base of the bluff sprang several bold springs of fine water. The commission also purchased about two acres of this ravine, for the use of the county, and for the preservation of these springs for the public use. Ground for the county buildings was laid off in the form of a square, and in the center was built the first court-house, a small log structure. Around this soon began to grow a village, to which was given the name of Monticello, for the home of Mr. Jefferson. With the advent of the Iron Horse Monticello became isolated, trade going to towns along the line of the Georgia Railroad and to Macon until 1887, when a railroad was constructed through Monticello. At once the little village took on new life, and now has a population of 2,500.

The business people of the city of today are the descendants of the early settlers of the county and of the town. Among the men who first engaged in the mercantile business were Jesse Loyall, Jeremiah Pearson, Manly & Kellam, Buchannan & Jordan, William Cooley, John Baldwin, Samuel Fulton, Sr., Samuel Fulton, Jr., and Hurd & Hungerford, which last named were succeeded by N. B. & L. White. This firm continued until the death of Mr. L. White, after which it became N. B. White and N. B. White & Co., continuing as such until a few years ago, when it terminated on the death of Mr. N. B. White.

The lawyers of Monticello in the early days included Alfred Cuthbert and Joshua Hill, both of whom became United States Senators. John R. Dyer was admitted to the bar in Monticello, and practiced here until his death. Of the early physicians were Dr. Moses Champion and Dr. Milton Anthony, the latter of whom afterwards founded the oldest medical college in the State, at Augusta. Of the early settlers of the county was John Maddux, whose descendants are still in the city and county, all good citizens. Among them was Dr. W. D. Maddux, a noted physician in the section, who died eight years ago, after a long and useful life, spent in the upbuilding of the city and county.

Captain Eli Glover, of the War of 1812, the Mexican War and Indian wars, was one of the early settlers whose descendants are still here holding prominent places and doing much for the advancement of the city. The Kelly family was a large one, and while at first they lived in the country they later came into town and have been influential factors in the community for generations. Several of them are now engaged in the mercantile business on a large scale. William Penn settled in Monticello

*Judge A. S. Thurman.

soon after it was laid out, and took a prominent part in the development of the city, as well as in farming. He also owned several large plantations in the County of Jasper.

With hardly an exception the business men of the city are descendants of the first settlers. As Monticello was for years without railway connections, the people mingled but little with the outer world. For this reason there has been but little new blood brought into the county; the same names that we find in the early days are the same of today. These were a hardy race and shows in the successful lives of the people. But the original settlers belonged to a vigorous and virile race of men, and from the loins of these pioneers who laid the foundations of Monticello have come the men who direct its affairs today. In the most liberal sense, Monticello is a self-made town.

First White Child Born in Jasper. Nathan Fish, and his wife, Naomi Phillips, were the parents of the first white child born in Jasper. This child, a son, Calvin Fish, was born December 22, 1807, and died August 1, 1861.

Soldiers of Jasper: Supplemental List. Elijah Cornwell, a Revolutionary soldier, is buried in the Cornwell family cemetery, near Alcovy River, about two miles west of Mechanicsville. He served in the Virginia army, under General Greene. The Cornwells came originally from Cornwall, Eng. Wiley Hood, soldier in the War of 1812, and in the Florida Indian War, is buried at Murder Creek Baptist Church. William Robertson, soldier in the War of 1812, and in the Florida Indian War, is buried in Rocky Creek Cemetery, in the northern part of Jasper. William G. Smith, born in Virginia, in 1787, a private in Captain William Owen's Company, 2nd (Jenkins') Regiment, Georgia Volunteers and Militia, War of 1812, is buried in the family burial ground, near old Murder Creek Baptist church. His father, Guy Smith, one of the early settlers of Oglethorpe County, was a Revolutionary soldier.

John Clark, volunteer soldier in War of 1812, served in Capt. N. T. Martin's Company, South Carolina Militia.

With his family he settled in Jasper County, in 1830, on the Alcovy River, a few miles from old Bethlehem Baptist church. He died in 1870, at the advanced age of ninety years and is buried in the family grave-yard at the family homestead, where he resided for forty years. He was born in North Carolina. His wife was Miss Susan Parks, of Laurens, S. C. They were the parents of eighteen children and many descendants now live in this county and in various States of the Union.

The Confederate Monument. On the court-house square, in Monticello, stands a handsome granite shaft, erected to the memory of the South's heroic dead. The monument was unveiled on April 6, 1910, at which time Gen. Harrison, who commanded the troops from Jasper County during the Civil War, delivered an eloquent address as the chosen orator of the day. Hon. Harvie Jordan acted as Master of Ceremonies; and Rev. W. D. Conwell offered the prayer of invocation. Mrs. H. C. Hill, on behalf of the local U. D. C. Chapter formally presented the monument to the city of Monticello and to the County of Jasper. To this address Major O. G. Roberts responded for the Confederate veterans; Hon. E. H. Jordan, for the county and Mayor Monroe Phillips for the town. Master Leland Jordan feelingly recited a selection entitled "The Daughter of Dixie, the Preserver of the Faith," while Miss Alice Baxter, Georgia State President, U. D. C., made a most delightful talk. Thirteen little granddaughters of the Confederacy, at a given signal, drew the cord which unloosed the veil. To Mrs. Greene F. Johnson, President of the Chapter, was largely due the success of the movement, culminating in this splendid shaft. The purchasing committee was composed of the following members: Mr. J. J. Pope, Mr. M. Benton, Mr. Eugene Benton, Dr. C. L. Ridley, Judge J. H. Blackwell, Mrs. Monroe Phillips, Mrs. B. Leverett, Mrs. T. M. Payne, and Miss Maud

Clark Penn. The monument is a work of art. It stands thirty-two feet high, and is built of finely polished granite from the quarries of Elbert County, Ga. On the east and west sides there are imported statues of Italian marble, each of which is most exquisitely carved. On the south side of the pedestal is inscribed:

> "Crowns of roses fade, crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity; the triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

On the north side is seen a Confederate battle-flag with the inscription:

> "To the Confederate soldiers of Jasper County, the record of whose sublime self-sacrifice and undying devotion to duty in the service of their country is the proud heritage of a loyal posterity."
>
> "In legend and lay our heroes in gray
> Shall forever live over again for us."

JEFF DAVIS

Hazelhurst. On August 18, 1905, an Act was approved creating the county of Jeff Davis, out of lands formerly embraced within Appling and Coffee counties and designating the town of Hazelhurst as the new county-seat. For additional facts in regard to the creation of this county, the reader is referred to Volume I.

Putting Mr. Davis in Irons: The Story Told by His Prison Physician. Dr. John J. Craven, a distinguished surgeon in the Union army, was the prison physician at Fortress Monroe during the first six months which followed the incarceration of Mr. Davis. Though at first strongly tinctured with the prejudice which prevailed at

the North in regard to the illustrious prisoner, Dr. Craven, from intimate personal contact with him from day to day, came to regard his patient with unfeigned admiration. On relinquishing his duties at the famous prison, Dr. Craven published a volume entitled: "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis;" and, besides containing what in the main was accepted at the South as a truthful account written by one who was in a position to know the facts, it sounded the first distinct note of friendliness which was raised at the North on behalf of the great Confederate leader. It served to put Mr. Davis in an altogether different light before his enemies, and it doubtless operated in some measure, as a check upon the vindictive spirit of revenge which was clamoring for his death. Throughout the long and bitter ordeal of imprisonment, there was no hour fraught with greater humiliation to Mr. Davis than when a blacksmith was sent to his cell to manacle this proud chieftain of a vanquished, but brave people, nor can there be found in the transactions of the Federal government a blot which so impugns the humanity of a Christian nation. The subsequent failure of the government to bring Mr. Davis to trial, on the ground that he could not legally be convicted of treason, only shows the needlessness of such indignity to one who was already helpless at the mercy of his foes. After narrating the pathetic circumstances incident to the formal induction of Mr. Davis into prison life at Fortress Monroe, Dr. Craven thus tells how he was manacled:

"On the morning of the 23rd of May, a yet bitterer trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severer probably than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who has enjoyed such eminence. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled. . . . Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania Artillery, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, carrying in his hands some heavy and harshly rattling shackles. As they entered, Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near him on the preceding day still lying untouched on the tin plate at his bedside.

"'Well?' said Mr. Davis, as they entered, slightly raising his head.

"'I have an unpleasant duty to perform, sir,' said Captain Titlow, and as he spoke the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant.

"Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment, and then his countenance growing livid and rigid as death. He gasped for breath, clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror, as he glanced from the captain's face to the shackles—he said slowly and with a laboring chest:

"'My God! You cannot have been sent to iron me!'

"'Such are my orders, sir,' replied the officer, signalling the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocking the padlock and preparing the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and connected together by a chain of like weight. I believe they are now in possession of Major-General Miles, and will form an interesting relic.

"'This is too monstrous,' groaned the prisoner, glaring hurriedly round the room, as if looking for some weapon or other means of self-destruction. 'I demand, Captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded, and in such a fort as this?'

"'It could serve no purpose,' replied Captain Titlow; 'his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him.'

"'But he can telegraph,' interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly. 'There must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers.'

"'My orders are peremptory,' said the officer, 'and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders.'

"'These are not orders for a soldier,' shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. 'They are orders for a jailer—for a hangman—which no soldier wearing a sword should accept. I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered; I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as well as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! Kill me!' he cried passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, rather than inflict on me, and on my people through me, this insult, worse than death.'

"'Do your duty, blacksmith,' said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance. 'It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview.'

"At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles and, seeing that the prisoner had one foot upon the chair near his bedside, the right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an attempt to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised; but, as if with

the vehemence and strength which frenzy can impart, even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assilant and hurled him half way across the room. On this, Captain Titlow turned, and, seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began to remonstrate, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness, and that orders must be enforced at any cost.

"'Why compel me,' he said, 'to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?'

"'I am a prisoner of war,' fiercely retorted Davis. 'I have been a soldier in the armies of America, and know how to die. Only kill me, and my last breath shall be a blessing upon your head. But while I have life and strength to resist, for myself and for my people, this shall not be done.

"Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and a file of soldiers from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately Mr. Davis flew on him, seized his musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp. Of course, such a scene could have but one issue. There was a short, passionate scuffle. In a moment Davis was flung upon his bed, and before his four powerful assailants moved their hands from him, the blacksmith and his assistant had done their work—one securing the rivet on the right ankle, while the other turned the key in the padlock on the left. This done, Mr. Davis lay for a moment as if in a stupor. Then slowly raising himself and turning around, he dropped his shackled foot to the floor. The harsh clank of the striking chain seems first to have recalled him to the situation, and, dropping his face into his hands, he burst into a passionate flood of sobbing, rocking to and fro and muttering, at brief intervals:

"'Oh, the shame! the shame!'

* * * * * * * * *

"On the morning of May 24th, I was sent for about half-past 8 A. M., by Major-General Miles; was told that State prisoner Davis complained of being ill, and that I had been assigned as his medical attendant. Calling upon the prisoner—the first time I had ever seen him closely—he presented a very miserable aspect. Stretched upon his pallet and very much emaciated, Mr. Davis appeared a mere fascine of raw and tremulous nerves—his eyes restless and fevered, his head continually shifting from side to side for a cool spot on the pillow, and his case clearly one in which intense cerebral excitement was the first thing needing attention. He was extremely despondent, his pulse full and at ninety, tongue thickly coated, extremities cold, and his head troubled with a long established neuralgic disorder. He complained of his thin camp mattress and pillow stuffed with hair, adding that he was so emaciated his skin chafed easily against the slats; and, as these complaints were well founded, I ordered an additional hospital mattress and a softer pillow, for which he thanked me courteously. . . . On quitting Mr. Davis, I at once wrote to Major Church, Assistant Adjutant-General, advising that the prisoner be allowed to use tobacco, to the want of which, after a lifetime of use, he referred as one of the probable

causes of his illness—though not complainingly, nor with any request that it be given. This recommendation was approved in the course of the day; and, on calling in the evening, I brought tobacco with me and Mr. Davis filled his pipe, the sole article which he carried with him from the Clyde, except the clothes which he then wore.

"'This is noble medicine,' he said, with something as near a smile as was possible for his haggard and shrunken features. 'I hardly expected it and did not ask for it, though the deprivation has been severe. During my confinement here I shall ask for nothing.'

"He was now much calmer, feverish symptoms steadily decreasing, pulse already down to seventy-five, his brain less excitable, and his mind becoming more resigned to his condition. He complained that the foot-falls of the two sentries within his chamber made it difficult for him to collect his the two sentries within his chamber made it di..cult for him to collect his thoughts; but added, cheerfully, that with this—touching his pipe—he hoped to become tranquil. This pipe, by the way, was a large, handsome one, made of meerschaum, with an amber mouthpiece, showing by its color that it had seen active service for some time, as indeed was the case, having been his companion during the stormiest years of his late titular Presidency. It is now in the writer's possession., having been given to him by Mr. Davis and its acceptance insisted upon as the only thing he had left to offer."

As a medical necessity, Dr. Craven also succeeded in having removed in the course of time, the cruel shackles which bound his prisoner. He knew that Mr. Davis could never regain his normal strength while the humiliation of such indignity rested upon him; and he allowed himself no rest until the brutal order was rescinded. Without going into further details, Dr. Craven's association with the prisoner ended at the expiration of six months, but Mr. Davis remained an inmate of Fortress Monroe for two full years. Every effort was made by politicians in Washington to secure his execution: complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, cruel treatment of Federal prisoners at the South, and others; but none of these trumped up charges could be substantiated. Finally, it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, headed by Chief-Justice Chase, that the charge of treason against Mr. Davis could not be successfully maintained in the American courts. He was thereupon

admitted to bail; and, though anxious for a trial in which to vindicate himself at the bar of justice, the indictment against him was quietly dropped: a tacit recognition of the iron logic on which the South grounded her rights under the Federal Constitution.

JEFFERSON

Louisville. Volume I. Pages 146-155.

Galphinton or "Old Town." Fifty miles southwest of Augusta, on the upper banks of the Ogeechee River, there once stood an old trading post, the origin of which probably antedates the coming of Oglethorpe to Georgia. At any rate, the traditions of the locality indicate that at an early period there were Indian traders from South Carolina in this immediate neighborhood, and, if not the first Europeans to establish themselves upon the soil of the future colony, they at least penetrated further into the interior. George Galphin was one of this adventurous band. He lived at Silver Bluff, on the east side of the Savannah River, where he owned an elegant mansion, conducted an extensive trade with the various Indian tribes, and became a sort of potentate upon whom the dusky natives of the forest looked with awe and respect. They usually brought to him for settlement the issues on which they disagreed; and whatever he advised them to do in the matter was ordinarily the final word on the subject, for they acquiesced in his ruling as though he were an oracle of wisdom. The trading-post which he established on the Ogeechee River was called Galphinton. It was also known as Ogeechee Town; and, after Louisville was settled, some ten miles to the northwest, it was commonly designated as Old Town to distinguish it from New Town, a name which the residents of the locality gave to the

future capital of Georgia. In the course of time, there gathered about the old trading-post quite a settlement, due to the extensive barter with the Indians which here took place at certain seasons of the year; but time has spared only the barest remnants of the old fort. The following story is told of how George Galphin acquired the land on which the town of Louisville was afterwards built. Attracted by the red coat which he wore, an old Indian chief, whose wits had been somewhat sharpened by contact with the traders, thus approached him, in the hope of securing the coveted garment. Said he:

"Me had dream last night."

"You did?" said Galphin. "What did you dream about?"

"Me dream you give me dat coat."

"Then you shall have it," said Galphin, who immediately suited the action to the word by transferring to him the coat.

"Quite a while elapsed before the old chief returned to the post, but when he again appeared in the settlement Galphin said:

"Chief, I dreamed about you last night."

"Ugh!" he grunted, "what did you dream?"

"I dreamed that you gave me all the land in the fork of this creek, pointing to one of the tributary streams of the Ogeechee.

"Well," said the old chief, "you take it, but we no more dream."

There is every reason to believe that the old trading-post at Galphinton was in existence when the State was first colonized. The settlement which gradually developed around it may have arisen much later, but the historians are not in accord upon this point. Says Dr. Smith:* "There may have been, and I think it likely there were, sundry settlers who were scattered among the Indians and who had squatted on lands belonging to them; and it is probable that Mr. Galphin had around his settlement at Galphinton, some of his countrymen before Oglethorpe came, but I find no positive proof of it, and Colonel Jones put the emigration of the Scotch-Irish to St. George's Parish as late as 1868. I find that certainly as early as the time of Governor Reynolds, in 1752, there were grants made to men whom I know were

*Story of Georgia and the Georgia People, p. 31, Atlanta, 1900.

in Jefferson." Be this as it may, George Galphin himself was an early comer into this region and beyond any question Galphinton was the first locality in Georgia established by white men for purposes of commerce. The site of the old trading-post is now owned by heirs of the late H. M. Comer, Sr., of Savannah.

At Galphinton, in 1785, a treaty was made between the State of Georgia and the Creek Indians, whereby the latter agreed to surrender to the State the famous "Tallassee Strip," between the Altamaha and the St. Mary's; but the compact was repudiated by the Creeks under the artful Alexander McGillivray, under whose leadership was fought the long-protracted Oconee War. Hostilities were not concluded until 1796, when a treaty of friendship was negotiated at Coleraine, confirming the treaty of New York, in 1790, under which the "Tallassee Strip" was confirmed to the Indians. This much-coveted bone of contention remained in possession of the Creeks until 1814, when, as a penalty for siding with the British, in the War of 1812, they were forced to relinquish it to the whites.

The Convention of 1798. It was at Louisville, in 1798, that the celebrated convention which framed the State Constitution under which Georgia lived for seventy years, met for deliberation. Similar gatherings had been held in 1789 and in 1795, but few amendments were made to the original Constitution of 1777. On both of these former occasions, the law-makers had embedded in the organic law, a provision debarring ministers of the gospel from membership in the General Assembly of Georgia. Another resolution to the same effect was proposed at this time; but the great Baptist divine, Jesse Mercer, was on hand to challenge the propriety of such an action. When the resolution was introduced, he at once proposed to amend by excluding also lawyers and doctors. He succeeded in making the whole affair so ridiculous that the matter was finally dropped; and since 1798 the legislative doors have swung wide open to representatives of the cloth.

The Convention was composed of the following delegates:

BRYAN—Joseph Clay, J. B. Maxwell, John Pray.
BURKE—Benjamin Davis, John Morrison, John Milton.
BULLOCH—James Bird, Andrew E. Wells, Charles McCall.
CAMDEN—James Seagrove, Thomas Stafford.
CHATHAM—James Jackson, James Jones, George Jones.
COLUMBIA—James Simms, W. A. Brane, James McNeal.
EFFINGHAM—John King, John London, Thomas Polhill.
ELBERT—William Barnett, R. Hunt, Benjamin Mosely.
FRANKLIN—A. Franklin, R. Walters, Thomas Gilbert.
GLYNN—John Burnett, John Cowper, Thomas Spalding.
GREENE—George W. Foster, Jonas Fouche, James Nisbit.
HANCOCK—Charles Abercrombie, Thomas Lamar, Matthew Rabun.
JEFFERSON—Peter Carnes, William Fleming, R. D. Gray.
JACKSON—George Wilson, James Pittman, Joseph Humphries.
LIBERTY—James Cochran, James Powell, James Dunwody.
LINCOLN—Henry Ware, G. Woodbridge, Jared Grace.
MCINTOSH—John H. McIntosh, James Gignilliat.
MONTGOMERY—Benjamin Harrison, John Watts, John Jones.
OGLETHORPE—John Lumpkin, Thomas Duke, Burwell Pope.
RICHMOND—Robert Watkins, G. Jones.
SCREVEN—Lewis Lanier, J. H. Rutherford, James Oliver.
WASHINGTON—John Watts, George Franklin, Jared Irwin.
WARREN—John Dawson, A. Fort, W. Stith.
WILKES—Matthew Talbot, Benjamin Taliaferro, Jesse Mercer.

JENKINS

Millen. Millen, the county-seat of Jenkins County, was named for Hon. John Millen, of Savannah, a distinguished lawyer, who, after an unopposed election to Congress, died before taking his seat, leaving unfulfilled a career of brilliant promise in the councils of the nation. The origin of the town dates back to the building of the Central Railroad, but it was not incorporated until September 30, 1881, when it was given a municipal form of government. In 1905, when Jenkins County was organized, the site of public buildings was located at Millen, the leading business men of which town were a unit for the bill. On the court-house square in Millen stands

a handsome monument to the Confederate dead, erected under the auspices of the local U. D. C. Millen is the center of important railway and commercial activities and possesses an asset unsurpassed by any community in Georgia in its wideawake and progressive body of citizens.

JOHNSON

Wrightsville. On December 11, 1858, the new county of Johnson was organized out of lands formerly embraced within Washington, Laurens, and Emanuel counties, and named for the distinguished statesman and jurist, Hon. Herschel V. Johnson. The seat of government was called Wrightsville, in honor of Mr. John B. Wright, a leading pioneer resident. The town was incorporated by an Act approved February 23, 1866, at which time the town limits were fixed at three-eighths of a mile in every direction from the county court-house. Messrs. Jeremiah Parker, Morgan A. Outlaw, N. L. Bostick, Charles W. Linder, and Frederick P. Reins were designated to serve as commissioners, pending an election of town officials as prescribed.* In 1884, this Act was repealed, and in lieu thereof a municipal form of government was authorized in a new charter. Wrightsville is one of the terminal points of the Wrightsville and Tennille Railroad. It is an enterprising town, with wide-awake merchants, good schools, attractive homes, solid banks, and up-to-date public utilities.

Herschel V. Johnson: Some Incidents of His Career. Both intellectually and physically Herschel V. Johnson was one of the giants of his day in Georgia. He defeated the illustrious Charles J. Jenkins for the high office of Governor, a position which he filled with great ability for a period of four years. His devotion to the Union caused him to be nominated, in 1860, for the

*Acts, 1865-1866, p. 296.

second place on the national ticket, with Stephen A. Douglas. Though he recognized secession as a right, he opposed it as remedy for existing evils. In the secession convention at Milledgeville he was one of the most collossal figures, and allying himself with the anti-secessionists he made the greatest speech of his life in an effort to keep Georgia within the Union, but without success. The forces of disruption were too strong to be overcome. There is a story told to the effect that after beginning his impassioned plea for conservatism on the floor of the secession convention, he paused at the dinner hour, yielding to a motion for temporary adjournment. During the noon recess, he either took of his own accord or was persuaded by others to take a stimulant, in order to restore his strength after the exhaustion of his great effort of the morning session. But the result proved most unfortunate. It is said that the conclusion of his great argument was lacking in power due to the effects of the stimulant, and that Georgia was lost to the Union largely because the great speech of Governor Johnson lacked at the close of it the splendid amplitude of power with which it began. This great Georgian was far-sighted. The disasters which were fated to follow the impulsive action of the Secession Convention were distinctly foreshadowed upon his great brain, and he exerted himself to the utmost to avert the impending crisis. But the doom of Georgia was sealed. He afterwards represented the State in the Confederate Senate, at Richmond, and for years after the war he wore the ermine of the Superior Court Bench.

Judge Richard H. Clark,* an intimate personal acquaintance, gives us the following pen-picture of Governor Johnson as he appeared in the earlier days. Says he:

"The first political campaign which brought forth the powers of Governor Johnson was in 1840. It was the most exciting one this nation has ever experienced. There is no space to describe it. Suffice it to say that party rancor was at its highest pitch, and the people, including women and children, were wild with excitement. Governor Johnson was then but twenty-eight years old. His form as large and bulky, his face was smooth and beardless, and his entire make-up gave you the appearance of an overgrown boy. Expecting little when he arose, you were soon to enjoy the surprise of listening to one of the most powerful orators in the State or the Union. His bulky form gave yet more force to his sledge-hammer blows. His oratory, though powerful, was without seeming design or knowledge of it on the part of the speaker. His words escaped without the labor of utterance. His style was animated, but the speaker himself hardly seemed to be conscious of it, so intence was his earnestness. He simply discharged his duty to the best of his ability, and left the effect to take care of itself. This campaign gave him a State reputation."

Governor Johnson embraced, to a limited extent, in later life, the religious philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg, of whose writings he became

*Memoirs of Judge Richard H. Clark, pp. 292-293, Atlanta, 1898.

an industrious student. He married Mrs. Anna Polk Walker, a lady of rare personal and intellectual charms. She was a daughter of Judge William Polk, of the Supreme Court of Maryland, a niece of President James K. Polk, of Tennessee, and a cousin of Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, the famous Confederate officer who was both soldier and bishop.

JONES

Clinton. Clinton, the old county-seat of Jones County, was, in ante-bellum days, an aristocratic community, surrounded by the ample estates of wealthy planters. It was also an industrial center. Here was built one of the first iron foundries in the State, a plant which flourished down to 1864, when the hordes of Sherman left it a mass of ruins, never to be revived. Clinton became the county-seat of Jones when the county was first organized in 1807, out of a part of Baldwin; but it was not incorporated until December 2, 1909, when an Act for its better regulation was approved, with the following named commissioners, to wit: Reuben Fitzgerald, Drury Spain, Wm. Butler, Jacob Earnest, and Wm. Allen.[1] It was re-incorporated on December 4, 1816, at which time Messrs. James Jones, Zachariah Pope, James Sapfold, Ebenezer J. Bowers, John Mitchell, Bolar Allen, and John Parrish, were named commissioners.[2] The town was named for Gov. DeWitt Clinton, of New York, and the county for Hon. James Jones, of Savannah, a member of Congress and a distinguished public man of his day. The latter's name heads the above list of town commissioners, a circumstance from which it may be inferred that he owned an estate in this vicinity, and perhaps the naming of the county for him was due in a measure to his landed interests. The Clinton Academy was chartered on December 15, 1821, with Messrs. James Smith, Gustavus Hendrick, Samuel Lowther, Chas. J. McDonald, and Henry J. Lamar, as trustees. Clinton was once

[1] Clayton's Compendium, p. 520.
[2] Lamar's Digest, p. 1026.

a prosperous town, but it failed to recover from the disastrous results of the Civil War. In the preceding volume of this work will be found some additional facts in regard to Clinton, which need not be repeated here; and we also refer the reader to Volume I for a list of distinguished residents.

Gray, the present county-seat of Jones, is a small village located only a few miles above Clinton, on a branch line of the Central of Georgia. The town was named for James Gray, Esq., and was incorporated in 1872.

Blountsville. Blountsville, formerly a village of some pretentions, but now one of the lost towns of Georgia, was located in this county, at a point where some of the best families of the State were established. It was named for the noted Blount family of Georgia, to which the late Hon. James H. Blount, of Macon, for twenty years a member of Congress, belonged; and of which the gifted Mrs. W. D. Lamar, President of the State U. D. C., is also a member. The old Blountsville Academy was chartered in 1834, with Messrs. Allen Drury, Wm. E. Etheridge, John W. Stokes, Francis Tufts, and John W. Gordon, as trustees.*

Thomas B. Slade: Pioneer Educator. Ten years before Wesleyan Female College, at Macon, performed its historic act of conferring upon a woman her first college diploma, there was a distinguished pioneer educator successfully conducting a school for girls in the town of Clinton. This blazer of trails in an educational wilderness was Thomas B. Slade. Here, on the frontier belt of Georgia, while the prints of the Indian's moccasins was still fresh in the soil, this far-sighted scholar who, with the ken of a prophet, could read the signs of the future, here opened an academy in the year 1828 and started a movement for woman's intellectual emancipation. Professor Slade was born in North

*Acts, 1834, p. 6.

Carolina in 1800. For a while, he practiced law with his father, General Jeremiah Slade, in the Tar Heel State. But he was cast in the molds of a great educator, and, relinquishing Blackstone, he wended his way to Georgia, there to become a leader in one of the forward movements of the age. Perhaps the first pledge and token of Fortune's good-will toward him was his marriage to Miss Ann Jacquiline Blount, a lady of kindred intellectual tastes and of fine aristocratic family connections.

In 1836, what was then known as the Georgia Female College, was founded at Macon; and such was Professor Slade's prestige as an educator at Clinton that we find him in this year removing to Macon, to be installed as the first professor of natural sciences in the new institution, with the general oversight of its affairs. He brought with him to Macon his own chemical apparatus for experiments and his own geodus for astronomical studies. Thirty of his pupils followed him from Clinton to form the nucleus of the Georgia Female College; also two of his music teachers, Miss Maria Lord, from Boston, and Miss Martha Massey, the latter a beneficiary pupil. Miss Lord was afterwards well known in Macon as Mrs. Boardman.

Two classes graduated under him before the college was bought by the M. E. Church. He arranged the first curriculum and prepared the first diploma granted by the college, thus marking with his pen a new epoch in the educational history of the world. He removed to Columbus in 1842, where for thirty years as principal and proprietor of a female institute of high grade he continued his great work until advanced years forced him to resign his mantle to younger shoulders. He died in 1882 crowned with the benedictions of a well-spent life. Professor Slade prescribed for himself a high standard of ethics. He was never known to canvas for a pupil nor to reject one because she was unable to pay. It is something in this day and time to realize the distinction due this man who wrote the first diploma ever delivered to a woman and arranged the curriculum for the oldest female college in existence. No fitter epitaph for his tomb could have been written than the words of prophecy fulfilled in Christianity's great forerunner: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight."*

The Famous Bunkley Trial. Some score of years prior to the Civil War there occurred at Clinton one of the most famous court-house trials in the forensic annals of Georgia. Jesse Bunkley, a well-educated youth of profligate habits and a scion of one of the wealthiest families of the county, disappeared from Jones in a very mysterious manner; and, though every effort was made to trace the young man, he could never be found. On the death of his father, the widow Bunkley married a man named Lother, but $20,000 was left to Jessee, provided he should return home, give evidence of improved habits, and establish his

*Authority: Mrs. Edgar A. Ross, of Macon.

identity beyond question. Time brought no solution to the riddle. The belief at last became fixed in the popular mind that he was no longer in life, and accordingly his property was divided among his relatives. Subsequent to this division—perhaps five years thereafter—a man who bore some slight resemblance to Jesse Bunkley appeared upon the scene in Clinton and made a demand for the property, to which he claimed to be entitled.

But the parties in possession demanded, in turn, proof most positive of the claimant's real identity before relinquishing such substantial holdings. On this point, he failed to satisfy them, and not long thereafter the alleged Bunkley was arrestsed on the charge of cheating and swindling. It was averred in the bill of indictment that the defendant's real name was Barber. On the trial of the case, not less than 130 witnesses were examined, 98 of whom were for the prosecution. Four of the former college mates at Athens of the true Jesse Bunkley were put upon the witness stand. These were Robert Dougherty, Hugh A. Haralson, Henry G. Lamar and Charles J. McDonald—all of them men of distinction. But they could not recognize in Barber the features of an early schoolmate. Even his mother failed to find in his face any familiar lineaments. Barber knew just enough concerning the local environment to suggest that possibly he might have learned the story from the rightful heir. He was utterly at sea in regard to a number of matters concerning which the real Jesse Bunkley could not have been ignorant. He was, therefore, sentenced to prison But there are people who believe to this day that he was the real Jesse Bunkley, whose only offence was that he demanded the restitution of property which was rightfully his own under the laws of Georgia. Judge John G. Polhill presided at the trial; and, in the prosecution of the defendant, Walter T. Colquitt, Robert V. Hardeman and William S. C. Reid—three of the strongest advocates in the State—were associated.

LAURENS

Dublin. The original county-seat of Laurens was Sumterville, a small hamlet between Rocky and Turkey Creeks, in the north-west part of the county, where the population was chiefly centered. But before any public buildings were erected a large body of land on the opposite side of the river was acquired from Montgomery and Washington, which called for the selection of a new county-site, at some point on the Oconee River, central to the enlarged boundaries. Where the city of Dublin now stands there lived at this time an Irishman who agreed to donate a site for the public buildings, pro-

vided he was allowed to name the town for Erin's renowned capital.

This offer was accepted. On December 13, 1810, an Act was approved appointing a board of commissioners to locate the new county-site and to dispose of the holdings at Sumterville. The board was constituted as follows: John C. Underwood, Jethro Spivey, Benjamin Adams, John Thomas, and Wm. H. Matthews.[1] In the year following, Dublin was made the new county-site; and on December 9, 1812, the town was incorporated with Messrs. Neill Munroe, Lewis Kennon, Wm. Tolbert, Eli S. Shorter, and Henry Shepherd as commissioners.[2]

Dublin is located in the center of a rich agricultural belt; and with splendid railway connections it is one of the most important commercial towns of Georgia, with an outlook for the future rivalled by few older communities. Gov. George M. Troup owned two large plantations in Laurens County, which he called Valdosta and Vallombrosa; and, during the last twenty-five years of his life, he was often a familiar figure on the streets of Dublin. Gen. Blackshear, whose famous country-seat "Springfield," was further down the river, made frequent visits to the county-seat. Here also lived at one time a noted jurist, Judge Eli S. Shorter, who afterwards removed to Columbus. Georgia's present Commissioner of Commerce and Labor, Hon. Henry M. Stanley, was a former resident of Dublin; from which town hails also a member of our present Court of Appeals, Judge Peyton L. Wade. Gen. Eli Warren, Hon. Lott Warren, Rev. Kit Warren, Dr. Peter E. Love, Hon. John T. Boifeuillet, and Hon. Warren Grice, may likewise be included among the former residents of Laurens.

Cotton Seed as a Fertilizer. Mr. James Callaway, of Macon, one of the best informed historians and writers in the State, is authority for the statement that Henry C. Fuqua, of Laurens County, Ga., was the

[1] Clayton's Compendium, p. 642.
[2] Lamar's Digest, p. 950.

first person of record to discover the value of cotton seed as a fertilizer. The discovery was made by accident.

Springfield: The Home of Gen. Blackshear.

Major Stephen H. Miller, in his Bench and Bar of Georgia, gives the following picture of General David Blackshear's plantation life, at Springfield, on the Ocmulgee. Says he:*

"Besides his grapery of several acres, General Blackshear owned large orchards, from which he distilled apple and peach brandies of the purest kind. Nothing was neglected in the manufacture, from the gathering of the fruit to the dropping of the rectified spirits from the tube. He usually gave morning drams to his slaves; and whenever, from exposure to cold or water, they required a tonic, he ordered them to receive it from his cellar. It was often the case that, in heavy work—raising houses, building mill-dams, and adjusting timbers—they were in condition to receive it; but he never permitted them to have it in such quantity as to produce intoxication, and he saw nothing to regret from the custom.

"He also cultivated the cane, making more than enough sugar and syrup for his own use. It was his rule to let his neighbors have whatever he could spare from his farm. He never profited by scarcity and high prices in the market. His rates were just fairly remunerative. He never speculated on the necessities of the people. Being a first-rate judge of human nature, he was not often deceived. To the honest and industrious, he was ever a friend; to the idle and dissolute he showed no favor. Though obliging in his disposition, he adhered to certain rules which he adopted early in life:

"1. Never spend any money before you get it.

"2. Never pay other people's debts.

"3. Never pay interest.

"Much is comprehended in these words. They reveal the secret of prosperity, in violence often to the best sympathies. General Blackshear was governed by principle—not by impulse. Hence his great influence and success.

"It was customary for the court, including both the judges and the bar, while journeying on the circuit, to stop with General Blackshear, at leisure intervals. The dignified Early, the jovial Strong, and other high functionaries, who enjoined silence in court and held the multitude in awe, laid aside official consequence, and shot duck and angled for fish with as

much glee as the boys who for the time being furnished them guides and companions. The judges would go to the mill and made upon the sheeting, or creep softly upon the dam, spearing the finny tribe or harpooning a turtle, with perfect relish for the sport. After such achievements, the sideboard was called upon for its quota of refreshment. It was all right then, but a very decided change has since taken place; and sideboards, wine, brandy, and such old-fashioned luxuries have been dispensed with—certainly an improvement on the virtues of our predecessors."*

Gov. Troup's Will. On file, in the Ordinary's office, at the court house, in Dublin, is the last will and testament of Governor George M. Troup. It is a model of brevity, containing less than two hundred words, but it disposes of what was supposed to be, at the time of his death, one of the largest estates in Georgia. The document reads as follows:

"Georgia, Laurens County. I wish my executors to keep together, as I leave it, all my property, real and personal, for three years after my decease, endeavoring to improve it as they would their own. 1st. Giving from the proceeds to the heirs, a decent and becoming support, as they had been accustomed to, and 2nd. appropriating any surplus to investment in lands and negroes, Savannah Town property, Savannah Bank Stock, or other subject as they should deem best for the interest of such heirs, the children of Florida Troup late Florida Bryan or Foreman, Oralie Troup and George M. Troup are my only heirs, at the expiration of the three years and on the 1st day of January next thereafter I desire all the said property of which I may die possessed with the increasements both real and personal to be divided as nearly as possible into three equal shares I mean specifically, one share for the children Florida, one share for Oralie and one for G. M. Troup, who are to have and to hold the same to them respectively their heirs and assigns forever with these exceptions, Viz: If Oralie should die without legal lineal heir or heirs then shall her share go to the children of Florida to be equally divided among them or the survivors and if George should die without legal heir or heirs then shall descend to the children of Florida likewise or the survivors and I hereby constitute and appoint G. B. Cummings, James Screven, Thomas M. Foreman, and George M. Troup my executors.

"Signed and sealed this 20th. day of September 1851.

G. M. TROUP (Seal)

*Stephen H. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. I.

GOV. TROUP'S OLD HOME:

Remains of the Valdosta Mansion in Laurens County, Showing the Sandstone Chimney, in the Midst of a Deserted Ruin.

Witness.
WILLIAM WINHAM.
ALEXANDER ADAIR GILTMAN
his
THOMPSON X SMITH."
mark

"The above will was probated and recorded at the June Term of the Court or Ordinary in and for Laurens County in the year 1856. This April 28th, 1911.

W. A. WOOD.
Laurens County, Georgia.

LEE

Leesburg. The original county-seat of Lee County was Starksville; but in 1872, the site of public buildings was changed to Leesburg, the present seat of government. The latter place was chosen by the following named commissioners, to wit: Isaac P. Tison, Henry L. Long, Fred H. West, Wm. T. Saddler, and Virginius G. Hill, who were instructed to choose a site on the line of the South-western Railroad, preferably at or near Wooten Station; otherwise at or near Adam Station. Messrs. Willis A. Jones, Chas. M. Irwin, Wm. C. Gill, and John Paley, were at the same time appointed commissioners to assess damages sustained by the owners of real estate at Starksville, in consequence of such removal.* The site selected was at Wooten Station, the name of which was changed to Leesburg, by legislative Act, in 1874. The town has grown considerably in recent years, sharing in the development which has brought this section of Georgia to the front. Near Leesburg, Gen. Philip Cook owned an extensive plantation, today the property of his grandson, Hon. Philip Cook, Jr., Georgia's present Secretary of State.

*Acts, 1872, p. 264.

The particulars in regard to the destruction of Cheraw have been carefully gathered and preserved by White. Says he:*

"In March, 1818, Governor Rabun requested General Jackson to station a sufficient military force on the frontier, to protect the most exposed parts against the incursions of the Indians. To this application no answer was given. Governor Rabun, believing it to be his duty to provide for the safety of the frontier inhabitants, ordered Captain Obed Wright, with a sufficient force, to proceed immediately against the Felemma and Hopaunee towns, the inhabitants of which were known to be decidedly hostile, having committed many murders. The orders of Governor Rabun confined Captain Wright specially to this object.

"Captain Wright took up the line of march from Hartford, in Pulaski County, with two companies of mounted men, under Captains Robinson and Rogers, and with an infantry force under Captains Dean and Childs, besides two detachments under Lieutenants Cooper and Jones—in all about two hundred and seventy effective men. When the detachment reached the neighborhood of Fort Early, information came that a celebrated old chief, Hopaunee, whose town had joined the hostile party, had removed; that he was then living in the village upon which the attack was subsequently made; that he was the principal leader of the hostile Indians; and that a great portion of them were under his immediate direction. Captain Wright considered himself authorized to attack it, as one of the Hopaunee towns.

"Accordingly the attack was made on April 23, 1818, and in the course of two hours the whole was in flames. About ten of the inhabitants were killed. General Glascock, of the Georgia Militia, in a letter to General Jackson, dated April 30, 1818, in detailing this transaction says: 'When the detachment arrived at Cheraw an Indian was discovered grazing some cattle. He proposed to go with the interpreter and to bring one of the chiefs with whom the captain could talk. It was not to be. An advance was ordered. The cavalry rushed forward and commenced the massacre. Even after the firing and murder commenced, Major Howard, who furnished you with corn, came out of his house with a white flag, in front of the line. It was not respected. An order was given for a general fire, and nearly four hundred guns were discharged at him before one took effect. He fell and was bayoneted. His son also was killed.'

"Governor Rabun regretted very much this occurrence. Captain Wright was arrested by order of General Jackson, but was released by the civil authorities. Gov. Rabun afterwards had him arrested again. And the

*Historical Collections of Georgia, Lee County, Savannah, 1854.

President of the United States ordered him to be placed in the custody of the marshal, but he made his escape."

Palmyra. Volume I.

Starksville. In 1826, Lee County was organized out of a part of the Creek Indian lands acquired under the second treaty of Indian Springs—the treaty which cost General McIntosh his life. But it was not until 1832 that a site was fixed for public buildings. Starksville was the name given at this time to the new county-seat. In 1847, due to some dissatisfaction, this Act was repealed. But Starksville remained the seat of government—though apparently without public buildings, for in 1851 an Act was passed authorizing a court-house and a jail, only to be repealed n 1853. Rented quarters were no doubt occupied. On December 26, 1851, Starksville was incorporated as a town, with the following named commissioners, to-wit.: George C. Tickner, Willis A. Hawkins, Samuel Lindsey, Philip M. Monroe, and Edward V. Monroe.* The Starksville Academy was chartered in 1833. So far as appears from the records neither a court-house nor a jail was ever built at Starksville.

LIBERTY

Historic Old Midway: A Shrine of Patriotism. Volume I. Pages 135-138; 726-743.

One Hundred Years of Usefulness: The Midway Centennial. Beginning on December 5, 1852, and lasting for three days, there was held at Midway Church, a season of rejoicing, the memory of which still abide in the traditions of the settlement. It marked the completion of the first one hundred years of existence in the history of the Midway congregation; and, besides drawing a multitude of visitors to the locality, it riveted the attention of the whole nation upon the marvelous record of the little church, whose religious and pa-

*Acts, 1851, p. 45.

triotic achievements became everywhere the topic of the hour. Newspapers devoted columns to it. Ministers of the gospel preached sermons upon it. Thousands who possessed no church connection were enthusiastic in praise of the little district in Georgia; which was the proud possessor of so much well-deserved renown.

The centennial observance began on the Sabbath. Dr. I. S. K. Axson, who was then the senior pastor, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. On Monday morning, early, the festivities of the day were inaugurated by the firing of cannon. Among the invited guests of the occasion was the Chatham Artillery, of Savannah, whose iron mortars awoke the echoes of the settlement. Before the sun was well up, the people commenced to gather from every direction. They came in family carriages, in farm wagons, and on horseback. The roads leading to Midway were crowded for miles with travelers; and by 10 o'clock there was gathered about the Liberty pole in front of the historic church, a crowd, the like of which no one had ever seen in the settlement. At a point on the Sunbury road the procession formed and to the accompaiment of music furnished by the German band from Savannah, marched to the church. Colonel William Maxwell, though somewhat of a veteran, was the president of the day; and, bedecked with blue rosettes, made an impressive figure. Assisting him, in the capacity of grand marshals, were Captain Abiel Winn and Captain Peter W. Fleming. One of the features of the parade was a broad banner, on which was inscribed this legend: "Our Country, Our Whole Country, the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, 1852." It was borne by Mr. Thomas Q. Cassels, the chairman of the committee on arrangements, supported by Captain Cyrus Mallard. As soon as the congregation was assembled within the church and the prayer of invocation was concluded, an ode, written for the occasion, by Rev. Samuel J. Cassels, was sung. Then followed an address by Prof. John B. Mallard, setting forth incidents and circumstances

connected with the early days of the settlement, the part which it played in the struggle for independence, and its varying vicissitudes of fortune both good and ill. Following the address, there was given a selection by the band, after which the congregation repaired to the spot selected, directly in front of the building for the laying of the corner stone to the proposed monument to the forefathers of the settlement. Here an address was delivered by Rev. John Winn, and a prayer offered by Rev. Charles C. Jones, after which a number of interesting relics and mementoes were placed in the receptacle. Then came a salute from the guns, and the multitude repaired to the tables near-by, where they partook of an elegant out-door banquet upon the lawn, and numerous toasts were proposed. On this occasion, Rev. Samuel J. Cassels, who was an invalid confined to his home in Savannah, sent this toast, which became quite celebrated: "Liberty County—the place of my first and second birth, and yet to be the place of my third."

On the following day, nothwithstanding a downpour of rain, another splendid crowd was present to hear an eloquent address from the special orator of the occasion, Judge William Law, of Savannah, who pronounced an oration the echoes of which have not ceased to vibrate among the sacred timbers.

Religious Work Among the Slaves: The Mission of Dr. Chas. C. Jones.

To our good friends at the North it will be a matter of some interest to know that the largest slave-holders in Georgia during the prosperous days of the old regime were the devout Puritans who lived in the Midway settlement. Most of them were rice planters, who cultivated the rich alluvial bottoms, and they were compelled in the nature of things to employ slave labor. As they enlarged the fertile acres which they tilled, they naturally increased the number of slaves which they employed, and, on the eve of hostilities with England, in 1776, it is estimated that one-third of the entire wealth of the Colony of Georgia was concentrated in the Parish of St. John. According to Dr. Stacy, whose observations are based upon the Midway records, the Dorchester colonists brought to Georgia five hundred

and thirty-six slaves, and these were divided between seventy-one families. At a period somewhat later, when the community was well established in Georgia, he estimates that it numbered three hundred and fifty whites and fifteen hundred blacks, the average increase of population being in favor of the latter class. With these figures Colonel Jones is in perfect agreement. It was by means of slave labor that the residents of Bermuda Island built Fort Morris. It was also by means of slave labor that the inhabitants of the district usually built the homes in which they lived, but, of course, under intelligent supervision. And the extent to which the Puritan settlers of Midway employed slave labor only tends to prove that the burning issue of American politics during the ante-bellum decade was purely an economic one, the attitude of the individual mind toward which was determined largely by environment.

The rice which was forwarded to Boston to relieve the distress incident to the closing of the harbor to commerce, in 1774, was grown entirely by slave labor on plantations owned by the Dorchester Puritans in the Parish of St. John.

But the care of the slaves was always an object of the utmost solicitude to the residents of the Midway settlement. Between master and servant there was always the closest tie of attachment, and nowhere in Georgia was the feudal relationship characterized by greater tenderness. The religious welfare of the slaves was taken into account from the very start. In the house of worship, which was built by the whites, there were galleries for the accommodation of the colored members, who were never organized into separate religious bodies, but continued to worship with the whites throughout the entire existence of the Midway Church. On Sacramental Sunday both races communed together, the blacks in the galleries above, the whites in the pews below; and in like manner both races were admitted to the ordinance of baptism, beneath the same shelter, and at the hands of the same man of God. However, it was not until the distinguished Dr. Charles C. Jones began his useful labors on the plantations of Liberty County that the work of religious instruction assumed definite and systematic proportions. His field of labor embraced an area of twenty miles square. Besides holding religious services at stated times and places, he compiled catechisms, trained teachers, and in other ways sought to accomplish the religious uplift of the slave. He afterwards wrote a book in which he outlined his methods of work for the benefit of the religious public. Like the noted Dr. John L. Girardeau, of Columbia, S. C., with whom he was afterwards associated, it was his chief delight to preach to the negroes, though a man of marvelous intellect and power; and even after becoming a professor in the Theological Seminary at Columbia he spent his vacations in evangelistic work among the slaves. Altogether, he was the means of converting not less than 1,500 negroes, whose names were duly added to the church rolls.

Laurel View: The Home of Senator Elliott.

Overlooking the Midway River, at Hester's Bluff, stood the old Colonial home of United States Senator John Elliott, one of the most distinguished members of the Midway settlement. His grandfather, who bore the same name, was one of the original settlers, who moved into the district from Dorchester, S. C. His father, by marriage to Rebecca Maxwell, acquired the handsome estate at Hester's Bluff, to which, because of the superb prospect which it commanded, through vistas of the most luxuriant foliage, was given the name, "Laurel View." Senator Elliott married Martha Stewart, a daughter of General Daniel Stewart, an officer of distinction in the Revolution. His wife accompanied him to Washington, D. C., to take her place in the brilliant social circle at the nation's capital. The trip was made overland in a carriage drawn by four horses, and occupied more than a week, but was broken by easy stages and attended by no serious mishap. Senator Elliott wore the toga of the nation's highest legislative forum, from 1819 to 1825. He died at his home in Liberty some two years after relinquishing office, in his fifty-fourth year. His widow afterwards married Major James Stephen Bulloch, a grandson of old Governor Archibald Bulloch; and from this union sprang Martha Bulloch, whose marriage to Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., of New York, made her the mother of the future President of the United States.

Fragrant associations cluster about the site of the old Elliott home at Hester's Bluff. It was one of the stately mansions of the old regime, and though the rigid Puritan code of the Midway settlement outlawed the frivolities typical of cavalier life, it was the abode of generous hospitality and of good cheer. The old home place has long since fallen into ruins; but near the spot on which it once stood there rises today upon the bluff an attractive and up-to-date club-house, the property of an organization, composed of certain members of the Savannah Bar. Judge Paul E. Seabrook, the present lessee of the property, has permitted this organization, as an act of courtesy, to enjoy the privileges of fishing and hunting over the entire estate, and the name Liberty Hall which has been given to the club-house suggests that the traditions of the locality are well preserved.*

Liberty's Oldest Family: The Maxwells.

Before the first emigrant from the Puritan settlement at Dorchester, S. C., located in this beautiful region of live oaks, the Midway district was represented by Audley Maxwell, in the first General Assembly of the Province, in Savannah, in 1751, and to this very day, in the County of Liberty, the descendants of Audley Maxwell are still living

*Consult the author's former work: Reminiscences of Famous Georgians, Vol. I, p. 20. Additional authorities: Judge Paul E. Seabrook, of Savannah; Miss Julia King, of Dunham, etc.

upon the ancestral acres. Mark Carr, who owned the ground on which the town of Sunbury was built, may have been an earlier comer into the district, but his name has long since disappeared from the region. The Maxwell family is of Scotch-Irish extraction. Without a break in the chain of connection its members trace lineal descent to the old homestead on the Nith, in Dumfries, Scotland, the inspirational fountain-source of the famous air:

"Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early falls the dew."

"It is said that the family is descended from the earls of Nithdale; but the Georgia Maxwells have always been too democratic to lay any stress upon the claim. Besides, there has been little need for them to go beyond the Revolution for deeds of prowess with which to brighten the family crest. From the south of Scotland, the Maxwells first migrated to the north of Ireland, where they must have lived for some time in the neighborhood of Belfast, and where they continued in steadfast and unbroken allegiance to the kirk. The exact time when the family escutcheon was planted in America is unknown; but there were Maxwells living in South Carolina before the settlement of Georgia. Audley Maxwell came to St. John's Parish in 1748. He did not come from South Carolina, however, but from Pennsylvania; and he seems to have married in Boston, Mass. His wife was Hannah Powell. Locating on a tract of 500 acres at the head of Midway River, he called his home place Limerick, a name which is still to be found on the map, though an old stone well is said to be the sole memorial which today marks the site on which his residence once stood. He was one of the commissioners, of which there were three in number, to lay out the important military road between Sunbury and Darien. Two brothers, James and Thomas, obtained land grants at or near the same time and located—the former at Belfast, the latter at Hester's Bluff, on opposite sides of the Midway River. James was one of the founders of Sunbury. The daughter of Thomas married an Elliott and became the mother of United States Senator John Elliott.

Colonel James Maxwell, a son of Audley Maxwell, was an officer of some prominence in the Revolution. He was also closely associated with Dr. Abiel Holmes, in bettering the conditions of life for the new settlers; and in this connection it may be said that while the Maxwells anticipated the Dorchester colonists by several years in occupying the Midway district they joined them in religious worship and became zealous supporters of the historic old organization. Colonel Audley Maxwell, his son, was another man of mark. He located on Colonel's Island, where he cultivated an extensive plantation, and the old home place, Maxwell Point, on the south end of the island, is still the property of his descendants. Rebecca Maxwell, a sister, married the famous John Cooper, and lived at Cannon's Point, on St. Simon's Island, where they kept open house and entertained English and Scotch lords. The Maxwells have always been handsome in

feature, erect and patrician in carriage, and have splendidly exemplified the old school of Southern manners. They have also represented the culture of the Georgia coast. The family of Mr. J. A. M. King, of Colonel's Island, is descended from the first Audley Maxwell and from the noted Roswell King, who founded the town of Roswell.*

John Quarterman: A Patriarch in Israel. One of the very earliest settlers in the Midway district was John Quarterman. Concerning this devout pioneer, who was a man eminent for piety, there are only meagre entries in the church records; but he holds an exalted place in the traditions of the settlement. He is today revered as the progenitor of a distinguished multitude of descendants. Embraced among his offspring are eight eminent educators, including the LeContes, seven foreign missionaries, and twenty-three ministers of the gospel. Robert Quarterman, his grandson, was the first native born pastor of the Midway flock and he served the congregation for a period of twenty-four years.

Dr. McWhir: His Academy Once a Noted Institution. On the importance of an education, the early Puritans of Georgia laid great stress. It was not long after the Revolution that the foundations of the famous Sunbury Academy were laid, in 1788; and, under the management of Dr. William McWhir, a Scotch-Irishman of rare attainments, it became an institution of high rank and of wide favor. The following brief sketch is condensed from an account by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr.,* a scion of the Midway settlement. Says he:

"The most famous institution of learning in southern Georgia, for many years, was the Sunbury Academy. It was established by an Act of the Legislature, passed February 1, 1788, in which Abiel Holmes, James Dun-

*Authorities: Colonial Records of Georgia; old residents of Liberty; an article by Miss Julia King, of Dunham, Ga.

*Dead Towns of Georgia, pp. 212-215, Savannah, 1878.

wody, John Elliott, Gideon Dowse, and Peter Winn were named commissioners. With the sum of 1,000 pounds stirling realized from the sale of confiscated property, these well-known citizens, after giving bond, proceeded to provide an adequate building in which to house the school; and in due time the institution was opened. The teacher, whose name was for the longest period most notably associated with the management of the Academy and who did more than all others to establish a standard of scholarship and discipline was the Rev. Dr. William McWhir. He was a thorough Greek and Latin scholar, a strict observer of prescribed regulations, and a firm believer in the virtue of the birch. To the studious and ambitious he always proved himself a generous instructor, full of suggestion and encouragement. The evening of his days was spent chiefly in the homes of his old scholars, by whom he was always cordially greeted, and the welcome in turn was peculiarly relished by him when accompanied by a generous supply of buttermilk and by a good glass of wine. The latter might be omitted; but a failure to provide the former was a breach of hospitality which impaired the comfort of his sojourn. The building—a large two story and a half wooden structure, located in King's Square—was razed to the ground about the year 1842."

Two very interesting old heir-looms, formerly the property of Dr. McWhir, are now in the possession of his step-greatgrandson, Hon. William Harden, of Savannah, viz., a gold-headed walking cane and a silver drinking cup, the latter of which was presented to Dr. McWhir by his devoted friend, Rev. Murdock Murphy. The silver cup is shaped like a tumbler, and near the top is engraved the date, 1815. At equal distances apart, there are three inscriptions engraved upon the sides: "Charity in Thought," "Liberality in Word," "Generosity in Action." On the bottom is inscribed: "Peace and Plenty." The gold-headed cane is made of Irish black-thorn, and is very substantial. On the top is engraved "W. McW." Not far below the knob is a hole cut through the stick, on either side of which there is a silver guard, somewhat like the guards to key-holes. Dr. McWhir reached the ripe old age of ninety-two years. He sleeps beside his wife in the deserted little graveyard at Sunbury, where there is much to suggest the pathetic picture which Oliver Goldsmith has drawn of the Village Schoolmaster. On the marble slab which marks the grave

of this pioneer teacher of Georgia may be deciphered this inscription, now blurred and indistinct:

> "Sacred to the memory of Rev. WILLIAM McWHIR, D. D., who was born in the County of Down, Ireland, September 9, 1759, and died in Liberty County, Georgia, January 31, 1851. In 1783 he came to the United States and settled at Alexandria, Va., whence he removed to Georgia about the year 1793. His long and eventful life was devoted to the cause of Christianity and Education, and his labors to promote these objects were eminently successful."

Midway: The Stewart-Screven Monument. In the center of the historic old churchyard at Midway, ready to be unveiled in the fall of this year, stands a magnificent obelisk of marble, erected by the United States government, at a cost of $10,000, to two distinguished Revolutionary patriots, both residents of Midway: Gen. James Screven, and Gen. Daniel Stewart. President Woodrow Wilson, who married a daughter of Midway, and ex-president Roosevelt, a descendant of Gen. Stewart, have both promised to be present at the unveiling, and to take part in the ceremonies. The shaft is fifty feet in height and thirty feet square at the base, with the following inscriptions splendidly cast, in relief, on beautiful copper plates, and set into the pure white marble:

> (North Face.)
>
> 1750 1778
>
> Sacred to the Memory of BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES SCREVEN, who Fell, Covered with Wounds, at Sunbury, Near this Spot, on the 22nd Day of November, 1778. He Died on the 24th Day of November, 1778, from the Effects of his Wounds.*

*Gen. Screven fell mortally wounded about a mile and a half south of Midway Church. This point is fully ten miles distant from Sunbury. Consequently, it is difficult to understand this variation on the monument. We are indebted to Hon. H. B. Folsom, of Montgomery, Ga., for a description of this obelisk, together with the inscriptions.

(Continued)

(East Face.)

Reared by the Congress of the United States as a Nation's Tribute to BRIGADIER-GENERALS JAMES SCREVEN and DANIEL STEWART.

(South Face.)

1759. 1829.

Sacred to the Memory of BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL STEWART, a Gallant Soldier in the Revolution and an Officer Brevetted for Bravery in the Indian Wars.

(West Face.)

(The west face is fittingly adorned by a copper relief representation of Midway Church, as perfect as skill and enduring copper can make it. No inscription whatever.)

Seven of Georgia's Counties Named for Liberty's Sons.

Perhaps the most eloquent attestation of the part played by the Midway settlement in the drama of the Revolution is to be found in the fact that seven counties of Georgia bear names which can be traced to this fountain-head of patriotism.

1. Liberty. This name was conferred by the Constitution of 1777, upon the newly created county which was formed from the old Parish of St. John. It was bestowed in recognition of the fact that the earliest stand for independence was here taken by the patriots of the Midway settlement, whose flag at Fort Morris was the last to be lowered when Georgia was overrun by the British, and whose contributions to the official lists of the Revolution were manifold and distinguished.

2. Screven, formed December 14, 1793, was named for General James Screven, a resident of Sunbury, who fell mortally wounded, within a mile and a half of Midway church, on November 22, 1778, and who lies buried in Midway graveyard.

3. Hall, created December 15, 1818, and named after Lyman Hall, a resident of the Midway district, who was

the first delegate sent from Georgia to the Continental Congress and who was afterwards a Signer of the Declaration of Independence and a Governor of Georgia.

4. Gwinnett, established December 15, 1818, was called after Button Gwinnett, whose home was on St. Catherine's Island, but business affairs connected him with Sunbury, who was also a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a Governor of Georgia.

5. Baker, constituted, December 12, 1825, was named for Colonel John Baker, of the Revolution, one of the early pioneer settlers of St. John's Parish.

6. Stewart, organized December 30, 1830, was named for General Daniel Stewart, an eminent soldier both of the Revolution and of the Indian wars. He was a native of the district, a member of Midway church, and an ancestor of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. He sleeps in Midway burial-ground.

7. Bacon, created by Legislative Act, during the session of 1914, in honor of the late United States Senator Augustus O. Bacon, whose parents repose in the little cemetery adjacent to Midway Church.

LINCOLN

Lincolnton. Zachariah Lamar, of Wilkes, was authorized by an Act approved February 8, 1786, to lay out a town at the mouth of the Broad River, on the south side, to be called Lincoln. It does not appear from the records what was ever done in pursuance of this Act; but, in 1796, a part of Wilkes County was organized into Lincoln, with Lincolnton as the new county-seat. Both the town and the county were named for Gen. Benj. Lincoln, of the Revolution, at one time in command of military operations in Georgia. Lincolnton was incorporated by an Act approved December 19, 1817, with the following town commissioners, to wit: Peter Lamar,

Rem Remsen, and Lewis Stovall.* The Lincolnton Female Academy was chartered in 1836, and was an excellent school for the times. Near Lincolnton lived the noted wit, Judge John M. Dooly, and the distinguished pioneer legislator, Thomas W. Murray. Just six miles above the town is Tory Pond, where, according to tradition, six Tories were hanged. Without railway facilities, the growth of Lincolnton has been retarded; but whenever the iron horse arrives a new era will begin for this fine old ante-bellum town, once the home of such noted Georgia families as the Lamars, the Currys, the Dallases, the Crawfords, the Remsens, the Simmonses, the Flemings, and the Lockharts. Here was born the distinguished Dr. J. L. M. Curry, statesman, diplomat, and educator, whose statue has recently been placed in the nation's Hall of Fame by Alabama, his adopted State for many years.

Skeletons of the Six Tories Found. To discover, after a lapse of a century and a half, the well-preserved skeletons of six men who were buried without coffins, during the Revolution, only six feet below the earth, in a climate which possesses little of the art preservative, is to say the least, a modern miracle. In the absence of scientific verification, the following story, which appeared in the Atlanta Constitution of December 22, 1912, is subject to the usual newspaper discount, but it nevertheless constitutes an item of some interest in this connection. The article reads:

"Skeletons of the six Tories captured at her dinner table and afterwards hanged to trees near her home by Nancy Hart more than a century and a half ago were unearthed last week by a squad of hands at work grading the Elberton and Eastern Railroad. They were buried about three feet under the ground, in what is known as the Heard field, near the mouth of Wahatchie Creek, some half a mile from where it empties into Broad River. The bones are all there, in a splendid state of preservation, but

*Lamar's Digest, p. 1044.

have become disjointed. The skulls, in fact, all the bones of the heads and under jaws, are especially well preserved, and the teeth are perfect. The place where the skeltons were unearthed, together with the fact that they were so close together, near the surface, with no sign or trace of anything like a coffin anywhere around, makes the evidence convincing that these are the bones of the Tories captured by the Revolutionary heroine. The house in which Nancy Hart lived was located on Wahatchie Creek near a spring some half to three-fourths of a mile from where the skeletons were found. The place is now owned by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This place is about thirteen miles from Elberton."

State Senators. Lincoln during the early pioneer days was represented in the General Assembly of Georgia by the following State Senators: Thomas W. Murray, Robert Walton, Rem Remsen, John M. Dooly, John Fleming, William Harper, Micajah Hanley, John Fraser, Peter Lamar, Benning B. Moore and N. G. Barksdale. Some of the early Representatives were: John M. Dooly, Philip Zimmerman, James Espey, Elijah Clarke, Jr., Samuel Fleming, Wheeler Gresham, Gibson Clarke, Peter Lamar, Thomas Lamar, John Fleming, Thomas W. Murray, John Lamkin, William Jones, William Curry, Nicholas G. Barksdale and John McDowell. William Curry was the father of Dr. Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, diplomat, statesman, educator and divine, whose statue has been placed in the nation's Hall of Fame by the State of Alabama.*

LOWNDES.

Old County Sites. In 1826 Lowndes County was organized out of a part of Irwin and named for Hon. William Lowndes, a distinguished statesman of South Carolina. Franklinville was the original county-seat of Lowndes; but in 1833 the site of public buildings was changed to Lowndesville.[1] Still later, it was changed to Troupville, a town located in an angle between the Willacoochee and the Little Rivers. On December 14, 1837, Troupville was incorporated with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Jonathan Knight, Sr., Jared Johnson, K. Jameson, Francis McCall, and William

[1] Acts, 1828, p. 151; Acts, 1833, p. 317.

Smith.[2] Finally, when the Atlantic and Gulf Railway was built, an Act was approved November 21, 1859, appointing Messrs. James Harrell, Dennis Worthington, John R. Stapler and William H. Goldwire as commissioners to chose a new county-site on the above-mentioned line, and out of this Act grew the present city of Valdosta, named for one of Governor Troup's plantations.

Valdosta. Volume I.

LUMPKIN

Dahlonega: Early Gold-Mining in Georgia.

According to the testimony of not a few residents in this neighborhood, some of whom have passed the patriarchal limit of four-score years, gold was found in Lumpkin County prior to the date given for its discovery in White County, on Duke's Creek, in 1828. Mr. Reese Crisson, one of the best-known of the practical miners who came to Dahlonega in the early day, was heard to say on more than one occasion that when he came to Dahlonega, in the above-named year, it was some time after the discovery of gold in this neighborhood. Mr. Joseph Edwards, a man of solid worth, still living at a ripe old age near Dahlonega, corroborates this statement. He also was one of the early miners; and, on the authority of Mr. Edwards, gold had been discovered in Lumpkin for some time when he came to Dahlonega in 1828. At any rate, the discovery of gold brought an influx of white population into Cherokee Georgia, some mere adventurers, some possessed of the restless spirit of discontent, ever on the lookout for something strange and new, but most of them men of high character, anxious to develop the rich treasures hidden in the hills of this beautiful section of Georgia. The Indians were still here and must have known of the gold deposits, though perhaps ignorant of their value; hence the name "Taloneka;" signifying "yellow metal."

In 1836 the United States Mint was established at Dahlonega. Skilled workmen were brought from Philadelphia to put the mint into operation; and among the number who came at this time was the Rev. David Hastings, a Presbyterian minister, whose cultured family imparted a tone of refinement to the rough mining camp and formed the beginning of Dahlonega's social and intellectual life. His grand-daughter, Miss Lida Fields, was a noted educator, whose popular history of the United States is still a standard text-book in the public schools. Governor Allen D. Candler, one of Georgia's most distinguished sons, was born near the old mint. Dr Benjamin Smith, with his good wife, came from Vermont and

[2] Acts, 1837, p. 265.

settled near Leather's Ford. He built a school-house across the highway from his residence, furnished it with maps, black-boards, globes and so forth, and here his own children, together with others in the neighborhood, were taught by Mrs. Smith until the cares of her growing family deprived the community of her splendid services, after which a lady from Athens, Ga., was employed to take up her work.

Here lived the Gartrells, the Singletons, the Mangums, the Kennons, and, last but not least, Colonel R. H. Moore. Who does not delight to dwell upon his memory—the handsome, courtly gentleman of the old South, the brave and chivalrous commander of the gallant Sixty-fifth Georgia Regiment? The father of Henry W. Grady, the South's great orator-journalist, came here to marry Miss Anne Eliza Gartrell. His uncle then lived in the house now occupied by Mr. R. C. Meaders. Dr. James Thomas, later president of Emory College, was once a resident of Lumpkin. He came seeking health from mountain air and pure water. Miss Adeline Thomas, afterwards Mrs. Spriggs, was a noted school teacher in her day. Nineteen miles west of Dahlonega, in the upper part of Dawson County, bordering on Lumpkin, are the falls of the Amicalola, renowned for beauty. The peaceful quiet of this lovely region is broken only by the murmur of the water as it leaps from rock to rock, forming a beautiful cascade, 792 feet in height, which fully justifies the meaning of its Indian name, "Soothing Water."

Dr. Matthew Stephenson, one of the best-known men of science in antebellum days, especially in the field of geological research, came to Dahlonega with his gifted wife, a lady educated in the schools of Nashville, under the celebrated Dr. Hume. Three families of the Quillians were formerly residents of this town. Dr. Benjamin Hamilton, an eloquent pulpit orator, with his interesting family, once resided here. Dr. H. M. VanDyke, a noted physician from New York, joined hand and fortune with the little village. The Burnside brothers, James and William, whose father was challenged to fight a fatal duel because he would not give the authorship of a certain communication in his paper, came from Augusta with their widowed mother, who was anxious to spend the remainder of her days away from the scenes of political strife, which had been the cause of her great sorrow. They made good citizens of the place, and now rest in peace in Mt. Hope Cemetery.

At Auraria sleep the remains of a noted woman of this section, Mrs. Agnes Paschal. Gifted in many ways, her strong point was her knowledge of the healing art. Her services in this capacity were in demand far and wide, and she was wonderfully successful in her practice. This elect woman lived to be ninety-four years of age, and of her it can truly be said that she lived not for herself, but for others. She was the mother of Judge G. W. Paschal so distinguished in the legal profession. He removed to Arkansas and became one of the judges of the Supreme Court of that State. Later he went to Washington, D. C., where he was instrumental in founding the Law Department of Georgetown University, and became the first

professor of jurisprudence in that institution. Here, too, by the side of her husband rests Mrs. James Wood, so long a resident, known far and wife for her hospitality and practical business qualities, and truly remarkable woman. One mile this side is a heap of stones in a cornfield that marks the place where stood General Winfield Scott's headquarters when he was sent to remove the Cherokees to the West. It was called the "Station," and stood there until recent years.

On the banks of the Etowah, near the home of Mr. John Hutcheson, is "Guy Rivers' Cave," made famous by William Gilmore Sims in his novel of that name. The interpreter for the noted Indian Chief, Gunauluskee, was connected with a family in Dahlonega, and through them comes this story of how it was arranged that he should not be carried to the West. He could speak English, but in a business transaction, a white man had been guilty of an unprincipled act, and thereafter Gunauluskee would never speak a word of English, hence the necessity for an interpreter. He was on the staff of General Andrew Jackson, and had rendered signal service to that intrepid warrior at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, and when the chief gave notice that he would not be taken from his home, a man was found who was willing to undertake the long journey on horseback to Washington, D. C., to interview General Jackson as to what must be done with the brave old man, and he replied in language more forcible than elegant: "Let Guanuluskee stay in any d—d place he wants to."

Space cannot be allowed to tell of all who combined to make Dahlonega and its vicinity a center of learning and culture in those early days. The political horizon soon became clouded, and the storm in all its fury broke at length over the country, and there was a general scattering abroad of the families who had lent a charm to this immediate section. The young men hastened to take up arms in defence of the South, and nowhere in all the armies that were marshalled could be found braver, truer soldiers than those from Lumpkin. After the long hard struggle, then came the trying days. Volume I tells of the establishment of the N. G. A. C. College, and Colonel Price's connection with it, but it would be incomplete without mention of others who have made their impress on their great Commonwealth. Wier Boyd, the "Grand Old Roman from Lumpkin," as he was styled, was a prominent figure in the conventions of 1865 and 1877. His record as an able and wise statesman is a part of the history of the two branches of the Legislature of Georgia. Marion G. Boyd, the elder son, led the fight in the Senate of Georgia in 1878 against the abuses of the convict system, and won for himself national fame as an orator. His last appearance in public was at the convention which nominated Governor A. D. Candler in 1898. He was chosen to make the nominating speech, and those who heard him say that it was a marvellous effort from this wonderfully gifted man. J. W. Boyd, the younger son, who is now a citizen of Fairmount, Ga., a lawyer and an accomplished mathematician, as a member of the Senate, was prominently connected with the "Good Roads" legislation in the sessions of the Georgia Legislature in 1907 and 1908.

The companion of his father, as well as of a scholarly uncle, B. F. Sitton, both of whom took great interest in whatever would improve the roads of the country, it was to have been expected that he would have been an enthusiastic worker in the cause. Indeed, the whole family lived in the belief that this immediate section would one day become the garden spot of Georgia. Pure and incorruptible, unselfish and patriotic, Lumpkin lost one of her best citizens in his removal from her. A. G. Wimpy, another citizen, around whose name clusters precious memories, was for forty years superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School. Goodman Hughes was a benediction to this section. B. R. Meaders still lives to bless the community. In his long life he has never sworn an oath or touched one drop of whiskey. William J. Worley, whose long useful life has recently closed, was one of four brothers who were born and reared in Dahlonega, and who went nobly forward in defence of their country in time of its peril. "Service" was the keynote of his character, and he gave it without stint to every good cause for the advancement of his native town.

Hon. W. H. McAfee, now in Atlanta, a man of sterling worth, was a citizen of this place the greater part of his life. Doctors Hills, Moody, Howard and Chapman were men noted in their profession. Judge Amzi Rudolph, late of Gainesville, was for years an honored citizen of Lumpkin. Mrs. Josephine Whelchel, one of the few remaining residents who was intimately acquainted with nearly all those who have been mentioned in connection with Dahlonega's early history, is still an ornament to the place, with her rare knowledge of so much that is beautiful in nature and art. She is a niece of Harrison Riley and often presided at the table of his splendidly appointed hotel when there were distinguished guests to be ententaind. Among the frequent visitors to this part of the country were United States Senators, judges and other high dignitaries of both State and Nation, and the Riley hotel was their stopping place. Later it was known as the Besser House, and many amusing anecdotes are related by the citizens of this dear old German proprietor. This same building is now known as "Hall's Villa," having been purchased by F. W. Hall, and is a part of his estate, but is no longer used as a hotel, having been superseded by the "Mountain Club House," so favorably known to the travelling public.

This is written to prove that now, as always, the good is far in advance of the bad, and while it must be admitted that there were open bar-rooms and too much drinking, fighting and gambling in the early history of the place, such was likewise true of other sections of Georgia; nor was it altogether fair to have given this place a name which attached to it so long in the minds of those unacquainted with the facts.

One thing more, and this article closes. Dahlonega furnished three colonels for the Southern Army from '61 to '65. They were Colonel William Martin, First Georgia Regulars; Colonel Wier Boyd, Fifty-second Regiment, Georgia Volunteers; Colonel R. H. Moore, Sixty-fifth Regiment, Georgia Volunteers. The young men who have gone from the halls of the N. G. A.

College since its opening have almost, without an exception, reflected honor upon the old school in which they were made strong to fight the battles of life.

McDUFFIE.

Thomson. Thomson, the county-seat of McDuffie, dates its origin as a village from the building of the Georgia Railroad in the early forties. It was named for Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, of Philadelphia, the chief engineer who surveyed the line. Thomson was incorporated as a town on February 15, 1854, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Wiliam P. Steed, Leonard G. Steed, F. F. Reynolds, William M. Pitts, Francis T. Allen, William J. Langston, Adam J. Smith, Joseph H. Stockton, Richard A. Sullivan, Anson W. Stanford, James L. Zachary and Richard P. Thurmond.* The Thomson Male and Female High School was granted a charter of incorporation on the same date, but in a different Act. When the new County of McDuffie was formed in 1870 from Warren and Columbia, the site of public buildings was fixed at Thomson. The growth of the town of late has been rapid. Its best-known citizen is the brilliant historian, editor and party leader, Hon. Thomas E. Watson, but such eminent Georgians as Judge Henry C. Roney, Hon. John T. West and others have likewise been identified with Thomson.

McINTOSH.

Darien. Darien, the county-seat of McIntosh County, is one of the oldest towns of Georgia. It was founded by General Oglethorpe, who here planted a colony of Scotchmen for the defence of the exposed southern frontier. In 1793, when McIntosh County was formed out of Liberty, the site of public buildings was fixed at

*Acts, 1853-1854, p. 223.

Darien. The town was incorporated by an Act approved December 2, 1805, providing for its better regulation, and Messrs. William A. Dunham, Virgil H. Vivian, John K. Holzendorf, George Street and Scott Gray were named at this time as commissioners. In 1818 the town was incorporated as a city, with a municipal form of government. Elsewheer will be found a more extended sketch of Darien.

The McIntoshes: A Clan Noted in Georgia Annals.

Since the days of Oglethorpe, the distinguished family of this name has been conspicuous in the public life of Georgia. It has produced fighters, some of whom have achieved high eminence, both on land and on sea. It has produced statesmen, one of whom, Governor George M. Troup, held nearly every important office in the gift of the people and defied successfully the power of the United States government in the celebrated clash over State Rights. The family is of Scotch origin. It was planted in Georgia by John Mohr McIntosh,* a Highlander, whose name was a power in Scotland, but whose support of the Pretender cost him the forfeiture of his estate. The invitation of Oglethorpe, who was seeking for colonists of hardy timber to settle the frontier outposts of Georgia, seems to have reached him at his home near Inverness about the time of his disastrous reverses, and the well-known Jacobite leanings of Oglethorpe only served to re-enforce an appeal which was not unattractive in itself. He resolved to seize this opportunity to recoup his fortunes in the new world. As the head of the Borlam branch of the powerful McIntosh clan, he induced a number of his followers to accompany him to Georgia. The emigrants settled on the site of the present town of Darien. In the frequent wars with the Spaniards, the brave little Scotch colony was almost completely obliterated, and in the assault upon St. Augustine, John Mohr McIntosh was himself made a prisoner; and, being transported to Spain he was immured for months within dungeon walls. He was at first the civil commandant in charge of the settlement, but was later instructed to enroll one hundred Highlanders to serve under him as light infantrymen in General Oglethorpe's regiment. Thus he came to participate in most of the hard fighting. Broken in health by his long imprisonment in Spain, he returned home only to die soon after his arrival in Georgia.

General Lachlan McIntosh, his son, was, like himself, a native of Borlam, in Scotland, and a man of strong martial instincts. He became perhaps the foremost military officer which the State gave to the struggle

*White's Statistics of Georgia, pp. 416-421; Stacy's History of the Midway Congregational Church, pp. 280-281; Men of Mark in Georgia, pp. 244-256, etc.

for independence. Due to an unfortunate quarrel with Button Gwinnett, which led to fatal results on the field of honor, the latter falling a victim in the encounter, General McIntosh relinquished the command of the Georgia troops and accepted an appointment under Washington. Though not the aggressor in this unfortunate affair, there was naturally a division of public sentment, Gwinnett having been a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, for which service he was held in grateful esteem, notwithstanding certain grave faults. In his new field of operations, General McIntosh won rapid advancement and received the encomiums of Washington. He returned to take active part in the siege of Savannah, but the theatre of his activities was principally in Virginia, under the great commander-in-chief.

It was his nephew, Colonel John McIntosh, whose gallant defence of Fort Morris, at Sunbury, Ga., received the recognition of the State Legislature, in the gift of a sword, on which was engraved his famous message of defiance to the British officer: "Come and take it!" He participated in numerous engagements, and, at the battle of Brier Creek, where he was made a prisoner, his life was narrowly saved by the timely intervention of Sir Aeneas McIntosh, a kinsman, in the opposite ranks. Colonel John S. McIntosh, his son, was another heroic representative of this martial race. He won his spurs in the War of 1812; and, when hostilities with Mexico began in 1845, he was one of the first to enlist. He bore himself with conspicuous gallantry in several of the fiercest engagements, but in the battle of Molina del Rey he was mortally wounded at the head of his columns. He died in the City ofMexico, where his remains were buried; but subsequently, by vote of the State Legislature, his ashes were exhumed, brought back to Georgia, and laid to rest in the Colonial Cemetery at Savannah. They repose in the vault of his illustrious grand-uncle, General Lachlan McIntosh.

But the list is not yet exhausted. Commodore James McKay McIntosh, a cousin of the above-named officer, arose to eminence in the United States Navy and died on the eve of the Civil War, at Pensacola, Fla., where he was in command of the navy yard. His sister, Maria J. McIntosh, became distinguished as a novelist. Another sister, Mrs. Ann Ward, became the mother of the accomplished diplomat and lawyer, Hon. John E. Ward, who was the first United States Minister to China. Major Lachlan McIntosh, the father of this brilliant group, was also a man of note in the line of military attainments. Captain John McIntosh Kell, who achieved an immortality of fame, in association with Admiral Semmes, on the decks of the Alabama, was a grand-nephew of Colonel John McIntosh, of Sunbury fame, whose name he bore.

General William McIntosh, the brave chief of the Cowetas, whose friendship for Georgia cost him the sacrifice of his gallant life, in consequence of the treaty at Indian Springs, ceding the remainder of the Creek lands in Georgia to the whites, was likewise a member of this same McIntosh family, and a kinsman, if not a descendant, of John Mohr McIntosh.

of Darien. His father was Captain John McIntosh, and his uncle, Captain Roderick McIntosh, an eccentric character of the Revolution, who espoused the British side of the struggle, but possessed none of the typical vindictiveness of the Tories. Catharine McIntosh, his aunt, married an English army officer by the name of Troup, from which union came the distinguished statesman, Governor George M. Troup, who was one of the foremost public men of his time: an apostle of State Rights and an enemy without compromise to Federal encroachments. It will thus be seen that the McIntosh family has been notably identified with the fortunes of Georgia, from the earliest colonial days down to the present era. Nor has the State failed to give substantial recognition to the claims of this distinguished household; for not only does one of the oldest counties of Georgia bear the proud name of McIntosh; but the counties of Troup and Coweta may likewise be counted among its enduring memorials.

Joseph Woodruff: Patriot and Pioneer. Beginning with the late Colonial period and coming on down through the period of the Revolution, there are few names more frequently found in the early records of this State than the name of a staunch old patriot who spent his last days on Broro Neck, in the County of McIntosh: Colonel Joseph Woodruff. This distinguished officer of the Continental Army was born in London, Eng. On a visit to Bermuda Island, he met and married Mary Forrester; and, after a temporary sojourn in Charleston, S. C., he came to Georgia, in 1788, settling eventually in what was then the Parish of St. John—the Georgia cradle of independence. When Liberty County was organized out of this parish, in 1777, he became one of its stalwart representatives; and later when McIntosh County was formed out of a part of Liberty, in 1793, we find him in that part of the county which was then erected into McIntosh. He was a large land owner, with plantations on various parts of the coast, but was not afraid to jeopardize his holdings in the cause of freedom. At the outbreak of the Revolution, while in command of a galley, he was captured by the British and thrown into prison; but no sooner was he released through the intervention of Tory friends than he hastened to join the Continental Army, in which he served until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Just before the siege of Savannah, Colonel Woodruff was dangerously wounded in the thigh, at Ogeechee Bridge, in 1778. He afterwards served as Deputy Quartermaster-General and sat both in the House of Assembly and in the Executive Council. One of his sons, Joseph Woodruff, Jr., a major in the United States Army, bore a conspicuous part in the war of 1812. His only daughter, Mary, married the gallant Captain Ferdinand O'Neill (O'Neal), a Frenchman who came to America to fight the British. Joining Lee's Legion of Cavalry, young O'Neill accompanied this dashing

commander to Georgia and subsequent to the Revolution acquired a plantation on Broro Neck, became one of the founders of the Georgia Cincinnati, served in the Legislature of the State, and took an active leadership in public affairs. Two of his comrades in arms settled near him on Broro Neck, Captain Armstrong and Captain Rudolph, the latter of whom died in Captain O'Neill's home, on June 28, 1800. Colonel Woodruff was at one time Collector of the Port at Savannah, probably the last public office which this distinguished patriot ever filled in Georgia. His death occurred in 1799, and he probably lies buried on his plantation at Broro Neck. The burial ground of the O'Neill's has recently been located in the upper part of McIntosh.

MACON.

General Remarks.* The county of Macon was laid out in 1830 from Houston and Marion, and the first court was held at the house of Walter L. Campbell, Judge King presiding. This was on a plantation owned in 1854 by one A. Wiley, and was formerly known as "Barnett's Reserve." Barnett was an Indian, and his Reserve included many hundreds of acres extending from Montezuma toward Marshallville and covering the high table land on the east side of the Flint River. Lanier was made the county-seat in 1838. Oglethorpe in 1854. When the seat of government was changed, there were 679 buildings in the county; total number of free persons, 4,191; total slaves, 2,961.

Flint River, running north to south through the county, was crossed entirely by ferry-boats until 1888, when a bridge was built above Oglethorpe by the town of Montezuma, for the purpose of drawing trade. This bridge is a quarter of a mile long and a fine piece of constructive work. There have been five ferries. The upper ferry, known as "Bryan's," has been discarded. The second, or "Hollingshed's Ferry," is still in use. The third, or "Lanier Ferry," was discarded after the war. The ferry between Montezuma and Oglethorpe was discarded when the county built an iron bridge in 1902. The lower ferry connected Traveler's Rest with Oglethorpe, but when Travelers' Rest was deserted the ferry was abandoned. Two railroads now traverse Macon. The Central of Georgia reached Oglethorpe in the summer of 1852, at a cost of $13,342 per mile. The Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic was built through Macon in 1903.

There are two "Deserted Villages" in the county—Travelers' Rest and Lanier. There is also one resort, Miona Springs. These are two miles from the site of old Lanier. For years the mineral waters of this locality have been widely known. The tradition in regard to the springs

*For the full and comprehensive treatment of Macon County in this section, we are indebted to Archibald Bulloch Chapter, D. A. R., of which Mrs. J. E. Hays, of Montezuma, is Regent.

is that an Indian girl by the name of Mioma was killed by her white lover near the springs, and buried in the surrounding woods. As far back as the days of the Red Men, the Magical power of these waters was recognized. In the eighteen-nineties, Mr. William Minor, of Montezuma, built a hotel here, with outlying cottages, and for several years it enjoyed quite a vogue as a summer resort. The cottages are still occupied in summer, and the place is a great picnic ground.

During the war between the States, Macon County was not lacking in patriotism. The Davis Rifles, with Captain John McMillan, were the first to respond to the call, going from the vicinity of Marshallville. Captain S. M. Prather, from Oglethorpe, carried a company, including Phil Cook, Joel Griffin, Colonel Willis and others. Major J. D. Frederick went as captain of a company from old Lanier. Captain McMullan, of Oglethorpe, mustered in a company of boys, and Major W. H. Robinson organized a company of old men, verifying the truth of what has often been said that the war toward the last "robbed both the cradle and the grave." When peace came Union soldiers were encamped at White Water Creek.

Travelers Rest: A Forgotten Town. In the early twenties two travelers were making their way South, and at sun-down they sought a place where they might find shelter and rest for the night. They found such a place under a friendly clump of trees on a little mound near the road-side. After a refreshing sleep they awoke, and looking around at the beauties of nature, they exclaimed, "This is truly a place of rest," so the spot was called "Travelers Rest." At that time only one house was standing nearby, but Travelers Rest soon became a thriving village. A dozen or more houses were built by John Shines, Daniel Harrison, William Yarbrough and others. Two churches, one hotel, or tavern as it was then called, a Masonic lodge, work shop, grist mill and a very good school were soon erected.

In those days the only means of transportation was horseback and stage-coach, but the little village prospered, and several large stores were built, the people going through the country to Savannah and Augusta for goods, but in 1850 the Central of Georgia Railroad was extended to the new town of Montezuma, Ga., and the little village of Travelers Rest began to fall into decay. The stores were moved to Montezuma, and today only the huge sign post where the sundial stood and the quiet cemeteries with their sleeping dead marks the spot where old Travelers Rest once flourished. The site of the old town is two miles south of Montezuma.

Old Lanier: A Forgotten County Site. Lanier, located 80 miles from Milledgeville, 22 miles from Perry, 25 miles from Americus, and near the center of the county, was made the county site in 1838. During the years from thirty-eight to fifty-two, Lanier was a thriving town of several thousand population. There were two hotels and two livery stables. Forsyth Ansley owned a brick store, Si Hill a grocery, L. L. Snow a grocery, Enoch Wilson a tailor shop. Among other names connected with its earliest history were Dr. Dennis, Mrs. Mahon, Mrs. Hays, the Corbetts, Dr. Dawson, John M. Giles and a little later W. H. Robinson, Aaron Lowe, the Greers (who afterwards moved to Oglethorpe), Major J. D. Frederick, the Laws, the Underwoods, the Lockwoods and Dr. McKellar. Mrs. W. H. Felton lived a short distance away. The Gileses moved to Perry, the Mahons to Waynessboro or Swainesboro, the Robinsons to Montezuma, the Fredericks and the Feltons to Marshallville. When the court-house was removed to the railroad at Oglethorpe in fifty-two, Lanier saw the beginning of her downfall. Families dispersed houses were torn away, and now on the site of the village, Crepe Myrtle trees mark the location of old walls, once happy homesteads. The ancient grave-yard only remains to tell its tale of the once thrifty past.

"No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pondrous strength and learn to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mounting bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
But now the sound of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is dead."

Oglethorpe. As far back as 1840, there was a settlement on the site of the present town of Oglethorpe, named for Georgia's illustrious founder. In 1850 the local population numbered 268 whites and 186 blacks. It was a regular stopping place for the stage coach. Mr. E. G. Cabaniss owned 600 acres of land in the immediate neighborhood and when the work of construction along the line of the Central of Georgia began to approach the settlement, Mr. Cabaniss laid out town lots and

advertised an auction sale, from the proceeds of which he realized a handsome profit. Thus were laid the foundations of the town of Oglethorpe. During the summer of 1852, the Central Railway's southwestern branch was completed to this point, and instantly the town began to bristle with renewed life. Thousands of wagons began to haul cotton into Oglethorpe, some of them coming from as far south as Dothan, Ala., and these wagons always returned loaded with merchandise. There were eighty business houses on Baker Street alone, besides eight hotels, and the population of Oglethorpe before the war has been variously estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000 inhabitants.

Lanier began to decline in prestige with the advent of the iron horse. It lacked railway facilities, and in 1854 the county-site was changed to Oglethorpe. The first court-house was built where the high school now stands, but was burned in 1857. Thirteen years later the jail also was destroyed by fire. The first newspaper was the *Southwest Georgian*, issued by Simri Rose, in 1851. During the same year the first Masonic Lodge was organized. Mr. Posy Stanfield, now of Americus, was one of the charter members.

Among the first settlers were Dr. T. B. Oliver, P. L. J. May, Dr. Black, Major Black, Dr. Head, Henry Johnson, Joel B. Griffin, Colonel A. S Cutts, Major Hansel, General Phil Cook, John M. Greer, Warren Lee, W. J. Collins, Dan Kleckley, Major Miller, Sam Hall, Dr. William Ellis, George Williams, Egbert Alen, Aaron Lowe, Elbert Lewis and Dr. Prottuo. John and Allen Greer came from Lanier in sixty-three.

After a few years of marked prosperity the railroad was extended, but about this time an epidemic of smallpox raged. Numbers of citizens died of the disease. All houses in which there were cases were burned. Houses were moved to Marshallville, Dawson, Americus, Montezuma, Lanier and other places. Oglethorpe never recovered from the smallpox epidemic, but soon adjusted

herself to changed conditions. In 1893 there was a long and hard fight for the possession of the court-house, Montezuma trying to move it. After a successful fight the third court-house was built in Oglethorpe. Artesian wells were bored in July, 1884. Among the most prominent citizens who aided in the upbuilding of Oglethorpe were Colonel W. H. Willis, Captain Sneed, Mr. Charles Keen and Colonel William Fish, father of Chief Justice Fish. The prominent doctors of the fifties were Doctors Cotton, Hall, Ainger, Herring, Colzey, Oliver, Head and Woods. Three of the best dwellings in Oglethorpe were built in fifty-one by Dr. Head, Dr. Black and Major Black.

Gen. Philip Cook: An Ante-Bellum Resident.

General Philip Cook, soldier, legislator and Secretary of State, was for several years prior to the Civil War a resident of Macon. He lived for a while at Lanier, but later removed to Oglethorpe, where the outbreak of hostilities in 1861 found him engaged in the practice of law. From Oglethorpe he went to the front as a sergeant in the Macon Volunteers. The close of the war found him wearing the stars of a brigadier-general, though he was not a West Pointer. General Cook's father was the famous commandant at Fort Hawkins, during the War of 1812. Major Philip Cook, noted in pioneer days as an Indian fighter. His grandfather, Captain John Cook, was an officer in Colonel William Washington's Legion of Cavalry; while his mother was a daughter of Major John Wooten, who was killed at Fort Wilkinson. He was also lineally descended from the Pearsons, an aristocratic Virginia family distinguished in the Revolution. General Cook's first acquaintance with military life was during the Seminole War, when he volunteered at the age of eighteen. Locating in Americus in 1869 he formed a law partnership with Hon. Charles F. Crisp, afterwards Speaker of the national House of Representatives. While still a resident of Macon in 1865 General Cook was elected to Congress, but he did not take his seat at this time, because of political disabilities. He rendered the State an important service in the Constitutional Convention of 1865 and later represented his district in Congress for three consecutive terms. He also served in both branches of the State Legislature. Governor McDaniel, in 1883, appointed him one of the five commissioners to supervise the erection of the present State Capitol in Atlanta; and this magnificent structure—built within the original appropriation—is a superb monument to the official integrity of this board. In 1890 General Cook was tendered the office of Secretary of

State, a position to which he was twice re-elected. At his death, he was succeeded in office by his son, Hon. Philip Cook, Jr., who for more than sixteen years has worthily worn the mantle of his distinguished father. General Cook received his collegiate education at Oglethorpe University and began the practice of law at Forsyth, Ga., as a partner of the late Zach Harman. For a number of years after the war, he conducted extensive farming operations in Lee County, where his plantation became an arena for advanced scientific experiments. Gifted with a masterful intellect, General Cook was a born leader of men—courageous, upright, patriotic, inflexibly true to his convictions. At the same time, he was governed throughout his whole life by the law of gentleness, and to know him was to love him. The Montezuma Chapter, U. D. C., bears the name of this gallant Confederate soldier and peerless gentleman of the old school.

Marshallville. At what is still known as the cross-roads, on the site of the present town of Marshallville, Isaac Johnson, in the early part of the last century, built a house partly of brick. On the opposite side of the street he erected a blacksmith shop; and from this modest beginning arose the town. There was also a blacksmith shop run by a man named Briggs. Soon a hard-shell church was built, in which three denominations worshipped—the hard-shell Baptists, the Missionary Baptists and the Methodists. This church occupied the site where Henry Taylor's house now stands, and was used until the fifties. In 1825 Needham Massee brought his family from North Carolina to Fort Hawkins, and, two years later, coming to this county, he bought the place on the edge of Marshallville, still owned by his grandsons. In 1832 Daniel Frederick came from Orangeburg, S. C., and settled on a farm just across the county line in Houston; but after a short while he removed to Marshallville, where he bought a farm, which is still owned by the Fredericks.

During the early thirties a number of families came from the same section of South Carolina and settled near the border line between Houston and Macon. In the course of time, these families became strong factors in the development of Marshallville. They included the Fudges, who

settled on a place now owned by John Pharr; Conrad Murph, who bought the plantation now owned by Nash Murph, his son; Nathan Bryant, who settled near the Flint River on land still owned by his sons; Dr. D. F. Wade, who lived on a place owned by the late D. B. Frederick; Dr. Hollinshed, with his brother Jim, who lived not far from the river; Frank Baldwin, who settled close to Winchester; William Haslam, who lived in Houston County and moved to Marshallville after the war; George Slappy, who bought the Mulberry place from Mr. Lowman, now owned by his son Jake; Mr. Wells, who lived where Taylor Williams now lives; Mr. Hiley, who settled between here and Fort Valley; Dr. Crocker, who settled on the river; Mr. Harman Staplers, and Lewis Rumph, who settled in Houston County, where his home is still owned by his son Lewis.

Billy Felton settled at Winchester; his son Ham (W. H.) lived at Lanier until after the war, then came to Marshallville; another son, Monroe, settled in Marshallville in 1859.

Major James Belvin and Dr. McGehee settled first in Houston County, but came to Marshallville after the war; George Plant came some time in the thirties. During the early forties Murdock and John McCaskill came from South Carolina, living close to the place where, in the early seventies, they built the beautiful brick colonial home now owned by Lewis Rumph; D. B. Frederick came from South Carolina in fifty-three, and bought a farm from Dr. Wade; Dave Gammage came from Jones County early in the forties and settled here. Others coming in the forties were the Nixons, Joseph Day, who bought out the Edgeworts family, into which Dr. J. W. Roberts, of Atlanta, afterwards married. Seaborn Bryan came in the forties; John C. Sperry came from Twiggs County in the forties and bought out Isaac Johnson; Rev. Joe Edwards, from Prince George County, Va., came in the forties; Dr. Wm. Hafer came from Pennsylvania in the fifties; Billy Martin came from Ireland in the fifties; Shadrock Ware came from Twiggs County in 1855, bought an estate from Dick Orr, which is still owned by his sons; Dr. Cook, brother of General Phil Cook, came from Winnsboro, N. C., at the close of the war; L. O. Niles, a teacher and merchant, came from Massachusetts; Major James D. Frederick moved here from Lanier, and for forty years was chairman of the Board of Roads and Revenues; Colonel Reese, a lawyer, came in sixty-eight from Jasper County. He is the father of Mrs. S. H. Rumph and of Mrs. Nash Murph. Henry Taylor, merchant and planter, came soon after the war; Mary Slappy—afterwards Mrs. Bell Lee—mother of Mrs. Oscar Williams, a woman of unquestioned veracity and memory, who died within the last month at the age of 86, gave the following account of how the county's name originated: A group of young people were together discussing a name for the new nameless town, when some one suggested that it be named for Rev. John Marshall, a preacher who lived close to town, and who was greatly beloved; thereupon the name of Marshallville was adopted. Rev.

John Marshall was son-in-law of Dr. D. F. Wade and father-in-law of Marcus Sperry.

Soon after Daniel Frederick moved into Marshallville he laid off the long main street, gave two acres for a Methodist Church, and began selling off lots for building purposes. He erected the homestead in 1845, which is still in possession of his family. In the early fifties, about fifty-five, a Methodist Church was built on this lot, and D. B. Frederick for the Methodists, with William Rice for Baptists, organized the first union Sunday school. D. B. Frederick continued as superintendent of this Sunday School until his death, in 1911—an unusual record. Miss Kate Edwards, sister of Joe Edwards, was one of the teachers in this first Sunday School. Major J. D. Frederick, son of Daniel Frederick, gave the land for a school, which place is still the site of the school building. Walter Frederick and Mrs. Joe Edwards taught in this school for thirty years giving perfect satisfaction. The first store was built by John C. Sperry and the first warehouse was run by Hatcher & Baldwin. The railroad came through in fifty-two, but it was not until after the war that the town was incorporated, and Dave Gammage was the first Mayor.

In the early sixties Dr. G. L. D. Rice gave four acres of land for a Baptist Church, on which a substantial edifice was subsequently built.

In the seventies Sam Rumph, at Willow Lake, began to experiment with peaches. Some questioned the wisdom of the venture, but a new era had come for Marshallville. His son, Sam Henry Rumph, a practical planter, continued his experiments, and after years of waiting developed his long-desired and perfect-shipping peach, which he named for his wife, "Elberta." It was some time before the people could grasp the idea of an-

other product besides cotton. Now this is the greatest peach section in the world, and the Elberta is still the standard.

There are several homes in and around Marshallville worthy of especial note. About one mile from and overlooking Flint River is the old Crocker home, built by Dr. Crocker in 1840. His daughter Mary, who was born on this place the night the stars fell, married Ham Felton in this house at the age of fifteen. The house is in perfect preservation, and Dr. Crocker's granddaughter, Mrs. Walter Walker, occupies the place.

Three buildings were moved from Oglethorpe when the smallpox began to frighten people away. One was a hotel moved by Tom Slappy and later bought by Needham Massee. It is about one mile from town, and is still owned by the Massee family. Mr. Nixon moved a house in which Mr. Shadrick Ware lived, but the house was burned in the last few years. The third house moved from Oglethorpe was the William Haslam house, in which John Lee lives now. Mr. George Slappy built his Colonial home in sixty-eight, and his family still occupies it. Mr. W. H. Felton built his home soon after the war, and his family still own it. One of the oldest homesteads is the Lewis Rumph house, about six miles from town, built in the fifties and still owned by Lewis Rumph the second. Marshallville installed water-works and electric lights in 1914. One distinction of Marshallville is that most of the plantations around the town have been handed down from father to son for a period ranging from fifty to seventy-five years.

Montezuma. As late as 1850 the site now occupied by the city of Montezuma—one of the most beautiful of Georgia towns and a wide-awake center of trade and commerce—was a low swamp in the midst of a dense thicket of woods, whose solitudes were broken only by the clutter of wild game and by an occasional shot from

some hunter's rifle. Wild ducks and turkeys, antlered deer, opossums, coons, and squirrels were found in large numbers. It was a favorite locality for the sportsman—this typical bit of Arcadia; and such, indeed, were its surroundings that even a poet's imagination would have been taxed to evolve a town from this particular spot where—it must be confessed—the hooting of the owl sometimes rendered the night hideous. But a town began to arise on this very spot. Luckily for Montezuma, she possessed the fighting spirit. Mars became her patron deity among the gods. There was also something about her name suggestive of war. In a grapple with Travelers Rest for railway honors Montezuma won. Population began steadily to increase. Almost in a day a new metropolis was born. Some of the more enterprising merchants from Travelers Rest came to Montezuma. In fact, the first business house in the new town was erected by Messrs. Holton and Orliff, who came from Travelers Rest, and it stood where the establishment of Hicks and Black is now located. After plucking the laurels from Travelers Rest, it was necessary to start a prolonged and bitter struggle for existence with Oglethorpe, but Montezuma began to lay her plans for securing the wagon trade on the opposite side of the Flint River, access to which was made easy by a splendid bridge across the stream at Travelers Rest.

Shadrick R. Felton, father of Mr. A. C. Felton, was the founder of Montezuma. He owned all the land upon which the town now stands, and as an inducement for people to locate here the town was laid off into lots, and placed upon the market at a very low price. To facilitate the sale of lots, Mr. Felton gave John T. Brown half interest in all town lots to sell them. Mr. Brown was first railroad agent. The depot was situated where the stand-pipe in front of the Minor Hotel is now. The first hotel was built by S. R. Felton and C. H. Young, and

was run by Mrs. Ritley; the second hotel was built by Dr. Manly. The first warehouse was erected by S. R. Felton and John T. Brown; the second by J. O. Jelks and C. H. Young, and managed by Captain W. T. Westbrook. The first dwelling was built by Messrs. Holton & Orliff. The second business house was put up by W. S. Truluck, and the third by D. L. Harrison; the first livery stable by C. H. Young, the first drug store by Dr. S. D. Everett. In 1871 Montezuma elected its first Mayor and Council, with Dr. A. D. Smith as Mayor, and at his death Judge A. J. Hamilton was made Mayor in 1872. He and his wife lived here to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary. In 1860 there were a number of fine families living in Montezuma, among them Mrs. Ann Roach, Dr. Everett, Mrs. Bottome, L. A. Brantley, Norris Brothers and William McLendon. One of Mr. McLendon's daughters married J. E. DeVaughn and another married J. W. McKenzie. The McKenzie family has been very prominent in the upbuilding of Montezuma and Macon County. J. W., T. R. and W. L. McKenzie came here from Drayton in Dooly County as very young men and have since then been prominent merchants, planters and factors in the upbuilding of Macon. In 1871 Jno. F. Lewis established a mercantile and banking business, and put his son, E. B. Lewis, then seventeen years old, in charge of it. Subsequently E. B. Lewis ably represented this district in Congress for twelve years, and has always contributed liberally of his time and means to any and every enterprise intended for the promotion of the town. The Lewis Banking Company, organized in 1871, is still the largest bank in this section. Mr. Lewis organized the First National Bank in 1903, an institution of which he is president.

Mr. J. E. DeVaughn, prominent planter and merchant, moved to Montezuma in 1868 from Jonesboro. Dr. I. X. Cheves and family moved here from Crawford County, and his sons, Rev. A. J. Cheves and O. C. Cheves, were prominent in religious and educational movements. Mr.

Ham Felder was one of the first preachers. The Carnegie Library was built in 1906. Montezuma was considered an unhealthy locality until the first artesian well was bored,in 1883. Subsequently, fifteen wells have been bored, and the town has enjoyed unusual health-giving facilities. The deepest well is 500 feet; the shallowest 45 feet; the largest flow 100 gallons per minute, the smallest 6. The A., B. & A. Railroad came into Montezuma in 1903. Montezuma and Oglethorpe were connected by a ferry-boat until 1902, when an iron bridge was built. Montezuma's business was enhanced by the building of a bridge by the town connecting with the upper part of the county in 1888.

Among the old homes in this neighborhood is the Harrison home, moved from Spaulding. Until a few years ago, on the site of the Library, stood an old hotel, the Roach House, which was moved from Oglethorpe. There are four old plantation homes within a radius of five miles: the Adams place, the Hooks homestead, the Barron home and the Dykes home. Electric lights and waterworks were installed in 1902. The first fire engine was bought in 1885. It is one of the oldest and best in the State. The Montezuma Manufacturing Company and Oil Mill was established in 1901, the knitting mill in 1903 and the fertilizer plant in 1910. The first steamer, "The Montezuma," was run between Montezuma and Warwick, in 1885, the steamer "Ada" in 1886.

The old *Montezuma Record,* now *The Georgian,* was established in 1883. It is one of the pioneer weeklies of this section. In 1911 the Daughters of the Confederacy erected a handsome monument to the heroic men in gray who went from Macon County into the Civil War.

Spaulding. In the year 1868 Dr. W. C. Wilkes, pastor of the Baptist Church at Travelers Rest, conceived the idea of establishing a seminary, and chose as its location a spot close to the home of his friend, Mr. Isaac Cheves, some two miles distant. At once, in order to educate their children, and for the sake of the religious and educational

atmosphere, many families moved there and built homes. It was named Spaulding, for Dr. A. T. Spaulding, a Baptist minister. Among the residents were Sam Turner, Tom Sutton, Judge J. H. McClung, John Henry McKenzie, Lee Veal, Mr. Spencer, who built the home afterwards bought by the Maxwells, Shadrick Felton, Warren Davis who built the home later sold to Mr. Veal, J. M. DuPree, Mr. Battle, who built the home now owned by Morgan Chastain and Mr. Truluck, who had the only store. The seminary prospered for six or eight years, but gradually the families moved away, and the seminary lost its prestige. Mrs. Lee Veal taught the first music class. Many Montezuma citizens received early training in the Spaulding Seminary, which was about two miles from Montezuma.

MADISON

Danielsville. Danielsville, the county-seat of Madison County, was named for General Allen Daniel, a soldier of the Revolution and an officer of some note in the State militia. When the new County of Madison was organized in 1811, General Daniel, who owned large interests in the neighborhood, donated the site for public buildings and helped to organize the first court. The town was incorporated by an Act approved November 27, 1817, with Messrs. James Long, Willis Towns and Joseph Vincent as commissioners.* The Madison County Academy was chartered in 1811, when the county was first organized. Near Danielsville stands a famous landmark of Presbyterianism in upper Georgia, known as New Hope Church, considerably more than a hundred years old. Dr. Crawford W. Long, the discoverer of sulphuric ether anaesthesia, was born in Danielsville, a fact in itself sufficient to give the town a deservedly high rank among the historic shrines of the world. Dr. Long's wonderful achievement marked a new epoch in the annals of medicine and made humanity his debtor until the end of time.

*Lamar's Digest, p. 1040.

MARION[1]

Tazewell: A Former County-Seat.

Eight miles northeast of Buena Vista, is the charming little town of Tazewell, once the county-seat of Marion. It is situated on both sides of a small stream called Buck Creek. For several years after the county was organized, in 1827, the public buildings were at Horry; but, on December 27, 1838, an Act was approved making Tazewell the seat of government, with the following town commissioners: Arthur W. Battle, David N. Burkhalter, Randell W. Mesten, Zachariah Wallace and Seaborn L. Collins.[2] Just one year preceding, on Christmas day, 1837, the old Tazewell Academy was chartered, with the following board of trustees: Burton W. Dowd, James Powers, Joseph J. Battle, Robert S. Burch and C. B. Strange.[3] The handsome school-house at Tazewell occupies the original plot of ground donated for this purpose by the State. Visitors are always interested in the old parade ground, where the militia drills took place before the war, and where many an incident occurred, such as Judge Longstreet describes in "Georgia Scenes." The first clerk of the court at Tazewell was Burton W. Dowd. Tony Carroll, an early bailiff, was one of the famous Carroll triplets, all of whom lived to be very old men. John Burkhalter, Benjamin Halley, Jordan Wilcher and Solomon Wall were also prominent among the early pioneers.

Captain John E. Sheppard, a former resident of Tazewell, but now of Buena Vista, achieved a record for gallantry during the Civil War which few, if any, surpassed. Like his Highland ancestors, he was a grim fighter, though withal a most genial gentleman. On ac-

[1] Much of the information contained in this chapter has been furnished by the following residents of Marion: Mr. Benjamin Powell, Mrs. Sallie Mitchell Green, Mrs. W. B. Short, and Mrs. Annie M. Munro.

[2] Acts, 1838, p. 127.

[3] Acts, 1837, p. 12.

count of a bullet wound in the head, his life hung in the balance for months, but as soon as he could shoulder his musket he was back again at the front. Not long thereafter, in a fierce battle, his ranking officers were all either killed or wounded, making it necessary for him to assume command of his regiment. On this occasion, it is amusingly told of him that he was not exactly on a war footing, since in lieu of shoes his feet were wrapped in pieces of an old croker sack. Hon. J. E. Sheppard, of Americus, a distinguished lawyer and legislator, is Captain Sheppard's son. One of the oldest residents of Tazewell is William Stewart. His gifted son-in-law, Hon. E. H. McMichael, has frequently represented Marion in the General Assembly of Georgia and was Speaker pro tem. of the last House. There are many attractive homes in Tazewell—a conservative and cultured old town, famed for the hospitality of its citizens.

Horry: A Dead Town. The original county-seat of Marion was Horry, a town located some three miles to the northeast of Tazewell, in what is now the County of Schley. The exact size of the town is today unidentified by any existing landmarks. But it was the seat of government from the time when the county was organized, in 1827, until Tazewell was made the county-seat, in 1838.

Pea Ridge. Before 1830, the site occupied by the present town of Buena Vista was a primaeval forest. When a settlement at last bloomed amid the solitudes it was called Pea Ridge. The nucleus for this settlement is said to have been a cake stand, at which an occasional traveler now and then stopped to appease his hunger; and near this stand, Mr. H. K. Lamb, the pioneer merchant of Pea Ridge, afterwards built a store. This was followed by three grog-shops, each of which flourished like a green bay-tree, after the manner of the wicked, until a great revival broke out at a camp-meeting conducted by Blakely Smith. As a result the taverns were closed.

Proofs of a former occupancy of this region by the Indians still abound in numerous flints, arrow heads and fragments of pottery; and likewise in the names bestowed upon running waters. Many citizens of the county recall a number of Indians who remained in Marion until death

removed them; and, among these was a famous conjurer and medicine man called "Old Chofe," who held despotic sway over the negroes, due to his supposed extraordinary powers.

Over on Kinchafoonee Creek, the Butts family was established when the county was first organized. Later on, other staunch pioneer settlers began to drift into this region, bringing with them the following fine old Marion County names: Powell, Wallace, Mitchell, Green, Wells, Blanton, James, Burkhalter, McMichael, Miller, Munro, Stevens, Webb, McCall, McCorkle, Drane, Matthews, Brown, Melton, Lowe, Herndon, Mathis, Gill, Rogers, Sheppard, Dunham, Crawford, Harvey and Merrell. Prof. James Monegan, an Irishman, was the first teacher at Pea Ridge. He is still vividly recalled by a former pupil, Mr. Benjamin Powell, who resides within a stone's throw of where he lived when a boy. Prof. Tom Peter Ashmore, of Greer's Almanac fame, was also an early educator. Hardy Mitchell came from North Carolina in 1840; and, during the first year, lived in what is now the court-yard of Buena Vista.

David N. Burkhalter.

But the most dominant figure among the early settlers of Pea Ridge was David N. Burkhalter, who removed to Pea Ridge from Tazewell in 1845. Mr. Burkhalter was a Methodist preacher, a large property owner, and a man of wide influence in public affairs. He was one of the first citizens of the county to represent Marion in the State Legislature. It was long before any railroad penetrated this section, and he usually made the trip to Milledgeville behind two mules. While a resident of Tazewell, he built a church for the Methodists; but, on changing his residence to Pea Ridge, he moved the church, too.

John Burkhalter.

John Burkhalter, the latter's father, was a Revolutionary soldier, whose grave on a plantation, some few miles out from Buena Vista is soon to be marked by Lanahassee Chapter of the D. A. R. Mr. Burkhalter was one of the earliest pioneer settlers of the county of Marion, and a man from whose loins have sprung a host of descendants, including the present distinguished chief magistrate of Texas: Governor O. B. Colquitt.

Buena Vista.

But Pea Ridge was not a name with which to woo the fickle goddess; and, in 1847, it was changed to Buena Vista, following the famous victory achieved by General Zachary Taylor over the Mex-

icans. Two years later the county-seat was wrested from Tazewell; and, on January 26, 1850, an Act was approved making permanent the site of public buildings at Buena Vista.* Mr. David N. Burkhalter, to whose vigorous initiative the removal of the county-seat was due, donated the land on which the court-house, the Methodist Church and other buildings were located. New vistas of opportunity were now opened. Soon a railway line was built, while stores, schools, churches and homes began to multiply. Today, in the most progressive sense of the word, Buena Vista is a modern town, equipped with an electric-light plant, with a water-works system, and with other public utilities. It is on the automobile highway between Columbus and Americus, and commands a wide territory rich in agricultural products. The Hoke Smith Institute, named for Georgia's senior Senator, is the pride of this entire section, having twice in succession won the silver trophy for this district. Two giften women of Buena Vista enjoy wide note as educators: Miss Ida Munro and Miss Nettie Powell.

Fort Perry. Near Buena Vista, at Fort Perry, can still be seen the breast-works thrown up by the United States infantry, when they occupied this place as a stronghold during the Creek Indian wars. Just a short distance beyond, at Poplar Springs, quite a band of United States cavalry encamped after fording the Chattahoochee River. Both sites will probably be marked in time with appropriate memorials.

Some of the Noted Sons of Marion. Governor O. B. Colquitt, of Texas, the present chief magistrate of the "Lone Star State," spent several years of his early boyhood in Buena Vista, a town

*Acts, 1849-1850, p. 102.

founded by his grandfather, David N. Burkhalter. Judge Mark H. Blandford, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, opened an offiice at one time in Buena Vista for the practice of law. Hon. J. E. Sheppard, of Americus, and Hon. B. S. Miller, of Columbus, two of Georgia's most brilliant lawmakers, were reared in Buena Vista. Former State School Commissioner W. B. Merritt was a native of Marion. Hon. William S. West, of Valdosta, who, on the death of United States Senator A. O. Bacon, in 1914, was given an ad interim appointment to fill this vacancy, was born on a plantation in Marion. Judge William B. Butt was a native of Buena Vista, where he practiced law until just a short while before his election to the Bench of the Chattahoochee Circuit. Marion County furnished three companies of infantry to the Southern army, Colonel Edgar M. Butt, Captain Taylor and Captain Blandford commanding; in addition to which a large number of volunteers went to Griffin and joined a cavalry company, led, during many fierce battles, by the gallant Captain T. M. Merritt. Some of the ablest lawyers in the State have practiced at the Buena Vista Bar. It is still ably represented by a group of strong men, among whom are Hon. William D. Crawford, Hon. William B. Short, Hon. George P. Munro, Judge John Butt, Colonel Noah Butt and Colonel T. B. Rainey.

MERIWETHER

Greenville. In 1827, Meriwether County was formed out of a part of Troup, and named for General Meriwether, a distinguished officer of the State militia, prominent in treaty negotiations with the Indians. The county-seat, fixed in the year following, was named for General Nathaniel Greene, of the Revolution. Greenville's charter of incorporation was granted December 20, 1828, with the following residents of the town named as commissioners: Abner Durham, Joseph Cone, Levi

Adams, Matthew Leverett and Abraham Ragan.[1] The Meriwether County Academy was chartered on December 22, 1828, with the following trustees, to-wit.: Alfred Wellborn, John L. Jones, Abraham Ragan, and James A. Perdue.[2] In 1836 the Greenville Female Academy was chartered with trustees named as follows: Walton B. Harris, Joseph W. Harris, Joseph W. Amhoy, Robert A. Jones, Gibson F. Hill and Wiley P. Burks.[3] Some of the most distinguished men of Georgia have been former residents of Greenville, among them Judge Hiram Warner, one of Georgia's ablest jurists; Judge Obadiah Warren, his younger brother; Hon. Henry R. Harris, a former member of Congress, Hon. Joseph M. Terrell, a former Governor and United States Senator; Hon. William T. Revill, a noted educator, and Judge Hiram Warner Hill, a member of the present Supreme Court of Georgia. Governor John M. Slaton was born in Greenville, but removed with his parents to Atlanta, where he grew to manhood and entered the practice of law.

Memories of the Early Days.

Before the Civic Club of Greenville, during the month of January, 1914, Mrs. Mary Jane Hill, then in her eighty-fourth year, read a most delightful paper on the town of Greenville as she knew it when a girl. Mrs. Hill is the only child of the late Judge Hiram Warner, and notwithstanding her age, is still in splendid health, with a mind vigorous in its grasp of things, both past and present. From this charming paper, a few paragraphs are culled. Says Mrs. Hill:

"Greenville is an old town whose history dates back to the first settlement of the county. General Hugh Ector owned the land upon which the town of Greenville was built. I was four years old when my parents came to make their home here in 1834. We spent the first year in a rented house on the lot where Mrs. Jno. L. Strozier now lives. This place was owned by Major Alex. Hall, the grandfather of Mr. A. C. Favor, Mrs. J. R.

[1] Acts, 1828, p. 149.
[2] Acts, 1828, p. 15.
[3] Acts, 1836, p. 8.

Render, Mr. James Hall and other grandchildren now living in the county. Our next-door neighbor was Dr. William Tinsley, a leading physician of the town, and the grandfather of Mrs. R. D. Render, of LaGrange.

"Among the historic houses of Greenville is the one now owned by Mr. Arthur Pinkston. This house was built by a Mr. Hobbs and is one of the oldest in the town. It was for many years owned by Mr. Nathan Truitt, whose wife was sister of Judge James Render. A beautiful daughter, whose name was Elizabeth, was their only child. I attended her wedding when she became the wife of Stephen Willis, of Greene County. Three children came to bless this union, two sons, who are now living in LaGrange, and one daughter, who married Jack Thompson and also lives in LaGrange. After the death of Mr. Willis, his widow married again, Mr. Rachels. She lived to a good old age, and passed away about one year ago. Opposite the Truitt home was that of Mr. Robert Adonis Jones. His family was of the best. His wife, a Miss Macon, descended from that distinguished family for which the city of Macon was named. Mr. Jones died in Greenville and his grave in the cemetery is marked by a slab.

"The building now occupied by the Civic Club and library was the residence of Mr. Isaac C. Bell. Mr. Bell was a tailor with shop in the north side of the square. Mrs. Bell was a woman of beautiful Christian character, whose religious life so influenced her husband as to cause a reformation in him after she passed away. They now sleep side by side in the little cemetery. The next house was the law office of Colonel W. D. Alexander, who came to Greenville from Virginia, and from tradition he rode horseback the whole distance. The lot on the north, where the attractive home of Mrs. W. T. Revill now is, was purchased, according to "old times," by Mr. Levy M. Adams from the Inferior Court, and he erected the first building there. Mr. Adams was clerk of the Superior Court. He was also County Treasurer, lawyer and merchant. His home was noted for its hospitality and he is well remembered by many of the early settlers. The Gresham home, a little to the northwest, which has so long been in possession of the family, was originally owned by Abram Ragan.

"Where the Presbyterian Church now stands, to the west of our home, lived two dear old ladies, the grandmother and great-aunt of Mrs. J. L. Strozier, Mrs. Martha Robertson and Mrs. Judith Mitchell. The friendship formed between these ladies and my mother lasted through her lifetime. Across the street, where now is the Methodist parsonage, lived the family of W. B. Ector.

"Two other houses were in the course of construction on this street, now known as Griffin Street. One of these was bought and has long been occupied by the family of the late Mr. Myron Ellis. The other to the east was built by Mr. Elerby. He lived only a short time in this house which he himself built. He died and now occupies an unmarked grave in the cemetery. My memory does not recall whether there was a house in the corner of this street, now occupied by the Methodist Church. Later, I re-

member there was a grocery there, made memorable by a bear and dog fight having occurred in the rear of it, and a drunken man sitting on the porch singing a song beginning:—

"On the wings of love I fly
From the grocerie to groce-ry."

"This bear fight was an event in the town, but it ended disastrously. So many were attracted to the scene that numbers of them climbed on the roof of the shed attached to the store in order to get a better view, but alas! too many sought this point of vantage, and the roof gave way, hurting several badly. One interested spectator, seated on a barrel under the shed when the roof collapsed, was crushed into the barrel."

Judge Warner's Narrow Escape.

Judge Warner was a man of unique character. He was veritably a Roman cast in the molds of the great Cato. One of Georgia's purest sons, he was also one of her bravest—a man to whom the instinct of moral fear was unknown. For the sake of principle he was ready to suffer the stake or the gibbet; but he was never inclined to turbulance. On the contrary, he was slow to anger, even-tempered and calm. The judicial poise of his great mind was seldom disturbed. The following incident of Wilson's raid, in 1865, is narrated by Governor Northen. It will serve to illustrate the character of the old jurist. Says Governor Northen:

"In 1865, just after Johnston's surrender—but before it was generally known—Wilson's Federal raiders were abroad in Middle Georgia, bent on plunder. Vandalism is too weak a work to describe the petty meanness which marked the paths made by bands of Federal soldiers through certain portions of the South; and General Wilson was such an offender in this respect that succeeding generations have used his name to describe rapine and slaughter. Some of Wilson's raiders, visiting Meriwether County, headed for Judge Warner's home. As they approached all the whites on the place fled except Judge Warner and his daughter, Mrs. Hill. The latter, with an infant two weeks old, could not be moved. Her father remained with her. During the morning some cavalry detachments passing by stole what they could carry off. About noon another party arrived and stopping, fed their horses, stole the silverware and robbed the smokehouse. Judge Warner stood by in silence. But suddenly the leader, putting a pistol to his head, ordered him to accompany them. Between the house and the negro quarters was a small woodland. To this grove his captors conducted Warner, and there the leader of the band, wearing the

uniform of a Federal captain, took out his watch and said: "I'll give you just three minutes to tell where your gold is hidden." Warner protested that he had no gold. They replied that they had been told that he did have it and that he must give it up. He again denied it. They searched him and found five thousand dollars in Confederate money and fifteen thousand dollars in Central Railroad bills, which they appropriated. At the end of three minutes the captain gave a signal. One of the men took from his horse a long leather strap with a noose at one end. The other extemporized a gallows by bending down the end of a stout sapling. With an oath the officer made him select a larger and stouter tree. Judge Warner remained silent. One end of the strap was adjusted around his neck and the other fastened securely to the tree. The sapling was gradually released until the line became taut, when it was turned loose and the Judge's body dangled in the air. On reviving, he found himself upon the ground, but with the noose still around his neck. The soldiers still surrounded him. Once more he was ordered to give up his gold under penalty of death. He replied as before. Again he was strung up and the sapling released. This was about two o'clock in the day. When he recovered consciousness the sun was nearly down. He lay at the foot of the sapling. The noose had been removed from his neck. The dry leaves of the preceding autumn had been fired, and these were burning within a foot or two of his head. He always thought that the heat of the flames brought him back to consciousness and to life. The soldiers had left him for dead and had set fire to the woods. He was barely able to make his way back to the house, where he lay ill for many days."

Woodbury. Woodbury is a rapidly growing town, with splendid railway connections. It was chartered by an Act approved August 23, 1872, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: John R. Jones, David Muse, Henry Worthy, John E. Buchanan and William Wheeler, but the charter was subsequently amended so as to provide for a municipal form of government.* The present public school system was established in 1900, at which time the Woodbury School District was incorporated with the following board of trustees: Dr. J. M. Hooten, B. T. Baker, Dr. H. W. Clements, W. J. Smith and Dr. J. D. Sutton.*

MILLER

Colquitt. In 1856, Miller County was formed from Baker and Early Counties, and named for Hon. Andrew J. Miller, of Augusta, a distinguished legislator, whose then recent death suggested the propriety of some memorial. At the same time, the county-seat was named for Judge Walter T. Colquitt, jurist and statesman, of

whose brilliant services the State was during this year bereaved. The town was incorporated on December 19, 1860, with Messrs. Isaac Bush, J. S. Vann, D. F. Gunn, Thomas S. Floyd and F. M. Hopkins, as commissioners.[1] Situated on the Georgia, Florida and Alabama Railway, Colquitt occupies the center of a rich territory, which has just commenced to develop, and the future of the town is bright with splendid possibilities.

Recollections of Andrew J. Miller.

He was several times elected President of the Senate, in which position he evinced the highest administrative ability; and when, from political majorities in the Senate, adverse to him for the time being, he was passed over in the choice of presiding officer, his accurate knowledge of parliamentary law always caused him to be appealed to, in open Senate, when difficulties arose, on points of order. During his service of twenty years, he was the coolest, safest, and most practical mind in the Senate.

Frank H. Miller, Esq., in a letter to Major Stephen H. Miller, thus writes of his father. "He was plain and unaffected in manner of speech, suiting the word to the thought and expressing it as plainly as possible. He rarely, if ever used a metaphor. His memory was his most wonderful gift. He never forgot. He could remember the minutest details years after the event occurred. He was small of statue and a man of pleasant address, had blue eyes, which wore the appearance of gray as he grew older, his mouth and nose were large, and his lofty forehead expanded and grew broader the longer he lived. He had an amiable expression of countenance, though there ever appeared around his mouth those small lines which indicated decision of character."*

MILTON

Alpharetta.

In 1857 Milton was organized out of Cobb and Cherokee, and named for Hon. John Milton, who saved the records of the State during the Revolution. Alpharetta was made the county-seat. The town was incorporated December 11, 1858, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Oliver P. Skelton, P. F. Rainwater, J. J. Stewart, Thomas J. Harris and

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[1] Acts, 1860, p. 86.

*Stephen H. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. 2.

Oliver P. Childers.* Though without railway connections, Alpharetta is a thriving town.

MITCHELL

Camilla. When a new county was made from Baker, in 1857, it was given the name of Mitchell, in honor of Governor David B. Mitchell, a distinguished former chief executive, while the county-seat was named for the old Governor's daughter, Miss Camilla Mitchell. The town was first incorporated in 1858. It possesses a splendid public-school system, established in 1889, a number of up-to-date public utilities, and is commercially a prosperous town, with a most encouraging outlook.

Pelham. One of the most enterprising towns of South Georgia is located in this county: Pelham. The town was named for Major John Pelham, an Alabama youth, whose gallantry on the field of battle immortalized him before he was twenty-one. His heroic death has been the inspiration of poems almost without number. General Lee once wrote of him: "It is glorious to see such valor in one so young," and to Stonewall Jackson at Fredericksburg he remarked: "General Jackson, you ought to have a Pelham on each flank." The town was incorporated on September 14, 1881, with Hon. J. L. Hand as Mayor, and with Messrs. Cornelius Lightfoot, G. F. Green, J. C. Rhodes and J. L. Glozier Councilmen. The corporate limits were fixed at one-half a mile in every direction from the Georgia, Florida and Western depot. To meet the demands of growth the town charter was amended in 1887 and the corporate limits extended.

MONROE

Historic Forsyth. On the highest ridge between Atlanta and Macon, in almost the exact center of the State, stands the old historic town of Forsyth, named for the illustrious diplomat and statesman, John

*Acts, 1858, p. 148.

Forsyth. As United States Minister to Spain, Mr. Forsyth negotiated the purchase of Florida from Ferdinand VII. He was also Governor of Georgia from 1827 to 1829, and afterwards a United States Senator. The town of Forsyth came into existence in 1822 when the new County of Monroe was created out of lands then recently acquired from the Creek Indians, at which time it became the new county-seat. On December 10, 1823, it was incorporated as a town, with the following pioneer residents named as commissioners: James S. Phillips, Henry H. Lumpkin, John E. Bailey, Anderson Baldwin and Samuel Drewry.* The town was originally laid off into lots of two and one-half acres each, affording ample room for garden plots and spacious green lawns. In 1855 the town limits were extended one-half mile. The following names of pioneer settlers frequently appear in the early records: Sharp, Roddy, Cabaniss, Thomas, Lumpkin, Sanford, Dunn, Martin, Johnson, Winship, Harman, Purifoy, Bean, Stephens, Litman, O'Neal, Banks, Coleman, Phelps, Turner and Wilkes.

Cyrus Sharp built the first brick store in Forsyth. This pioneer citizen lived to be well past ninety years of age, and embodied in a clear memory most of the chronicles of the town. The first court was held at the residence of Henry H. Lumpkin, a brother of the great chief justice of Georgia. In the year following, a court-house built of logs rose on the town square. But a stately temple of justice has long since replaced the original structure. On the court-house square stands a handsome bronze memorial to the Confederate dead.

In matters of politics, the early residents of Forsyth were either Whigs or Democrats. Judge E. G. Cabaniss was the leading Whig; Dr. E. L. Roddy the most prominent Democrat. Both belonged to the Masonic order. Judge Cabaniss was worshipful master of the local lodge and Dr. Roddy was the high priest. The representative lawyers were: R. P. Trippe, Zach. E. Harman and Cap-

*Acts, 1823, p. 197.

tain James S. Pinckard. The first town paper was *The Bee*, founded by Joe Coran. It afterwards merged into *The Educational Journal*, and later into *The Monroe Advertiser*. At one time it was owned by James P. Harrison, who employed as a printer's devil the afterwards renowned Joel Chandler Harris. Mr. Harris boarded at the home of Mr. Harrison. The paper is now owned by Captain O. H. B. Bloodworth, Jr. Besides Dr. Roddy, the leading ante-bellum physicians were Drs. Stephens, Bean and Purifoy. The pioneer inns at which travelers stopped were the Lumpkin Hotel and the Thomas Hotel. There were three religious denominations: Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. But the immersionists outnumbered the others, making Forsyth a distinctly Baptist stronghold.

Forsyth was early recognized as an educational center. First the Male Academy was organized. Its charter dates back to February 20, 1854, at which time the following trustees were named: Zach. E. Harman, John H. Thomas, Addison Bean, Benjamin Watkins, Elbridge G. Cabaniss, Dickie W. Collier, William Sims, Sidney M. Smith and Joseph R. Banks.[1] This school afterwards grew into the Hilliard Institute, named for the noted orator and diplomat, Henry W. Hilliard, and finally into what is known today as the Banks-Stephens Institute, a flourishing co-educational high school. The Female Academy, taught by Frances Sturgis, developed into the Monroe Female College, said to be the second oldest in the world. It is now Bessie Tift College, named for Mrs. H. H. Tift, of Tifton, Ga., formerly Bessie Willingham, and is one of the best-known institutions of the South.[2]

On December 23, 1833, the old Monroe Railroad, which ran from Macon to Forsyth, was chartered by an Act of the Legislature, with a capital stock of $200,000, half

[1] Acts, 1855-1856, p. 142.
[2] See Vol. I, pp. 791-793, of this work for a sketch of Bessie Tift.

of which was subscribed in the town of Forsyth. It was completed early in the fall, and by means of this steel highway the ambitious little county-seat of Monroe became the first interior town of Georgia to connect with a stream open to navigation. There was much destruction of property in the town of Forsyth during the last days of the Civil War, but the old soldiers of the town, returning home, gave themselves with a will to the work of rehabilitation. Some of the new names which became prominent at this time were Lawton, Willingham, Rhodes and others. The first military company of Forsyth was organized under Major Black and went to the Creek Indian War of 1836 as the Monroe Musketeers. This company afterwards disbanded, but in 1859 was reorganized as the Quitman Guards, under Captain James Pinckard. It was named for Governor Quitman, of Mississippi, a distinguished soldier of the Mexican War and a strong advocate of State rights. The company is now commanded by Captain O. H. B. Bloodworth, Jr. Forsyth has grown slowly, but steadily. It has always stood for conservatism, and for the safe business methods of the old school. It has shaped much of Georgia's history, and has been the home of some of her most noted men.

Distinguished Residents. From the earliest days, Forsyth was noted as a seat of culture, in consequence of which scores of the best families in the State were attracted to the town. Included among the Georgians of note who have resided here may be mentioned: Judge Robert P. Trippe, a former member of Congress, afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia; Judge Elbridge G. Cabaniss, a noted jurist; his son, Judge Thomas B. Cabaniss, a former member of Congress, and now a judge of the Superior Court; Judge Cincinnatus Peeples, who afterwards went to Atlanta, one of the strongest judges and one of the best lawyers

in the State; Judge Alexander M. Speer, an occupant of the Supreme Court Bench; General L. L. Griffin, the first president of the Monroe Railroad, for whom the town of Griffin was named; Colonel A. D. Hammond, Colonel R. L. Berner, Hon. W. H. Head, a distinguished financier and legislator, also a veteran of two wars; Dr. H. H. Tucker and Dr. Shaler G. Hillyer, two renowned Baptist theologians and educators; General Gilbert J. Wright, a noted Confederate brigadier; General Philip Cook, soldier, Congressman and Secretary of State, who once practiced law in Forsyth; Hon. Zach. E. Harman; Hon. O. H. B. Bloodworth, Sr., Hon. B. S. Willingham, widely known as the author of the famous Willingham Prohibition bill, besides a host of others whose names are familiar at almost every Georgia fireside.

Many important political meetings have been held in the grove surrounding the historic home of Judge T. B. Cabaniss, and among the eloquent Georgians who here once thrilled the multitudes in joint debate were Robert Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens. But there are other historic homes in Forsyth. The fine old residence of Dr. J. O. Elrod is associated with memories of four distinguished former occupants: Dr. H. H. Tucker, Judge R. P. Trippe, Judge Alexander M. Speer and Colonel A. D. Hammond. Another historic home was the one built by Captain James S. Pinckard, now the residence of Mrs. Richard P. Brooks, former regent of the Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R., of Atlanta, and founder of the James Monroe Chapter, D. A. R., of Forsyth. This home was headquarters for doctors and officers during the Civil War.

Revolutionary Soldiers. Over the grave of William Ogletree, a Revolutionary soldier buried near Coggans, the Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R., of Atlanta, has unveiled during the present year a handsome marker. Impressive exercises were held in

connection with the unveiling, at which time a large number of the old hero's lineal descendants gathered with the Daughters of the Revolution to honor the memory of a revered ancestor. The James Monroe Chapter, of Forsyth, was also present by special invitation. Mr. John Mott made a brief speech, introducing Mrs. Richard P. Brooks, regent of the Piedmont Continental Chapter, who made a fine address. She was followed by the orator of the occasion, Professor J. P. Mott, of Brunswick. Mrs. J. O. Ponder, of Forsyth, regent of the James Monroe Chapter, made a short address on behalf of her chapter, after which the exercises were concluded with a few eloquent remarks by Mr. C. O. Goodwyne, of Forsyth. Four great-great-granddaughters of the old soldier unveiled the marker: Misses Ora Evans, Christine Goodwyne, Nellie Goodwyne and Louise Sutton, all of Monroe.

Brittain Rogers, a soldier of the Revolution, is buried in the lower part of Monroe, near Rogers Methodist Church. He was under the command of Colonel Elijah Clarke. He drew a bounty of 287½ acres of land, located in what was then Washington County, now Hancock, on Shoulderbone Creek, as appears of record in the Secretary of State's office, at the Capitol. Mr. Rogers afterwards removed from Hancock and became one of the first settlers of Monroe, where he died. On the monument erected over his grave is the following inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of BRITAIN ROGERS. Born Oct. 11, 1761. Soldier of the Revolution. Member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 32 years. Died April 22, 1835, in expectation of rest in heaven.

Historic Colloden. One of the most noted little towns in the State is situated some sixteen miles from Forsyth, in the extreme southern part of the county—Colloden. It was named for a

wealthy Scotch gentleman by the name of William Colloden, an early settler. On account of the healthfulness of the climate, it began at an early date to attract some of the best people of the State, who established and maintained excellent schools here, and who acquired a degree of culture which was not to be surpassed, even in old settled communities like Savannah. The Colloden Female Seminary was a pioneer school founded here by the Methodists; and, under Dr. John Darby, it became quite a celebrated institution. Here the distinguished United States Senator, jurist, and writer of books, Judge Thomas M. Norwood, spent his boyhood days. Here the gifted Alexander Speer, formerly Secretary of State of South Carolina, noted as an orator, both in the pulpit and on the hustings, brought his children to be educated. These became famous men in Georgia: Judge Alexander M. Speer, an occupant of the Supreme Bench, and Dr. Eustace W. Speer, an eloquent Methodist divine and a ripe scholar. The latter was the father of the brilliant Federal jurist, Judge Emory Speer, of Macon. Governor James M. Smith was educated in the Colloden High School. Colonel N. J. Hammond, a former member of Congress and a lawyer with few equals at the bar of Georgia, spent the youhtful period of his life in the town of Colloden; and here two consecrated brothers, Dr. W. F. Cook and Dr. J. O. A. Cook, both of them ministers of note in the Methodist Church, were equipped for useful careers. It will be difficult to find a community of equal size in the United States which can parallel this list. For a number of years after the war, the little town languished; but with the building of a railway line through this part of the county, it has commenced to exhibit distinct signs of revival.

MORGAN

Madison. On December 7, 1807, the County of Morgan was created out of a part of Baldwin, and named for General Daniel Morgan, of the Revolution. Madison was made the county-seat of Morgan by an Act approved December 12, 1809, and was at the same time incorporated as a town, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: James Matthews, William Mitchell, James Mitchell, Abner Tanner and John B. Whiteley.[1] There were no better people in Georgia than the pioneer settlers who first came to Morgan, and to judge from the number of charters granted by the Legislature for academies in various parts of the county, there was no failure

[1] Clayton's Compendium, p. 555.

to appreciate the value of learning. Due to unsettled conditions, the growth of Madison was at first slow; but when the Georgia Railway was completed to this place in the eighteen-forties a new era of development began. As editor of a local newspaper, Colonel William T. Thompson wrote his renowned letters under the pseudonym of Major Jones. These gave him a national reputation as a humorist. At a later period, he established the *Savanah Morning News,* which he edited for nearly forty years.

In 1850, two schools of wide note were founded. The first of these was chartered as the Madison Collegiate Institute, with the following board of trustees: Elijah E. Jones, John B. Walker, Zachariah Fears, Thomas J. Burney, Edmund Walker, Charles M. Irvin, William S. Stokes, James F. Swanson, J. W. Fears, Benjamin Harris, Benjamin M. Peeples, Nathan Massey, R. P. Zimmerman, Nathaniel G. Foster and William W. B. Crawford.[2] The other school was chartered as the Madison Female College, with trustees named as follows: Adam G. Saffold, Wilde Kolb, John Robson, William V. Barnley, Lucius L. Wittich, Gay Smith, Alfred Shaw, Thomas P. Baldwin, Hugh J. Ogilby, Thaddeus B. Reese, Dawson B. Lane, Samuel Pennington, William J. Parks, Caleb W. Key, M. H. Hebbard, Isaac Boring, John W. Glenn and J. G. Pearce.[3] Madison has been the home of some of Georgia's most distinguished sons, including United States Senator Joshua Hill, Colonel David E. Butler, Judge Alexander M. Speer, Judge Augustus Reese, the Saffolds, Adam and Reuben; Nathaniel G. Foster, Dr. J. C. C. Blackburn and a host of others. Some of the stately homes of the old regime are still standing in Madison; but while the past is reverenced for its ideals, the progressive enterprise of the town is typical of the new South.

[2] Acts, 1849-1850, p. 112.
[3] Acts, 1849-1850, p. 108.

Launcelot Johnstone's Great Invention. On a Morgan County plantation originated an economic process which today underlies one of the greatest industrial activities of the world—the manufacture of cotton-seed oil. As the result of this marvelous invention an industry of vast proportions has been created and what was formerly considered a waste product has been the means of putting millions of dollars into the pockets of the Southern farmer. The first successful effort ever made to extract oil from cotton seed was made by Launcelot Johnstone, Esq., within a quarter of a mile from the court-house in Madison. Mr. Johnstone was an extensive ante-bellum planter, whose scientific experiments in practical agriculture placed him at least half a century in advance of his times. The records of the Patent Office in Washington, D. C., will show that between 1830 and 1832 Mr. Johnston was granted an exclusive patent for a cotton-seed huller, the first device of its kind ever constructed; and, in operating his patent he made large quantities of cotton-seed oil, some of which he used with white lead for house painting. Shingles which he saturated in cotton-seed oil remained on his house for more than sixty years. Mr. Johnstone is buried just in the rear of the old homestead, where, in a modest way, he began to lay the foundations of what has since developed into one of the most colossal industries of our age. His crude experiments marked an epoch in the history of manufacture by wresting from nature a secret worth untold millions; and though he has long slept the deep sleep from which no pean of earthly praise can ever wake him, it is not too late to accord him the distinction to which he is rightfully entitled as the real father of the cotton-seed oil industry of the United States.

Madison's Historic Homes. White's Statistics of Georgia, published in 1845, contains this statement: "Madison, Georgia, is the wealthiest and most aristocratic village on the stage-coach route between Charleston and New Orleans." One still finds here much

of this ancient prestige. The old-fashioned homes contain their handsome mahogany, silver, cut-glass, libraries of rare old volumes, paintings, and many of their old jewels and laces. A few of these splendid places have passed into the hands of strangers, but most of them are still owned and loved and lived in by the descendants of their original builders, some occupied by the fourth and a few by even the fifth generation.

Well, indeed, might the Author White have been impressed as he journeyed in the old stage-coach, past the plantation home of Judge Joseph Lumpkin, now owned by Miss Emma High, with its mantels ten feet wide and eight-feet high framing, even on summer days great blazing logs of wood eight feet long (fires were counted healthful every day in the year), swiftly drawing near with crack of whip and blowing horn to the little tavern (now owned by Mr. J. A. Hilsman) on the edge of the town. They doubtless here tarried, where an abundant dinner with much liquid refreshment awaited the travelers. Then with four fresh prancing horses in the harness and more cracking of whip and blowing of horn majestically they swept down what as then the "Old Indian Trail" (now West Avenue) past the June Smith House (now occupied by Mr. J. A. Hilsman), the Killian Cottage (former home of Mrs. Grant, who with her husband gave Grant Park to Atlanta, now the home of Mr. W. H. Butts), the Ike Walton place (now closed), the beautiful John B. Walker estate (Mr. P. W. Bearden), the old Butler homestead (Misses Daisy and Bessie Butler), the Peter Walton, Sr., house (Mrs. Godfrey-Walton-Trammell), the Hill house (Mrs. Bowles Hill Obear), the Stokes-McHenry place (Mr. J. G. McHenry), the Kolb house (Hon. John T. Newton), the Jones place (Mr. S. A. Turnell), "the old house built by the Northern man, who had on his walls tapestry covered with scenes from Lalla Rhook and South American forests" (Mr. M. L. Richter), the dozen one-story stores, the old court-house with it gray monument on the left, erected in honor of Benjamin Braswell, who left his fortune to educate and clothe indigent orphans of the county.

With many a flourish up to the little wooden post-office building, they were soon off again on the same "Old Indian Trail" (now North Main Street), past other splendid residences, the Douglass home (Mr. J. W. and Miss Gertrude Douglas), the Cohen house (Mrs. Rebecca Cohen Pou), the Campbell place (Mr. Mason Williams), the Martin Home (Judge H. W. Baldwin), the Billiups residence (Mrs. Cone-Daniels-Billups), the Saffold mansion (Mr. D. P. Few) with its many splendid columns and large grounds; having caught glimpses on cross streets and parallel ones of other stately well kept places, the old Georgia Female College, whose charter dated only a few weeks later than Wesleyan's; its president's home, Rev. George Y. Browne (Mr. Q. L. Williford), the Wade-Langston home (Mr. H. H. Fitzpatrick), the old Porter place (Mrs. Louise Turnbull), the Judge Stewart Floyd house (Judge Frederick Floyd Foster), the A. G. Foster house (recently burned), the Judge Augustus Reese house (Mrs. Elizabeth Speers), the A. G. Johnson (Mrs. Sallie Johnson Penn), the

famous "Mrs. Cook's house" (Mrs. J. B. Childs), a Northern woman, whose only son was the first Confederate soldier from Morgan County killed in batttle and whose mother taught in the little school-house in her back-yard every child in the town from 1845 until 1888, leaving a part of her little fortune for a town clock, and whose memorial is a beautiful fountain on the city square; then the solid old Academy, where Hon. Alex. Stephens began his career as a school teacher, as well as many other buildings noted for their beauty and fame. Leaving the town behind, and approaching the cottage of one who afterwards became the famous guide of General Lee, "Red-Headed Hume" of Virginia (his childhood home), and rolling away amid fertile plantations, the picture left in the mind might well be described in the words of the author of "White's Statistics": "The wealthiest and most artistocratic village on the stage-coach route."*

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MONTGOMERY

This charmingly written sketch is from the pen of Hon. H. B. Folsom, owner and editor of the "Montgomery Monitor," published at Mount Vernon, Ga., one of the best-known weekly newspapers in the State. Over 200 miles were traversed by Mr. Folsom in gathering his materials for the above sketch. With an up-to-date photographic outfit, he also took the splendid views which accompany this article, and to say that he has made a most important contribution to the State's historical literature is to assert what every one who reads this luminous account of Gov. Troup's last days must admit. Mr. Folsom prepared this sketch while engaged in an arduous but successful fight before the Legislature to prevent a further partition of Montgomery County's territory by a land-grabbing mania to form new counties in Georgia.—L. L. K.

Gov. Troup's Last Days. Studied words of praise or deep-chiseled marble cannot recall the acts of yesterday. Neither can the future replace the losses of the past; and to touch chords that have ceased to vibrate is but to wait before a fountain whose waters have wasted away. It is not the purpose of this brief sketch to deal with the public life and achievements of one so illustrious in Georgia history, but in limited measure recall the latter-day surroundings of Governor George Michael Troup. His useful life has been and will continue to be a theme for the mature historian: his brilliant career is fixed in history—"A Roman in feature, and a Roman in soul."

*Authority: Miss Bessie Butler, Madison, Ga.

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New Facts Brought to Light. Definite record of his closing days has seldom, if ever, been given to public print; errors concerning his resting place are plentiful, though apparently innocent. First-hand information for this sketch comes largely from aged citizens of Montgomery County, who, in their youth, knew the statesman and saw his lifeless body laid away. Permanent evidence of his burial place is had in the native sand-stone wall surrounding his grave in the northwestern part of Montgomery County, where he has rested for more than half a century. Old age and infirmity having overtaken this distinguished figure, he sought the quietude and comfort of numerous homes, visiting them in methodical rotation.

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Valdosta: His Favorite Mansion. The Valdosta plantation, in Laurens County, was distinctly the bower of his retirement—his retreat after the cares of State, and the home of his friends. From this abode came some of his strongest documents, dating to within a few days of his death. The Valdosta mansion, for such it was in ante-bellum days, was a large six-room log structure, triple-pen style, divided with halls and nearly surrounded with broad verandas and fitted with chimneys of clay. To this was annexed in 1852 a large room, used as a reception chamber. This was substantially built of 6 x 10-inch dressed timbers, laid edgewise and intricately dovetailed and spiked with hand-forged nails, something of the workmanship being shown by one of the accompanying cuts. The interior was plastered, making it a most durable structure. It was by far the most palatial of the Troup homes, but is now in ruins. The sand-stone chimney, with its liberal fireplace, has to some extent stood the ravages of time. Carved in the upper portion of this chimney, outside, may be seen the Governor's name and the date of construction. This home graced a beautiful eminence, from which, even now,

may be seen the splendid little city of Dublin, seven miles to the north.

The Vallombrosa and Turkey Creek plantations, in Laurens County, formed a part of the Troup holdings, but our research being limited and the intent of this sketch not demanding it, reference to them cannot be accurately made. The other plantations, extending southward on the Oconee River, were the Horseshoe place, in Montgomery (now Wheeler) County; Rosemont, east of the river, in Montgomery County; the Mitchell place, west of the river (originally settled by Hartwell Mitchell, 1814), in Montgomery (now Wheeler) County, opposite Mount Vernon and south of Greenwood. Each homestead has its special interest, for, under his regular plan of visiting, an open and well-ordered home awaited its landlord's coming. Each estate was supervised by an overseer, and each slave had a task assigned for the day. Perfect system regulated all labors.

Dies on the Mitchell Plantation. Shortly before the Governor's death a message from the overseer on the Mitchell place, William Bridges, announced an unruly disposition on the part of a certain negro slave. With his faithful coachman, the aged Governor was soon at the lower plantation, thirty-five miles from Valdosta. It is needless to say that proper chastisement broke the unruly spirit; however, cruel treatment of slaves was unknown on the Troup plantations. On reaching the Mitchell place, fatigued by the hurried trip, the Governor became ill, and five days brought the end. He was removed from his residence, nearby, long since decayed, and tenderly cared for at the home of Overseer Bridges, where he died April 26, 1856. Smart Roberson, a colored slave, was mounted on a spirited young horse and dispatched to Glynn County to bear the sad tidings to Colonel Thomas M. Forman, his son-in-law (husband of the eldest daughter, Florida, who died

two years before). Before reaching his destination, the steed was overtaxed by his rider's haste and fell by the wayside. Faithful Smart, undaunted, pressed on on foot and delivered his message. Madison Moore, the coachman, with a vacant seat, returned post-haste to Valdosta for the younger daughter, Oralie, and other members of the family.

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How the Old Governor was Buried. With few members of the family present, preparations were made for the burial. A coffin was made from wide boards taken from the porch of a new home of Peter Morrison. The plank having been laid but unnailed, were easily removed by willing hands. This enclosure was constructed at the workshop of John Morrison, two miles from the Troup residence. His handiwork was aided by his son, Daniel, together with the assistance of Duncan Buchanan. The nails were wrought by Peter Morrison, the blacksmith. The Colonel was a regular patron of this little shop. On the lid of the box brass tacks formed this humble tribute: "An Honest Heart." The venerable statesman was enshrouded in a winding sheet (the custom of the day) prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison, whose skill, like that of Dorcas of old, should be told as a memorial. She was the wife of the old woodworker. Material for the shroud was taken from a bolt of white linen, a portion of which also lent comfort to the rude coffin.

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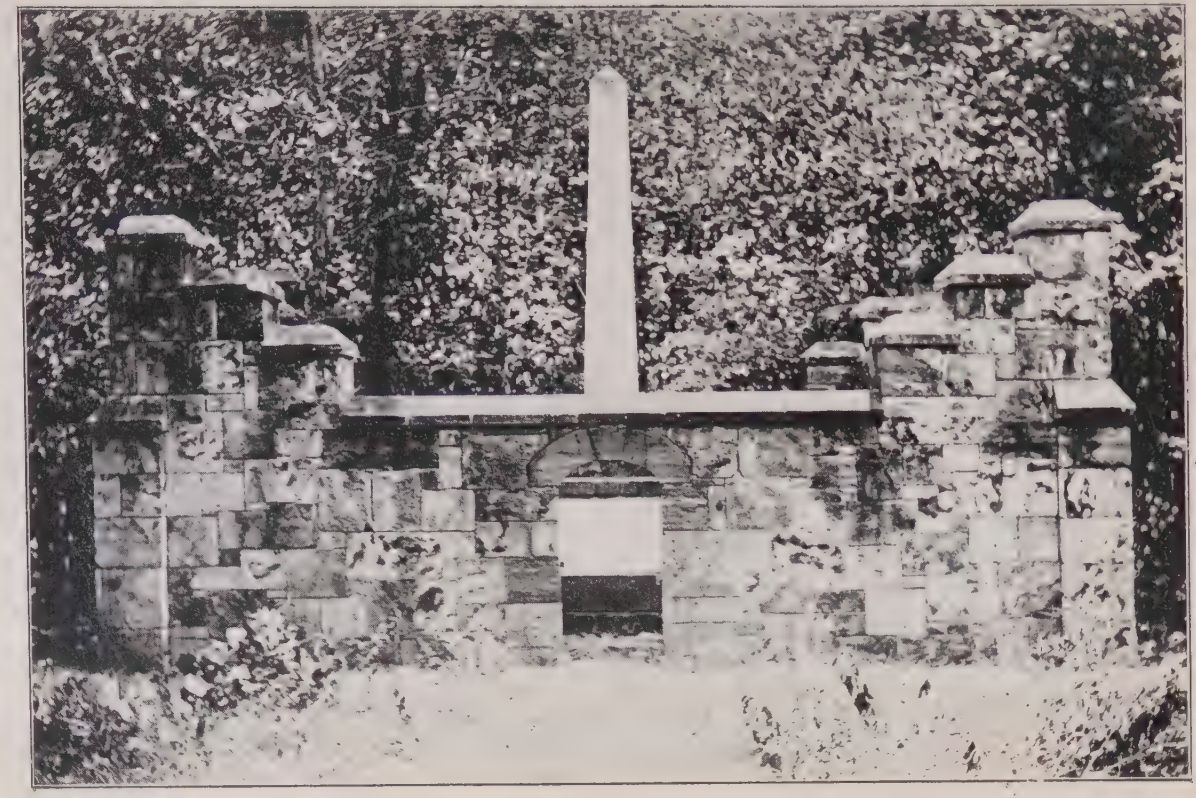
Gov. Troup's Tomb. The statesman was laid to rest at Rosemont, beside the body of his brother, Robert Lachlan Troup, to whose memory a shaft had been erected by the Governor and his son, G. M., Jr. (the latter having died two years after his father). The marble shaft, about ten feet tall, was finished in



TOMB OF GOV. GEORGE M. TROUP:

On the Rosemont Plantation in Montgomery Co., Ga.

Augusta, and stands in the center of the enclosure. On the front face will be seen the inscription:

> Erected by G. M. Troup, the Brother, and G. M. Troup, Jun., the Nephew, as atribute of affection to the memory of R. L. Troup, who died September 23, 1848, aged 64 years. An honest man with a good mind and a good heart.

After the Governor's burial there was recessed into the front of the base a marble slab, 2 x 3 feet, and seen through the open door of the enclosure, bearing this inscription:

> GEORGE MICHAEL TROUP.
> Born Septr. 8th 1780.
> Died April 26th 1856.
> No epitaph can tell his worth.
> The History of Georgia must perpetuate
> His virtues and commemorate
> his Patriotism.
> There he teaches us
> the argument being exhausted,
> to Stand by our Arms."

The enclosure, a most creditable affair, about 17 x 25 feet, is made of sand-stone, quarried from Berryhill Bluff, on the Oconee River, near by, and fragments left by workmen may now be seen strewn in the rear of the tomb. the splendid iron door, oft-times ajar, whose lock has long since been removed, was cast by D. & W. Rose, of Savannah. Governor Troup rests (according to the best information) on the right of the shaft, the single box coffin being used to avoid excavation too near the pedestal. There, among the wildwood, may be seen a rose bush, still blooming, the tribute of a faithful slave woman, long since in her lowly grave, among those of her kind. Near the tomb, which is now surrounded by a friendly little clump or trees (reduced in size, contrary to wishes of its owner), stood the Rosemont homestead, owned at the time of his death by R. L. Troup; but in

his will, dated only two days before death overtook him, Rosemont, with all personal property, was consigned to his brother, the Governor, and nephew, G. M. Troup, Jr. As exceptions, a 15-year-old colored girl was given to a friend, and the sum of 3,000 in cash assigned to Robert T., son of Dr. James McGillivray Troup, the youngest of the six Troup brothers, then residing in Glynn County. One of our illustrations shows half a section of the Rosemont dwelling, a double-pen log affair, many years ago cut from its mate and removed to a distant part of the field, but still well preserved. A deserted and lonely old barn now stands vigil over the site of this once happy retreat. Broad fields of cotton and corn have displaced the luxuriant forests of bygone days, the sound of the hunter's horn and the bay of the hounds is hushed forever, for during his earlier manhood the field and stream were resorted to by Governor Troup and his brothers.

Of the Horseshoe place nothing remains of former days, and it, too, is forgotten by the tiller of the precious soil as he sows and reaps on historic ground. Allowing a reference to the Turkey Creek plantation, and to further show the indomitable will power of the beloved statesman, it may be said that, just prior to his last journey to the Mitchell place, he wrote his overseer on the Turkey Creek farm, concerning a dispute with a neighbor of that community: "If I have not right on my side, I will surrender, but not compromise." Doubtless his last message.

Gov. Troup's Life as a Planter.

But back to old Valdosta! There remains on this massive plantation a number of the Troup slaves and their descendants, and their accounts of former (possibly happier) days would fill a volume. Here, as on his journeys, the celebrated executive was surrounded by a full retinue of servants, who responded to his every beck

Grove of Trees Surrounding Gov. Troup's Tomb on the Rosemont Plantation, near Soperton, Ga.

Old Barn on the Rosemont Plantation, Appurtement to the Former Homestead

TWO INTERESTING VIEWS OF ROSEMONT.

and call. Some of these were: George Baker, body servant; Timothy Baker, footman; Madison Moore, coachman; Richard Baker, horseman; George Hester, carpenter and all-around man. He, it is said, built the Valdosta annex referred to, being at the time, also a licensed pilot on the Governor's river steamer. A special pair of carriage horses, three single buggy horses and three saddle horses were kept groomed for the master's use. Space will forbid a further reference to the home life. Betsy Hester, of continued memory, was the house servant, and, with many others, lived to a ripe old age. The servants are buried in a plat set aside for the slaves, and many of their graves are well marked. George Baker was well educated, and was allowed to assist the Colonel with his reading and writing. The Governor retired at four in the afternoon, invariably, and arose at seven in the morning—ready for all contingencies.

Sad, and as voices from the past, come the stories told by these trembling lips, and dimmed eyes that seem to review the days filled with happiness to them. Now and then a tear is shed in memory of the past. Time, in its eternal passage, has dealt gently with some of them, now ready for the grave—willing to follow their master to the ground made sacred to them by his habitation and kindness to them. These human landmarks, modest in form and bowed with age, are still beautiful reminders of the past and preservers of memories which die not, though the years come and go. But the departed master! Sadly lingering thought: He sleeps in a tomb his loving hands built for another, and their dust is mingled together 'neath the shades of Rosemont, where the soft-moving waters of the Oconee murmur an eternal requiem of peace.

Mount Vernon. One of the oldest counties in the State, Montgomery, was organized in 1793 from Washington and Wilkinson Counties, and named for Major-General Richard Montgomery, who fell at the

siege of Quebec in 1775. Due to unsettled conditions along the border, growing chiefly out of the Oconee War, it was fully twenty years before a permanent site for public buildings was finally made. At last, on November 30, 1813, an Act was approved by Governor Early, making the county-seat permanent at a place to be given the name of Washington's home on the Potomac River. The Mount Vernon Academy was chartered in 1810, and later, on December 11, 1841, the Montgomery County Academy was granted a charter with the following board of trustees, to-wit.: John McRae, Sr., Wiley Adams, John Paterson, William Joice, Anthony Phillips, Joseph Ryals, Andrew Williamson, William Clark and James Chaney.* Brewton-Parker Institute, located between Mount Vernon and Ailey, on the Seaboard Air Line, is one of the flourishing high schools of the State, founded by Rev. J. C. Brewton, D. D. Rather a seat of culture than a center of trade, the capital of Montgomery County has entered upon a new era of growth since the completion of the Seaboard Air Line, and the prospects of the town, from a commercial point of view, are bright with promise. There is not a richer agricultural belt in Georgia than the one which immediately surrounds Mount Vernon. This section of Georgia was largely settled by Scotch-Irish immigrants from the State of North Carolina, and there are scores of families living in the county whose representatives still bear the names of Highland clans.

Much of the original territory of Montgomery has been taken to form other counties in Georgia.

Richard Montgomery We are indebted to the pen of Dr. William B. Burroughs, of Brunswick, for the following sketch of Major-General Montgomery, for whom this county was named. Says he:

"Richard Montgomery was born in the north of Ireland 1737. At the age of 22 we find him with Wolfe at the storming of Quebec; he

*Acts, 1841, p. 4.

was in the campaign against the Spanish West Indies, and shortly after quit his regiment and returned home. In 1772 he returned to America, bought an estate on the Hudson, and married a daughter of Robert R. Livingston. When the Revolution broke out he joined the Colonists and was made second in command in 1775 under General Schuyler. In the expedition against Canada General Schuyler being sick, he took command and was was commissioned Major-General before he reached Quebec. He had every difficulty to contend with—mutinous troops, scarcity of provisions and ammunition, want of clothing, deserters, etc. The eloquence of a Chatham and a Burke lauded his merit in the British Parliament. The Colonial Congress passed resolutions of grateful remembrance, profound respect, high veneration, and voted to erect a monument in front of St. Paul's Church, in New York City. The monument is still standing, and bears the following inscription:

'This
monument is erected by order of Congress
25 of January 1776
to transmit to Posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotic Conduct, enterprise and perseverance of Major-General RICHARD MONTGOMERY, who after a series of success, amid the most discouraging difficulties Fell in the attack on Quebec, 31 December 1775, age 37 years.'

"In 1818 his widow made a request to the Governor of Canada, Sir John Sherbroke, to allow his remains to be disinterred and brought to New York. The request was granted and the State of New York caused the remains of this distinguished hero to be brought from Quebec and placed in St. Paul's Church in New York."

MURRAY

Spring Place. Spring Place, the historic old country-seat of Murray, is redolent with time-honored memories. Early in the last century a mission was planted here among the Cohutta Mountains by the pious Moravians. It flourished for years, but with the removal of the Cherokee Indians to the West it was discontinued. In 1832, when Murray County was organized out of a part of the Cherokee lands and named for Hon. Thomas

W. Murray, of Lincoln, Spring Place was made the county-seat, a distinction which it retained until 1912, when the county-seat was removed to Chattsworth. As yet no public buildings have been erected in the latter town, and the question of a permanent site is involved in some dispute. Spring Place was the home of a noted Indian chief, Vann, whose residence is still standing, one of the few landmarks of a vanished race. John Howard Payne, the famous author of "Home, Sweet Home," was here detained as a prisoner in 1836, on the eve of the Cherokee removal. Spring Place was chartered as a town in 1834, with the following commissioners: William N. Bishop, John J. Humphries, John S. Bell, Seaborn Lenter and Burton McGee.*

Fort Mountain. Six miles and a half to the northeast of Spring Place looms a peak of the Cohutta Mountains, near the summit of which can still be seen the ruins of an old fort, the origin of which is shrouded in a thick veil of traditions. This ancient landmark of a region famed for its great natural beauty is known as Fort Mountain, so called from the remnants of this old fort, some of the legends connected with which reach back over a stretch of four centuries to the romantic days of De Soto. But no one who thoughtfully examines what is left of the old fort can accept readily the account which credits its erection to the Spaniards. There were originally not less than twelve walls in this defensive stronghold. Its erection required time; and, according to the Spanish narratives, less than two weeks were spent in this region, after which the gold seekers proceeded to what is now the city of Rome. Two stopping-places of De Soto have been identified as towns included within the original limits of Murray County, viz., Gauxule and Conasauga; but since in both of these towns he was accorded friendly receptions there existed no occasion for hostile maneuvers, such as the building of a fort would lead us to infer. The rules of historical criticism forbid an assumption that the ruins on Fort Mountain date back to DeSoto, but a former occupancy of this region by Europeans is strongly intimated, if not unmistakably proven, by these remains. We are indebted to Professor S. W. McCallie, State Geologist, for a table of measurements, showing how each of the twelve walls of the old fort ran. This table is given below, as follows:

*Acts, 1834, p. 248.

SE.	40 feet to pit; 160 to gate at spring.	
N.	60 "	
E.	70 "	
N.	20 "	
S. 80° E.	60 "	(2 towers)
NE.	100 "	
S. 80° E.	70 "	
E.	20 "	
N.	120 "	
NE.	90 "	
N. 10° E.	30 "	
NE.	80 "	

Says Prof. McCallie: "The old fort is located just a short distance from the highest point of the mountain. Some 250 yards from the main gateway to the fort is a spring. The walls are nowhere more than two feet high, but have a base of more than twelve feet. The masonry about the gateway is somewhat massive. All the stones in the wall can be removed by two men, except for a few boulders in a section over which the wall passes. There are many loose fragments on top of the mountain, from which the fort was no doubt constructed."

But, while DeSoto may not have built the stronghold on Fort Mountain, the antiquarians are for the most part agreed that he visited what is now Murray County, during his famous quest for gold in 1540. In support of this tradition, we quote from an original source "The Travels of a Portuguese Gentleman," translated by Richard Haklupt:

Says this account: "As the Governor (DeSoto) came to a town called Conasauga there met him on the way twenty Indians, every one loaded with baskets of mulberries and butter and honey in calabashes. . . . From the time the Governor departed from Conasauga he journeyed through a desert to Chiaha (where the town of Rome now stands). This town was on an island between two arms of a river and was seated high upon one of them. The river divideth itself into those two branches. DeSoto rested there thirty days, and the Indians told him of a rich country toward the North where there was to be found copper and another metal of the same color, save that it was finer and a far more perfect color, which they called talla-nuca, or yellow earth." It is a well-established fact that from the earliest times copper was dug from the hills of Murray County by the Cherokee Indians. The hinges on the doors of the old Mission at Spring Place are of beaten copper, and are said to have been made by the red men. Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., our foremost historical scholar, identifies Gauxule, the town mentioned in the Spanish narratives, as Coosawattee Old Town, in which is now Murray County; and Conasauga he identifies as a town on what was afterwards the site of New Echota, at the confluence of the Conasauga and Coosawattee Rivers, in what is now Gordon County, Ga. En route from Nacoochee Valley to

Gauxule only five days were spent by the Spaniards; between ?? ? ?? Gauxule and Conasauga they consumed only two days; and between Conasauga and Rome they occupied only twelve days; so it hardly seems probable that the stronghold on Fort Mountain was built by DeSoto, though it may have been constructed by Eureopeans, and possibly by Spaniards at a later period.

Indian House: The Home of Chief Vann.

Outlined against the blue Cohutta Mountains, at Spring Place, is a famous old red brick mansion, known as the "Indian House." It was built by Chief Vann and today stands strong and unwrecked by time. The brick used in construction was hauled from Savannah, while the quaintly constructed stairway, which has no visible support, and high hand-carved mantels were brought from beyond the seas.

Dark and fearsome tales are told of its early days, blood-stains still to be seen on attic walls, and mysterious hints of secret places containing hidden treasure, known only to the Indian, and never divulged to the white man. Vann was one of the two chiefs who befriended the Moravian missionaries who, in 1901, established the Moravian mission at Spring Place, the first mission to the Cherokee Indians. This mission was built near the large spring from which Spring Place had its name, and was an unpretentious log house.

In 1865 the structure was demolished, and no trace now remains, but a few rocks mark the spot where Rev. Abraham Steiner and G. Byhan labored so faithfully. Later many other missionaries were employed to teach the people the arts of civilized life. Mr. Steiner is authority for the statement that Chief Vann built the first wagon in the Cherokee Nation, for which he was severely censured by the Council, and forbidden the use of such a vehicle. The objection was, "If you have wagons, there must be wagon roads; and if wagon roads, the whites will be among us."

Just where Chief Ridge lived has been the subject of much discussion. He was born about 1771 at Hiawassee, his father a full-blooded Cherokee and his mother a Cherokee half-breed. By the Indians he was called Kah-ming-da-ha-geh ("man who walks on the mountain top"). He became at the age of twenty-one a member of the Cherokee Council, and when he rode to the Cherokee Council Ground on an old white horse, poorly clothed and with few ornaments, he was ridiculed, and some of the chiefs proposed to exclude him from their council. He soon won their confidence and became one of the chiefs of their nation. His son, John Ridge, attended the missionary school at Spring Place, and later an Eastern school. Tradition asserts that either Major Ridge or his son John Ridge built the old Indian House south of Spring Place which at the Indian exile passed into the possession of Farrish Carter, and is still owned by the

Carter family, members of which, down to the fourth generation, gather yearly at the quaint old house, which still claims its narrow stairway, tiny windows and hand-carved mantels.*

Traditions of the Cherokees

It is not known with certainty when the first settlement of whites was made within the limits of what is now Murray County, but there is a tradition to the effect that white traders from this section participated in the battle of King's Mountain, during the Revolution, none of whom ever returned to their cabin homes. Toward the latter part of the eighteenth century a number of white families from the Carolinas and from lower Georgia settled at what was then called Vann's Station, on the site of the present town of Spring Place. The Cherokees had at this time become fairly civilized. They occupied fixed places of abode, some of them owning negro slaves, with whom they cultivated extensive tracts of land in the fertile valleys. The most conspicuous among the leaders of the nation at this time were half-breeds like Ridge, Vann, Hicks, Boudinot, and Ross.

Chief Vann's father was a full-blooded white. His name was James Vann; and, to escape the consequences of a homicide committed by him in South Carolina, it is said that he fled to the Indians for protection. The exact time of his appearance upon the scene is unknown. He married an Indian girl, acquired a large tract of land on Mill Creek, and owned a number of slaves. His property at his death was inherited by his sons, of whom there were several. In an old court record (1834) may be found an injunction against one William M. Bishop, forbidding him to trespass on twenty-three specified lots of land belonging to Joseph Vann. Dr. George Mellen, in an article on the old Federal road, refers to the owner of the famous Vann House as David Vann; but Rev. W. J. Cotter, a distinguished octogenarian, who spent his boyhood in Murray County, speaks of him as Chief Joseph Vann, adding that he knew this noted old Indian chief well. Mr. Cotter's exact words may be found in an article published in the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* during the year 1910. He describes the chief as over six feet in height. He says that he was possessed of very large means; that he employed skilled workman in building his house, and that when completed and furnished it was one of the handsomest homes in the State. We have no record as to when this house was built, but in Ramsey's Annals it is stated that the Moravian missionaries were given land by Chief Vann near his own house on which to erect their mission house in 1801. Although the mission house was not finished until 1817, the first missionaries, Rev. George Byhon and Rev. Abraham Steiner, were

*Miss Willie S. White, of Dalton, contributes this sketch. The authorities consulted by her are as follows: White's Statistics, Rev. A. R. T. Hambright and Mr. F. T. Hardwick.

here long before this date. The old mission house was torn down by Mr. Lem Jones about 1865.

Chief Ross lived where the city of Rome now stands, and dated his letters "Head of the Coosa," but he later moved into Tennessee to Ross's Landing, now Chattanooga. He was a man of splendid talents, had a well-selected library, and had much to do with the litigation between the Cherokees and the State of Georgia, appearing for them in various courts, and finally carrying his contention, which was that the State of Georgia had no jurisdiction over the Cherokee country, to the Supreme Court of the United States, and there gained it before the nation's highest tribunal. In this case he exhibited so much statesmanship that Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, on the floor of the House of Representatives, declared in answer to a speech of Forsyth, of Georgia, one of the most eloquent men of his time, that Ross was in nothing inferior to Forsyth.

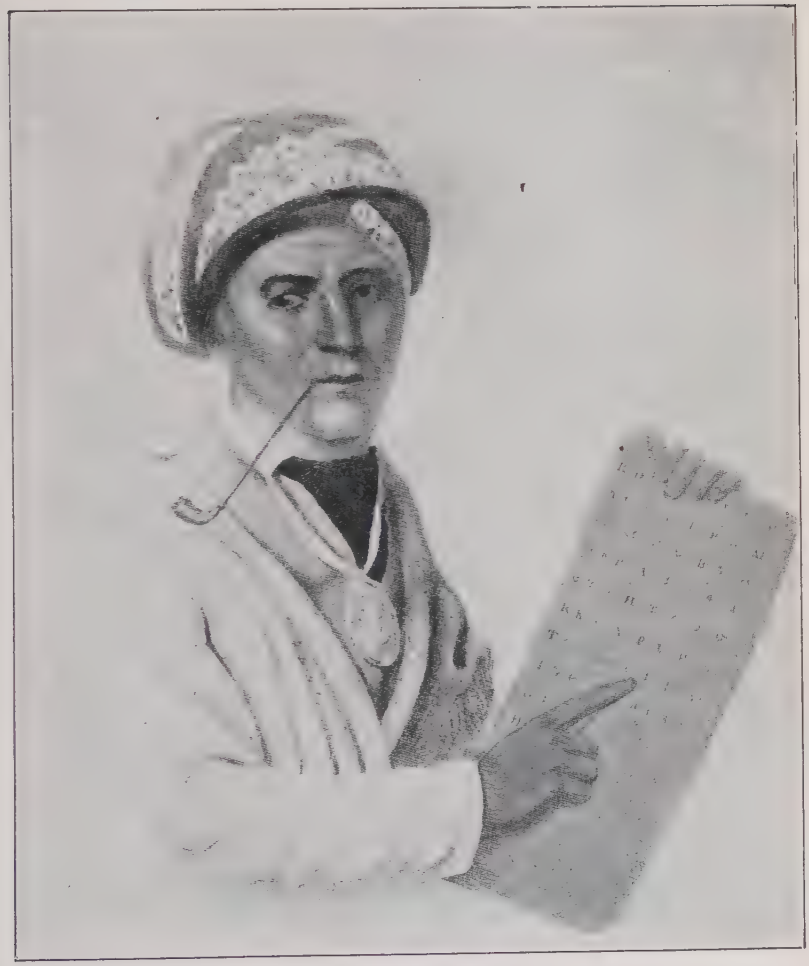
Chief Ridge was a full-blood Cherokee, a man of much intelligence, but of little education. His home was at the Carter Place. He was friendly to the State of Georgia, and by every means within his power sought to persuade the Indians to accept the government's proposition for a removal to the West.

Spring Place was incorporated in 1834, and was made the county-seat of Murray. It was first called Poinset, but the people disliked the name and called it Spring Place. The records show that on September 19, 1834, Abner E. Holliday and Matthew Jones deeded forty acres, lot No. 245, to the county, "for the purpose of placing a county-site upon." The first court, presided over by Judge John W. Hooper, was held in the old mission house. There is a record of the names of the first grand jury. The first true bill was against George Took for murder. It is said that Judge O. H. Kenan was the first judge who succeeded in enforcing respect for the law.

As early as 1833 a stage route was operated between Spring Place and Athens, Tenn. Horses were changed every eighteen miles. There were post-offices along the route, one of which was located at what is now Eton. The Federal road was the great highway of the time. The first representative as William N. Bishop.

About this time a Moravian mission was established at New Echota, which was then the capitol of the Cherokee nation, situated four miles north of the present site of the town of Calhoun, Ga. The first Moravian missionary to New Echota was the Rev. Samuel Worcester. Through his influence a Cherokee youth, who attended his school, was sent North to a Moravian mission school, at Cornwall, Conn. While there he came under the notice of the distinguished Congressman, Elias Boudinot, whose portrait now hangs in the hall of Independence in Philadelphia.

Congressman Boudinot was so pleased with the Indian youth that he adopted him and gave him his name. It was through this relationship



SEQUOYA:

Inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet.

that the young chief became acquainted with the lovely young girl, Harriet Gould, who later became his wife. Her father, Captain Benjamin Gould, was an officer in the United States army. The young chief and his wife went to New Echota to live among the Cherokees. She soon became the idol of the tribe, and during the twelve years which she spent in New Echota she labored faithfully for the uplift of her adopted people. She taught the young Indians to read and write in their native tongue by means of the syllabary, which the Cherokee Indian, Sequoyah, had just invented. Her husband, a leader in all the affairs of the tribe, was editor of the *Cherokee Phoenix*, a paper which was printed in the Cherokee language at New Echota, and was published from 1828 until 1834, when it was suppressed by the Georgia authorities.

With these splendid influences at work the Cherokees were rapidly moving toward a high type of civilization. But dark days were ahead; for the treaty of New Echota was soon to be signed. Under the terms of this treaty, though obnoxious to ninety per cent. of them, the entire nation was forced to move West and leave forever the land of their fathers. But Chief Boudinot's wife was not to live through the heart-rending scenes of the removal. After a short illness she passed away, and her grave is the only one distinctly marked among the many hundreds of New Echota. Her name is carved on a tombstone erected by Chief Boudinot before the removal of the Indians, and is made of marble brought from Connecticut, her native State.

To show how the Cherokees were progressing at this time the files of an old paper contains the following: "At a meeting of the National Council of the Cherokees, the following resolution was adopted: 'Resolved by the National Committee and Council that an agent shall be appointed to solicit donations in money from individuals, or societies, in the United States for the purpose of establishing a National Academy or College for the Cherokees.'" The resolutions were signed by John Ross, president of the National Committee; by Major Ridge (his mark), Speaker of the National Council; Pathkiller (his mark), Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation; by Charles R. Hicks, virtual Head Chief and Treasurer; Alexander McCoy and Elias Boudinot, respectively, clerks of the two branches of the Legislative Department of the Government.

It was finally the assumption of national sovereignty and plenary powers which incited the Georgians to take measures which ultimately resulted in deportation. The removal by force of fourteen thousand people from their homes caused great commotion throughout the whole world. The papers of the day were full of it, a great many taking the part of the Indians. It is said that General John E. Wool, an officer under General Scott, commanding the regulars, and General Richard G. Dunlap, commanding the Tennessee Volunteers, had their sympathies so enlisted on the side

of those doomed to exile that they recoiled before the task which confronted them. Even some of the civil officers looked upon the movement as brutal and outrageous, and so expressed themselves. Consequently we cannot wonder that a man of poetic temperament, like John Howard Payne, should have been moved to compassion for these poor savages; so much so, indeed, that while on a visit to Georgia he openly expressed his sentiments in regard to them. Hearing this, and fearing the effect on the Indians, Captain A. B. Bishop, who commanded the soldiers stationed at Spring Place, sent an armed guard to Chief Ross's home, where the poet was stopping, to arrest the poet and to bring him to Spring Place for imprisonment. One of the guards was John Oates, a man well-known to the people of this section. Payne was arrested at the home of John Ross, in Bradley County, Tenn., only a few miles from the State line. On the positive testimony of John Oates, it was not in the jail at Spring Place that Payne was imprisoned, but in the Vann House. Said he to one who heard the statement from his own lips. "I knew him well. He was at the old brick house—never in jail for a single moment." The guard stationed there was known as the Georgia Guard, commanded by Captain A. B. Bishop. He was released without an hour's delay when the fact was ascertained that he was innocent.*

MUSCOGEE

Columbus. Volume I, Pages 816-822.

Girard: Where the Last Fighting of the War, East of the Mississippi, Occurred.

On Sunday afternoon, April 16, 1865, the last engagement of the Civil War, east of the Mississippi River, was fought at Girard, on the slopes of the Chattahoochee, opposite the city of Columbus. It was incident to the celebrated cavalry raid into Georgia of General James H. Wilson. West Point was captured on the same day, but at an earlier hour. We quote the following brief account of

*Much of the material for this article was furnished by Mrs. Warren Davis, of Dalton, Ga. The authorities consulted by her were as follows: Rev. W. J. Cotter, Mr. Jesse Jackson, Dr. George Mellen, White's Historical Collections, etc.

the engagement at Columbus from Professor Joseph T. Derry's Military History of Georgia.*

"At Columbus, on the same day, April 16—a week after General Lee's surrender—Howell Cobb made a gallant attempt to defend the bridges over the Chattahoochee, fighting on the Alabama side, but was overwhelmed by the Federal forces, who took possession of the city, capturing 1,200 prisoners and 52 field guns. Colonel C. A. L. Lamar, of General Cobb's staff, was among the killed. The ram Jackson, which had just been built for the defence of the Chattahoochee, was an armament of six seven-inch guns, was destroyed, as were also the navy yard, foundries, arsenal, armory, sword and pistol factory, shop, paper mill, cotton factories, 15 locomotives, 200 cars and a large amount of cotton."

Upwards of twenty companies were organized and equipped in Columbus for Georgia's defence during the Civil War, and some of the officers who went from Columbus achieved high distinction, among them General Paul J. Semmes, General Henry L. Benning, the Iversons, father and son; Colonel John A. Jones, Colonel James N. Ramsey, Major Raphael J. Moses, and several others. General Semmes and Colonel Jones were both killed in the battle of Gettysburg, while Major Moses, as Confederate Commissary for the State of Georgia, executed the last order of the Confederacy, in a transaction relating to the disposition of $10,000 in silver bullion.

The Killing of Ashburn: An Episode of Reconstruction.

There occurred at Columbus during the period of reconstruction an episode which plunged the whole nation into a fever of excitement, and which evinced a fixed purpose on the part of the people of the South to maintain the integrity of an Anglo-Saxon civilization. It was the killing, by unknown parties, of G. W. Ashburn, an offensive partisan, who represented the most extreme type of radicalism. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1865, in which body he made himself peculiarly odious to the white people of Georgia. The feeling of revulsion naturally reached a climax in Columbus, where he lived

with the negro element of the population—an object of great loathsomeness to the Caucasian race. The following account of the trial is condensed from various sources:

The killing of Ashburn occurred on the night of March 31, 1868. He is said to have been a native of North Carolina, from which State he came to Georgia some thirty years prior to his death. There is very little known concerning him prior to the era of military usurpation, which, in addition to unloosing upon Georgia a swarm of vultures from other sections, developed the baser instincts of men who were already residents of the State and who identified themselves for vicious purposes with these ignoble birds of prey. There were undoubtedly some good and true men who, from conviction, advocated a policy of non-resistance; but they were few in number. Ashburn's mysterious taking off, therefore, at a time when passion was inflamed, when civil courts were suppressed, when Georgia's sovereign Statehood was outraged in the most flagrant manner, and when there was no redress for the whites except through the instrumentality of the Ku-Klux, was a matter little calculated to produce surprise, though it created a tremendous sensation. The military authorities took the matter in hand and caused arrest on suspicion of the following parties: William R. Bedell, Columbus C. Bedell, James W. Barber, Alva C. Roper, William D. Chipley, Robert A. Ennis, William L. Cash, Elisha J. Kirksey, Thomas N. Grimes, Wade H. Stephens, R. Hudson, W. A. Duke, J. S. Wiggins, and R. A. Wood. Besides these, there were several negroes implicated. It seems that even the blacks entertained toward Ashburn a feeling of mingled fear and disgust.

For the purpose of trying these alleged offenders, a military court was organized at McPherson Barracks, in Atlanta. The counsel for the prisoners included Alexander H. Stephens, Martin J. Crawford, James M. Smith, Lucius J. Gartrell, Henry L. Benning, James N. Ramsey and Raphael J. Moses. On the side of the prosecution, General Dunn, the judge advocate, was assisted by ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown and Major William M. Smythe. While in prison the defendants were subjected to great indignities. They were eventually admitted to bail, however, in the sum of 32,500 each, and not less than four hundred citizens of Columbus, representing both races, signed the required bonds.

It was on June 29, 1868, that the court was duly constituted, but, at the request of Mr. Stephens, a postponement was granted until the day following. The trial then began with the filing by Mr. Stephens of an answer in plea to the specific charges, in which, on behalf of the several prisoners, he entered a plea of not guilty to the crimes set forth. At the same time, the rightful jurisdiction of the court was was traversed. With slow progress the case proceeded until the twentieth day, when orders were received from General Meade suspending the investigation until further

notice from headquarters. On July 25, 1868, the prisoners were taken to Columbus, under guard. It was at this stage of the proceedings that they were finally admitted to bail; and, for reasons best known perhaps to the military authorities, the trial of the alleged murderers was never resumed.

Governor Brown's part in the prosecution of the Columbus prisoners charged with the murder of Ashburn only served to increase the obloquy in which he was held at this time by Georgians, due to his course in supporting the election of General Grant and in upholding the policy of Reconstruction. The following explanation of his course in the Columbus affair has been given by Colonel Isaac W. Avery, his accredited biographer. Says he:

"Weighing the evidence in the matter fairly and dispassionately, it may be shown that Governor Brown, in taking part in this prosecution, was governed by proper motives and rendered a service, both to the State and to the prisoners. He alleges that General Meade employed him, on the condition which he insisted upon making, that he—Governor Brown—should control the case, and that, upon the restoration of civil law, the case should be surrendered by the military authorities. His employment prevented the retention of very extreme men. The corroboration of Governor Brown, in this statement, has been very striking. It has been argued against its credibility that during General Meade's life, when the latter could either have verified or denied it, no explanation was made by Governor Brown of his conduct in the matter. Major A. Leyden, of Atlanta, who talked with General Meade several times about the affair, says that he was assured by General Meade that his fears for the prisoners would not be realized. Mr. John C. Whitner, of Atlanta, states that Detective Whiteley, who worked up the evidence for the prosecution, told him that the understanding when Brown was employed was that the military trial was to be remanded to the State authorities, on the reorganization of the civil government. General William Phillips, of Marietta, testifies that Governor Brown consulted with him at the time on the subject and explained to him his attitude of mind. Major Campbell Wallace, in an interview at the time with General Meade, confirms Governor Brown's statement. Many years ago Governor Brown gave his version of the affair to Hon. Alexander H. Stephens and Dr. J. S. Lawton."

Coweta Town. Volume I, Pages 69-73.

Origin of the Muscogees. Volume I, Page 813.

De Soto's Visit. Volume I, Page 813.

Where Oglethorpe Crossed the Chattahoochee. Volume I, Pages 814-815.

Recollections of General Mirabeau B. Lamar.

There are few persons who remember General Mirabeau Lamar. It was nearly eighty years ago that he left Columbus to achieve renown in the war for Texan independence; and barring only an occasional visit home he remained an exile throughout life from the land of his birth. But Judge Alexander W. Terrell, of Texas,* an eminent jurist and diplomat, who is still living at the ripe old age of eighty-four years, enjoyed the personal acquaintanec of this extraordinary man who, next to Sam Houston, was the most illustrious of Texans. Says he:

"The career of Mirabeau B. Lamar—patriot, soldier, statesman, poet—was one of the most remarkable in history. He was descended from a French Huguenot, who, after the destruction of La Rochelle, in 1628, found refuge in America. Lamar was born in Georgia, in 1798, and there he grew to manhood. He acquired only a common school education, for he preferred hunting, fencing, and horseback exercise to the confinement of the class-room. But he delighted in reading the ancient classics and the standard English authors, and thus acquired so correct a knowledge of the structure of his own language that few excelled him as a forceful and eloquent speaker."

"I first saw General Lamar in 1853, when his long, jet black hair was tinged with gray. He was of dark complexion and about five feet ten inches tall, with broad shoulders, deep chest and symmetrical limbs. From

*Sketch of Mirabeau B. Lamar, Vol. VII, Library of Southern Literature. Atlanta, 1909.

under his high forehead blue eyes looked out in calm repose; while his clean-cut, handsome features bespoke an iron resolution.

"When twenty-eight years old he married Miss Tabitha Jourdan, to whom he was tenderly devoted, for he had loved and courted her for years, and her death, while yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, so overwhelmed him with grief that he left Georgia—a homeless wanderer. In 1835 Lamar was next heard from on the frontier of Texas where, like Sam Houston, he appealed to the settlers with impassioned eloquence to revolt against the tyranny of Mexico. There was a strange parallel in the lives of these two great men. Each of them, when crushed by domestic affliction, fled from home and friends. Each emerged from self-imposed exile to advocate on a foreign soil the cause of civil freedom; each became commander of a revolutionary army, and then president of a new republic; each remained unmarried during all the fierce years of the Texan Revolution, and each found at last in married life his supreme happiness with wife and children."

"On March 6, 1836, the Alamo at San Antonia was stormed by an invading army under Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, all its defenders were massacred; while a few days afterward one hundred and seventy-five volunteers were butchered in cold blood at Goliad by his orders, and after having surrendered. Two weeks afterward Lamar appeared again on the coast of Texas, at the abandoned town of Velasco, and started on foot to join the Texan army. Colonel Fannin, who was butchered at Goliad, had been the bosom friend of Lamar, and the latter was eager to revenge his murdered friend. On April 20, 1836, Houston's army, after a forced march of two days and a night, with no other food than parched corn, confronted on the smooth prairie of San Jacinto the army of Santa Anna, which outnumbered them two to one. That afternoon Walter P. Lane, while skirmishing, was attacked by three Mexican lacers, who wounded him as his horse fell. Lamar rushed to his rescue, and killing one of the enemy, put the others to flight, though wounded himself. The Texan infantry saw the heroic act, and shouted in admiration. He had won his spurs, and Houston at once put him in command of the cavalry, with the approval of all its officers. The next afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the Texan infantry advanced toward the Mexican line to the tune of an old love-song; but when finally within forty paces of the Mexicans the band struck up "Yankee Doooodle." With clubbed rifles and knives they rushed upon the foe, hewing them down in the fierce onset. Lamar, though wounded, led the Texan cavalry on the right wing like an avenging fury. He remained in the pursuit until sunset, and with his cavalry captured Santa Anna. The battle was over in eighteen minutes, and the Mexicans slain or made prisoners outnumbered the Texans two to one. The latter lost only three men killed and twenty-seven wounded.

"Never before nor since in the annals of war was such a victory won by volunteers in an open field over such a superior force of disciplined troops, and never was a victory more far-reaching; for it secured independence, resulting in the annexation of Texas to the Union, which provoked the war of 1846 with Mexico. Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo our flag was carried across the continent, while the area of the Union was doubled. Within ten days Lamar was made Secretary of War; in four weeks the Cabinet appointed him commander-in-chief of the army; in four months he was elected Vice-President of the Republic, and in three years President without opposition. No private soldier ever rose so rapidly from the ranks to supreme authority through so many important offices, militay and civil. His style as a writer was not unlike his nephew's, L. Q. C. Lamar, the United States Senator."

"During Lamar's term as President the frontier was extended and protected, Mexican invasions were repelled, Texan independence was recognized, treaties were made with great European powers, immense tracts of land were surveyed and dedicated to higher education, and a free school system was established—the second on the Continent. France sent her minister to the Republic of Texas, and his residence, built with the gold of Louis Philippe, may still be seen in Austin. Time and official station had not yet soothed Lamar's domestic grief, and it was not until after seventeen years of loneliness that he met and married, in 1851, Miss Henrietta Maffitt, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Newland Maffitt, the great Methodist revivalist and orator of the South. When afterwards, in 1857, he was United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, a beautiful Indian girl inspired his heart to compose "The Daughter of Mendoza," his best-known poem. After the end of his term as President, he kept severely aloof from partisan strife, and found his chief pleasure in the endearments of home, where he died, at Richmond, Texas, December 19, 1859. No suspicion ever tarnished his reputation."

General Lamar* is buried at Richmond, Texas, his old home. The grave is covered by a horizontal slab of rough granite, about six feet and a half long by four in width. It was quarried from the hillsides of his adopted State. At the end of this slab, there rises a splendid shaft of Italian marble, twelve feet high, which rests

*Tombs and Monuments of Noted Texans, by Mrs. M. Leoscan in Wooten's Comprehensive History of Texas, Vol. I, p. 702, Dallas, 1898.

upon a pedestal four feet square. On the west side of the shaft, in bold relief, is chiselled a shield bearing the name, LAMAR, encircled by a beautiful wreath. Just a little below the point of the shield, on either side, project the muzzles of two cannon from among the leaves and flowers. On the east side of the shaft is the simple inscription:

EX-PRESIDENT OF TEXAS
DIED
Dec. 19, 1859.
Aged 61 years, 4 mos. & 2 days.

NEWTON

Early Times in Newton.* In 1822 Newton County was well-nigh an unbroken forest. There were no cleared lands except Indian maize and bean patches. There were no public roads; simply Indian trails. As soon as the lands were surveyed settlers began to occupy them at once. They cleared and cultivated fields of corn, wheat and other cereals. The men had patches of tobacco; the women had patches of indigo. No cotton was raised, except enough to make necessary clothing. The cotton was seeded by hand, for there were no gins; before carding it was first washed and then carded by hand, spun on spinning wheels, and finally woven on looms into cloth. The cotton, or spun thread, or woven cloth, was dyed blue by means of indigo, yellow with copperas, or whatever color was desired, with other coloring materials. The cloth thus made, white or colored, was then cut and sewed by hand into such garments as would hide human forms. Foreign fashion had not then invented Balkan blouses or hobble skirts.

At this early date, the forests were made up of oaks of different kinds, hickories, symmetrical pines and other growths. Among them were interspersed chestnut trees, from two to three or more feet in diameter, loaded with burrs containing sweet, palatable nuts. In September

*To Mrs. Wm. C. Clark, of Covington, we are indebted for most of the materials contained in this chapter. She was greatly assisted in the work of gathering data by Rev. A. C. Mixon, to whom grateful acknowledgments are likewise made.

or October the burrs generously opened, and after a rain or a brisk wind, nuts could be gathered by the bushel. Many of these the children treasured up for winter enjoyment. On what remained, the frisky squirrels feasted and the grunting swine fattened. Chinkapins were scattered all along up and down the little streams. Their little burrs, too, opened and disclosed little round fruit, large as a bullet and black as the eyes of a pretty girl. These were good to eat, and, besides, furnished materials for such innocent games as "Hull Gull," "Even or Odd" and "Jack in the Bush, Cut Him Down." Children have no such pleasure nowadays. Chestnut trees and chinkapin bushes are now as scarce as hen teeth in Newton. Another feature of former times in Newton was the abundance of various kinds of birds. Pigeons came in immense flocks in fall and winter, to gather up the acorns. Millions of blackbirds, in gangs half a mile long, came in winter and spring to pick up the uncovered grain in the farmers' fields. Of other birds, some have disappeared, others are scarce, none are abundant.

Covington: Its Indian Legend. Covington, the county-seat of Newton, is situated on the Georgia Railroad, 41 miles from Atlanta and 130 miles from Augusta. There is a creek which bounds the north and south of the town bearing the name of Dried Indian; and the legend which tells us of the naming of this stream comes from the long ago. When the earliest settlers came into this section, the red men dwelt upon the banks of this stream. Many were the attempts, often unsuccessful, made by the brave pioneers to rout these warlike inhabitants. At last they were all put to death and to flight save one old chieftain, who, single-handed and alone, still breathed the defiant spirit of his race. But one day, while asleep, he, too, was overtaken and captured. To prevent his escape, the old Indian was bound hand and foot with white oak lithes. He was then tied to a tree and pierced with many arrows. Death ensued, but still the settlers were unappeased, and, after cutting his body with deep gashes, they took him to a rocky steep on the banks of the stream, and there left him to dry in the sun. The creek was named Dried Indian from this incident.

The first church in Covington was a Methodist Church, and was built on the banks of this creek. When the town began to grow, the old church building was sold to the negroes, who have since transformed it into an up-to-date church, with handsome leaded windows and electric lights. Just west of this old church, in a very large grove, stood the old manual training school established in Covington some time in the early thirties by Dr. Olin. It was the property of the Methodists of Georgia. But the school was not a success, and through the efforts of Dr. Ignatius Few, the first president of Emory, this school was sold and some of the buildings were removed to Oxford as a beginning for the school known later as Emory College. Colonel W. W. Clark bought the site and the main building of the Manual School, converting it into an elegant Colonial home, which stands today as the home of Colonel Clark's daughter.

Covington was incorporated as a town in 1822 and as a city in 1854. The earliest settler on the site of the present town was Mr. Carey Wood, a pioneer citizen, who in after years became its most conspicuous landmark. From a list of the board of trustees of the old Southern Female College, at Covington, may be obtained the names of some of the prominent residents of the town in 1851, when the college was chartered, to-wit.: Joseph A. Anderson, William L. Conyers, John P. Carr, John B. Hendrick, Joseph H. Murrell, Robert O. Usher, Thomas F. Jones, William P. Anderson, Columbus L. Pace, John Harris and John J. Floyd. The present public school system of Covington was established in 1887. Some of the early representatives of Newton County in the General Assembly of Georgia, most of whom resided in or near Covington, were: Luke Robinson, Josiah Perry, Martin Kolb, McCormick Neal, John Bass, Richard L. Simms, A. F. Luckie, John Harris, Parmedus Reynolds, John Loyall, Richard Loyall, Felix Hardman, Isaac P. Henderson and Alfred Livingston.

*Acts, 1851-1852, p. 313.

Covington's Ante-Bellum Homes.* If one is fond of contrast let him ride from Atlanta to Covington and back again the same afternoon. Atlanta, our young and marvelous city of magic; our farewell to the past, our card to the future. Covington, of the ancient regime; far, far older; a fine old lady, sitting serenely in her old brocade, with a smile of contentment, viewing unmoved the passings years. Some clever analyst once said that the architecture of a section is the only perfect and accurate history of its past; it cannot lie. The splendid old homes of Covington, which have been so perfectly preserved, tell the story of the refined and advanced civilization that once obtained there, making it one of the most aristocratic social and political centers of Georgia. Oxford College is only two miles away, and the proximity of this seat of learning naturally gave Covington an atmosphere of culture. Crossing the square and passing out Floyd Street you come to the home of Carey Wood, who, in company with three other adventurous pioneers, was the first settler of Covington, then backwoods, or a mere crossroads on the public highway leading to Augusta. This house, so perfectly preserved with its dignified white columns, and fine air of conservative dignity, so simple yet so suitable, was, as originally built, the first frame house erected in Covington. The first four rooms of this pioneer house, two above and two below, are still a part of this old dwelling as it now stands. They were added to from time to time until long before the war the domicile achieved its present form, since when it has remained unaltered.

Carey Wood and his descendants were a large part of old Covington. His two daughters, Laura and Pauline, married two brothers, Colonel Robert Henderson, who was made a general on the battlefield as he was dying, and Colonel Jack Henderson, both of the Confederate army. Another of his daughters, Mary Jane, married Ozborn T. Rogers and resided in a splendid old Georgia mansion. General Robert Henderson lived subsequently in the old Cary Wood homestead, which is now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Swann. Two of General Henderson's daughters reared in this old house, Mrs. Lod Hill, of Atlanta, and Mrs. E. Y. Hill, of Washington, Wilkes County, are prominent women well known throughout the State. Robert R. Wood, of Atlanta, is a grandson of Carey Wood. Mrs. Louise Green, the well-known artist of Atlanta, is his granddaughter, and his daughter, Mrs. Ozborn T. Rogers, of the famous old Rogers house, now lives in Decatur. Carey Wood married a Miss Billups, of South Carolina, and coming to her husband's home in Georgia, she brought the nurse of her childhood with her as a body servant. At the time of this old negro's death, fifty of her descendants, none of whom had ever been sold, were owned by Carey Wood, and maintained either in his or his children's home, in addition to which he had many other slaves.

Further out Floyd Street, adjoining the old Wood place, is the former home of Judge John Floyd, one of the foremost citizens of Covington. This

*Article written by Mrs. Thad Horton, of Atlanta.

THE CRADLE OF EMORY COLLEGE:

Home of the Late Col. W. W. Clark, Covington, Ga., Including Part of the Old Normal School Established by Dr. Olin.

beautiful old house has its colonnade at the very edge of the sidewalk, and a view looking towards the square with the fluted columns of this old home on one side and the green odur hanging trees on the other is so picturesque that it deserves to be perpetuated. Just across from the Floyd house is the old Usher residence, now the home of Jack Henderson, a son of Robert Henderson. Jack Henderson married Miss Usher, whose father built this beautiful old residence.

The best built and the most archtectural of the many old homes of Covington is the old Rogers mansion, now the residence of Mrs. Joseph Wright, formerly the well-known Miss Corrie Carr. This splendid old brick house, which would be a credit to any city, was built by Colonel Thomas Jones, the father of Colonel Thomas Floyd Jones, of South Georgia. Originally the tract comprised fifty-five acres. A spacious lawn surrounded the house, there being no neighbors on either side, as there are now. The picturesque old English-looking residence stood on a noble eminence with its well designed loggia, overlooking the town. A high open brick wall surrounded the house garden, which was laid out in formal flower beds. These beds were surrounded by a boxwood hedge, planted by Mrs. Rogers herself, now a venerable lady of 82, who tells me that some forty years ago this hedge had grown to be waist high. The old walls and boxwood hedges have all been moved away; neighbors have established themselves to the right and left, but the fine old house still overlooks the city from its splendid eminence. The brick used in its building are said to have cost $10,000, for all the interior walls are of solid masonry. But shortly after the war, the old house with its surrounding acres were sold for the meager sum of $3,800.

The most picturesque home in Covington is decidedly the old Neal homestead. It was sold many years ago to David Spence, whose daughter, Mrs. Sheppard, inherited the place, and whose family now resides there. This most typical and picturesque old home, with its outside chimneys and noble Grecian portico, was built by McCormick Neal, the brother of the late T. B. Neal, of Atlanta, the brother, also, of the late Mrs. Pittman, the late Mr. Keely and of Mrs. E. H. Thornton. The beautiful old cedar trees and boxwood hedges were planted by Mrs. Neal herself many years ago. She has many descendants and relatives in Atlanta, among them Mrs. Emma Neal Douglas, whose recent work among the convicts of the Federal prison have endeared her to all benevolent people.

On ringing the doorbell to ask permission to take a photograph of the old place, I was invited to enter, which gave me an opportunity to study the plan of the house and see the woodwork, which is always a most interesting feature of old ante-bellum houses. The woodwork is of white and gold, the mantel in the quaint old drawing room one of the most charming colonial designs I have ever seen, and worthy of reproduction in the finest latter-day mansions.

Most of the old homes in Covington are in a state of splendid preservation and in perfect repair. Indeed the spirit of repair pervades the town;

the old Bob Wood place was being done over inside and out, and the old Rogers or Wight home was in the hands of interior decorators. But every now and then I came upon some beautiful old welling gray with time, and these were by far the most interesting and romantic of all. One of these was on the corner just above the old Neal residence. A mass of crimson crepe myrtle flaunted itself against a background of antique white clapboards. The gardens to the front and to the side and the rear were mellow with age, and seemed to have been undisturbed for years by a single footfall. Moss and lichens and pretty tender weeds grew everywhere. It was, I ascertained, the home of Mrs. Virginia Usher Camp, the widow of Septimus Camp, who died a few months after his marriage, leaving his bride this beautiful old home, where she has continued to reside entirely alone for the last fifty years. No wonder the garden seemed undisturbed, with only her light footfall passing through there. Mrs. Camp showed us through her home, and gave us as souvenir the published scores of some songs of her own composition. Later we had water from her picturesque and moss-grown old well. Although Mrs. Camp has owned this place for fifty years, it has an even more ancient history, having been for a generation earlier than its purchase by Septimus Camp the home of the well-known Batts family, of Georgia. The daughter of the house, Miss Adelaide Batts, married E. W. Marsh, then one of the merchant princes of Atlanta. Her children, McAllen (Batts) Marsh and Mrs. Green Adair, still reside here.

It is hard to say which was the most charming, the ride to Covington or the ride home again. Perhaps the latter—we had so many things to think of. As we sped along, the dusk began to thicken. In an incredibly short time we were speeding through the cool moist air of Druid Hills; next we were home. But though we were back again, the glamour was still upon us—the glamour of the old South.

Henry Ivy: Revolutionary Soldier.

Henry Ivy, or Ivey, perhaps a South Carolinian by birth, was a soldier in Washington's army at Valley Forge, but he moved into Newton with his family, including two sons, soon after the county was opened to settlement. He died before the day of pensions, carrying to his grave the marks of his warfare, especially during the bleak winter at Valley Forge. His death occurred in 1839 or 1840, at the age of four-score years. With his wife, who preceded him to the grave,

he is buried at Red Oak Cemetery, eleven miles south of Covington. Like many of his patriotic comardes, he went to his last resting-place, "unknown, unhonored and unsung," but in the sky above him waves the starry emblem for which he fought, symbolizing the greatest power on earth.

Pioneer Temperance Movement. During the early days of Newton County it was quite the fashion to partake of fiery intoxicants. Every household had its decanter of spirituous liquors. If a neighbor came in, even before breakfast, he was invited to take a social drink, and he seldom refused. Between the years 1824 and 1826 the first move in the direction of temperance was inaugurated by the adoption of what is still remembered by some of the older generation as the Washington pledge. Temperance organizations were formed throughout the country, in the constitutions of which this pledge was embodied; and the effect upon the local population was marked. At the old Red Oak Methodist Church, Dr. Alexander Means, of venerated memory, delivered a lecture on temperance, the impression produced by which upon the popular mind was most profound. As a result there was formed a small temperance society, the members of which abandoned the use of alcoholic stimulants, except for medicinal purposes; removed their decanters from the bureaus and sideboards and taught their children "to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

The Indian Fishery. In the southern part of Newton County, near the junction of South and Yellow Rivers, there is a famous shoal called "The Indian Fishery." It acquired this name from the fact that large numbers of Indians camped here at one time to trade and to fish. The savages gathered for this purpose in the early spring, because at this season a great many salt-water fish called shad came up to the shoal. These were very fine fish, weighing from two to four pounds each. But shad no longer abound in the stream at this point.

Pioneer Industries of Newton. Captain John Webb, in association with a Mr. White, built the first cotton mill in the County of Newton. It was erected on the Alcova River, about ten miles south of Covington. Some time later this co-partnership was dissolved, after which Mr. White built a cotton mill a short distance

down the same stream. At both places flour mills, with quite a large capacity, were also erected. During the Civil War, White's mill was burned by the Federals. Webb's mill was destroyed by fire at a much later period.

Porterdale. Three miles southwest of Covington, at Porterdale, are located the largest cordage mills in the world. In 1868 Colonel E. Steadman bought 1,012 acres on and around the site now occupied by this great establishment. He included in his purchase a section of Yellow River, at a point on which, then known as Cedar Shoals, he established a township called Steadman. Here he afterwards erected a mill known as the Cedar Shoals Factory, where cotton and woollen fabrics were both manufactured. This plant was operated by Mr. Steadman for years, after which he sold the property to the late O. S. Porter, Esq., who converted the same into a mill for the manufacture of twine; and later formed a combination with the Bibb Manufacturing Company, out of which grew the famous Porterdale Mills. The town of Steadman has given place to Porterdale, Ga., a town of 1,500 inhabitants, and the terminus of a branch line of the Central Railroad.

Mr. G. C. Adam's Fine Work. In 1893, Mr. G. C. Adams, County School Commissioner of Newton, introduced in the rural districts of this county an innovation which has since met with almost universal adoption, viz., the free transportation of school children to the rural schools of the district. His modest experiments marked the beginning of the present transportation system now in operation throughout the United States. Nor has the progress of this reform movement been restricted to this side of the Atlantic Ocean. It has spread even to England, where the periodicals have published full accounts of the system, with detailed maps of Newton County, including the various routes. In 1894 Mr. Adams also organized the Boys' Corn Club in the South. His object was to encourage the boys to remain on the farms, by developing a wholesome spirit of rivalry among them. This movement was at once adopted by all the Southern States, and today the number of workers enlisted in this crusade for the betterment of farm life in the South reaches far up into the hundreds of thousands.

Newton's Window at the State Capitol. At the State Capitol, in Atlanta, there is a leaded window put there by the citizens of Newton County in 1895, the year of the Cotton States and International Exposition. Instead of having the regulation display, the citizens placed this window in the Georgia building and after-

wards, through the co-operation of Hon. L. F. Livingston and Captain John Milledge, it was placed in the library of the State Capitol, where it depicts the marvelous resources of Newton. The central panel, portraying the county's water powers, was the gift of the Bibb Manufacturing Company, of Porterdale, Ga.

Rev. A. C. Mixon: Newton's oldest Resident.

Much of the information contained in this work relative to Newton County has been furnished by a gentleman, now in his ninety-fourth year, who has been a resident of the county since his earliest infancy: Rev. A. C. Mixon. The home of this revered patriarch is at Mixon, twelve miles south of Covington. His father bought a tract of land in this section of the county when there were no roads in this part of Georgia—nothing but Indian trails; and here, on what was then the frontier belt of the wilderness, exposed to the danger of savage attacks, Mr. Mixon was born in 1821. President Jefferson and Emperor Napoleon were still alive—the former an old man at his country home in Virginia, the latter a prisoner on the Isle of St. Helena. Mr. Mixon is the oldest living graduate of Emory College, and the oldest resident of Newton County; but his eye is still bright, his step elastic, and his memory of past events as clear as a crystal morning. He is a splendid talker, a man of varied and wide information, and a most genial gentleman. Because he has kept his heart pure, he finds the evening of his life serene; and may his golden twilight linger long.

Col. Alfred Livingston: His Escape From the Indians.

Colonel Alfred Livingston was one of the most noted men of Newton. He reached a phenomenal age, somewhere up in the nineties, and reared a son who represented his district in Congress for twenty consecutive years. There were many incidents of a most dramatic character in the long pilgrimage of Colonel Livingston, but nothing to surpass his wonderful escape from the Indians, when a lad. As told by one conversant with the facts, the story runs as follows: On the border of Taliaferro County, touching Greene, there lived in the pioneer days of our country a little family consisting of three members, father, mother and son, who were fighting hard to exist, with the odds heavily against them. Many were the hardships and dangers to which they were exposed on the perilous belt of the frontier. Indian tribes were all around them, and they were most hostile to these struggling settlers.

One day the father was called away from home on business which required his absence for several days, and his final word of warning was:

"Be careful of the Indians, and be ready for an attack at any moment." The first day passed without incident, and as the shadows lengthened mother and son began to make ready for the night. The rude home was provided with cumbersome doors and shutters, but these were made fast. Strange to say, the only weapon in the cabin with which to repel a hostile visit was an axe, but this was made sharp in case of need. With every precaution taken, they prepared to retire. But no sleep awaited them, for the watchful Indians had seen the husband and father leave his little home early that morning, and they knew that now was the hour for attack, hoping to count two scalps in their belt before midnight. As mother and son sat around the little hearthstone, suddenly a wierd scream pierced the stillness of the outer world, and both knew that in a few moments the house would be surrounded by the fierce men of the forest.

Impelled by a sudden impulse the mother seized the axe and stationed herself at the window, while the lad, armed with a cudgel, stood guard at the door. The Indians, with a war-whoop, began to surround the little cabin. The first point of attack was the door, but this was securely fastened, and foiled here, they next addressed themselves to the rudely shuttered window. At a single stroke the frail protection fell to the floor, and a warlike Indian thrust his head through the opening. The mother aimed well with her axe, and the head of the savage intruder was severed from his body. The other Indians were greatly enraged. When the limp body fell to the ground outside a second Indian thrust his head in, and quickly he, too, fell to the ground in a lump beside his comrades.

Three times with unerring stroke did this brave woman fight for her offspring, and when the third body fell to the ground outside the survivors decided to attack the house by a descent through the chimney. One of the redskins clambered on the roof and swung himself down into the little room. But the mother was alert, and with one well-aimed blow the fourth victim was sent to a bloody death. Only one other redskin remained. When his companion failed to return, he became terrified and fled. All night the inmates of the cabin watched and waited, expecting a return of the enemy at any moment. But the night dragged slowly away without further incident, and dawn's first rays of light found the watchers ready to perform the gruesome task of burying the dead. The mother decided to make a large fire from the accumulated brush around the house, hoping thereby to deceive the Indians, but when the savages approached near enough to perceive the ruse they became infuriated, and rushing upon the helpless woman scalped her.

Though in mortal pain, she possessed sufficient presence of mind to show no signs of life, until the Indians finally left her for dead. At last when she could hear no sounds from the redskins she arose and started back to the cabin, her only thought being her boy. She had not dragged herself far before she saw her husband returning, but ere he reached her she fell to the ground in a fainting condition. The distracted husband bore

her tenderly into the house, where she breathed her last in a very short while. The lad, who had gone in search of his father, returned just in time to see his mother's eyes close in death. This son was Alfred Livingston. Removing to Newton County years afterwards he bought property in the western part of the county, calling the place at which he settled Bethany, in honor of the historic old church in Taliaferro County, to which his family belonged before he came to Newton.

Oxford. Oxford, the seat of Emory College, came into existence with the great school of Methodism which was here located in the mid-thirties, bringing to this little college town some of Georgia's best families. It was incorporated as a town on December 23, 1839, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Richard L. Sims, Ignatius A. Few, Samuel J. Bryan, Acchelaus H. Mitchell, Harmon Lamar and James H. Bryan.[1] The Oxford Female Academy was incorporated on December 19, 1840, with the following board of trustees: James O. Andrew, William Capers, Augustus B. Longstreet, Samuel J. Bryan, Richard L. Sims, William H. Mell and George Lane.[2]

Some of the most distinguished men of the State have been residents of Oxford. The list includes: Bishop George F. Pierce, one of the greatest orators of the American pulpit; Judge Augustus B. Longstreet, author of "Georgia Scenes;" Justice L. Q. C. Lamar, a son-in-law of Judge Longstreet, afterwards a member of Congress, a United States Senator, a Cabinet officer under President Cleveland, and an occupant of the United States Supreme Court Bench; Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, theologian, educator, author and administrator; Bishop James O. Andrew, first Bishop of the M. E. Church, South; Dr. Ignatius A. Few, a noted pioneer educator and divine; Dr. Alexander Means, an eminent

[1] Acts, 1839, p. 80.
[2] Acts, p. 7.

scholar, poet and man of science; Dr. Isaac S. Hopkins, afterwards president of the Georgia School of Technology; Bishop Warren A. Candler, one of the founders of the great Methodist University which bears his family name, and to the chancellorship of which he was called; Hon. Robert U. Hardeman, former State Treasurer of Georgia, and a host of others.

Justice L. Q. C. Lamar.

Perhaps the most illustrious graduate of Emory College was the renowned jurist and statesman: L. Q. C. Lamar. Entering the freshman class in 1841, he received his diploma in 1845. Some few years later he married Virginia Longstreet, the beautiful daughter of the president, and when Judge Longstreet removed to Mississippi to become the head of the new university, he soon followed, to spend the remainder of his life in his adopted State. He became a member of Congress, an envoy to Europe, on behalf of the Confederate government, during the Civil War, a Senator of the United States, a member of the Cabinet of President Cleveland, under the latter's first administration, and finally an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. But he never ceased to love Georgia. Throughout his whole life, he remained loyal to Emory, and nothing delighted him more than to recount the recollections of his long sojourn of four years at Oxford. In the commencement address which he delivered in the summer of 1870, before the alumni of the college, he paid the following beautiful tribute to the old town. Said he:

"No spot on earth has so helped to form and make me what I am as this town of Oxford. It was here, in the church which stands a little further up the street that I became fully impressed with the value and peril of my soul, and was led to pour out my contrite confessions. It was in yonder building, which now seems so deserted, that I became conscious of power. It was here, in the Phi Gamma Society, that I received my training as a debater. I see before me now many who wrestled with me in the arena of argument. There sits a man who was one of the first—he was, indeed, actually the second—to suggest that I had powers within me to stir men's hearts and to convince the reason. Wesley Hughes was the first. I know not where he is, but I send to him my greetings wherever he may be. There sits the venerable man who, when I delivered by graduating address, in approval of its sentiments, placed his hand upon my head and gave me his blessing. There is another old man who sat at the very fountain head of my mind, and with loving hand directed the channel in which it was required to flow and who, when I arrived at manhood, gave

me my betrothed bride, who has ever since held the choicest place in my affections and made my life one constant song of joy."

Zora Fair: A Heroine of the Civil War.

Still fragrant in the memory of the town of Oxford is the daring exploit of a beautiful South Carolina girl, who refugeed to this remote Georgia village during the Civil War. Her name was Zora Fair. She was living with an uncle, Mr. Abram Crews, in the famous old city of Charleston, when the latter was detailed by the Confederate government to run the blockade to Europe. Before embarking upon this perilous enterprise, he sought to find a safe retreat for his family, and, having friends in the little village of Oxford, he brought them hither, and with the other members of his household came Zora Fair. She was a frail slip of a girl, but she came of courageous stock, with wonderful powers of endurance, as events were to prove, and with a spirit as brave as ever animated the maid of Orleans. The story is too long to be told in this connection, but those who wish to read an account of this brave girl's heroism can find it in "Grandmother Stories."* a charming little book written by Mrs. Howard Meriwether Lovett, of Augusta. It is enough for present purposes to say here that, disguising herself as a mulatto negress, she crossed the Yellow River, on a partially destroyed mill dam, and made her way on foot to Atlanta, where, passing the enemy's lines, she gained access to General Sherman's headquarters, possessed herself of certain secrets pertaining to the Federal plan of campaign; and, narrowly escaping death under fire of a sentinel's gun, she returned with blistered feet to Oxford, from which place she sought to communicate by letter with General Joseph E. Johnston, then at Lincolnton, N. C. But, unfortunately, the brave girl's message fell into the hands of the Federals. Troops were sent to Oxford to effect her capture, but she remained in hiding until danger was well past. If the letter had reached General Johnston there might have been a different story for the historians to tell. This daring exploit originated in the fertile brain of the young girl herself. She undertook its bold and hazardous execution without help; and though it failed of success, it proclaimed her a brave and fearless girl, possessed of the spirit of the true heroine; and her name deserves to be embalmed for all time to come in the grateful affections of her beloved Southland.

OCONEE

Historic old Watkinsville.

Watkinsville, the county-seat of Oconee, is one of the most historic towns of Georgia, reaching back over the dusty stretch of more than a hundred years to the heroic age of the

*Grandmother Stories, by Howard Meriwether Lovett, pp. 163-171.

pioneers. In 1801, by an Act of the Legislature, Clarke County was formed out of a part of Jackson, on what was then our western border, and named for the valiant Revolutionary leader, General Elijah Clarke; while the county-seat of the new county was called Watkinsville, in compliment to Hon. Robert Watkins, of Augusta, one of the State's ablest lawyers. Thomas Booth was probably the earliest settler on the site of the future town, but Dr. Harden soon followed him and built a handsome home on what is still known as Harden's Hill, later the property of Hon. B. E. Thrasher.

Bishop Haygood's Old Home.

One of the first lawyers to open an office at Watkinsville was Green B. Haygood, Esq., whose son, Atticus G. Haygood, a native of this town, was destined to become a prince of preachers and one of the tall landmarks of Southern Methodism. Bishop Haygood filled many arduous roles. As a minister of the Gospel he possessed few equals. As an educator he stood at the very forefront. As a profound theologian he moulded the minds of men. As a writer he wielded not only a trenchant, but a fearless pen; and as a bishop of the church he proved himself to be a man of God divinely called to a great work. On account of some of his advanced views, especially on the race problem, he did not escape criticism, but he lived to witness a radical change of sentiment on this line, and to inaugurate a new era in the South. His sister, Laura, a noted educator, who devoted the last years of her useful life to missionary work in China, was likewise a native of Watkinsville.

Rev. John Calvin Johnson, a name which no one in Watkinsville can mention except with honor, was for years a commanding figure among the pioneers, a man of great influence with the people and of great favor with God. Walter Johnson, his son, was for years tax-collector of the county, while his grandson, John Calvin, Jr.,

afterwards held the office of Ordinary. Oconee's earliest probate judge was Asa M. Jackson, a man greatly beloved, whose tenure of service covered a period of forty-seven years, one of the longest in the history of the State. His successors in office have been: James R. Lyle, B. E. Thrasher, H. A. Thomas, John Calvin Johnson, Jr., and A. H. Morton. The first court-house was a frame building, reared in 1806. It was afterwards replaced by a large structure of brick, covered with blue stucco and shaded by immense oaks. This fine old building was erected by John Birch, grandfather of the late Chancellor Walter B. Hill, of the University of Georgia.

Recollections of Judge Overby. Judge Basil H. Overby, one of the first advocates of temperance in Georgia, though not a resident of Watkinsville, was affiliated to some extent with the people of the town by ties of marriage. His first wife was a daughter of John and Sarah (Barton) Thrasher, and by reason of this fact he was always close to the people of Watkinsville and often a visitor here. There was not a finer character during his day in Georgia than Judge Overby: eloquent, magnetic, fearless, public-spirited. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Earle Overby, perhaps the best loved woman in Watkinsville, still treasures among her keepsakes a little pamphlet which bears this title: "Basil Overby Union, Daughters of Temperance, No. 11." It is dated 1853; and, in view of the marvelous world-wide growth to which the great W. C. T. U. movement has attained, it is a matter of the most intense interest to scan the pages of this little pamphlet, in which the modest beginnings of a great modern reform are reflected in print. Mrs. Overby is a brilliantly cultured woman, a great lover of books; and such is the esteem in which she is held by every one in Watkinsville that a splendid library has been established, bearing her name; and this library is one of the glories of the little town.

Judge Overby's second wife was the youngest daughter of General Hugh A. Haralson, and a sister to Mrs. Logan E. Bleckley and Mrs. John B. Gordon. Though he died early in life, Judge Overby has left the impress of his genius upon the State. Nor does the man who espouses a weak cause, when a tremendous moral issue is at stake, deserve any less to be admired than the man who presides over a great tribunal of justice or leads an army to battle. His children by the first wife were: Barton, Nick, Earle, Mrs. James Middlebrooks, Mrs W. W. Price and Mrs. Robert Winship. There was only one child by his second marriage, a daughter Lizzie, who married Captain Charles W. Williams. The latter was given

a General's commission at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, but died of yellow fever in the Philippines. Basil O. Lenoir, a son of Mrs. James Middlebrooks by her first marriage, is today one of the most useful men in the government service, entrusted frequently with delicate and difficult commissions.

Pioneer Families of the Town. To mention by name only some of the other pioneer families of Watkinsville, the list includes: the Greshams, the Lees, the Applings, the Elders, the Thomases, the Ligons, the Billupses, the Paines, the Taneys, the Harrises, the Durhams and many others. In 1871, by an Act of the Legislature, Athens was made the county-seat of Clarke, a removal credited to Judge Emory Speer, even then a power in politics, though a young man in his twenties. Great dissatisfaction was aroused, especially in the territory around Watkinsville; and such was the pressure brought to bear upon the Legislature that, on February 25, 1875, a new county called Oconee was created out of Clarke, with Watkinsville for its county-seat. Since 1819 only two men have suffered the death penalty in Oconee, a record which attests the law-abiding character of its citizens. But there is little cause for astonishment. The ethical standard was set years ago when Micajah Bone, Esq., was presented to the Grand Jury for swearing and for taking his Maker's name in vain.

Graves of Revolutionary Soldiers. In the county cemeteries near Watkinsville the graves of four Revolutionary soldiers have been located. These are Josiah Elder,* David Thurman, Colquitt Freeman and John Freeman. Applications for markers have already been made by Mrs. Robert Smith, at Watkinsville.

OGLETHORPE

Historic Old Lexington. Much of Georgia's history, in ante-bellum days, was made by a group of statesmen whose homes are yet standing amid the historic shades of the little town of Lexington. Gilmer, Upson, Lumpkin, Cobb, Crawford—these are names which have made the annals of Georgia resplendent.

*Not David Elder, as stated in Vol. I.

But here they are found in the minute-books of church sessions, and in the records of town meetings, while the great men who modestly wore them were known chiefly as neighbors, whose crowning traits, in village eyes, were those of the country gentleman of the old school. On December 19, 1793, Oglethorpe was formed from a part of Wilkes, and under the provisions of this same Act Lexington was made the county-seat. The town was incorporated by an Act providing for its better regulation, on November 24, 1806, at which time the following town commissioners were named, to-wit.: Matthew Gage, George Phillips, John Gresham, Thomas W. Cobb and George Paschal.* The famous Meson Academy, at Lexington, is almost as old as the town itself. It was founded as the Academy of Oglethorpe County, but on November 27, 1807, it became Meson Academy, in honor of a wealthy townsman, Francis Meson, who bequeathed to the school a large estate, real and personal. At the same time the following board of trustees was chosen to govern the school under its new name: John Lumpkin, William Harris Crawford, Benjamin Baldwin, George Phillips, James Luckie, Obediah Jones and Thomas W. Cobb. The Presbyterian Church at Lexington is the oldest church in the Synod of Georgia. In the cemetery adjacent to this historic landmark sleep Governor George R. Gilmer and Hon. Stephen Upson, for each of whom a county has been named. Here lies also the founder of the church, Rev. John Newton, a prince of pioneer evangelists, and here rests Carlisle McKinley, a noted Georgia poet and a kinsman of the martyred President.

Recollections of General Oglethorpe.

"It is an interesting fact in the history of this celebrated man that he lived to see the infant colony become a great and free State. Among the very earliest to call on John Adams, the first Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, was Oglethorpe. He who had planted

*Clayton's Compendium, p. 307.

Georgia and nursed the royal colony in its feebleness, joined hands with him who had come to the British Court the representative of its national independence. Well might Edmund Burke tell him that he was the most extraordinary person of whom he had ever read; for he had founded the province of Georgia; had absolutely called it into existence, and had lived to see it severed from the empire which created it and become an independent State.

"The evening of his life was mild and pleasant. His bodily and mental vigor remained to the last; and, in the society of one of the most delightful literary circles of England, composed of Johnson, Goldsmith, Wharton, Burke, Burton, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. More, and others, he passed in London, or at Cranham Hall, the quiet and peaceful hours of social life. Hannah More, whose praise is itself renown, thus graphically describes him in a letter to her sister: 'I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously. It is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He is the foster brother of the Pretender, and much above ninety years old. The finest figure you ever saw. He frequently realizes my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great; his knowledge of the world extensive; and his faculties as bright as ever. He is one of the three persons mentioned by Pope still living: Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was an intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and all the wits of the time. He is perhaps the oldest man among the gentry now living; and he could have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldered. He is quite a preux chevalier—heroic, romantic and full of the old gallantry.'"*

The Lumpkin Family Record. Among the earliest settlers of Oglethorpe were the Lumpkins. They came from Virginia, and, according to land-grants, there were quite a number of them, and they appear to have taken an active part in the Revolution. John Lumpkin was the father of the two distinguished Georgians: Governor Wilson Lumpkin and Chief Justice Joseph Henry Lumpkin.

Wilson Lumpkin was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Walker, who bore him seven children:

1. Lucy, who married Middleton Pope; of which union was born Sarah, who married David C. Barrow, the father of Hon Pope Barrow, former United States Senator from Georgia, and of Dr. David C. Barrow, Chancellor of the University of Georgia.
2. Ann, who married Augustus Alden.
3. Pleiades Orion, who married Margaret Wilkinson.

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*Wm. Bacon Stevens, M. D., D. D., in History of Georgia, Vol. I, pp. 207-8, New York, 1847.

4. Wilson.
5. William.
6. Elizabeth, who married O. B. Whatley.
7. Samuel H.

Governor Lumpkin's second wife was Annis Hopkins, who bore him two children:

1. John C.
2. Martha, who married Thomas M. Compton. It was in honor of the Governor's youngest daughter that the Southern terminus of the Western and Atlantic Railroad was christened Marthasville. In 1847 the name of the village was changed to Atlanta.

Joseph Henry Lumpkin married Callender Grieve. She bore him five children:

1. Marion McHenry, who married General Thomas R. R. Cobb, of which union were born several daughters, one of whom married Augustus L. Hull, another Captain Henry Jackson, and the youngest Hon. Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, Governor and United States Senator.
2. Joseph Troup, who married Margaret King.
3. Callie, who married Porter King, from which union came Hon. Porter King, former Mayor of Atlanta.
4. William Wilberforce, who married Louisa King, from which union came Colonel Edwin K., a prominent lawyer of Athens, and Hon. Joseph Henry, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia.
5. Lucy, who married William Gerdine.
6. Edward P.
7. James M.
8. Charles M.
9. Miller G.
10. Robert C.
11. Frank, who married Kate Wilcox.

Hon. Samuel Lumpkin, late Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was a nephew of Wilson and Joseph Henry Lumpkin. The late distinguished John H. Lumpkin, of Rome, jurist and Congressman, was also a kinsman.

Oglethorpe's Famous Quarries. Some of the finest granite in the State is quarried today on land which formerly belonged to the estate of Governor George R. Gilmer, near Lexington, but which is now owned by Judge Hamilton McWhorter, of Athens. The magnificent Georgia State monument in Chickamauga National Park was built of stone from these quarries; and there is not a memorial in the park more universally admired. Nor is this due so much to the artistic design of the monument as it is to the superior quality of the stone out of which this splendid shaft is fashioned.

PAULDING

Van Wert. In 1832, Paulding County was organized out of a part of the Cherokee lands and named for the celebrated John Paulding, one of the captors of Major Andre. Under the provisions of this same Act, Van Wert was made the county-seat. This town, named for a companion of John Paulding, who aided the latter in making his famous capture, was incorporated by an Act approved December 27, 1838. It became an important center for the slate-mining industry in Georgia, and was made in 1866 a terminal point of the Cartersville and Van Wert Railroad, but with the rise of Rockmart, only half a mile distant, Van Wert began to decline, and is today only a suburb of the latter town.

Dallas. On December 20, 1851, an Act was approved taking from Paulding and Floyd Counties a large body of land, out of which to form the new County of Polk. In readjusting the border lines, Van Wert was left on the edge of the new county, making it necessary to choose a new county-site for Paulding. Accordingly, the Inferior Court judges were authorized to select a new site for public buildings, and out of this legislative enactment grew the present town of Dallas, named for Hon. George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, who was afterwards made Vice-President of the United States. The town was incorporated on February 8, 1854, with the following commissioners, to-wit.: John S. Poole, Garrett H. Spinks, James H. Ballinger, Hezekiah Harrison, and James S. Hackett. The Male and Female Academy was chartered in 1860.

PICKENS

Jasper. In 1853, Pickens County was organized from Cherokee and Gilmer, and, under the provisions of the same Act, Jasper was made the county-seat, named for Sergeant Jasper, while the county itself memorialized General Andrew Pickens, both Revolutionary patriots of South Carolina. Perhaps a large element of the county's population at this time was from the Palmetto State. The town was incorporated December 22, 1857, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: A. K.

Blackwell, John A. Lyon, Adin Keeter, L. W. Hall and George W. Harman.[1]

PIERCE

Blackshear. Blackshear, the county-seat of Pierce County, was incorporated as a town on December 16, 1859, and was named for General David Blackshear, of Georgia, a noted Indian fighter. The county itself, formed out of Appling and Ware, was named for President Franklin Pierce. On December 7, 1860, the old Blackshear Academy was chartered, with the following board of trustees: J. A. Harper, E. D. Hendry, D. R. Milton, C. S. Youmans, John W. Stephens, John T. Wilson, Benjamin Blitch, William Goettee, John M. Jenkins and James B. Strickland.[2] The present public-school system of Blackshear was established in 1893. Hon. W. G. Brantley, a former member of Congress, and Hon. J. Randall Walker, a newly elected member, are both natives of Pierce. This was also the home of Hon. John C. Nicholls.

PIKE

Zebulon. In 1822, Pike County was organized out of Monroe. Under the provisions of an Act, approved in the year following, the county-seat was located at a little village called Newnan, commissioners for which were named as follows: Samuel Mitchell, William Mitchell, William Myrick, Nicholas Johnson and Hugh F. Rose.[3] But Zebulon became the county-seat within a short while thereafter, and was incorporated as a town in 1825. Both the county and the county-seat were named for the famous explorer, General Zebulon M. Pike. With the establishment of the town, a school was started for boys, and on December 25, 1837, a charter was granted for the Zebulon Female Academy, the trustees of which

[1] Acts, 1857, p. 180.
[2] Acts, 1859, p. 134.
[3] Acts, 1823, p. 186.

were named as follows: Robert Walker, John Hall, Richard S. Walker, Jeptha V. George, Thomas B. Daniel and William Harris.* In 1852, a charter was granted for the Zebulon Branch Railroad, to connect either with Barnesville or with some convenient point on the Macon and Western Railroad.

Barnesville. Prior to the year 1820 Gideon Barnes, with his family, left his native State of Virginia and came to Georgia, bringing with him five or six head of stock and five slaves. Charles Wallace Graddick, his great-grandson, has in his possession the original deed to a lot of land, for which Gideon Barnes traded an Indian pony in full payment thereof. On this lot, near the western stage route, where the roads from Zebulon to Forsyth, Jackson to Thomaston, intersected he built a log cabin for a home, and one for a store, and the settlement was known as Barnes' Inn. One of the slaves could cook like "de fo'ks in Virginny," and the fame of the inn went abroad in the land. The primitive house stood for many years and was enlarged from time to time. A shed to the front made a long veranda that boasted benches and a shelf the length of the house, on which were stationed, like sanitary sentinels, tin wash-pans, buckets and towels, proving that clean hands and a pure heart were prenatal with the plucky little city that makes no false claims in her plea for civic justice. Here youths and maidens loitered on the Sabbath day, and John Alden and Priscilla lived again.

Willis Jay Milner, was the next settler recorded. In 1823 he made a trip to Jasper County, and brought his bride on horseback to his cabin in the woods. He built and sold seven houses in as many years in the vicinity of Barnes' Inn, and thus came into existence Barnesville, one of the proudest little cities in Georgia. Among those who laid the foundation were Jack Jenkins, Zack Fryer and Josiah Holmes. Later came Charlie Turner, Alvis Stafford, Dan Hightower and the Elder boys, Jack and Hub. The Elder boys were successful young merchants, and during the famine in Ireland they shipped a cargo of corn to the sufferers across the water. Soon church spires pointed heavenward, and two remarkable schools attracted families worth while. Dr. Holly and Dr. Blackburn were the first physicians. They were followed by Dr. Wright, Dr. McDowell and Dr. Perdue, who were pillars of faith in time of need. Dr. Lavender and Dr. Fogg were the dentists who did perfect work, with no promise of the painless impossible. After recovering from the shock of war the ambitious village set stakes for a full-fledged city, and is steadily pulling to them. The Murphys, Blalock, Frank Reeves, Robert Mitchell and many other families of sterling worth added merchants, farmers, manufacturers and

*Acts, 1837, p. 15.

professional men to the high-toned citizenship. Charles E. Lambdin founded Gordon Institute and every March an appreciative people delight to honor his memory with exercises of Founders' Day. And the buggy factories have had much to do with the making of the town. Jackson G. Smith's two sons and C. O. Summers were born to the genius of the business, and within a few years the Franklin Company has made a marvelous record. The only misfortune Barnesville feels, and to which she yields, is her political geography, which nothing can remedy but the wisdom of granting the new County of Lamar.

Authority: Mrs. J. W. Reeves, Barnesville, Ga.

POLK

Cedartown. Under an Act approved February 8, 1854, the site of public buildings for the new County of Polk was made permanent at a place called Cedar Town. At the same time a charter of incorporation was granted, in which the following commissioners were named, to-wit.: Augustus N. Verdery, Benjamin F. Bigelow, Brooks M. Willingham, Jesse M. Wood and Hezekiah Witcher.[1] But Cedartown was already an important village when Polk County was organized. On December 19, 1834, the Cedar Town Academy was chartered, with Messrs. John Kerley, Jacob Scott, Larry Witcher, John Witcher, Sr., and Ephraim Mabry as trustees. As a community of cultured people, Cedartown began to attract attention long before the Civil War; and, on March 5, 1856, a somewhat ambitious local enterprise bore fruit in a charter for the Woodland Female Academy. The trustees of this institution were: Edwin Dyer, Edward D. Chisholm, Springer Gibson, Thomas H. Sparks, William Newton, David S. Anderson, A. N. Verdery, William A. Mercer, Abner Darden, Carter W. Sparks, Joel H. Ferrell, Wilson O. B. Whatley, Alfred F. King, Edward H. Richardson, William Peek, Lazarus W. Battle and William E. West.[2] This list is important at the present time, chiefly for the list of pioneer names

[1] Acts, 18k53-1854, p. 224.
[2] Acts, 1855-1856, p. 288.

which it still preserves. Cedartown has enjoyed a rapid growth of late years. It is the home of Hon. W. J. Harris, Director of the Federal Census; of Hon. G. R. Hutchins, a distinguished lawyer and legislator; and of other noted Georgians. In Volume I of this work will be found an extended list of former residents, to which number may be added Hon. Frederick L. Blackmon, a brilliant Alabama Congressman.

Rockmart. One of the best-known towns of Georgia before the war was the old town of Van Wert, the original county-site of Paulding; but when the new county of Polk was created in 1851, out of a part of Paulding's territory, Van Wert was included in the section allotted to Polk. This necessitated a change in the seat of government from Van Wert to Dallas, the present county capital. Cedartown was made the county-seat for the new County of Polk, while Van Wert, stripped of her civic honors, was left near the eastern edge of the new county, with her proud spirit broken by her adverse fortunes. Van Wert began to decline; but with the development of the slate industry in this neighborhood, subsequent to the war, arose the modern town of Rockmart, less than a mile distant. On August 26, 1872, Rockmart was granted a charter of incorporation with Hon. C. T. Parker as Mayor, and with Messrs. W. Ferguson, Thomas Moon, T. G. Ingraham, W. H. Hines, and S. K. Hogue as Councilmen.[1] The name "Rockmart" indicates the chief industry of the town. This name was coined from the two component words "Rock" and "Mart." The quarries at this place are world-renowned. Today Van Wert is only a suburb of Rockmart.

PULASKI

Hartford. The original county-seat of Pulaski County was Hartford, a town which long ago ceased to exist. Its charter bears date of December 10, 1811, at which time it was chartered with the following named commissioners, to-wit.: Thomas A. Hill, Solomon A. Hopkins, Elijah Wallace, William Lyon, and Henry Simmons.[2] The town was named for Nancy Hart, of Elbert, one of the most famous heroines of the Revolution. Only the barest fragments of this old town still survive. Pulaski County was formed in 1808 out of Laurens. One of the earliest settlers at Hartford was Dr. Joseph Reid.

[1] Acts, 1872, p. 244.
[2] Lamar's Digest, p. 936.

Hawkinsville. In 1837, the county-seat of Pulaski was removed to Hawkinsville, a prosperous town on the opposite side of the Ocmulgee River, after which the fortunes of Hartford began to decline. Hawkinsville was incorporated as a town on December 2, 1830, with the following residents of the town named as commissioners:: Robert N. Taylor, John Rawls, John McCall, Jacob Watson and David B. Halsted.* The Hawkinsville Academy was chartered in 1831, with most of the above-named residents as trustees. Surrounded by a rich agricultural section and connected with the outside world by railway and steamboat facilities, Hawkinsville is one of the most prosperous towns of the middle belt.

How the Name Originated. It is the general belief that the town of Hawkinsville was named for the distinguished Revolutionary soldier and friend of Washington, afterwards a United States Senator from North Carolina, and for sixteen years resident agent among the Creek Indians of Georgia: Colonel Benjamin Hawkins. But the late Judge J. H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, at one time State Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, held to an altogether different view. In a published letter on this subject, Judge Martin says:

"The general and popular opinion is that the town of Hawkinsville was named for General Hawkins, or old Fort Hawkins, but this is not true. Pulaski County was organized in 1808, and the town of Hawkinsville incorporated in 1830. The court-house was moved from Hartford to Hawkinsville in 1836. At the time the town was surveyed and laid off Mr. John Bozeman, father of Judge C. M. Bozeman, deceased, and grandfather of our present esteemed townsman, Colonel F. H. Bozeman, was running a hotel built of logs on the lot now known as the brick kiln lot and lying immediately south of and adjoining the road leading on to the public bridge across Ocmulgee River. A Jew, whose name was Levy, kept a little store on the north side of the road, the river being then crossed on a flat boat. Out in the country and near by lived a countryman named Hawkins, who bought a peck of salt from Levy, and as the measure was

*Acts, 1830, p. 314.

short Hawkins went on to Levy, Hawkins declaring Levy had swindled him and Levy declaring the salt had settled down. When Hawkins attacked Levy, Levy went through the back window and ran across the road to the hotel and begged Mrs. John Bozeman to protect him against the assault of Hawkins. The town was named for this man Hawkins. The name first selected was Tarversville, for the Hon. Hartwell Tarver, of Twiggs County, but as there was a Tarversville in Twiggs County this name was dropped and Hawkinsville substituted.

"Judge C. M. Bozeman, then a boy, was present and with the party surveying and laying off the town. My information was obtained from Judge Bozeman. Col. F. H. Bozeman says that he has often heard his father narrate the facts. Judge P. T. McGriff and Judge Bozeman were intimate friends and doubtless he has heard Judge Bozeman speak of the matter. In order to perpetuate as far as I can the statements of Judge Bozeman, one the most reliable men the county ever had, this article is written."

PUTNAM

Historic Old Eatonton.

Eatonton, the county-seat of Putnam, was named for General William Eaton, an American soldier of fortune, whose brilliant exploits in Tripoli were the talk of the State when the bill creating Putnam County was introduced in the Legislature of Georgia. In the year 1805, General Eaton, at the head of a small force, numbering perhaps five hundred men, marched across the Lybian desert to effect the successful capture of Derne, the second largest city of Tripoli. The expedition was planned in the interest of the rightful Pasha. General Eaton held the town against three repeated assaults of the Arabs, but was finally obliged to relinquish it, on account of a treaty of peace concluded with the usurper by the United States Consul-General at Algiers, acting in agreement with Commodore Rogers, who commanded the American fleet.

Situated on a high ridge in the center of the county, Eatonton is 22 miles distant from Milledgeville, 22 from Greensboro, and 22 from Madison, and is on a branch line of the Central of Georgia running from Milledgeville to Covington. The town was laid off soon after the county was organized. On December 12, 1809, for the

better regulation of local affairs, an Act was approved conferring plenary powers upon the following commissioners: Barnes Holloway, Lewis Kennon, John C. Mason, Henry Brown and William Wilkins.[1]

Two years later, on December 15, 1809, the famous Union Academy was chartered with the following board of trustees: Brice Gaither, Robert Iverson, Simeon Holt, Edward Lane and Barnes Holloway.[2] This was the school where the afterwards celebrated William H. Seward, of New York, taught the youth of Putnam County during his brief sojourn in Georgia, when quite a young man. It was located near the famous Turner plantation, some nine miles from Eatonton, and was burned to the ground soon after the war. On December 4, 1816, the old Eatonton Academy was chartered by the Legislature, at which time the following citizens were named as trustees: Christopher B. Strong, Thomas Hoxey, Coleman Pendleton, William Williams, John J. Smith, John C. Mason, Irby Hudson, William Wilkins and William E. Adams.[3]

Eatonton has been the home of some of the best people of Georgia, not a few of whom have been men of distinction. The hospitality of the town is famed throughout the South; and few communities have surpassed it in the graces of social life or in the charms of intellectual culture. The stately old homes of Eatonton, built on the classic models of ancient Greece and embowered in the luxuriant shade of forest oaks, are reminiscent of the best days of the old South. Here lived the Reids, the Wingfields, the Nisbets, the Terrells, the Lawsons, the Meriwethers, the DeJarnettes, the Lamars, the Holts, the Abercrombies, the Hudsons, the Branhams, the Adamses, the Dennises, the Hurts, the Cozarts, the

[1] Clayton's Compendium, p. 555.
[2] Clayton's Compendium, p. 581.
[3] Lamar's Digest, p. 10.

Trippes, the Shorters, the Turners, the Jenkinses, the Edmonsons, the Maddoxes, the Flournoys, the Hardemans, and scores of other aristocratic old families, whose names have long occupied a large place in the heraldry of Georgia. The old colonial home of Colonel Sidney Reid is now owned by Mr. T. G. Greene, a wealthy citizen, who maintains it in a style worthy of its splendid historic traditions. The Edmondson country-seat, once surrounded by its thousands of acres, is a few miles out from Eatonton, where a member of the family still owns a large tract of the original land. Mr. John T. Dennis owns the old William Dennis home, which is just below the Edmondson place.

Eatonton was one of the early Georgia towns to organize a U. D. C. Chapter, with Mrs. Josesph S. Turner as president, and recently this chapter—the Dixie—has erected a handsome Confederate monument on the town square. During the past year a D. A. R. chapter has been organized, with Mrs. Francis Hearn as regent and Miss Martha V. Edmondson as vice-regent. It has been given the name of Samuel Reid, a distinguished former resident of Eatonton and a grandfather of Mrs. John M. Slaton, the wife of Georgia's present Governor. Perhaps the longest tenure of service on record in the office of Postmaster belongs to Mr. Sidney Prudden, a life-long resident of Eatonton, who held this office for fifty years.

The Old Cemetery. In the Academy grove is the old cemetery of Eatonton, a sacred area of ground, in which some of the oldest inhabitants of the town sleep. Most of the monuments are yellow with age, and from not a few of them, due to the destructive forces of time, the inscriptions have disappeared. Here lies Irby Hudson, for years Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives, and one of the earliest champions of co-operative effort in behalf of internal improvements.

Within this same enclosure sleep the Branhams, the Shorters, the Meriwethers, the Cozarts, the Coopers, the Trippes, and scores of others, whose names appear on the oldest records of the town.

Union Church. Until recent years, there stood in this same grove, sacred to the earliest memories of Eatonton, an ancient structure known as old Union Church. It was built in 1819, and, when first erected, was said to have been the finest in the State outside of Augusta and Savannah. The church belonged jointly to four denominations: Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Disciples of Christ, each of whom, on successive Sabbaths, used it for divine worship. Whenever there was a fifth Sabbath in the month, it was used by the Masons. The church was abandoned by the Methodists in 1857, by the other denominations in 1897 and was finally torn down and removed. But it still lives in literature; for the silver tones of the old bell, which for so many years called the little hamlet to worship, has furnished the inspiration for an exquisite poem entitled: "The Old Church Bell," written by Colonel William H. Sparks. The opening stanza of the poem reads as follows:

"Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell,
Thy mellow tones I love to hear.
I was a boy when first they fell
In melody upon mine ear.
In those dear days, long past and gone,
When sporting here in boyish glee
The magic of thy Sabbath tone
Awoke emotions deep in me."

Colonel W. H. Sparks, the author of this poem, was a native of Putnam County; and, after a lapse of many years, the above lines were written on a return visit to his boyhood's friend, Mr. Edmond Reid. It was at Eatonton, in 1833, during a church convention, that a schism occurred in the Baptist ranks, and from this old

church the celebrated Jesse Mercer, with other devout spirits, organized the Missionary Baptists.*

Pioneer Settlers of Putnam. Volume I.

To this list may be added: Thomas Edmondson, William Dennis, Joel Hurt, Wilson Bird, Andrew Jeter, Alexander Harrison, B. W. Clark, Rowell Ingram, Washington Rose, David Bledsoe, Nick Tompkins, Henry Branham, Allen Lawrence, Nathaniel Walker, Caleb Spivey, Isaiah Boswald and Alexander Reid.

Rising Star Lodge. One of the oldest Masonic lodges in Georgia is the Rising Star Lodge, at Eatonton, the origin of which dates back to the earliest days of the town. It commenced work under a dispensation bearing date of January 8, 1818, which was the third anniversary of Andrew Jackson's celebrated victory over the British at New Orleans. The charter was obtained on October 12, 1818, from Alexander McHunter, Grand Master, and Paul M. Thomason, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Georgia Masons, and the following named residents of Eatonton were the charter members:

George M. Walcott, Worshipful Master; Augustus Haywood, Senior Warden; Lloyd Harris, Junior Warden; Henry Granham, Secretary; Emmet Shackelford, Treasurer; Irby Hudson, Senior Deacon; William Evans, Junior Deacon; Isaac Holland, Tyler; John H. Broadnax and West Goodrich.

In 1827, the number of this lodge was changed from 33 to 4, which rank it still holds, making it one of the oldest in the State. The old Masonic Hall at Eatonton was erected in 1820. It has withstood the storms of almost a century of time, showing that the best of materials

*Miss Martha V. Edmondson, of Meda, Ga.

were used in its construction. The building is today owned by Mr. Champion, and is used as a storeroom.

Distinguished Residents of Putnam. Volume I.

Boyhood Haunts of "Uncle Remus." Joel Chandler Harris, the South's most noted man of letters, was born in 1849 in the town of Eatonton. His father, a farmer, died while the child was still an infant. The mother was very poor, and the boy was probably the least noticed youngster of the neighborhood. Some of his childhood playments still live in the old town of Eatonton. One of them, Charles A. Leonard, knew him when he was quite young. Says Mr. Leonard:

"Our playground was divided between Big Gully and Mr. McDade's livery stable. In the latter were fine horses, while the Gully was a good place in which to pay hide-and-seek. At the stable we sometimes had the privilege of riding the horses to the blacksmith's shop, and when the drovers came we were allowed to exercise them. Midway between Big Gully and McDade's lived an old free negro named Aunt Betsy Cuthbert, whose abilities in making potato biscuit, ginger cakes, and chicken pies could hardly be equalled.

"We entered the school taught by Miss Kate Davidson, where there was little play, except at recess; and it seemed then that school held from sup-up to sun-down. After a while we entered the male academy. It was not long before we made the acquaintance of one of the larger boys, Hut Adams, and when out of school we were boon companions, playing marbles, jumping holes and enjoying similar amusements. Whatever Hut did was right, even to foraging on Mr. Edmund Reid's watermelon patch. We organized what was known as the Gully Minstrels. Hut was manager, I was treasurer, and Joe was the clown, with a fiddle, which he couldn't play. But he would make a noise, which would bring down the house. The price of admission as ten pins.

"Hut, about this time, became the possessor of a shot-gun, in which Joe and I were as happy as he, and nearly every Saturday we would be off for the fields or woods, Joe's part and mine being to carry the game. Sometimes we would get a chance to shoot just once when the hunt was over. Besides his love for hunting, there was nothing which gave Joe more delight than to play pranks; and, since he was clever enough to get the best of us each time, he enjoyed it to the full limit."

But life was a very serious matter in those days. It was just at the beginning of the war, and few were the years which could be devoted to school. The next step in his life is best told in his own words. They are taken from an interview which he gave to one of the Atlanta newspapers a few years before he died. Says he:

"It so happened that I was in the post office at Eatonton, reading the Milledgeville papers, when the first number of *The Countryman* was deposited on the counter where the newspapers were kept. In reading it through, I came upon an advertisement which announced that the editor wanted a boy to learn the printer's trade. This was my opportunity, and I seized it with both hands. I wrote to the editor, whom I knew well, and the next time he came to town he sought me out, asked if I had written the letter with my own hand, and, in three words, the bargain was concluded.

"The paper on which I started out in life," said Mr. Harris, in after years, "was unlike any other one; it stands solitary and alone among newspapers. It was published nine miles from any post office, on the plantation of Mr. Joseph A. Turner. Over the roof of the printing office the squirrels scampered about and the blue jays brought acorns there to crack them. What some people call loneliness was to me a great blessing. I used to sit in the dusk and see the shadows of life's great problems flitting about me, and I then had time to think about them. So far as I learned it, the printer's trade was a liberal education; and Mr. Turner owned a large private library, full of the best books. It was specially rich in the various departments of English literature, and it would have been the most wonderful thing in the world if, with nothing to do but set a column or so of type each day, I had failed to take advantage of the library, with its perfect mine of treasures.

"Mr. Turner was a man of varied accomplishments. He was a lawyer, a scholar and a planter. He owned a large plantation, and he managed it successfully; he acquired a good law practice; and he was one of the most public-spirited men in middle Georgia. He was pronounced in his views on the questions of the day, an independent thinker, a good writer, and, best of all, so far as I was concerned, he took an abiding interest in my welfare, gave me good advice, directed my reading, and accorded me the full benefit of his wisdom and experience at every turn.

"For the rest, I managed to get along like any boy would. I was fond of setting type, and when my task was over I would hunt or fish or read. Then at night I used to go to the negro cabins and hear songs and stories. It was a great time for me."

It was in Mr. Turner's library that the future creator of Uncle Remus acquired the literary taste which was to add so much richness to his art

in later years; among books like Shakespeare, Moore, Byron, Burns, Goldsmith, Grimm's Fairy Tales, the Letters of Junius, and scores of others. The raw material with which he was to build his stories in later years he found amongst the slaves. The character of Uncle Remus itself was composite. The original was, in most respects, an old negro named George Terrell, owned by Mr. Turner before the war. Until a few years ago, the little cabin in which George Terrell lived was still standing; it has since been torn down. His descendants are yet to be found in Eatonton, and one of his contemporaries, a type of his kind, so bent and crippled it is hard to tell whether he is man or beast, still hobbles about the town.

In the ancient days, Uncle George owned an old-fashioned Dutch oven, on which he made every Saturday the most wonderful ginger cakes. These and persimmon beer, which he brewed himself, he would sell to the children of planters for miles around. It was his custom to cook his own supper on this old oven; and at twilight, by the light of his kitchen fire, he used to tell his quaint stories to the Turner children, and at the same time to Joel Chandler Harris. Men now, who were boys then, still relate the joy they felt at listening to the story of the "Wonderful Tar Baby," as they sat in front of the old cabin, munching ginger cakes, while Uncle George was cooking supper on his Dutch oven.

Another prototype of the original Uncle Remus was Uncle Bob Capers, a negro owned by the well-known Capers family, and hired by them as teamster to the cotton factory at Eatonton. Joel Harris, before he went to Turn-wold to set type for *The Countryman*, lived with his mother near the home of this old darkey, from whose lips came many of the tales which delighted the children of the neighborhood.

Although but a mere youth, Mr. Harris very early burst into print. He wrote many anonymous articles for *The Countryman*, but the first compositions to which he signed his name were brief paragraphs; and the first poem which appeared from him was in the issue of September 27, 1864, entitled: "Nelly White." He was then little more than fifteen years old.

But the Turner plantation was in the direct path of Sherman's "March to the Sea." General Slocum's staff enjoyed the hospitality of the place for several days, and when they marched on there was not much left. The youth now felt that it was time for him also to move on. The year 1868 found him in Savannah, on the editorial staff of the *Morning News*. His employer was William T. Thompson, the famous humorist; and his office boy, Frank L. Stanton, afterwards the famous poet, with whom he was long associated on the staff of the *Constitution*. He married Miss Essie La Rose, a lady of Canadian birth; and in 1876 the family refugeed to Atlanta to escape an epidemic; and here he became immortal.*

*Condensed from "Memories of Joel Chandler Harris," a work edited by Ivy L. Lee.

The Old Lamar Homestead. About eight or ten miles south of Eatonton is the old Lamar homestead. It was established in 1810 by John Lamar, a thrifty planter, and years afterwards became the property of Mr. Mark Johnson. The house still stands [1895] in good condition: a fine, old-fashion, two-story, frame building, constructed after the strong and enduring models of the period. Little River winds near by, and cultivated fields offer a wide prospect. Here, at the home of his grandfather, on September 17, 1825, was born the future statesman and jurist, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar. To his latest days he retained a longing for the old place, and delighted to indulge in reminiscences of the old life when a child. There extended along the entire front of the mansion a wide gallery; and the whitewashed walls of the airy rooms were hung with pictures. One of these, symbolizing a nightmare, was the work of "Uncle Mirabeau." It portrayed a beautiful woman asleep upon a sofa; and, thrust through the window above her, a great shadowy horse's head. An immense front yard was filled with grand oaks and poplars. To the east lay rolling lands. In the rear, a widespread plain shelved gently down to the river, which gave to the owner of the farm the sobriquet of "Little River John."

The house was a relay; and down the far-reaching red lane which stretched away like a long orange ribbon, the stage coach daily passed with rattle and halloo and call of bugle, emptying its bevies of bustling and hungry, but genial, travelers for the midday meal.[1]

With the old couple lived a bachelor brother, Zachariah[2]—a self-taught man—who, like many others, in old plantation times, gave himself up to the ideal world of literatuer and history, without any further purpose than the enjoyment of its fairyland; and over all his surroundings was cast the glamour of the realm of letters, in which he lived. When he led in family prayer, he did not think it inapt to thank God for heroic examples of Roman or English or American history, for the march of science, or for exemption from the crimes and miseries of the less favored lands into which his geographical studies had led him last. So when son after son was born to the head of the house this bookish enthusiast claimed the privilege of naming his infant nephews after his favorite of the moment, and the amiable and doubtless amused parents consented. Thus Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, Mirabeau Bonaparte, Jefferson Jackson, Thomas Ran-

[1] Edward Mayes in Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Life, Times and Speeches.

[2] This was none other than Colonel Zachariah Lamar, of Milledgeville, the father of Mrs. General Howell Cobb, of Athens. Colonel Lamar married somewhat late in life. He was a man of rare culture and of ample means, and spent his younger days in the Lamar home at Eatonton.

dolph and Lavoisier Legrand [a grandchild] indicated how his interest shifted from history to politics, and from politics to chemistry.*

At this old homstead, buried in a quiet garden by the side of his daughter, Evalina, lies John Lamar—father of the second President of the Republic of Texas and grandfather of the great jurist, cabinet officer and legislator, whose mature years were identified with the State of Mississippi. He must have been a man of rare mold to have been the progenitor of such an offspring. The grave is well kept, and is marked by a slab of plain marble, with the following inscription, written by Mirabeau:

> "In memory of JOHN LAMAR, who died August 3, 1833, aged sixty-four years. He was a man of unblemished honor, of pure and exalted benevolence, whose conduct through life was regulated by the strictest principles of probity, truth and justice; thus leaving behind him, as the best legacy to his children, a noble example of consistent virtue. In his domestic relations he was greatly blessed, receiving from every member of a large family unremitting demonstrations of respect, love, and obedience."

Genealogy of the Lamars. There is a tradition amongst the Lamars of Georgia that the family was planted in Maryland by four brothers, who fled from France in the celebrated exodus consequent upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1686, but the records show that emigrants of the same name were living in Maryland much earlier; and the probabilities are that the first Lamars came to America to escape the oppression of Protestants under the administration of Cardinal Richelieu.

John Lamar was the earliest member of the family to plant the escutcheon in Georgia, settling on Beach Island, in the Savannah River. His grandson, John Lamar, lived first in Warren County, but in 1810 moved into Putnam and established the famous Lamar homestead, some eight or ten miles to the south of Eatonton.

*William Preston Johnston, in the Farmer's World of February 5, 1879.

He married his cousin, Rebecca Lamar, and became the head of one of the most noted of Georgia households.

Two of his sons achieved eminent distinction. The elder L. Q. C. Lamar, Sr., succeeded to the Superior Court Bench before he was thirty-five years of age, and was almost immediately styled "the great Judge Lamar." He also revised Clayton's "Georgia Justice," a rare book, and compiled the Georgia Reports from 1810 to 1820. Yet he died before reaching the full maturity of his powers. The younger, Mirabeau B. Lamar, became the second president of the Republic of Texas. He began life as an editor and was successively a poet, a soldier, a statesman and a diplomat. He published a volume of poetry entitled: Verse Memorials.

There were two other sons, Thomas Randolph and Jefferson Jackson, besides five daughters, one of whom, Loretta Lamar, married Colonel Absalom H. Chappell, member of Congress, jurist and author of "Georgia Miscellanies." To them were born J. Harris Chappell, the first president of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, at Milledgeville; Thomas J. Chappell, who served in both House and Senate of the State Legislature; and Lucius H. Chappell, ex-Mayor of Columbus, besides other children, including a daughter, Mrs. Toomer.

L. Q. C. Lamar, Sr., married Sarah, daughter of Dr. Thompson Bird, an eminent physician of Milledgeville, and granddaughter of Colonel Micajah Williamson, a comrade-in-arms of General Elijah Clarke.

Eight children were born of this union, five of whom reached adult years.

L. Q. C. Lamar, Jr., the eldest, married Virginia, daughter of Judge A. B. Longstreet, president of Emory College and author of "Georgia Scenes." He located in Oxford, Miss., for the practice of law, became a member of Congress, a commissioner of the Confederate government to Europe, a Senator of the United States, a member of President Cleveland's first Cabinet, with the portfolio of Secretary of the Department of Interior,

and, last but not least, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—one of the most eminent Americans of his day and generation.

The other children of L. Q. C. Lamar, Sr., were Dr. Thompson B. Lamar, who commanded the Fifth Florida regiment during the Civil War, and surrendered his heroic life, in battle, near Petersburg, Va., in 1864; Jefferson M. Lamar, another Confederate martyr, killed at Crampton's Gap in Maryland; Susan, who married a Mr. Wiggins, and Mary Ann, who first married James C. Longstreet, Esq., and afterwards John B. Ross, of Macon.

William Bailey Lamar, an eminent lawyer and jurist, who represented Florida in Congress for several terms, is a son of Dr. Thompson B. Lamar. Judge Lamar now resides in Washington, D. C. Lucius M. Lamar, who served in both branches of the State Legislature, achieved distinction on the field of battle, and died while United States marshal for the Southern District of Georgia, was a son of Jefferson M. Lamar.

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But the honors of the family are not yet exhausted. The achievements of individual members in other branches are not less distinguished.

Henry G. Lamar was an eminent jurist and statesman, who represented Georgia for several terms in Congress. He was also a popular candidate for Governor before the convention which nominated Joseph E. Brown, in 1857. His daughter Victoria became the first wife of Judge Osborne A. Lochrane, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Another daughter married Hon. Augustus O. Bacon, afterwards United States Senator.

Dr. James S. Lamar was an eminent scholar and divine, who wrote "The Organon of Scripture, or the Inductive Method of Biblical Interpretation." He married Mary Rucker, of Elbert County, Ga., and of this union

was born Hon. Joseph Rucker Lamar, who served for several years on the Supreme Bench of Georgia, and who, though a Democrat in politics, was in 1910 appointed by President Taft to the Supreme Bench of the United States, a tribute of the highest character to his professional attainments. In 1914 he was appointed by President Wilson as representative from this country to meet with representatives from Argentina, Brazil and Chili in a conference, the object of which was to accomplish by mediation a pacification of Mexico.

Colonel Zachariah Lamar, of Milledgeville, was a distinguished man of affairs. His son, John Basil Lamar, wrote "The Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass," among a number of other stories. He was killed at the battle of Crampton's Gap, in Maryland, while serving on the staff of his brother-in-law, General Howell Cobb, of Athens. Mary Ann, daughter of Colonel Zachariah Lamar, married General Howell Cobb, and from this union sprang Major Lamar Cobb, for years secretary of the board of trustees of the University of Georgia; Judge Howell Cobb, long judge of the City Court of Athens; Judge John A. Cobb, of Americus, Ordinary of Sumter County; Judge Andrew J. Cobb, formerly an occupant of the Supreme Bench of Georgia; Mrs. Alex. S. Erwin, and Mrs. Tinsley W. Rucker.

Basil Lamar was a soldier of the Revolution and a planter. Two of his sons, Peter and Ezekiel, became distinguished. For years, Colonel Peter Lamar was a dominant figure in politics. He lived in Lincoln County and married Sarah Cobb Benning, a granddaughter of Colonel Thomas Cobb, of Columbia. His son, Lafayette Lamar, was a prominent lawyer, who organized a company at the outbreak of the war, and died at Warrenton, Va., in 1861.

Prudence, one of the daughters of Basil Lamar, married a Winn, and became the grandmother of two distin-

guished Georgians: Richard F. Lyon, who served on the Supreme Bench of the State, and Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, diplomat, statesman, author and divine. Dr. Curry was United States Minister to Spain and trustee for the Peabody and Slater funds. The State of Alabama has placed his statue in the nation's Hall of Fame, in Washington, D. C.

Gazaway B. Lamar, an early Congressman from Georgia; Colonel C. A. L. Lamar, one of the joint owners of the slave ship "Wanderer," who lost his life near the close of the war at Columbus; Rebecca Lamar, the famous heroine of the Pulaski, a vessel lost at sea, off the coast of Hatteras, in 1836; Colonel Albert R. Lamar, who was the secretary of the Secession Convention and editor for years of the *Macon Telegraph*—a man of brilliant gifts; Joseph B. Lamar, who removed to California, and after representing Mendocino County in the Legislature was elevated to the Superior Court Bench; Rev. Andrew J. Lamar, of Nashville, Tenn., a great-grandson of Governor James Jackson; Hon. Warren Grice, the State's present attorney-general. These and scores of others who have risen to equally high distinction belong to the Lamars of Georgia.

QUITMAN

Georgetown. Georgetown was made the county-seat of Quitman when the county itself was first organized from Randolph and Stewart, in 1858, and named for Governor John A. Quitman, of Mississippi. But the town itself was not incorporated until December 9, 1859, when the following commissioners were entrusted with its local affairs: D. Morris, E. C. Ellington, L. C. A. Warren, N. T. Christian and John E. Riordan.* Georgetown was named for its well-known predecessor in the District of Columbia.

*Acts, 1859, p. 156.

RABUN

Clayton. Rabun County was organized in 1819 out of Cherokee lands, then recently acquired by treaty; but it was not until December 13, 1823, that a county-seat was chosen. Clayton was at this time made the permanent site of public buildings and given a charter of incorporation with the following board of commissioners: Benjamin Odell, Edly Powell, John Dillard, Edward Coffee and Solomon Beck.[1] The town was named for Judge Augustin S. Clayton, of Athens, and the county for Governor William Rabun. On December 25, 1824, the Rabun County Academy was chartered, with the following trustees: Chesley McKenzie, Andrew Miller and James Dillard.[2] Two of Georgia's most distinguished sons were former residents of Rabun: Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley and Dr. H. V. M. Miller, a former United States Senator.

"The Demosthenes of the Mountains." Though a native of the State of South Carolina, it was among the mountain ranges of Rabun that the boyhood days of this distinguished physician and orator were spent. On the political hustings, it is doubtful if either Toombs or Stephens surpassed Dr. Miller. Before he was thirty years of age, his rare powers of eloquence caused him to be dubbed "the Demosthenes of the Mountains," and without relinquishing his interest in the great profession of medicine he arose by sheer force of genius to a seat in the United States Senate. As a man of broad culture, familiar with both the ancient and the modern classics, his superior has not appeared in the public life of Georgia. It is to be regretted that he has left behind so little in the way of literary memorials. On account of the issues of Reconstruction, he was debarred from the upper house of Congress until the closing days of the session for which he was elected; and there was consequently no opportunity for the great orator to distinguish himself in this high forum. Perhaps the only fragment of his eloquence in print is the impromptu effort which he delivered in his old age over the bier of Alexander H. Stephens.

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[1] Acts, 1823, p. 197.
[2] Acts, 1824, p. 125.

Hooper Alexander, Esq., a kinsman, has recently prepared for publication an excellent sketch of Dr. Miller, in which he records this estimate of him. Says he: "Dr. Miller was the wisest man I ever knew. His judgment of men was keen, his foresight of events marvelous. His education was self-acquired, his learning prodigious, his memory astounding. In medicine he was pre-eminently successful, but believed little in drugs. I have heard him say that it was doubtful if medicine had not done as much harm as good. When the merit of some remedy was argued, about which he was skeptical, and cases were cited of cures wrought, he would say: 'The Hottentots have proven by experiment that a loud noise will remove an eclipse of the sun.' In opinion he was broadly tolerant, possessed of the most implicit faith in God. In church membership he was a Methodist, and adhered closely to his church organization, though he always claimed that the present form of church government by bishops was unscriptural and opposed to Wesley's teaching. It was also a favorite theme with him to tease his brethren of the Methodist pulpit by quoting an entry from Wesley's Journal about having baptized somebody in Savannah 'by immersion, according to the Word of God and the practice of early Christians.' It was another of his favorite themes to insist that the Presbyterian Shorter Catechism was the only proper religious system on which to bring up the young. From all which things I am led to conclude that he believed the Word of God a bigger and broader thing than any church. In personal character Dr. Miller was superb. There was no vestige of anything mean or little in his nature. He was completely and essentially a gentleman. And the one thing in this world which he hated was a lie." The Miller Rifles, a company organized in Rome at the outbreak of the Civil War, was named for Dr. Miller. It was incorporated in the famous Eighth Georgia Regiment, of which the gallant Bartow was in command. The Doctor himself went to the front as the surgeon of this regiment. He was in charge of the field hospital when Bartow fell at Manassas; and the handsome oil painting of this brave officer, on the walls of the Carnegie Library in Atlanta, was the gift of Dr. Miller.

RANDOLPH

Cuthbert. In 1828, Randolph County was formed out of Lee and named for the celebrated John Ran-Randolph, of Virginia. Some twenty years before this time, Mr. Randolph had been honored in a like manner, but in protest against some of his unpopular views the name of the first County of Randolph was changed to Jasper. But the great Virginian was now again riding the crest of the wave. Lumpkin was the original county-

site of Randolph, a town named for Governor Wilson Lumpkin; but when Stewart County was created in 1831 Lumpkin became the county-seat of the new county, while Cuthbert was made the county-seat of Randolph. The town was named for one of the Cuthberts, presumably Hon. John A. Cuthbert. Its charter of incorporation was granted in 1854. As an educational center, Cuthbert has long enjoyed a wide repute. On December 25, 1837, the old Randolph Academy was incorporated with the following board of trustees: David Holman, Oliver H. Griffith, Alexander Hendry, Thomas Jenkins and William Taylor.[1] Andrew Female College, one of the best-known educational plants in Georgia, was chartered on January 15, 1854, with the following board of trustees: Andrew L. O'Brien, Henry L. Taylor, Sidney C. DuBose, Otis P. Bell and William H. Brooks.[2] Cuthbert is today a wide-awake commercial town, with good banks, prosperous business establishments, fine schools and up-to-date public utilities.

The Cuthberts. Volume I, Pages 877-878.

Andrew Female College. Volume I, Pages 878-879.

Shellman. On the site of the present town of Shellman there formerly stood a little village called Notchway. To this village in the year 1837 William F. West brought his wife and child, the latter an infant of only six months. This child, now Mrs. Eliza Ellis, is today Shellman's oldest resident. The first dwelling was a small cabin built by Wash Stanton just west of where the Central of Georgia depot now stands, and when this little structure was enlarged to meet the needs of a depot in 1858, the settlement, in honor of its first station agent, John Ward, took a new name, and became Ward's Station. The line was then known as the Southwest Georgia Railroad. In 1870 the town's population was only seven souls. Today it is estimated at 1,200. In 1871 the first public building was erected, with a school-room on the lower floor and a Masonic hall

[1] Acts, 1837, p. 4.
[2] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 116.

on the upper. But in 1888 Colonel R. F. Crittenden and Captain H. A. Crittenden bought the negro church on the east side of town for school purposes, and when these quarters were outgrown the town raised $800 for remodeling the structure, which served until 1898, when the present property was acquired. Mr. W. F. Shellman, of Savannah, gave $100 of the above sum, and in honor of this gentleman the school became Shellman Institute, and the town itself Shellman. The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in Masonic Hall in 1876, with Rev. John West as pastor. In 1880 this denomination built its first house of worship, a structure remodeled in 1890. There was a strong Baptist community centered at Rehobeth, just north of the town, as early as 1845, but the first church of this faith was not built at Shellman until 1886, and finally in 1904 the old structure was superceded by the present handsome edifice of brick. Some time in the early seventies Mr. J. B. Payne began what has been successively a saw mill, a grist mill and an oil mill. The present structure was built in 1901 by Mr. W. J. Oliver. As business increased the demand for banking facilities increased likewise, and in response to these demands came the Shellman Banking Company in 1890 and the First National Bank in 1900. Shellman's business activities have been mainly dependent upon its surrounding agricultural lands. In consequence of this fact, three guano mixing plants are supported. The first white child born in Shellman was Virginia Phelps, whose parents, Thomas Jay and Annie Phelps, were the first couple to be married in the town. The first public school teacher was Rev. R. A. J. Powell. The first member of the General Assembly from Shellman was Colonel R. F. Crittenden, 1871-1872 and 1882-1883. His successors in office from this town have been: I. A. Martin, 1894-1895, and J. N. Watts, 1911-1912. Shellman's first State Senator was Captain H. A. Crittenden, 1907-1908, followed by J. N. Watts, 1913-1914.*

RICHMOND

Fort Augusta: 1736. Volume I, pp. 113-117.

Treaties Made at Augusta. Several important treaties with the Georgia Indians were made at Augusta. The first of these was negotiated by the royal Governor, Sir James Wright, on June 1, 1773. In satisfaction of certain debts due the traders, a large tract of land was ceded at this time by the Indians, including

*The data for this sketch was supplied by Mrs. Eilza Ellis and Capt. H. A. Crittenden, and compiled by Mrs. John Gordon Black, historian, assisted by Mrs. J. N. Watts, regent, Noble Wimberly Jones Chapter, D. A. R.

both the Creeks and the Cherokees, whose dominion adjoined in this part of the State. Out of the lands acquired under this treaty was subsequently formed the large County of Wilkes, originally a sort of frontier kingdom, which became the parent of a numerous offspring. On the part of the Crown, two commissioners signed the compact: Sir James Wright, baronet, captain-general and commander in-chief of the Province of Georgia; and Hon. John Stewart, Esq., his Majesty's sole agent for and superintendent of Indian affairs in the southern district of North America. On the part of the redskins, it was witnessed by chiefs, head-men and warriors of both tribes.

During the struggle for independence both the Creeks and the Cherokees sided with the British. In consequence, there was a forfeiture of land to the State at the close of hostilities. On May 31, 1783, a treaty was made at Augusta with the Cherokee Indians, whereby a tract of land was acquired in the upper part of the State, out of which the County of Franklin was afterwards formed. Governor Lyman Hall, General John Twiggs, Colonel Elijah Clarke, Colonel Benjamin Few, Hon. Edward Telfair and General Samuel Elbert, witnessed the compact, as commissioners appointed by the Legislature of Georgia. There was no further trouble with the Cherokees for a number of years. On November 1, 1783, a treaty was made at Augusta with the Creek Indians, whereby a tract of land was acquired in the lower part of the State, out of which the county of Washington was subsequently erected. The commissioners, on the part of the State, were: General John Twiggs, Colonel Elijah Clarke, Hon. Edward Telfair, Hon. Andrew Burns and Hon. William Glascock. But the Creeks, under the bold leadership of the noted Alexander McGillivray, repudiated the agreement; and out of this bone of contention grew the Oconee War. The settlers in the new County of Washington were constantly harrassed by hostile incursions and depredations. Subsequent treaties were made

at Galphinton, at Hopewell, and at Shoulder Bone, but to little purpose. McGillivray was an artful dodger. At last the newly organized Government of the United States took the matter in hand. Under the personal eye of Washington, the treaty of New York was negotiated in 1790 by Secretary Knox, of the Department of War. But still further difficulties ensued, and it was not until 1796 that a final treaty of friendship and good-will was concluded at Coleraine, ratifying the treaty of New York and bringing the Oconee War to an end.

Historic Old St. Paul's. Volume I, pp. 117-122.

Meadow Garden. Volume I, pp. 122-125.

Sand Bar Ferry: A Famous Duelling Ground. Four miles southeast of Augusta lies one of the most famous duelling grounds in America: Sand Bar Ferry. It occupies both banks of the Savannah River at a point which in past years, before the old ferry gave place to the present modern steel bridge, was well adapted by reason of its peculiar environment to the purposes of a field of honor. Here, in the days gone by, personal combats without number have been fought under the Code Duello, Georgians resorting to the Carolina side and Carolinians betaking themselves to the Georgia side, each to adjust their differences according to the only mode of arbitrament which then prevailed among gentlemen. Happily this method of redress has long since passed. For more than a generation not a drop of blood has been spilled on the old duelling ground, and its hostile meetings are today recalled only by the gray-beards whose memories reach back to the old regime, when the duelling pistol dominated the public life of the South. But we are fortunate in finding for our

readers an article which describes this noted resort of the duellist as it appeared forty years ago. It was written by Colonel James T. Bacon, editor of the *Edgefield Chronicle*, who often visited the spot; and, without reproducing the article in full, its salient paragraphs are as follows:

"There is not a spot of greater interest in any part of our country than the secluded glade known in the history of the South, of South Carolina and Georgia, especially, as Sand Bar Ferry. A commonplace name enough, but attached to a glade or fairy ring set apart for the conventional duelling ground when the Code Duello was the first resort of gentlemen in settling personal difficulties.

"In some respects it would seem that this spot were fashioned for some such purpose, so quiet, so perfectly secluded, so easy of access and at the same time so out of the way that a most bloody duel could be fought to a finish before authority from any point could arrive to interfere.

"This historic duelling arena lies three miles southeast of the city of Augusta, over what was once a wheel-scarred and rugged road, heavy in places with fine sand, and again marshy where it dipped into a bit of low land or struggled through a tongue of undrained swamp. The road lies along pleasant farm lands, and plume-like elms meet in leafy arches overhead. Now it runs deep into the heart of the dim swamp, now close along the margin of the rushing, muddy, turbulent Savannah, bordered by thousands of the trailing water willow.

"This duelling ground lies on either side of the river. With the belligerents of the Carolina side, who wished to settle differences with leaden arguments, the fairy ring beneath the hoary moss-draped trees on the Georgia side was chosen as the scene of action. With those already in trouble on the latter side, the clean, firm sands of the wide river bank were preferred. On the Georgia side the famous spot might well be mistaken for the artificial work of man, fashioned with a view to the purpose which it served. The ground is as level as a dancing floor; a soft carpet of moss covers it, through which the vivid fruit of the partridge vine or ground ivy glows like the crimson stain of blood. All around tall cedars, feathery elms and towering gums, interspersed with a few black-boled pines, draped with long streamers of the funeral gray moss, shade the traveler from the too-ardent rays of the semi-tropical sun.

"On the left the river runs, broadening out into wide shallows, the sand bars shoaling out from either bank, until at low water, or during the summer months, persons standing on the further end of the bar could clasp hands across the bed of the then placid river. On the right a thick hedge of flowering juniper shuts off the view of a most prosaic object, a railroad trestle poised high, and spanning the river from bank to bank.

On the Carolina side white chalk cliffs loom up, cut by a road that winds up and up until lost to sight over the high brow of the white bare hills."

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"It is a singularly quiet place, this famous Southern duelling ground; the natural face of which seems never to change. No sound breaks the stillness, but the occasional flutter of the winged inhabitant of the bushes, the lap of the water over the sand bars, or the grinding wheels of an occasional vehicle that has just been ferried over.

"Many of the lagoons have never been explored, and just how many there are cannot, seemingly, be ascertained. Dense canebrakes, absolutely as impregnable as a stone wall, shutting out daylight in their vicinity, cut off communication except where the tilled lands skirt them, or where a narrow and tortuous passage leads into the Savannah. It is a curious phenomenon that, however high the river rises, or however low it sinks, the waters in the lagoon remain the same—weird, ghostly, mysterious, a freak of nature in her most sombre mood—spots of eternal mourning, mayhap for bygone transgressions—blots upon the fair face of nature beneath the ardent Southern sun.

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"But let us climb up to the top of the high white cliffs of Beech Island, on the South Carolina side, whence spreads out the level duelling ground. The September moon is rising, and the silence is intense; almost palpable or tangible, as it were. The reddening gum leaves flutter in the lazy breeze—flurrying lightly over the moss with a sound that might be made by the ghostly footsteps of the things unseen. Even the bird voices seem far away and hushed; the moonlight filters through the whispering pines that complain in far-off hushed undertones; and standing there one feels as though civilization and the fret of life and the strife of man had been left many miles behind, and that the land in which it is always afternoon—if not black night—were well at hand.

"Beech Island is a fair and blessed land, but there hangs a dark and bloody fringe along some of her borders."

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Poets' Monument: Mrs. Cole's Gift. On April 28, 1913, a handsome granite memorial to four renowned Georgia poets: Sidney Lanier, Father Ryan, James Ryder Randall and Paul H. Hayne, was unveiled with impressive ceremonies, in the presence of a vast throng. The monument was a gift to the city

from Mrs. E. W. Cole, of Nashville, Tenn., formerly a resident of Augusta, and the speech of presentation, an exquisite literary gem, was made by Chancellor James H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University. This attractive memorial stands on Greene Street, a thoroughfare noted for its numerous artistic charms. The structure consists of four ornamental pillars, resting upon a massive base and supporting a handsomely carved roof. Enclosed within is a square of granite, on the four sides of which are these inscriptions:

SIDNEY LANIER.
1842-1880.
"The Catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain."

FATHER RYAN.
1842-1886.
"To the higher shrine of love divine
My lowly feet have trod.
I want no fame, no other name
Than this—a priest of God."

JAMES R. RANDALL.
1839-1908.
"Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland."

PAUL HAYNE.
1830-1886.
"Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar, basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown."

Surrounding the monument there are four marble seats. With the single exception of Lanier, these gifted men of genius were for a number of years associated

with the intellectual and social life of Augusta, while two of them—Hayne and Randall—lie buried in the city cemetery in a section known as "Poets' Row." We quote from a local newspaper* the following brief account of the exercises of unveiling:

Long before the hour of 5 o'clock the crowd began to gather around the monument, and soon the 400 seats placed on the green were filled, as was the driveway around, with automobiles.

When Mrs. Cole and the members of her party arrived they were seated near the stand, upon which the Mayor and members of Council were seated and also the clergy of the city, and those who were to take part in the program.

When the hour of 5 struck more than a thousand people were present and the audience was a most representative one, citizens of all ages being present from the eldest citizen to babies in the arms of their nurses.

The first thing on the program was the unveiling of the monument, by little Cornelia White, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. White, and Master Whiteford Cole, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Whiteford Cole, of Nashville.

Hon. Linwood Hayne, who presided over the exercises, then introduced the Rev. S. B. Wiggins, pastor of St. John's Methodist Church, who made the opening prayer. A chorus of about seventy school children, trained by Miss Harris, then sang sweetly, "Maryland, My Maryland," with an accompaniment of harp and violin.

Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, was introduced by Mr. Hayne, and he presented the monument, on behalf of Mrs. Cole, to the city of Augusta in a most eloquent speech, which was listened to with the closest attention and received with the heartiest applause. Chancellor Kirkland paid a beautiful and fitting tribute to the four poets, in whose memory the monument is erected, and in glowing terms mentioned their separate claim to fame and their loyalty to the Southland, in whose honor their most inspired songs were sung.

Chancellor Kirkland was followed by the Rev. M. Ashby Jones, who accepted the monument in behalf of the city. Dr. Jones always rises to an occasion as few can, and his beautiful, inspiring and uplifting speech of acceptance and appreciation was expressed with his customary felicity of expression and eloquent earnestness.

Dr. Jones spoke beautifully of the inspiration this monument would be to the young men and women of the city; of its perpetual appeal to them to demand the best and to seek the highest ideals. He closed by saying: "I accept, in behalf of all Augusta, this beautiful expression of your love for this city, and thank you that you have helped and honored us, for this day and for the days that are to come."

*The Augusta Chronicle, issue of Tuesday, April 29, 1913.

Following Dr. Jones, Mr. William H. Hayne delivered an original ode, written in honor of the occasion, that was a gem of poetic thought and charming expression. One of Father Ryan's beautiful poems, put to music by Miss Harris, was then sung by the chorus to a familiar air. The services were concluded with a short prayer and benediction uttered by Father Kane, of St. Patrick's Church.

At the conclusion of the exercises Mrs. Cole was surrounded by countless old friends in the city, many of whom had not had the pleasure of meeting her personally since they were young folks together. The shadows of evening were falling before the crowd finally dispersed.

Barrett Plaza: The Walsh Monument.

Directly in front of the Union Station, on Barrett Plaza, facing the city of Augusta, whose busiest section lies between the plaza and the river stands a handsome statue in bronze of one of the most beloved of Augustans: United States Senator Patrick Walsh. Coming to Augusta from his boyhood home in Ireland, he became in the course of time editor and owner of the *Augusta Chronicle*, one of the most powerful individual factors in the development of his adopted town and one of the most commanding figures in the political life of Georgia. Before reaching the end of his days—a period all too short—he wore by executive appointment the toga of the American Senate, succeeding in this high forum the lamented Alfred H. Colquitt. With impressive ceremonies, on June 20, 1913, occurred the formal exercises of unveiling. Two distinguished Georgia editors, Hon. Clark Howell, of Atlanta, and Hon. Pleasant A. Stovall, of Savannah, both warm and intimate personal friends of the deceased, delivered the principal addresses. We quote the following account of the exercises from a newspaper report:*

There were probably 3,000 people gathered on Barrett Plaza at 6:15 o'clock when the heroic bronze statue of the late Senator Patrick Walsh, mounted on a mammoth marble pedestal, was presented to the city and accepted by Mayor L. C. Hayne from the Walsh Memorial Association.

*From the Augusta correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, in issue of June 21, 1913.

The address of the occasion by Hon. Clark Howell, of Atlanta, and Hon. Pleasant A. Stovall, of Savannah, both of whom knew Mr. Walsh intimately, were sympathetic and held the rapt attention of the big crowd.

Grandnieces of Mr. Walsh, Misses Catherine Smith and Marie Walsh, pulled the cords which loosened the veil from the statue. A commodious stand was erected on the north side of the monument, on which were seated the members of Mr. Walsh's family, the speakers of the day, Mayor L. C. Hayne, of Augusta; members of the city council and other city officials and a number of Mr. Walsh's closest personal friends, who were extended special invitations to occupy seats upon the stand.

Secret orders of which Mr. Walsh was a member attended the exercises in a body. These orders were the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Knights of Columbus and the Elks. The cadet body of the Academy of the Sacred Heart also attended the ceremonies en masse.

Following the introductory music, the invocation by Rev. P. H. McMahon, of Washington, Ga., a close friend of the late Senator, and the unveiling, the bronze figure was presented to this city by John J. Cohen, president of the Walsh Memorial Association, existence of which dates from the day of Mr. Walsh's funeral in March, 1899, Mr. Stovall and Mr. Howell delivered their addresses, following in the order named. The acceptance speech was delivered by Edward B. Hook, who spoke for Mayor Hayne.

The monument is 8 feet in height, placed on a pedestal of practically the same height of white marble, on the adverse side being engraved a laurel wreath. Above and arching over the wreath is engraved a fitting sentiment. On the reverse side are engraved facts relative to Mr. Walsh, the date of his birth, death and others. Cost of the erection is stated to be about $10,000.

This descriptive account of the monument is taken from a local newspaper:*

The statue is placed facing North. The features brought out true to life, the broad brow, the determined jaws, eyes of the same calm, benign and steady gaze of the Senator of life, the hair, side whiskers and goatee appearing just as in the latter years of his life. The figure shows him wearing a long buttoned frock coat, with the right hand thrust into the bosom of his coat and the left hand hanging by his side, holding a scroll typifying the editor and the lawmaker. The weight of the figure is upon the right foot, while the left is placed slightly forward. The general attitude is that of the speaker.

The pedestal is circular and about five feet in height. Carved in relief on the obverse side is an olive wreath, inside of which are the dates "1840" and "1899." "Patrick Walsh" is carved in bold characters in relief directly above the wreath. On the reverse side appears this inscription, the lines being engraved below each other in the respective order: "Editor of

*Augusta Chronicle, issue of June 21, 1913.

The Augusta Chronicle, Mayor of the City of Augusta. Member of the Georgia Legislature. U. S. Senator. A Patriotic Citizen. A Loyal Friend. A Lover of Humanity. Erected by His Fellow Citizens."

The base of the pedestal is a square block of marble, measuring six feet on the side, placed on a concrete foundation. The foundation has been covered with soil and grass planted, which is now growing luxuriously.

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Major Archibald Butt: A Hero of the Titanic.

On board the ill-fated Titanic, which struck an iceberg in mid-ocean, on the evening of April 15, 1912, was a gallant son of Augusta—Major Archibald Butt. At the time of his death Major Butt was one of the best known men in American public life, having served as chief of the President's military staff, under two national administrations, and for eight years no one ever attended the brilliant social functions at the White House without being impressed by the erect and graceful figure of the handsome officer. The disaster in which he lost his life was the greatest marine tragedy of modern times—an ocean holocaust, in which over 1,500 souls perished. The Titanic was the greatest vessel afloat. She was making her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York; and some of the most eminent men of the world were on board. The unwritten law of the sea—"women and children first"—was rigidly enforced; but the inate chivalry of Archibald Butt made it a needless one, so far as it concerned himself. He was not among the number saved. Only the meagerest details of the colossal tragedy reached Washington after days of anxious waiting; and when hope for the brave officer's rescue was finally abandoned, Mr. Taft's comment, made with moisture in his eyes, was this: "He died like a soldier and a gentleman." The President afterwards came to Augusta for the express purpose of paying a heart-felt memorial tribute to his beloved chief of staff.

Archibald Willingham Butt came of an old Augusta family, and on the banks of the Savannah River at this place he was born on September 26, 1866. Here he grew

up, attending the local schools; but, losing his father when quite a lad, it was mainly by his mother's hand that the youth was reared. The latter was a Miss Boggs. It was the ardent wish of the boy's mother to see her son in the pulpit, and with the hope of making a minister of Archibald she sent him to Sewanee. But the lad's ambition was to enter the army—the life which fascinated him most was the soldier's. As a sort of compromise, on leaving college, he drifted into journalism, but without relinquishing his dream. In the course of time, he became the Washington correspondent of the *Atlanta Journal,* and by a most singular coincidence one of his associates on the paper at this time was the brilliant Jacques Futrelle, who was destined to share his watery grave in the mid-Atlantic.

Major Butt's nearest surviving relatives are his two brothers, Edward H. Butt, of Liverpool, and Lewis Ford Butt, of Augusta. John D. Butt, a third brother, met death in a railway accident a number of years ago. About the same time he also lost an only sister. When on a visit to Atlanta, some few months before the tragic disaster, Major Butt incidentally remarked: "My ambition is to die in such a manner as to reflect credit upon the name I bear." He may not have recalled this wish amid the waters of the Wild Atlantic, on the night when his brave soul went out; but his ambition was fully realized. The citizens of Augusta have planned a memorial bridge in his honor to span the Augusta Canal and to keep his name in green remembrance amid the scenes of his youth. At Sewanee, Tenn., a memorial tablet has already been unveiled in the halls of his alma mater, and a handsome monument has also been erected by his comrades of the army in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Archibald Butt: Memorial Bridge. On April 15, 1914, the handsome memorial bridge erected by the citizens of Augusta in honor of Major Archibald Butt was dedicated in the presence of a vast throng

of people, numbering perhaps 5,000. It spans the Augusta Canal at the intersection of Fifteenth and Greene Streets, near the site of Major Butt's old home. Ex-President of the United States Hon. William H. Taft delivered the principal address of the occasion, in addition to which the Masonic rites constituted a most impressive feature of the exercises. From a detailed report of this impressive ceremonial the following account is taken:*

Simple but impressive exercises attended the dedication here today of the Butt memorial bridge, erected as a tribute to the memory of the late Major Archibald Willingham Butt, aide to former Presidents Taft and Roosevelt, who perished in the Titanic diaster on April 14, 1912.

Former President Taft, a delegation of Masons from the Temple Noyes Lodge, of Washington, of which Major Butt was a member; local Masons and members of the Butt Memorial Association, participated in the services, which were held on the handsome new bridge spanning the canal at Fifteenth and Greene Streets.

Arrangements had been completed for the dedication to be held yesterday afternoon, but on account of rain it was necessary to postpone the ceremonies until today.

The formal dedication of the bridge was preceded by the laying of a cornerstone with ritualistic ceremonies by the Masons.

Former President Taft, the first speaker, spoke feelingly of his former aide as a "Southerner through and through."

"I like to think of him" said Mr. Taft, "as the best type of the new South, with its full flavor of the chivalrous and patriotic sentiment of the old South, strengthened by the trials of war and its consequences, mellowed by success in its struggles against obstacles after the war, and turned into the deepest loyalty to the flag by the Spanish-American war, and a sense of a full share in the power and responsibility of the government of the country.

"He was a Southerner through and through. He had the tradition of the South deep-seated in his nature. But he had the self-control that enabled him with entire self-respect to pass unnoticed expressions of prejudice or criticism toward what he held dear, made thoughtlessly, or upon the assumption that he was not a Southern man."

The bridge proper is constructed of concrete. At each of the two approaches are two massive lions, carved from limestone, one bearing a bronze shield engraved with the coat of arms of the United State, another with the Georgia coat of arms of the Butt family and the fourth the Temple-Noyes Lodge coat of arms. Four tall columns surmounted by bronze eagles

*Augusta correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, in issue of April 15, 1914.

rise from the four corners of the central arch of the structure. In the center is a bronze bas-relief of Major Butt. A bronze tablet bears the following inscription, which was written by former President Taft:

"In honor of Archibald Willingham Butt.
"Born in Augusta, Ga., September 26, 1865.
"Graduated University of the South, 1888.
"Major in United States Army, trusted aide-de-camp to two Presidents.
"Major Butt went to his death on the steamer Titanic after the rescue of the women and children from that ill-fated vessel, April 14, 1912.
"In memory of his noble and lovable qualities as a man.
"His courage and high sense of duty as a soldier.
"His loyalty and efficiency as a public servant.
"His fellow citizens of Augusta dedicate this bridge."

A beautiful and unexpected feature of the day's exercises was the presentation to the citizens of Augusta of another handsome memorial of the late Major Butt, through Mr. LeRoy Herron, worshipful master of the Washington Masonic Lodge, in the form of a life-size copper reproduction of Major Butt.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, immediately after its delivery, the handsome statue was set up in the lobby of the Bon Air Hotel, where the entire party and many other visitors for the memorial exercises are stopping, and was admired by thousands of people. This morning it was removed to a location near the tablets on the bridge, and was conspicuously a part of today's exercises.

Dennis Cahill: An Irish Hero. On the banks of the Augusta Canal, near the Butt Memorial Bridge, there stands a pyramid of rough stones, erected to commemorate an act of heroism, no less grand in its humble way than the one which glorified the last moments of Major Butt, on board the ill-fated Titanic. Inscribed upon this pile of rock is the following epitaph:

Dennis Cahill by a deed of self-sacrifice such as all humanity claims and counts among the jewels hallowed this spot and rendered his name worthy of such lasting memory as these rugged stones and this simple tablet can secure, for here he gave his life in a vain attempt to save from drowning a child having no claim for his sacrifice save humanity and helplessness, July 29, 1910. Born Parish of Castlemagner, County Cork, Ireland, June, 1861.

Colonel Samuel Hammond: Revolutionary Patriot.

One of the most illustrious soldiers of Georgia in the first war for independence was Colonel Samuel Hammond, whose conspicuous part in the siege of Augusta has embalmed him in the lasting gratiture of this metropolis and in the love of all Georgians. Colonel Hammond, at the beginning of the last century, represented this State in Congress, after which he became by appointment of President Jefferson the first Territorial Governor of Missouri. His last years were spent at Varello, his country-seat, on the south Carolina side of the Savannah River, near Augusta. To recall the patriotic services of Colonel Hammond there stands on Greene Street a handsome memorial to this distinguished soldier and civilian. It consists of a solid block of rough-hewn granite, surmounted by a bronze bust of Colonel Hammond, in the uniform of a Continental officer. The inscription on the monument reads as follows:

SAMUEL HAMMOND. Born in Richmond County, Va., Sept., 1757. Died at Varello, near Augusta, Sept. 1842.

Captain of Minute Men at Great Kanawha, 1774.
Long Bridge, Norfolk, 1775.
Aid to Gen. Hand at Pittsburg, 1778.
Colonel of Cavalry under Washington, 1779.

With Gen. Greene in every important engagement through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. On the front line at Eutaw, Cowpens and King's Mountain. At the Siege of Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta. Member of Congress from Georgia, 1802. Appointed by President Jefferson in 1805 to the Command of Upper Louisiana. First Territorial Governor of Missouri. Secretary of State in South Carolina, 1831. He gave sixty years of public service to the cause of America. This memorial in his honor placed by the Augusta Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, as the filial tribute of his grandson, Hugh Vernon Washington.

On March 28, 1913, in the presence of a large gathering of representative Augustans, the handsome memorial to Colonel Hammond was unveiled with ceremonies befitting the occasion. Rev. M. Ashby Jones, one of the most eloquent men of the State, delivered the principal address. We quote from a local newspaper the following brief account of the exercises:

At the hour of 5 o'clock a crowd of interested spectators gathered and the presentation ceremonies began upon the arrival of Mrs. Ellen Washington Bellamy, of Macon, who is one of the donors of the monument, the other donor being her brother, the late Hugh Vernon Washington, of Macon, a grandson of Colonel Hammond.

Judge William F. Eve presided and introduced the Rev. M. Ashby Jones, who was to present the monument to the city of Augusta in behalf of the donors.

Dr. Jones was never more eloquent than on this occasion.

Hon. Linwood C. Hayne, mayor of Augusta, was next introduced. Said he:

"To that generous-hearted kinswoman of Macon who, by this act, has demonstrated that the present is not an age entirely of utilitarianism, good people everywhere, with one acclaim, will give applause and reverence. From her own purse, she has made this generous donation to the history of the republic, and perpetuated for all time to come the memory of Sam Hammond—warrior, hero and patriot; and for this contribution which not only extols the patriotism of her valiant grandsire, but reflects the highest credit on her patriotic liberality, Augusta makes her most grateful acknowledgement, and pledges herself to guard with the highest loyalty and fidelity this sacred spot dedicated alike to the heroism of Samuel Hammond, the defender of Augusta, and to the loyal affection of the patriotic donor of this most striking testimonial to the heroism of the days of the revolution, when the land was young."

Mrs. Bellamy then spoke a few words of appreciation, explaining that it was the wish of her brother, the late Hugh Vernon Washington, of Macon, that this monument be erected in Augusta, whose history their illustrious ancestor helped to make, and that the monument was his gift, as well as hers. Besides the many friends present, the representatives of the Hammond family, were Mrs. Bellamy, of Macon, and Mrs. McKie, a granddaughter of Colonel Hammond, who now lives in North Augusta, and her son, Mr. McKie.

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The Seizure of the Arsenal.

Perhaps the most dramatic event in the history of Augusta was the seizure of the United States Arsenal at Summerville, on the eve of the Civil War. It followed almost directly upon the adjournment of the famous Secession Convention, which carried the State of Georgia out of the Union. As told by Proferror Joseph T. Derry, the story of this bold exploit, which was undertaken successfully by the volunteer troops of Augusta, is as follows:

"The arsenal, situated near Augusta, consisting of a group of buildings on the summits of salubrious sand hills, contained a battery of artillery, 20,000 stand of muskets, and a large quantity of munitions, guarded by a company of United States trooops, under command of Captain Arnold Elzey, of Maryland. The occupation of this arsenal was necessary. The sentiment favoring the seizure was increased by the arrival, on January 19th, of an ordnance detachment, which had been ejected from the arsenal at Charleston. On January 23, Governor Brown, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Hon Henry R. Jackson, who had experienced military life as a colonel of a Georgia regiment in Mexico, and Hon. William Phillips, visited Captain Elzey and made a verbal request that he withdraw his command from the State. Upon his refusal to do so, Colonel Alfred Cumming, of the Augusta battalion of militia, was ordered to put his force in readiness for action, to support the Governor's demand. . . . At the same time, some eight hundred volunteers of the city were put under arms, and others came in from the country. The Augusta volunteers engaged in the capture of the arsenal consisted of the following companies: Oglethorpe Infantry, Clinch Rifles, Irish Volunteers, Montgomery Guards, two companies of minute men, one of which became the Walker Light Infantry, Washington Artillery, and Richmond Hussars. The ranks of these companies had been filled by young men eager to serve, and they averaged at this time one hundred men each. They were splendidly equipped and thoroughly drilled. In addition to these there were about two hundred mounted men from Burke County and a company of infantry from Edgefield district, S. C. Brigadier-General Harris was in chief command, aided by Brigadier-General Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, and Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Cumming was in immediate command of the armed force, consisting of the Augusta Battalion, companies A and B of the minute men, and the militia. No hostile demonstration was to be made until the 24th, and it was then happily obviated by the action of Captain Elzey. In the conference which fixed the terms of the withdrawal, the Governor, was accompanied by Generals Harris and Williams, Colonel W. H. T. Walker and his aides, Colonels Jackson and Phillips, all of whom joined the Governor in assurances of esteem for Captain Elzey, together with a desire that the unhappy difficulties which had arisen might be adjusted

without hostilities. Walker, a comrade of Elzey in the Federal service, seized the latter's hand and assured him that he had done all that could be required of a brave man. Elzey, overcome by the situation which presaged the breaking up of the old army and the deadly conflict of former friends, could only reply by throwing his arm around his comrade silently, while tears filled the eyes of those who witnessed the scene. Walker became a Major-General in the Confederat Army, was distinguishd for his reckless daring, and finally gave his life in the great batttle on the hills around Atlanta. Elzey also entered the Confederate service as soon as circumstances permitted, and was one of the most distinguished representatives of Maryland in the Army of Northern Virginia. His cool and intrepid action on the field of First Manassas won for him the rank of brigadier-general and the title of "the Blucher of the day" from the lips of President Davis. Under Jackson he achieved additional renown and was promoted to the rank of major-general, but wounds received before Richmond in 1862 deprived the cause of his further active service in the field. After a salute of thirty-three guns, the Stars and Stripes fluttered down the garrison staff."

Origin of the Children of the Confederacy: Augusta the Birthplace.

This patriotic society originated at the Third Annual Convention of the Georgia Division of the U. D. C., which met at Augusta, on October 14, 1897. The following story contains an authoritative account of how it arose: "In the afternoon of the 14th, Miss Bunnie Love, of Atlanta, read a strong paper advocating the organizing of children's chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, but Mrs. McDowell Wolff had before this organized a band of children in Savannah and called them Children of the Confederacy. A committee was appointed by Mrs. Eve, the president, as follows: Miss Bunnie Love, chairman; Mrs. W. F. Eve, Miss Rosa Woodberry, Mrs. R. E. Park, Mrs. B. O. Miller.

"This committee was given authority to draw up the plans for organizing these chapters as branches of the main division.

"The committee was afterwards changed to the following personnel: Mrs. Charles Rice, chairman; Mrs. McDowell Wolff, Mrs. William M. Nixon, Miss Susie Gerdine, Miss Sallie Jones, Miss Bunnie Love.

"The report of this committee was read at the Rome Convention October, 1898, and adopted, after which a letter was read from Mrs. McDowell Wolff, on the importance of teaching the children true history. Mrs. Charles Rice, of Atlanta, offered the following resolution:

"'Whereas, Mrs. E. P. McDowell Wolff originated the Order of Children of the Confederacy in Georgia, be it

"'Resolved, That in recognition of this act of patriotism she be known as the Founder of the order, and her name be thus inscribed upon docu-

ments wherein the names of the officers appear.' This resolution was unanimously adopted."

Georgia's Oldest Bank. Georgia's oldest bank was chartered by the Legislature, on December 6, 1810, and was styled the "Bank of Augusta." Its capital stock was $300,000, divided into shares of $100 each; and of this sum $50,000 was reserved for the State of Georgia, subject to the approval of the law-making authorities. In the event the State became a stockholder in the bank, it was stipulated that the Governor, Treasurer, and Comptroller-General, should be entitled, at each succeeding election, to name two members of the board of directors. As given in the bank's charter, the original board of directors consisted of the following stockholders: Thomas Cumming, its first president; John Howard, Richard C. Tubman, John McKinne, James Gardner, Hugh Nesbit, David Reid, John Moore, John Campbell, John Willson, Anderson Watkins, John Carmichael, and Ferdinand Phinzy. The charter was signed by Gov. David B. Mitchell, as Governor, and by the presiding officers of the two law-making bodies: Hon. Jared Irwin, President of the Senate, and Hon. Benjamin Whitaker, Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

Whitney's Cotton Gin. "Whitney's plan of getting his gins into use was unpopular among the farmers. He would either buy the cotton himself, or charge one-third of it for ginning. He did not at first sell his gins. The farmers generally thought Whitney was trying to keep the use of his gins too much within his own control. Much began to be said about the 'gin monopoly.' All of this was unfortunate for Whitney, because, although others claimed it, the honor of having invented the cotton gin clearly belongs to Eli Whitney. . . . After the gin was invented, Whitney established his machines in various places in Georgia for the purpose of buying and ginning cotton. One of these was near Augusta, about two miles south of the city. The dam is still seen which held the water to furnish the power. Whitney's machines were

at first called cotton engines, but this name was soon contracted into cotton gins.'"*

ROCKDALE

Conyers. In 1870, Rockdale County was organized from Newton and Henry, with Conyers as the county-seat; but Conyers was at this time a town of some importance, on the line of the Georgia Railroad. Its charter of incorporation was granted on February 16, 1854, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: A. C. Hulsey, Daniel Zachery, Stephen Mayfield, A. R. Richardson and James J. Poole.[1] In Volume I of this work will be found an extended sketch of the town of Conyers.

SCHLEY

Ellaville. In December 22, 1857, an Act was approved creating the new County of Schley out of lands formerly including in Sumter and Marion and the judges of the Inferior Court were authorized to choose a site for public buildings. Ellaville, the county-seat, was incorporated as a town on November 23, 1859, at which time the following pioneer residents were named as commissioners: J. Stephens, H. Davis, R. Burton, H. L. French and Mr. Strange.[2] The town was reincorporated in 1883.

SCREVEN

Jacksonboro. Volume I.

Sylvania. In 1793, Screven County was formed out of Burke and Effingham, with the old town of Jacksonboro as the county-seat, and for nearly fifty years there was no change in the seat of government. But

[1] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 259.
[2] Acts, 1859, p. 154.

in 1847 a new town rose in the wilderness. On a fifty-acre tract of land purchased from Charles Church and Azeriah Ennis at this time was founded the present town of Sylvania. The commissioners who made this purchase and who located the new county-seat were: John R. Kittles, Willis Young, William Lovett, John Roberts, Moses N. McCall, Solomon Zeigler and John A. Gross.[1] Sylvania was incorporated as a town on February 20, 1854, with the following commissioners: Dominick J. Dillon, Winsley Hobbey, Daniel E. Roberts, William Williams and Charles Church.[2] With solid banks, wide-awake business establishments, good schools and attractive homes, Sylvania is today one of the most progressive towns of Georgia. Hon. George R. Black, a former member of Congress, lived at Sylvania. His father, Hon. Edward J. Black, was also at one time a resident of Screven.

Historic Traditions: A Tragedy of the Swamp.

Pages 474-478.

Recollections of Edward J. Black.

Major Stephen F. Miller has sketched for us the following portrait of Edward J. Black, a distinguished resident of Screven. Says he:

"Mr. Black was for six years a member of Congress—from 1839 to 1845. He made several speeches, which gave him a high rank in debate and for elegant scholarship. His diction partook of the purity of Wilde, with much of his elevation of sentiment; and it also possessed some of the causticity of Randolph when impaling an adversary. The comparison is not intended to be perfect, but merely to denote qualities more or less developed. Mr. Black was unquestionably a man of genius. His nature was impulsive, his organization acute. He felt a passion for excellence and took proper models in history for his guide. Enjoying wealth and position, he lived to see much of the world. His imagination was too prolific and his taste too severely disciplined to be content with the attainable;

[1] Acts, 1847, p. 75.
[2] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 270.

and he looked for something which is not permitted to man—the sublime in both the intellect and the affections. Like other men of genius, he possessed a constitutional malady which preyed upon his spirits. He was often sad, perhaps murmured unwisely, demanding why he was smitten. But . . . in the dying hour he saw that all was right; the gloom vanished and the darkness of this world gave way to the light of another. The author was acquainted with Mr. Black. They spent an evening together, more than twenty years ago [1855] at the mansion of a well-known citizen [General Blackshear, of Laurens]. He was fully what he claimed to be, both in the vivacity of his wit and in the art of making others happy by his conversation. He was then in the zenith of his manhood, apparently free from disease, and bade fair to survive the humble invalid who now dictates this greateful offering to his memory.'"[1]

SPALDING

Griffin. Griffin, the county-seat of Spalding, was named for General L. L. Griffin, the first president of the old Monroe Railroad, now a part of the Central of Georgia. It was granted a charter of incorporation in 1843, at which time it was one of the flourishing railway towns of Pike. Later on, in 1851, when Spalding County was organized out of Pike and Henry, Griffin became the county-seat of Spalding. But, to go back a few years, the old Griffin Male and Female Academy was chartered on December 4, 1841, with the following named trustees, to-wit.: Pitt S. Milner, William M. Leak, James L. Long, James Butler and Wesley Leak.[2] From a list of trustees named in the charter of Marshall College, an institution founded in 1853, the names of some of the prominent citizens of Griffin for the decade just before the Civil War have been obtained. These trustees are named as follows: Jesse H. Campbell, Augustus L. Brodus, Alfred Buckner, J. Q. A. Alford, Parker Eason, Hendley Varner, Andrew W. Walker, James H. Stark, all of the Flint River Baptist Association; William R. Phillips, representing the City Council of Griffin; Wareham W. Woodruff, from the Presbyterian Church; William Freeman, from the Methodist Church; William West-

[1] Stephen F. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. 1.
[2] Acts, 1841, p. 6.

moreland, from the Christian Church; Charles H. Johnson, from the Odd Fellows, and Jason Burr, from the Methodists.* During this same year, the old Griffin Collegiate Seminary was rechartered as the Griffin Female College and entered upon what promised to be a career of great usefulness; but, like the ambitious enterprise launched by the Baptists, it went down before the oncoming storm of the Civil War. The first monument erected in Georgia to the Confederate dead stands in Griffin, a town whose homes were converted into hospitals for the sick and wounded, whose devoted women became ministering angels at the couches of the suffering, and whose loyalty to a Lost Cause, manifested in a thousand tender ways, has made its very name forever fragrant with the sweetest of Confederate memories. Some of the State's most noted men have lived in Griffin, but since a list of these residents has been given in Volume I of this work, it is needless to repeat them here. Today Griffin is one of the chief manufacturing towns of Georgia, a city whose pulsing arteries of commerce bespeak the vigorous young blood of a new Dixie; but one needs only to enter the stately old homes of Griffin to find that in everything worth while the ideals of a gentler time are still preserved.

Some of Griffin's Attractive Homes. Griffin is a city of beautiful homes. Some of these were built in the spacious days of the old regime, and have come down to the present time rich in the lore of a former generation. Judge Robert T. Daniel's home is one of the fine old landmarks. It was built by his grandfather, General E. P. Daniel, in the early days of Griffin. The old Bailey home, built by Colonel David J. Bailey, a former member of Congress, is today owned by his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Tebeault, of New Orleans. The old Female College, built in the eighteen-fifties, and used as a hospital during the Civil War, one of the oldest structures in Griffin, is now owned and occupied by Mr. Thomas R. Mills. The old Reid house, built by Judge John B. Reid, was subsequently occupied for a number of years by Hon. James C. Freeman, a former member of Congress. Today it is owned and occupied

*Acts, 1853-1854, p. 127.

by Mr. Thomas Nall. The Chapman house, built by one of Griffin's wealthy pioneer citizens, is today the home of Captain W. J. Kincaid, perhaps the most important factor in the modern industrial life of Griffin, a man who built the first cotton mills and whose vast energies have been devoted without reserve to the growth of his adopted town. The Stark house, built by Judge William A. Stark, is now owned and occupied by Mr. Robert F. Strickland. The home of Mrs. John B. Mills was formerly owned by Mr. Obadiah Gibson, afterwards by Mrs. Emily Lewis, and now by her granddaughter, the present occupant. The Henry P. Hill home is today occupied by his widow, who here resides with her daughter, Mrs. Fleming G. Bailey. The Ben Milner place is now the property of Mr. Henry Walker, of Monroe. The handsome old Sims house became in after years the home of Mr. Joseph D. Boyd. Mary Villa, built by Colonel L. T. Doyal, is now owned by Dr. M. F. Carson. Other beautiful homes in and around Griffin are owned by the following substantial citizens: Judge J. J. Flint, Mr. Seaton Grantland, Mr. James M. Brawner, Hon. W. E. H. Searcy, Jr., Hon. W. E. H. Searcy, Sr., Judge T. E. Patterson, Mr. Douglas Boyd, Mr. Junius Gresham, Mr. W. H. Powell, Dr. J. C. Owen, Judge Lloyd Cleveland, Mr. B. R. Blakely, Mr. W. H. Newton, Mr. C. E. Newton, Mr. J. P. Nichols, Mrs. Edward C. Smith, Mrs. B. C. Faireloth, Mr. W. B. Matthews, Mr. B. B. Brown, Mr. David Johnson, Mr. Lee Manley and others. Overshadowed by ancestral oaks, not a few of the fine old mansions of Griffin picture to the mind's eye what Mrs. Heamans has portrayed in one of her most exquisite poems as the "stately homes of England."

STEPHENS

Toccoa. On August 18, 1895, an Act was approved creating the new County of Stephens, out of lands formerly embraced within Habersham and Franklin, and bestowing upon said county the name of the Great Commoner, Alexander H. Stephens. Toccoa was designated as the new county-seat. This town sprang into existence during the early seventies, when the old Charlotte Air Line, now the Southern Railway, was completed to this point. In 1875, a charter of incorporation granted to the town by the Superior Court of Habersham was confirmed by the General Assembly of Georgia. At this time the corporate limits were fixed at three-quarters of a mile from the public square in every direction. The town was named for a small stream, which at a distance

of some two miles from the town center makes a gigantic leap forming one of the most magnificent cascades in America. It was called by the Indians "Toccoa," a term signifying "the beautiful." The present public school system was established in 1892. With the building of a branch line from Toccoa to Elberton the growth of the town received a decided impetus. Today there is not a more progressive or wide-awake town in the State than Toccoa. Its high altitude gives it an unsurpassed health record, while the rich valley lands in this neighborhood bring an abundant tribute to its markets, making it the center of a constantly growing trade.

STEWART

Lumpkin. Lumpkin was the county-seat of Randolph from 1828 to 1831, when it became the county-seat of Stewart, a county organized out of lands formerly included in Randolph. The town was named for Hon. Wilson Lumpkin, one of Georgia's most distinguished sons. It was settled by a fine class of people, but has never grown to any extent, for the reason that more than any other community of equal size in Georgia it has helped to build other towns and cities. Some of the most successful business men of Atlanta were trained for mercantile life in the country stores of Lumpkin—merchants like the Boyntons and the Rawsons. General Clement A. Evans, Captain William H. Harrison, Judge Marshall J. Clarke and Major Sidney Root were also at one time residents of this same town, whose virile elements of strength have galvanized the whole State. From an old list of stockholders of the famous Lumpkin Independent Academy, the names of quite a number of early pioneers have been obtained, to-wit.: James Clarke, Willard Boynton, James Redingfield, Loverd Bryan, Matthew McCullar, Hollis Boynton, Marmaduke Gresham, Benjamin May, Nathan Clifton, Nicholas E.

Morris, William A. Rawson, Charles S. Gaulden, Joseph J. Boynton, John G. Singer, John Singer, Jr., John Richardson, Mary A. West, John Talbot, William H. Hardwick, Matthew Wright, Daniel Matheson, M. D. Doney, E. W. Randle, James M. Mitchell, Francis Douglas, Joseph Glenn, Charles W. Snow, William Foster, A. H. Dickerson, Thomas H. Everett, David Harrell, William Shields, Robert A. Hardwick, Moses Parker, E. A. Mitchell, William A. Fort, George B. Perry, Bedford S. Worrell, Edward E. Rawson, Blanton Streetman, Randolph Pearson, Jacob Ramser, John Crocker, Tomlinson Fort, Miles K. Harman, Isham Watkins, Peter Adley, Artimus Lewis, Daniel A. Garrett, Madison Hill, Erasmus T. Beall, Harris Dennard and John M. Simpson.*

SUMTER

Americus. When the first immigrants reached this locality some of the aborigines still remained. Settlers were attracted to this point by the fact that the spot where the town is now located was the center of the granary of the Creek Nation. There was a tradition among the Creeks that this section of the country had never failed, in all the annals of time, to produce a good crop of maize. After the Indians left they would, from time to time, return, loath to leave the spot where they had been most contented. It was the custom of the red men, in the cultivation of their special products, to bore a hole in the ground with a stick about fifteen inches deep and to place therein a fish as fertilizer, then dropping upon the fish a grain of corn.

Americus is located on the banks of "Au Muckalee" Creek. This beautiful Indian name was corrupted by the whites into "Muckalee." The meaning of the word is "pour upon me," the creek taking its name from a

*Acts, 1842, pp. 9-10.

spring about ten miles distant from Americus. The town was incorporated in 1832, and one of the first things the citizens did was to erect an academy and make provision for educating the poor. There was an Act providing that no teacher should receive funds out of the poor-school fund "unless examined and found qualified by the justices of the Inferior Court, or a majority of them."

In the following year, 1833, "Sumter County Academy" was incorporated, with the following-named gentlemen as trustees: John J. Britt, Joseph Mims, Robert Savage, James Glass, William S. Horton, Thomas Johnston and Daniel M. Little. The new trustees appointed in 1835 were as follows: William Pegg, Mark M. Brown, John T. McCrary, Jesse Harris and Thomas Gardner.

Elections were held at the house of Sydney Smith, and Horton and Harris, instead of as formerly, at D. W. Mann's. Americus camp-ground was incorporated in 1840, with the following named as trustees: William L. McKee, William P. Hames, John W. Lommy, Quinny Bass, William Pegg and Joseph M. Wyatt. Farmer's Academy was chartered by an Act of 1842, and the appointed trustees were: Frederick J. Greene, Wyatt R. Singleton, William M. Wimbush, Joseph A. S. Turner and Thomas J. Baisden. Names aforesaid are given principally as showing a list of those among the earliest settlers.

In building the Southwestern Railroad, now the Central of Georgia, and the first railroad through this section of country, the prime mover in this undertaking was the Hon. T. M. Furlow, who was a most active spirit. By a liberal contribution he procured a deflection of the proposed road from Lumpkin to this point. Also, in the building of the Americus, Preston and Lumpkin Railroad, which is now a part of the Seaboard Air Line system, Colonel S. H. Hawkins contributed more of means and energy, to this vast enterprise, than any one else. He was president of the company, and gave to Americus what was so greatly needed, a competitive line. Since

then the little city, from a population of 3,800, has grown to its present proportions.

In 1910 the United States census gave to Americus a population of 8,200, but the town has steadily grown since then, and now, in 1914, it is estimated at over 10,000 souls. The area of the little city is five miles square. The streets are paved with wood blocks, and there are forty miles of paved sidewalks. The fine waterworks are owned by the city. There are two electric light plants, and 20 miles of sanitary sewerage, 4 State banks, and 2 savings banks. An excellent climate—with a supplement of pure artesian water, six public schools, three colleges, including the Third District Agricultural College—these are among the attractions of Americus. Here also is the source of the largest musical conservatory in the State, "the Bell Piano Schools." The town also boasts a fine tourist and commercial hotel and a $30,000 Carnegie Library, and best of railroad facilities, with twenty-four passenger trains daily. Division headquarters for the Seaboard Air Line Railroad are here located, and Sumter County is the "banner good roads county" of the State. Americus is on the Atlanta-Andersonville highway, located 175 miles southwest of Atlanta, and last, but not least, there are eighteen churches of all denominations.*

Andersonville: The Monument to Major Henry Whirz.

Some few miles to the north of Americus, on the line of the Central of Georgia, is Andersonville, a small town made famous during the Civil War by the establishment here of a noted Confederate prison and, later by the execution of Major Wirz, the officer in charge, at the hands of the Federal authorities. Soon after the close of hostilities, a cemetery was opened at Andersonville by the United States government. Most of the Federal soldiers who fell in the various engagements in this section of the State toward the close of the struggle are here buried. The area is well kept and is beautified by a number of attractive monuments.

*Information kindly furnished by Mrs. C. A. Fricker, Regent, Council of Safety Chapter, D. A. R., of Americus, Ga.

During the Presidential campaign of 1876, the charges against Major Wirz were revived in the most sensational manner by James G. Blaine, in the national House of Representatives. His purpose was to arouse the spirit of sectional strife in order to compass the defeat of the national Democratic ticket. There was an evident drift at the North toward Democracy; and the shrewd political orator sought, by waving the bloody shirt and by coupling the alleged prison horrors at Andersonville with the name of Democracy, to make the latter odious to the people of the Northern States. He first declared that the author of the gigantic murder and crime at Andersonville was Mr. Davis; and he next proceeded to observe that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the thumb-screws and engines of torture of the Spanish inquisition, could compare in atrocity with the hideous outrages perpetrated upon Federal soldiers in the Georgia prison. The speech was well calculated to inflame the popular mind. It was virtually an indictment of the Southern people, and was also an artful bid for votes at the North, with which to suppress the Bourbon Democracy at the South.

But the effect of the speech was neutralized in the most unexpected manner by Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia. The latter had been the spokesman of Mr. Davis in the Confederate Senate. He was well acquainted with the facts in the case, and the reply which he made to Mr. Blaine on this occasion was overwhelming. He not only exonerated Mr. Davis, but he put the responsibility for loss of life at Andersonville upon the United States government, in consequence of the policy which made medicines contraband of war. Such a thing, declared Mr. Hill, not even the Duke of Alva had dared to do. He also pictured the destitution at the South during the last years of the struggle, and the insufficiency of our meagre resources to provide food and clothing for our own soldiers; whereupon he again taxed the Federal government with the blame for having deliberately and wilfully refused to agree to an exchange of prisoners, when such conditions were known to exist. He furthermore quoted official reports to show that there were more Confederate soldiers who died in Northern prisons than there were Federal soldiers who died in Southern prisons. The speech of Mr. Hill gave an altogether different aspect to the bill of indictment. It turned the tables upon the wily statesman from Maine, and when the popular vote was cast in the ensuing election it was found to be decidedly in favor of the Democratic ticket. Not until three States were disfranchised by the returning boards was Mr. Hayes finally seated. Thus were the tactics employed by the great Republican leader to discredit the South distinctly repudiated by the American people at the polls.

James M. Page, formerly a lieutenant in Company A of the Michigan Cavalry, has published a volume entitled "The True Story of Andersonville; or a Defence of Major Henry Wirz." He spent seven months in the prison at Andersonville, and with ample opportunities for observation he fastens the blame for the so-called outrages upon Secretary Stanton, of the United States War Department. On May 12, 1911, there was

unveiled at Andersonville, under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a handsome monument to the memory of Major Henry Wirz, the commanding officer of the prison. Hon. Pleasant A. Stovall, of Savannah, was the orator of the occasion. His address was a masterful review of the unvarnished facts of history connected with the execution of this gallant Confederate officer. Major Wirz is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, on the outskirts of the nation's capital, in the District of Columbia. His last resting-place, near the main entrance, is marked only by an obscure little headstone, rising scarcely more than an inch above the ground, on which the only inscription chiseled is the pathetic monosyllable: WIRZ.

TALBOT

Talbotton. Talbotton, a town rich in historic associations, was made the county-seat of Talbot by an Act approved December 20, 1828. At the same time a charter of incorporation was obtained, with the following named commissioners, to-wit.: H. R. Ward, George W. B. Towns, John B. Davis and William Goss.[1] The commissioner whose name appears second in this list was none other than Governor George W. Towns, who was baptized with the "B" in his name, but subsequently dropped it as an unnecessary letter. Both the town and the county were named for Hon. Matthew Talbot, one of the early Governors of Georgia. Between 1828 and 1836 not less than ten academies were chartered in the County of Talbot, a showing which well attests the intellectual character of the early pioneers who settled this region. The Female Academy of Talbotton was chartered on December 23, 1830, with the following board of trustees, viz.: James Bell, Elisha Tarver, Henry Mims, Norborn B. Powell, Robert G. Crittenden, Charles Smith and John P. Blackburn.[2] This pioneer school for young ladies developed into the famous LeVert Female College, named for the noted Madame LeVert, one of the most gifted women of her day. She spoke fluently a number of

[1] Acts, 1828, p. 149.
[2] Acts, 1830, p. 9.

foreign languages, wrote a book on travel, and for years dominated the intellectual and social life of the State. Madam LeVert was a granddaughter of George Walton, an early Governor of the State, and one of the Signers of the Declaration. While residing with her son, then Governor of West Florida, she named the future capital of the State—Tallahassee. The commissioners of the LeVert Female College were as follows: Thomas B. Turner, Thomas A. Brown, Allen F. Owen, Josiah M. Matthews, Edmond H. Worrill, James P. Leonard and John T. Blount, all of whom were previously trustees of the Talbotton Female Academy. Besides these were added: William B. Marshall, Harrison W. Hagerman, Andrew W. Wynn, William B. Brown, Francis M. Murray, David Kendall, Washington C. Cleveland and Hiram Drane.[1] But the old college suffered to such an extent from the impoverished condition of the State subsequent to the war that its doors were eventually closed. In 1833 the legal titles to the college property were transferred to the town of Talbotton for educational purposes.[2] Collingsworth Institute, founded by Josiah Flournay as a manual-labor school, was chartered on December 29, 1838, and named for a devoted Methodist preacher. The sum of $40,000 was bequeathed to the school by its generous founder. Here two members of the noted Straus family, Nathan and Isidor, afterwards millionaire merchants of New York, were educated. Judge William A. Little, formerly on the Supreme Bench, and Hon. Walter B. Hill, late chancellor of the University, were born at Talbotton. Here also lived the Gormans, the Leonards, the Blounts, the Searcys, the Powells, and scores of other aristocratic old families, whose ample mode of life is attested by the fine old mansions which still survive in different parts of the county as stately memorials of a gentler era.

[1] Acts, 1855-1856, p. 280.
[2] Acts, 1883, p. 646.

The Straus Family. One of the most noted households in America of Jewish origin was identified for nearly a full decade with the little town of Talbotton, in this rich agricultural belt of middle Georgia. Here it was that the business career of the famous Straus family began; and from a modest corner store in what was then a mere country village dates the origin of the great mercantile establishment of R. H. Macy & Co. in the great commercial metropolis of the continent. It is useless at this late day to conjecture the motives which induced Lazarus Straus to exchange his home in distant Bavaria for the little town in Georgia, to which he brought his household goods; but he settled in Talbotton in 1854. Two of his boys—Isidor and Nathan—were old enough to be sent to school. Accordingly he placed them in the care of good Methodist teachers at Collingsworth Institute. Oscar was still an infant. There was nothing of bigotry in the heart of Lazarus Straus. He was broad minded, a man of whom his neighbors thought well; but he was also progressive, energetic, wide-awake, possessed of the typical instinct of his race for trade and barter. Removing to Columbus in 1862, where a somewhat wider arena was found for his business activities, he remained in Columbus until 1865, when the raiders of General Wilson made the town a visit, which left it prostrate in the ashes of war. Lazarus Straus then removed to New York. Here he organized what eventually became one of the largest establishment in the country engaged in the importation of chinaware. In 1887, Isidor and Nathan purchased an interest in the great department store of R. H. Macy & Co., an establishment of which the Straus brothers in time became the sole owners. Both of them began to accumulate millions and to make themselves felt, not only in the business life of the great metropolis, but in its philanthropies, in its politics, in its moral and social reforms. Oscar chose a professional career. Graduating from Columbia College with the highest honors of his class, he began the practice of law. But ill-health thwarted his ambitions. He thereupon entered his father's place of business, where his legal acquirements proved of immense advantage. But he was not prevented by business engagements from taking an active part in politics; and he demonstrated his capacity for public life to such an extent that President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Turkey. Although a Democrat, he was retained at Constantinople by the McKinley administration. Besides winning the approval of the home government, he also gained the friendship of the Sultan, who wished to decorate him, a compliment, however, which his patriotic scruples forced him to decline, since it was not in accord with the spirit of free institutions. When the Department of Commerce and Labor was created, Mr. Roosevelt conferred upon him this important portfolio, and he entered the President's Cabinet, the first member of his race to be accorded this honor since the birth of the Federal Constitution—though Judah P. Benjamin was given a similar distinction under the government of the Confederate States. In 1909, Mr. Straus again received from President Taft the Turkish Ambassadorship.

Few Americans of the present generation have been more signally honored. Isidor Straus, the eldest of the brothers, perished at sea on board the ill-fated Titanic, which encountered an iceberg while making her maiden voyage, and sank in mid-ocean on the morning of April 16, 1912. Mrs. Straus, refusing to leave her husband's side for a seat in one of the life-boats, perished with him in the wreck. The body of Mr. Straus was subsequently recovered, but the ocean's sandy bed is the last resting place of his beloved wife: a true woman of Israel.

TALIAFERRO.

Crawfordville. Crawfordville, the county-seat of Taliaferro, was named for the great William H. Crawford, who, next to Mr. Stephens, was perhaps Georgia's greatest statesman. The town was incorporated by legislative act, on December 27, 1826, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Herman Mercer, Thomas Chastain, Wylie Womack, Sherwood Towns, William Little, John Murphy, and John W. Jordan.* Stephens Institute, located here, is a flourishing high school. Crawfordville is not a large town, but as the old home of Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, it is one of the political Meccas of America.

Liberty Hall.

Pages 142-153.

The Arrest of Mr. Stephens. While a prisoner at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, Mr. Stephens kept a diary, in which he carefully recorded from day to day the events of his prison life. He also interspersed it with observations on the philosophy of government, with comments upon current topics, and with various other things. The references to Linton Stephens are both numerous and tender. On almost every page there is some allusion to his half brother, a reminiscence or a prayer, in which Linton was the central thought. Chap-

*Acts, 1826, p. 169.

ter after chapter from the Bible was also copied into the diary to beguile the tedium of imprisonment; and the manuscript of this journal, in after years, furnished the basis for the statesman's great literary masterpiece, "The War Between the States." On the death of Mr. Stephens the diary became the property of his nephew, the late John A. Stephens, whose children have recently given it to the public. The opening chapter of the diary contains an interesting first-hand account of the author's arrest. It runs as follows:

Liberty Hall, Thursday, May 11, 1865—This was a most beautiful and charming day. After refreshing sleep, I arose early. Robert Hull, a youth, son of Henry Hull, of Athens, Ga., spent the night at my house. I wrote some letters for the mail, my custom being to attend to such business as soon as breakfast was over; and Robert and I were amusing ourselves at Casino, when Tim [a negro servant] came running into the parlor, saying: "Master, more Yankees have come; a whole heap are in town, galloping about with guns!" Suspecting what it meant, I rose, told Robert I supposed they had come for me, and entered my bedroom to make arrangements for leaving, should my apprehension prove true. Soon, I saw an officer with soldiers under arms approaching the house. The doors were all open. I met him in the library. He asked if my name was Stephens. I replied that it was.

"Alexander H. Stephens?" said he.

I told him yes. He then said that he had orders to arrest me. I inquired his name and asked to see his orders. He replied that he was Captain Saint, of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, or mounted infantry, attached to General Nelson's command; he was then under General Upton; he showed me the order by General Upton, at Atlanta, directing my arrest and the arrest of Robert Toombs; no charge was specified; he was instructed to come to Crawfordville, arrest me, proceed to Washington, arrest Mr. Toombs, and then carry both to General Upton's headquarters.

I told him I had been looking for something of this kind; at least, for some weeks, had thought it not improbable, and hence had not left home; that General Upton need not have sent any force for me; that had he simply notified me that he wished me at headquarters, I should have gone. I asked how I was to travel.

He said: "On the cars."

I then learned that he had come down on the train, arriving just before Tim's announcement. I asked if I would be permitted to carry any clothing. He said "Yes." I asked how long I might have for packing. He said: "A few minutes—as long as necessary." I set to packing. Harry

[the chief man servant] came in, evincing great surprise and regret, to pack for me. The captain then said:

"You may take a servant with you if you wish."

I asked if he knew my destination. He said:

"First, Atlanta; then, Washington City."

I called in Anthony, a black boy from Richmond, who had been waiting on me for several years, and inquired if he wished to go. I told him I would send him from Washington to his mother in Richmond. He was willing, so I bade him be ready as soon as possible.

In the meantime, Mr. Hiddell [secretary to Mr. Stephens] had come in; he was living with me and had gone out after breakfast. None of my brother's family residing at the old homestead happened to be with me; however, Clarence, who was going to school at the Academy, hearing of what had occurred, I suppose, came over with some friends from town. It was about ten A. M. when Captain Saint arrived. In about fifteen minutes- not much over—we started for the depot, Anthony and I, with the captain and squad; friends, servants, and Clarence following, most of them crying. My own heart was full—too full for tears.[1]

Beside His Beloved Brother. On September 5, 1914, the mortal ashes of Judge Linton Stephens—after a lapse of forty-two years—were brought from his old home in Sparta and laid to rest beside those of his renowned brother, on the lawn of Liberty Hall. The exercises of reinterment were simple. Judge N. E. Harris, Governor-elect, who read law in the office of Judge Stephens at Sparta, delivered the principal address. If anything could make the sleep of Mr. Stephens sweeter it would be the consciousness that an act of poetic justice has at last been performed.

TATTNALL

Reidsville. The original county-seat of Tattnall was on the Ohoopee River, near Drake's Ferry. In 1832, Reidsville became the seat of government, but the town was not incorporated until December 31, 1838, when the following commissioners wer named, to-wit.: Shadrach Hancock, John A. Mattox, John Brazzell, William Rogers and John A. Rogers, Jr.[2] Reidsville is today

[1] Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens, containing the Prison Diary of Mr. Stephens, 1865.

[2] Acts, 1838, p. 123.

a flourishing town, with up-to-date public utilities, a fine group of banks and with a splendid body of citizens.

TAYLOR

Butler. Butler, the county-seat of Taylor County, was named for General William Orlando Butler, a distinguished soldier of the Mexican War and a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with General Lewis Cass, of Michigan. He was also a poet of some reputation and the author of a celebrated song called "The Boatman's Horn." The county was named for General Zachary Taylor. Butler was incorporated as a town on February 8, 1854, with Messrs. C. Y. Perry, Ezekiel Royal, Isaac Mulky, James T. May, and P. C. Carr as commissioners.[1] Though not a large, it is quite a cultured, community, composed of fine old families, which have long been resident in this section of Georgia.

TELFAIR.

Jacksonville. Jacksonville, the original county-seat of Telfair, was founded soon after the county was created in 1807, but was not chartered until 1815, when the following commissioners were named: Chas. McKinyan, Abel L. Hatton, Wm. Harris, Nathaniel Ashley, and Noah Palmour.[2] The Jacksonville Academy was chartered on December 10, 1841, with the following trustees: Mark Wilcox, Sargeant S. Freeman, Henry E. Turner, Alex. T. Dopson, Cornelius R. Ashley, Chas. J. Shelton, Duncan McRae, Peter H. Coffee, and John G. McCall.[3] Gen. John Coffee, a soldier of note, memorialized by one of the counties of Georgia, lies buried five miles south of Jacksonville; and presumably in this same neighborhood sleeps his son-in-law, Gen. Mark Wilcox, for whom a county has likewise been named. Jacksonville is today only a small village.

McRae. In 1870 the site of public buildings was changed to McRae, a town which was four years later incorporated with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Daniel M. McRae, William McRae, John Mc-

[1] Acts, 1843-1853, p. 232.
[2] Lamar's Digest, p. 1015.
[3] Acts, 1841, p. 5.

Daniel, Sr., J. Dougherty and R. Rivers.* With splendid railway facilities, McRae is rapidly becoming an important commercial center. The surrounding country is rich in agricultural products, and the fame of the little town as a wide-awake community has traveled abroad. McRae possesses a number of strong banks, several handsome business blocks and scores of flourishing establishments. South Georgia College, an institution under Methodist control, imparts to the town an atmosphere of culture and attracts from a distance quite a large number of students.

TERRELL

Dawson. On February 16, 1856, an Act was approved creating the new County of Terrell from parcels of land described as follows: From Lee County, districts three and twelve; from Randolph County, districts four and eleven; and from Kinchefoonee County, now Webster, district seventeen. To the county thus formed was given the name of Terrell, in honor of Dr. William Terrell, of Sparta, Ga., one of the most distinguished physicians and one of the most useful public men of the State. The site for public buildings was located by the county authorities near the center of the new county on lands belonging to Moses H. Baldwin, and from this pioneer resident one hundred acres of ground were purchased, at the rate of $25 per acre, on which to locate the future county-seat. The town was called Dawson, in honor of a distinguished United States Senator, then lately deceased, Hon. William C. Dawson, of Greensboro, Ga.

Regulations for the government of Dawson were adopted by the President and Councilmanic Board, under an Act of the Legislature approved December 22, 1857. The first mayor or president of Dawson was Rev. Jesse M. Davis. The pioneer councilmen were: Moses H. Baldwin, George Bunch, James W. Shropshire, Francis D.

*Acts, 1874, p. 157.

Bailey and Patrick H. Mills. John L. Allison was the first town marshal, Benjamin F. Brooks, the first treasurer, and Patrick H. Mills, the first clerk of council. As a preparation for building the town, Daniel Lawhorn was paid $100 for surveying town lots. At the same time, Calvin Register received $110 for clearing the public square and putting the streets in order. The first session of the Inferior Court was held under a large red oak tree, which stood near the old Farnum stables, at the extreme west end of Lee Street, in the fall of 1856. The first term of the Superior Court was held in the following spring, with Judge David Kiddoo on the Bench and Hon. D. B. Harrell as solicitor-general. The first county officers were: Daniel Harden, treasurer; Ludwell E. Leonard, Ordinary; Myron E. Weston, Clerk of Court; A. J. Baldwin, Sr., Sheriff, James W. Bone, Tax Collector; Samuel P. Williams, Representative, and John B. Vanover, Senator.

Joseph D. Reynolds superintended the building of the original court-house, for which he was paid the sum of $5,440, covering presumably the entire cost of the structure. The first County School Commissioners were: Moses H. Baldwin, B. L. Winbourn and Eli G. Hill. In 1857 a post-office was established in the town, with R. W. Nelson as the postmaster in charge. The first train to pass through Dawson came over the line of the Central of Georgia in the summer of 1858. Captain W. C. Thornton, who died in Virginia during the Civil War was the first soldier buried in the cemetery at Dawson, but of those who enlisted from Terrell, Robert Hayes was the first to lose his life on the field of battle. In 1866, Messrs. E. and J. E. Christian founded the *Dawson Journal*, which they continued to own and edit for several years.

The first marriage license on record was issued to Michael Burk and Sarah Middelton, June 2, 1865, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Patrick H. McCook. Two of the pioneer educators of Dawson were Prof. Thomas Brantley and Prof. M. A. McNulty, who con-

ducted flourishing schools. Prof. J. W. F. Lowrey was also an early instructor who stamped his impress indelibly upon the town. Rev. John Martin was the first Baptist pastor. The little building in which he preached stood very near the site of the present handsome structure. The first Methodist Church is still standing on South Main Street. Its pastor was a Rev. Mr. Williamson. This house of workship was used until the congregation grew large enough to warrant the building of the commodious edifice near the centre of the town.

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Camp Exile. During the sixties a gun shop was located in Dawson, which continued in operation until the surrender. When the torches of Sherman's army had left Atlanta in ashes and driven her defenceless women and children into an unsheltered exile, the Governor of the State arranged for transportation of some three hundred refugees to Dawson, and these were quartered at what has been known as "Exile Camp." Not by leaps and bounds, but by slow degrees, Dawson has progressed from a village in the wilderness to a city beautiful. Many of the evils which menaced the first years of the town's existence have been uprooted. Her handsome business blocks, her imposing public buildings, her paved streets, and her many beautiful homes, with their well-kept lawns and flower gardens, all attest the fact that Dawson is destined to become one of the most important commercial centers of a region which literally flows with milk and honey.

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Some of the Early Settlers. Examining some of the early documents of the town we find the following records: Charter members of the Methodist church, 1857—Mr. and Mrs. Moses H. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Vinson and Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Cheatham. Trustees of the Baptist Church—John T. Walker, William C. Thornton, John A. Bishop, Benj. F. Cook and Harrison Ethridge. Pioneer physicians —Dr. Jim Huff, Dr. J. W. Shropshire, Wr. C. A. Cheatham, Dr. J. T. Lamar, Dr. B. R. Reeves, Dr. Hiram G. Johnston, Dr. S. F. Lasseter, Dr.

Joseph Gilpin. Pioneer lawyers—James R. Bynum, F. D. Bailey, James A. Wilson, Frank Harper, Reuben Fitzgerald, C. B. Wooten, Richard Maltby, Ed Bass. Other men of note—J. B. Perry, Allen Lowrey, J. W. F. Lowrey, M. H. Baldwin, R. S. Cheatham, C. W. Jones, Jared Irwin, S. R. Weston, A. J. Baldwin, Sr., M. S. Glass, J. M. Simmons, Thomas Caldwell, J. E. Loyless, J. C. F. Clark and W. N. Watts.*

Herod Town Memorial Unveiled. Eight miles to the south of Dawson there formerly stood an Indian village known as Herod Town, whose chief, Old Herod, was a staunch friend of the whites and, according to local tradition, joined forces with Andrew Jackson when the latter, at the head of his troops, reached this town in 1818, en route to Florida, to quell the Seminoles. There is still a settlement at this place, which, in honor of the old chieif, has since retained the name of Herod. On November 20, 1913, to commemorate the heroism of these friendly Indians, a handsome boulder of marble was unveiled with impressive ceremonies, on the site of Herod Town, by Dorothy Walton Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. W. A. McLain, regent, and the occasion was signalized by the presence of many distinguished visitors, including the State regent, Mrs. S. W. Foster. Promptly at 10 o'clock, the members of the chapter, with their invited guests and a large company of town people, swelling the number of spectators to several hundred, repaired in automobiles to Herod Town, where, under the serenest of autumn skies, mellowed by the soft tints of Indian summer, the exercises of unveiling took place, followed by a magnificent repast on the grounds. Mrs. M. C. Edwards, historian of the chapter, has preserved the following account of the exercises:

The Dorothy Walton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution staged near Dawson an event which had engendered profound interest throughout southwest Georgia. It was the unveiling of a magnificent boulder at the site of a former Indian village, Old Herodtown, to commemorate the historical fact that General Andrew Jackson at the head

*For the information contained in this sketch of Dawson, we are indebted to Mrs. J. S. Lowrey, State Historian, D. A. R.

of nine hundred Georgia militia, together with friendly Indians, reached this spot in the year 1818, in his march through Georgia to subdue the hostile Indians, and was joined at Herodtown by Chief Herod and his friendly brayes. An almost perfect Indian summer day made the occasion an ideal one, and the impressive exercises were witnessed by a large crowd assembled from the adjacent towns and cities to participate in this event.

The programme was initiated by an impressive invocation from Dr. J. A. Ivey, one of the oldest and best-known Baptist divines in the State. This was followed by a most charming address by the Dorothy Walton Chapter regent, Mrs. W. A. McLain, who in chaste language and impressive manner extended a most cordial welcome to all those who participated in the exercises. Mrs. McLain, who does all things well, acquitted herself in her usual successful manner. The audience then rendered "America," led by the school children of the hospitable little village of Herod. Miss Aphia Jackson gave as a reading the stirring defiance of Osceola in a very striking manner. The salute to the flag given by the daughters was itself a striking feature, but perhaps the most beautiful picture of the occasion was when little Hildah Gumm and Lindah Harris removed from the magnificent boulder the flags which draped it. This was followed by the address of the State regent, Mrs. S. W. Foster, and those who know her wonderful capacity, her unlimited fund of information, and her graceful and forceful delivery, alone, could realize the treat received by the audience.

In a brief and appropriate manner Judge M. C. Edwards introduced the speaker of the day, Hon. Lucian L. Knight. Few orators have been produced by the State of Georgia who surpass Mr. Knight on any occasion, but it seemed peculiar, that here, the time, the place, and the man had met, and his address proved to be a gem. It combined within itself the choicest thoughts which he had garnered as a trained reporter and erudite scholar, a profound thinker and a gentle poet expressed in the sublimest flights of the silver-tongued orator. Those who sat under the sway of his eloquence could almost see the village re-peopled with its vanished inhabitants. This was followed by "The Star Spangled Banner," and the exercises were closed by benediction by Rev. E. F. Morgan, pastor of the Dawson Methodist Church.

A large number attended from various places, and among the guests of honor were Hon. Lucian L. Knight and Mrs. S. W. Foster, of Atlanta; Messrs. T. C. Parker, Charles C. Holt and F. E. Land, of Macon; Mesdames George McDonald, R. L. Walker, S. D. Zuber and R. D. Gay, of Cuthbert; Colonel and Mrs. R. F. Crittenden, of Shellman; Mrs. C. A. Fincher and Mrs. Frank Harold, of Americus, the Stone Castle Chapter of the D. A. R. and many others.

Charles W. Harris was in charge of the barbecue, and the delicious meat done to turn flanked by generous platters of Brunswick stew would have alone sufficed, but the table literally groaned under delicacies prepared by the daughters, which did furnish a menu equal to any Georgia product dinner.

The magnificent pile of granite will be a constant reminder to youth who pass there, that this section is not barren of tradition and memories, and its erection by the victor to the conquered has been one of the most delightful events yet to occur in this section.

Mrs. W. A. McLain entertained in honor of the guests at a 6 o'clock dinner at her palatial residence in Dawson. Appointments, decoration and cuisine were perfect, and the occasion was one of the most recherche of the year.

MRS. M. C. EDWARDS, Historian.

Only a paragraph from the speaker's address can be given. Said he: "Madam Regent, it was a tender thought of your chapter to memorialize this village of a vanished race, and nothing could better typify the heroic virtues of the noble savage than this exquisite boulder of stone quarried from his own hills. It is also most appropriate, for the purposes of this unveiling, that you should have chosen a day in this beautiful season of the year, when the foliage of the trees is deepening into russet, emblematic of the dark-hued warriors who once roamed these woods; when the reddening sunsets recall his council fires; when the mellow musk bespeaks his harvest fields of maize; when the plaintive wind, like a wandering minstrel, tells the pathetic story of his conquered tribe, or in a softer key, sings of his wooing in the golden moonlight by the winding waters; when the hazy air is reminiscent of his pipe of peace; and when the oaks and the maples are trembling in the soft vestments of Indian summer. We can think of him now without an unkindly recollection. For, the icy touch of the frost king has softened the steel-like glitter of his eagle eye, and, on this autumn day, we can come to this place of his former abode, with tears for his fate and with laurels for his fame."

Judge James M. Griggs: His Monument.

One of the classics of the American Congress was a speech delivered in the national House of Representatives during the Spanish-American war period, by a distinguished former representative of this dis-

trict: Hon. James M. Griggs. Brilliant as a statesman, just and impartial as a jurist, without reproach as a citizen, and fearless and upright as a man, Judge Griggs was beloved by all classes of the people, to whom unstintedly he gave the resources of his great mind. In the heart of his adopted town, where Stonewall and Lee Streets intersect, there stands a superb memorial to Judge Griggs, reflecting the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens. The memorial is admittedly a work of art. Upon a solid granite base rest two beautifully polished columns, surmounted by a cornice, on which is chiselled in large letters the name:

"GRIGGS"

At either side, just over the flowered capitals, is a wreath of bronze. Between the pillars, on a solid block of stone, is a handsome bust of the late Congressman. This also is executed in bronze. It is a splendid likeness, and taken in connection with its superb setting, it constitutes an exquisite memorial to one whose fame will ever be tenderly cherished by the people of Dawson. Inscribed upon a plate, on the west side of the monument, is the following epitaph:

To the memory of JAMES MATTHEWS GRIGGS, who represented with conspicuous ability and fidelity the Second District of Georgia in Congress, from March 4, 1897, to the date of his death, January 5, 1910, this memorial is erected in his home town by the people of the district. He loved and honored the people. They loved and honored him.

On the east side, in gilt letters, is chiselled this inscription:

As great as the greatest; as humble as the lowest.

At the unveiling, which occurred in the summer of 1913, Hon. Henry M. McIntosh, of Albany, Ga., a devoted

friend, acted as master of ceremonies. Hon. William M. Howard, of Lexington, a colleague in Congress, to whom Judge Griggs was warmly attached, delivered a masterful address in presenting to the Congressman's home town this beautiful monument which, on behalf of the community, was accepted by Hon. M. J. Yeomans, in a graceful speech, enriched with tender sentiment.

THOMAS

Thomasville. In 1825, Thomas County was formed from Baker and Decatur. Just one year later—December 22, 1826—on lot number thirty-nine, district thirteen, was located the new county-seat called Thomasville. Presumably both the town and the county-seat were named for General Jett Thomas, who built the old State-house at Milledgeville, though local traditions are not entirely in accord with this supposition. As provided in the original Act of December 24, 1825, preliminary elections were held at the house of Charles Kingsley. On December 26, 1831, the town was incorporated with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Isaac P. Brooks, Edward Remington, Malcolm Ferguson, James Kerksey and Murdock McAuley.* In 1856 a new charter was granted, providing for a mayor and six aldermen, with an increase of territory.

Under an Act approved December 24, 1825, Duncan Ray, Archibald McMillan, Paul Colson, Hardy Bryan and Malcolm Ferguson were appointed Commissioners of the Thomas County Academy, and the proceeds from the sale of town lots in Thomasville went to this board. A building was soon erected, and Mr. Cresman taught forty (40) pupils at the corner of Madison and Monroe Streets. He was succeeded by Mr. Rolph, who boarded with Colonel Mike Young, and taught until 1837.

*Acts, 1831, p. 237.

Next year Mr. Scott, who boarded with Mrs. McLean, taught in the new building, corner of Broad and Monroe Streets. January, 1838, the old building was renovated, and the upstairs converted into a music room, with Mrs. Metzler and Miss Sophia Metzler teaching the girls, Mr. Scott still teaching the boys, in the new building.

In 1835, the prominent residents of Thomasville were Messrs. Ed. Remington, Isaac Brooks, James and William Kerksey and Dr. Gauley. Mr. James Kerksey had the first store, on corner of Broad and Jefferson Streets. Prior to 1840, among the prominent families in Thomas County were the Neelys, Blackshears, Youngs, Jones, Hayes, Rays, Hadleys, Dixons, Parramores, Adams, McMaths, Bryans, Dekles, Chastains, Hancocks, Singletarys, Cones, McCanns, Wards, Hartwells, Mitchells and MacIntyres. Prominent Congressmen who have resided at Thomasville were James L. Seward, Peter E. Love, A. T. MacIntyre and S. A. Roddenbery. Among the most distinguished jurists and lawyers have been J. R. Alexander, August H. Hansell, William M. Hammond, A. T. MacIntyre, Jr., and Arthur Patten.

Fletcher Institute, a school founded by the Methodists, was chartered on February 9, 1854. Young's Female College was granted a charter on December 17, 1860. The trustees of the latter school were: Thomas Jones, James J. Hays, James L. Seward, Augustin H. Hansell, William J. Young, A. T. MacIntyre and David S. Brandon.* This institution grew out of the philanthropy of Elijah R. Young, who left the sum of $30,000 with which to start a school for the education of girls. From 1875 to 1900, Thomasville was a prominent winter resort, but the Piney Woods Hotel was burned, and the transient tourists lost to the city. However, a few still occupy during the winter excellent homes in the vicinity of Thomasville.

*Acts, 1860, p. 176.

Senator-Elect Hardwick. Georgia's new Senator-elect, Hon. Thomas W. Hardwick, was born in Thomasville, Ga., on December 9, 1872; and though he has since spent the greater part of his life elsewhere, Thomasville has always felt a deep maternal pride in his public honors.

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Roddenberry Park. During the last week in July, 1914, an appropriation of $5,000 was made by Congress for an additional purchase of ground, adjacent to the post-office building in Thomasville, this extension to be known as Roddenbery Park. in honor of the late Hon. S. A. Roddenbery, Congressman from the Second District. It was a departure from long-established custom to pay a tribute of this kind to a deceased member of Congress; but such was the esteem in which the lamented Georgian was held by his associates, irrespective of party affiliations, that no serious opposition was registered. Judge Roddenbery was a tower of strength in the cause of temperance, giving it the advocacy of a most intense moral earnestness. He was at all times and under all circumstances a staunch friend of the common people, whose burdens he carried upon his drooping shoulders to the very last; and even when the sands of life were running low he refused to take a much-needed rest, remaining at his post of duty like the sentinel of Herculaneum. He was a foe without truce or compromise to whatever bore the semblance of graft; a legislator who scorned to reckon with expediency when Conscience said, "It is wrong;" and a man whose worst enemy could not speak of him except in terms of unqualified respect.

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The Le Conte Pear. It was in the neighborhood of Thomasville that the famous Le Conte pear was first cultivated on a scale which began to attract the attention of fruit growers in other parts of the world.

Colonel L. L. Varnadoe, a native of Liberty County, Ga., purchased a plantation near Thomasville at the close of the Civil War, and on removing to this plantation he brought with him a cutting from one of the pear trees, called a Chinese Sand Pear, on which John Le Conte had been experimenting. Colonel Varnadoe's success was phenomenal, and from this one cutting has come a yield whose value and extent defies the mathematician. Judge John L. Harden, of Savannah, a kinsman of the Le Contes, is quoted by the late Dr. Stacy, of Newnan, on the subject of the Le Conte pear, to the following effect:

"In 1850 my great uncle, John LeConte, purchased from Thomas Hogg, a nurseryman of New York, a small pear tree. He was told by Mr. Hogg that the fruit was of inferior quality, and fit only for preserving; that it would not mature its fruit so far north as New York, but that it might do so in the South; that it was the Chinese Sand Pear. The tree was given to my mother, and when it grew large enough it produced fruit which, to our surprise, was of excellent quality. The original tree in forty-five years old, 1895, and is still productive and vigorous, although sadly neglected. It has borne twenty bushels in one year, after allowing for what may have been stolen."

At the close of the late war, the people of Liberty County were in straightened circumstances, and quite a number of them emigrated to southwestern Georgia. Among them was Colonel Leander L. Varnadoe, a native of the County and a member of the old church. Upon the suggestion of his uncle, Mr. William Jones, that the tree might be propagated from the cutting, and that the fruit might be profitably raised in the section whither he had moved, Colonel Varnadoe secured quite a number of cuttings and took them with him and planted them at his home near Thomasville. He was soon delighted to see that the idea was a happy one, and to find himself the owner of an orchard of vigorous trees, yielding abundantly of luscious fruit for the market. Cuttings were soon in great demand; and from this little beginning the whole Southern country has been covered with Le Conte pear trees. Many have made not only livings, but even fortunes, by investing in them.

To give some idea of the impoverished condition of our people at the close of the war and to show what a happy hit was the idea of promoting the cultivation of this pear from cuttings, I narrate the following incident: On the return of Colonel Varnadoe from the war, it is said that his first bill of fare was so meagre and uninviting that he jocosely remarked to his wife:

"Annie, if you can, you may do so, but I cannot say grace over such a dinner."

Some few years after his removal to Thomasville, he was offered $10,000 cash for his pear farm, which he very wisely refused. The old mother tree, from which the millions now in cultivation throughout the Southland have sprung, was seen by the writer some time ago. It is sixty inches in circumference, and twenty-four feet in height. Until recent years it has shown no symptoms of blight. Such a tree is not only worthy of mention but deserves a conspicuous place in a collection like this.*

Two Great Lawyers Vanquished. Stephen F. Miller, in his Bench and Bar of Georgia, narrates the following story of a lawyer who once practiced at the Thomasville bar:

"Some years ago a very romantic story was circulated in the newspapers, in which Mr. [John] Taylor [formerly a lawyer of Thomasville], was the leading hero. The scene was laid in Arkansas. It appears that a rich planter had insulted the wife of his overseer. She made it known to her husband, who took the liberty of caning his employer on sight. The planter some days afterwards shot the overseer, killing him instantly. He was prosecuted, but his money saved him from conviction. In the meantime he had spoken slanderous words concerning the widow, who brought her action for damages. The day of trial arrived. Sargent S. Prentiss and Albert Pike appeared as counsel for the defendant. The case was called in regular order; and such was the array of influence, the great wealth of the defendant, the ability of his lawyers, and the humble condition of the plaintiff, that even the young attorney who brought the action shrank from it and abandoned his client to her fate. The jury sounded the case again; and, no one responding, he appealed to the gallantry of the bar. There was walking in the lobby of the court-room a slender, woebegone-looking personage, with a high forehead, pensive features, thin, compressed lips and wandering blue eyes—his visage of sandy complexion. He heard the appeal, and advancing within the bar modestly informed the court that he would represent the plaintiff. All eyes were turned on the stranger. No one knew him.

"This was a perplexing moment. The judge remarked that no gentleman could be permitted to act as counsel without a commission. The stranger drew from his pocket divers pieces of parchment bearing signatures and court seals from Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas and possibly from other States, conferring on John Taylor

*James Stacy, in History of the Midway Congregational Church.

the privilege of counsellor, attorney at law, and solicitor. His name was then entered on the docket, and, asking a short indulgence, he found some one who kindly gave him the names of the witnesses, and they answered to the call. He opened the case by reading the declaration and proving the words. He said but very little more, and gave way to the defence. Prentiss made one of his fine speeches, expended his wit freely, and also aimed a sneer at the plaintiff's counsel, whom he described as a reckless adventurer, unable to live by his profession in any of the States in which he had been incautiously licensed.

"The learned Pike, with the garlands of poetry on his brow, rose to continue the argument of his friend Prentiss. The character of the plaintiff was denounced. The obscure attorney who had volunteered services came in for a share of his piercing wit and mischievous humor. Here the speaking for the defence closed with a flourish of exultation.

John Taylor stood before the jury. With his clear, piping voice, distinct in every syllable and full of feeling and intellect, he took up the evidence, applied the law, and then made himself known. He ridiculed the false wit and vulgar impudence of the opposing counsel, until even the gallant Prentiss and the manly Pike felt themselves as children in the hands of a giant. Court, jury, spectators, bar—all gazed with wonder. Taylor rose higher and higher in his flights, until the audience was fairly spellbound. He saw his advantage, knew his powers, and felt that the jury would give the full damages claimed in the declaration. He then turned to the spectators, who were much excited, and implored them not to lay violent hands on the defendant—not to ride him on a rail. They must forbear doing what justice prompted on the occasion. Fifty thousand dollars would be some punishment to a creature so sordid. Let him live to endure the scorn of honest men. The jury retired, and soon brought in a verdict for fifty thousand dollars! Taylor was immortal. The author does not vouch for the correctness of this story, but, from his own knowledge of Mr. Taylor and the inspiration under which he often spoke, he is inclined to believe it. This extraordinary man practiced law for several years in southern Georgia. He would have electrified even the Senate of the United States.*

Boston. Boston, an enterprising town of South Georgia, the rapid growth of which in recent years has kept well abreast with the development of this section, was chartered by an Act of the Legislature, approved October 24, 1870, designating Thomas Adams, B. A. Stone, A. B. Carson, J. Long and J. J. Hatchell to serve as commissioners pending an election to be held on the second

*Stephen F. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. I.

Monday in June, 1872. The corporate limits were made to embrace one mile square with the depot of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad as the town center.[1] To meet the demands of growth, an Act was subsequently passed by the Legislature amending the old charter and giving the town a municipal form of government. On October 14, 1891, a charter was granted to the Boston and Albany Railroad, the stockholders of which were: M. R. Mallette, J. W. Taylor, D. R. Blood, A. B. Cone, W. M. Brooks, T. T. Stephens, E. R. Whaley, J. C. Stanaland, J. S. Norton, H. A. Vann, and F. C. Ivey.[2] The present public school system of Boston was established in 1891.

TIFT

Tifton. Tifton, the county-seat of Tift, began to exist in 1857 with the erection of a saw-mill on the site of the present town by Captain H. H. Tift. The subsequent history of this wide-awake young metropolis of the wire grass, which, in 1905, acquired its new honors as a county seat, has already been fully outlined in Volume I, to which the reader is referred.

TOOMBS

Lyons. In 1905 the County of Toombs was formed out of Tattnall, Montgomery and Emanuel Counties, and under this same Act Lyons was made the new county-seat. The town was chartered with a municipal form of government in 1897, but was founded a number of years prior to this time by Mr. H. C. Bagley, who here located a station on the old S. A. M. Railway, along the line of which he was then engaged in developing town sites at strategic points.

[1] Acts, 1870, p. 169.
[2] Acts, 1890-1891, Vol. I, p. 441.

TOWNS

Hiawassee. Hiawassee, the county-seat of Towns, was named for the picturesque river upon whose banks it is most charmingly situated. In 1856, when the County of Towns was formed out of Union and Rabun Counties, in this enchanted land of the mountains, Hiawassee was made the new county-seat. The town was incorporated on October 24, 1870, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: William T. Crane, A. M. Maulden, R. A. Brown and Dr. P. W. Rillion.* In 1857, a charter was granted for the Hiawassee Railroad Company to run from some point in the County of Rabun, at or near the town of Clayton, there to connect with the Northeastern Railroad; thence running down the valley of the Little Hightower, through Towns, Union and Fannin counties to the Tennessee line, in the direction of the Ducktown copper mines. But this charter failed to materialize into a steel highway, due to the oncoming of the Civil War.

Recollections of Gov. Towns. Governor Towns was a Chesterfield in his address. Nothing could exceed the suavity of his disposition and the ease of his manner. He was truly a refined man, courteous and unpretending with the plain, and diplomatic with the precise; it was constitutional, therefore pleasant to all. He had a friendly word and a kind recognition for each individual. His manner claimed no superiority over other men, and yet it signified that he was good as any of them. He never appeared upon stilts, nor did he forget his self-respect in his most careless moods. At the bar his rank was decidedly high as an advocate. He possessed all the requisites of an orator to control the jury. In its subdued tones his voice was like plaintive music. The intonations were faultless. His language, at such times, was the poetry of emotion; his gestures adapted themselves, without consciousness on his part, to the circumstances of the case. The human heart was an open thing to him. He could play upon it in smiles or in tears, with almost the skill of Patrick Henry; yet he lacked the thunderbolts of that Jove of eloquence, to rival the grandeur of the storm. With these elements of

*Acts, 1870, p. 204.

success, ripened into maturity by practice and established in many a contest, Governor Towns had before him as inviting a prospect as ever allured the imagination. There had been a Forsyth, with his fluent simplicity and his inimitable sneer; a Berrien, with his music of phrase and his classic gestures; a Wilde, polished in diction and lofty in thought; a Colquitt, with his arrows of eloquence, barbed for the rhinocerous or softened for the hare; yet it was the prestige of Governor Towns to differ from them all—perhaps to excel them all—in the spontaneous gushings of the heart, in the electric sympathy which, kindling with the orator's emotion, blazed in every bosom—court, jury, bar, audience, all melted, all subdued, by the occasion. Such was the man and such the prospect, when he retired from the executive chair, in 1851. But a few months revolve; then suddenly the scene is changed; the tongue of the orator is palsied; his frame a hopeless wreck.*

TROUP

La Grange. In 1826, Troup County was organized out of a part of the recently acquired Creek Indian lands and named for Governor George M. Troup, the stalwart chief executive who forced the Federal government to redeem its obligation to the State, with reference to the Indian tribes. LaGrange, the county-seat of Troup, was named for the chateau of General Lafayette in France. The town was granted a charter of incorporation on December 16, 1828, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Richard A. Lane, James Simmons, John Herring, Dowe Perry, and Howell W. Jenkins. But the old Troup County Academy was chartered a year earlier. On December 26, 1827, this pioneer school was incorporated with Messrs. Samuel Reid, Richard A. Lane, Whitfield H. Sledge, Henry Rogers and Charles L. Kennon as trustees.

But the prestige of LaGrange as an educational center grows out of its enterprise in founding two successful seminaries of learning for young ladies. Thomas Stanley, in the early thirties, here established a school for girls, out of which grew the LaGrange Female College, one of the pioneer institutions of Methodism in Georgia. It was chartered on December 17, 1847, as the LaGrange Female Institute, with the following board of trustees,

*Stephen F. Miller, in Bench and Bar of Georgia, Vol. II.

viz.: Sampson Duggar, Hampton W. Hill, Daniel McMillan, Orville A. Bull and Thomas B. Greenwood.* On December 26, 1851, by legislative act, it became the LaGrange Female College, a name which it still retains. The Southern Female College was founded in 1845 by Rev. Milton E. Bacon, a noted Baptist educator. It was incorporated as the LaGrange Female Collegiate Seminary, afterwards as the Southern and Western Female College, and finally, on February 17, 1854, as the Southern Female College, by which name it is still known. LaGrange is today one of the most progressive towns of the State, a wide-awake trade center, with up-to-date public utilities, solid business establishments, sound banks and many palatial homes. Such noted men as General Hugh A. Haralson, Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, Hon. Julius A. Alford and others, have been residents of this historic old Georgia town.

James H. Cameron: Pioneer. On the site of the present town of LaGrange, the first house was built by James H. Cameron, a pioneer settler of Scotch descent. It was a structure of logs, built after the fashion which then prevailed on the frontier; but in later years this primitive dwelling was replaced by a handsome edifice. James H. Cameron's daughter, Frances, married Gen. Alfred Austell, who afterwards founded in Atlanta, the first national bank ever organized in the Southern States. The Cameron family was established in Troup by five brothers: David and Thomas settled in the neighborhood of Franklin, an Indian trading post which afterwards developed into West Point; while James H., B. H., and William Cameron settled near the center of the county, in the neighborhood of what is now the city of LaGrange. These sturdy Scotchmen came into Troup soon after the county was opened to settlement. They were the sons of James Cameron, who emigrated from Scotland to North Carolina, in 1770,

*Acts, 1847, p. 120.

participated in the war of the Revolution, and some time after the close of hostilities came with his family to Georgia, first locating in Jasper.

Tomb of Gen. Hugh A. Haralson. Underneath a substantial monument in the town cemetery at LaGrange sleeps a distinguished soldier and civilian, after whom Georgia has named one of her counties: General Hugh A. Haralson. Three of his daughters married eminent men. One became the wife of General John B. Gordon, Governor and United States Senator. Another married Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley, while a third married Hon. Basil H. Overby, a pioneer advocate of temperance and the first Prohibition candidate for Governor of Georgia. The inscriptions on the Haralson monument are as follows:

> On the west side: "Sacred to the memory of GEN. HUGH A. HARALSON, who departed this life Sept. 25, 1854, in the 49th year of his age." On the south side: "Here we have buried our head, husband and father. We must not murmur. What God does is right."

Burnt Village: a Tale of the Indian Wars. Pages 460-464.

West Point. When the lands in this part of Georgia were first acquired by the whites, there was located on the site of the present town of West Point a trading post known as Franklin. It was the center of quite an important traffic with the Indians, who came hither to exchange peltry—sometimes for firearms, but more frequently for fire-water; and since the trading post was conveniently located with reference to both the Creeks and the Cherokees, these tribes were often seen here, long after the treaty of Indian Springs, under which all the lands between the Flint and Chattahoochee were

ceded to the whites. In the neighborhood of the old trading post there arose a village, the population of which was augmented by new settlers when Troup County was formed out of a part of the Creek Indian lands. Two of the earliest pioneers, whose quest of fortune brought them to this remote part of the wilderness, were Thomas Winston and O. D. Whitaker. Mr. George H. Winston, the former's son, became a very prominent man in the social and public life of Troup. His acquaintance with West Point began when the village was still known by the name of Franklin, and he learned to speak with ease both the Creek and Cherokee languages, through frequent contact with the Indians who came here to trade. In 1832 the name of the town was changed to West Point. Three years later the corporate limits were extended, and on December 25, 1837, a charter was granted to the West Point Academy, with the following board of trustees, to-wit.: Benjamin P. Robertson, William Reid, Dickerson Burnham, John M. Russell, John C. Webb and Edward B. Terrell. Some of the last fighting of the Civil War occurred at Fort Tyler. But while the town of West Point is rich in heroic memories, it is likewise suffused with the spirit of the new era. Its public-school system is unsurpassed in the State. Commercially the town is prosperous, with a wide-awake body of citizens, whose business activities are financed by sound banking institutions.

Fort Tyler: The Last to Surrender. Fort Tyler, overlooking West Point, was the last Confederate fort to yield to the enemy during the Civil War. The date on which this surrender took place was April 16, 1865, and in the desperate fight which occurred at this time General Robert C. Tyler, the commander in charge, was killed while making a gallant defence of the town. The reader is referred to Volume I of this work for a more detailed account of the battle at West Point. The local U. D. C. chapter bears the historic name of Fort

Tyler and, under the auspices of this chapter, a handsome Confederate monument was unveiled on Memorial Day in 1901.*

TURNER

Ashburn. Volume I, Pages 982-984.

To supplement the historical sketch of Ashburn contained in the preceding volume of this work, we take pleasure in publishing the affidavit hereto attached:

We, the undersigned, certify that there was a public road here, where Ashburn now stands, before the town was ever built, and was known as the Troupville Road, and was built by the Government.

Also that there were settlers here during the war, and some of them yet here, and who have done much more in the upbuilding of the county than the newcomers.

Further, that one of the natives, D. H. Davis named the town of Ashburn for W. W. Ashburn, who gave the land for the town.

Chandler & Gorday was the first business firm of Ashburn. The natives are: Henderson, Paulk, Whiddon, Cravey, Hamons, Hobby, House, Story, Hall, Champion, Rainey, Pate, Pitts, Bowman, Kerce, Cone, Clements, Bass, Stephens, Pittman, Weavers, Gordays, Judges, Thomas, Fletchers, Wells, Hawkins, Chandlers, Davis, Brock, Covington, Averys, Mays, Fitzgeralds, Kendricks, Lamberts, Curtoy, Hart, Wilder Smith, Handcock, Lukes, Sumners, Fords, Tisons, Kings, McCalls, Shivers, Marshalls, Filyaws, McLendons, Wheelers, Fountains, Webbs, Suggs, Roso, Townsends, Branches, Springs, Rooks, Mills, Barfields, Williams, Royals, Youngs, Browns, Yawn, Wiggins.

Signed:

W. A. Story,
A. L. Bobby,
D. F. Avery,
D. N. Shiver,
J. J. Covington,
J. L. Bass,
J. R. Stephens,
J. W. Henderson,
J. E. Paulk (D. D. S.),
J. A. Clements,
D. G. Barfield,
Z. Bass (Atty.),
W. C. Cone,
S. M. Shivers,
T. T. Fillyaw,
John D. Hobby,
G. W. Turner,
E. Y. Paulk (Tax Collector T. Co.),

*The statement made in Vol. I to the effect that the above monument was unveiled by the Ladies' Memorial Association is erroneous.

A. E. Bass,
W. H. Wheeler,
H. S. Story,
Ben Cravey,
Joshua Owens,
M. Owens,
E. T. Pate,
James Cravey,
T. A. Kendrick (Confed. Vet.),
J. R. Brock,
Mrs. W. L. Pittman,
W. L. Pittman (Tax Receiver T. Co.),
J. L. Royal,
A. B. Wells,
B. F. Rainey,
J. B. White, Sr. (1849),
Dav. Cravey,
A. P. Hamons,
Joe McHandcock (Ordinary, T. Co.),
S. D. Gladden,
J. H. Story,
W. E. Branch,
J. J. Davis,
J. J. McDowell,
H. M. Cockrell (Confed. Vet.),
B. H. Cockrell (Dept. Clerk, Supr. Court, T. Co.),
D. H. Hamons,
R. D. Law,
S. Bailey (70 years),
W. D. Ross,
A. J. Pitts,
C. T. Royal, Sr.,
W. M. Massey,
L. T. Nipper,
B. E. Smith,
C. C. Story,
E. B. Hamons,
Mrs. A. B. Wells,
Homer Adams,
A. J. Story,
G. R. Luke, M. D.,
O. W. Smith,
D. F. Bowman, Sr.,
J. T. McLendon,
W. J. Luke,
W. A. Nipper,
Mrs. Zary Nipper,
W. L. Luke,
Warren L. Story, Md.
J. R. Rainey,
J. A. King (Sheriff, T. C.),
T. D. Marshburn,
W. K. Wiggins,
J. W. Hobby,
M. M. Pate,
B. J. Wills,
T. A. Judge,
W. T. Smith,
Jas. M. Rainey,
J. M. Pate,
J. C. McLendon,
Allen Owens,
R. N. Wiggins,
G. M. Hawkins,
A. J. Sumner,
G. W. Hobby,
T. M. Roberts,
G. C. Avery,
J. E. Roberts,
B. D. White,
B. S. Pate,
J. M. Courtoy,
John Pate,
M. L. Dowdy,
Mrs. Polly Dowdy,
W. B. Brock,
Mrs. Bettie Brock,
Nas Rainey,
Mrs. Mollie Rainey,
R. W. Lambert,
H. Pitts,
W. J. Musselwhite,
D. W. Spires,
A. H. Pitts,

GEORGIA, TURNER COUNTY:

Personally, comes before me an officer duly authorized to administer oaths, H. M. Harp, who, being duly sworn, says on oath that the foregoing is an exact copy of names attached to the foregoing certificate.

H. M. HARP.

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this January, 1914.

C. W. DEARISO,
Not. Public Turner County, Ga.

TWIGGS

Old Marion. Volume I.

Jeffersonville. The original county-seat of Twiggs was Marion, a town whose name no longer appears upon the map of Georgia. On February 11, 1850, an Act was approved authorizing a removal of the county-seat to such a place as the Inferior Court might designate on certain lands owned by Henry Solomon. The same Act prescribes that the new county-seat was likewise to be called Marion. But the removal contemplated in this Act was not accomplished until years afterward, when the site of public buildings was fixed at Jeffersonville, a town named for the great Sage of Monticello. This town grew out of an Act approved December 25, 1837, creating the Jeffersonville Land Company, the declared purpose of which was to form a village, and to erect a female college. The stockholders in this enterprise were: John R. Lowery, Jesse Sinclair, George W. Welch, Kelly Glover, Joshua R. Wimberley, Peter G. Thompson, Thomas J. Perryman, Milton Wilder, William Choice, William E. Carswell and Isaiah Atteway.*

UNION

Blairsville. In 1832 Union was organized out of a part of the Cherokee lands, with Blairsville as the county-seat. The town was named for Francis P.

*Acts, 1837, p. 144.

Blair, Sr., of Kentucky, and was incorporated by an Act approved December 26, 1835, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Philip D. Maroney, Thomas Kelly, David Hawkins, Ebenezer Fain and Hugh Capehart.[1] On December 21, 1833, the Blairsville Academy was granted a charter, with Messrs. John Sanders, Richard Holden, John Butt, Jr., Moses Anderson and Thomas Colling as trustees.[2] Charmingly situated among the Blue Ridge Mountains, Blairsville is an attractive little town needing only railway facilities to stimulate it into a vigorous growth.

UPSON

Thomaston. On December 15, 1824, an Act was approved creating a new county out of lands formerly embraced within the limits of Pike and Crawford, and, in honor of a distinguished ante-bellum lawyer, Hon. Stephen Upson, of Lexington, it was called Upson. The name given to the seat of government was Thomaston, presumably for General Jett Thomas, a gallant officer of the War of 1812, and a practical engineer, who built the first State Capitol at Milledgeville; but while such is the presumption there is nothing in the records to establish the fact. The site for public buildings was made permanent at Thomaston on June 11, 1825, at which time a charter of incorporation was granted to the town, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Edward Holloway, Robert W. Collier, James Walker, Sr., James Cooper and Joseph Rogers.[3]

One of the first communites in the State to realize the possibilities of the iron horse as a motive power of commerce, the people of Thomaston began early in the thirties to agitate the building of a line of railway between Thomaston and Barnesville, and on December 23,

[1] Acts, 1835, p. 113.
[2] Acts, 1833, p. 7.
[3] Acts, 1825, p. 23.

1839, an Act was approved chartering a company to build this road. The stockholders named in this pioneer charter were: Robert Redding, David Kendall, Thomas F. Bethel, Thomas Flewellen, Thomas Thweatt, Thomas Beall, William Lowe, Milus R. Meadows, Allen M. Walker, Nathaniel F. Walker, William A. Cobb, Edwin C. Turner and John Castlen.[1] Since it was out of the question to secure a trunk line, Thomaston undertook to do the next best thing, viz., to build a spur line to Barnesville, there to connect with the old Monroe Railroad, now a part of the Central of Georgia. Some few years later, on February 9, 1854, a charter was obtained for the Thomaston Railroad Company to construct a line from Thomaston to West Point, with the following stockholders named in the charter: Thomas F. Bethel, Curran Rogers, Thomas W. Reviere, David Kendall, William Lowe, Jesse Sternes, Nathaniel Walker, James M. Smith and William A. Cobb.[2]

Both of these lines were eventually constructed. But the one between Thomaston and Barnesville became embarrassed by debt and in 1860 was sold under judgment by the sheriff of Upson to the following parties, to-wit.: Andrew J. White, Curran Rogers, Woodson and Bowdre, William Lowe, James Trice, B. B. White, James M. Middlebrooks, Jesse Sternes, Thomas S. Sherman, B. B. King, D. R. Beall, Duke Williams, Thomas Cauthron, Simeon Rogers, John C. Drake, Isaac Cheney, James M. Smith, Benjamin Bethel, David Kendall, Sylvanus Gibson, William Spivey, Jonathan Colquitt & Co., John Traylor, William A. Cobb, William Stephens and Daniel Denham.[3] The Thomaston Academy was chartered in 1825, soon after the county was organized.

On December 23, 1857, the town was reincorporated with the following-named commissioners: John C. Drake, John Thompson, William Carraway and Norman Brice.[4]

[1] Acts, 1839, p. 101.
[2] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 428.
[3] Acts, 1860, p. 199.
[4] Acts, 1857, p. 103.

There was not a community in the State more fortunate in its pioneer settlers than Thomaston. Some of them amassed large wealth, built spacious and splendid old homes, and dispensed a hospitality in keeping with the best days of the ancient regime. Thomaston is today quite an important commercial and manufacturing center, with a number of prosperous financial and business establishments. Robert E. Lee Institute is one of the best-equipped high schools in the Southern States, and its principal, Prof. F. F. Rowe, one of the South's foremost educators.

Some of the Early Pioneers. In addition to the pioneers mentioned in the foregoing sketch of Upson, there were others no less prominent whose names deserve mention. On the list of incorporators of the old Upson Camp Ground, for which a charter was granted by the Legislature, in 1837, we find Peter Holloway, James Hightower and Wm. G. Andrews, all of whom were men of means, possessed of large landed estates. Rev. Zachariah Gordon, a Baptist minister, owned a plantation on the Flint River as early as 1833, and here his distinguished son, General John B. Gordon, was born. Jacob and Butler King, cousins of Zachariah Gordon, were also pioneer settlers. Dr. Curran Rogers was an early physician. His father, Simeon Rogers, was one of the first comers into Upson. "Rogers's Factory," a noted landmark of the county for years and one of the pioneer industrial enterprises of Georgia, was burned by the Federals in 1865. It stood within easy walking distance of Thomaston. Colonel Roland Ellis, of Macon, is a grandson of this early settler. Rev. Simeon Shaw, a former missionary to Japan, is also one of his descendants. The gifted Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers married his son. Still another pioneer family of Upson were the Myricks, a family of wide note in the public life of Georgia. The first Mayor of Thomaston was Dr. John Calvin Drake, a man greatly beloved by the people of Upson. His wife, a woman of marked intellect and character, was spared to him for more than sixty years. She bore him a large family of children, one of whom married General George P. Harrison, of Alabama, a distinguished Confederate officer. Mr. G. A. Weaver, Sr., of Thomaston, also married a daughter of Dr. Drake. Throughout the entire war period, this noted physician, too old to serve in the ranks, practiced without fee in the families of the soldiers, giving them freely of his professional skill. After the war he was sent to the Legislature, but the fiery tempered old gentleman let the radicals seat William Guilford, a negro, before he would take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the military government. Dr.

Drake was born in North Carolina, of Revolutionary ancestors. Judge Travis A. D. Weaver, a native of Greene County, Ga., was also an early settler of Upson. He was a courtly old gentleman, a Mason, a steward in the Methodist Church, and a man of deep religious faith. His father, Benjamin Weaver, was a soldier of the Revolution. Mr. G. A. Weaver, Sr., and Professor W. T. Weaver, sons of Judge Weaver, each became men of mark in Georgia, the former as a captain of industry, the latter as a leader of the hosts of education.

Helped to Make Washington's Casket. Old man John Webb was an interesting figure in Thomaston for many years. He kept the old Webb House, made coffins, and married five or six times. He was born in Maryland and at an early age was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in Alexandria, Va., named Greene. This gentleman secured a contract to make the coffin which today holds the remains of George Washington. John Webb helped his employer to make this coffin in 1832. Every scrap of the old casket, out of which the body was taken, found a most jealous custodian in Undertaker Greene, who treasured it in his possession with a miser's care; but John Webb was fortunate enough to secure a part of the old coffin, and when he came to Georgia a few years later it was still among his treasured effects.

Upson in the Civil War. More than 1,200 men enlisted in the Confederate Army from Upson. Colonel James M. Smith, afterwards Governor of Georgia, was practicing law in Thomaston when the war began. He left here as Captain of Company D, in the Thirteenth Georgia Regiment. General John B. Gordon, one of the most illustrious of Confederate leaders, to whose command was entrusted half of Lee's army at Appomattox, was born on a plantation in Upson. Colonel P. W. Alexander, afterwards celebrated as a war correspondent, was a young practitioner of law at Thomaston, at the outbreak of hostilities in 1861. Captain J. W. F. Hightower, a gallant cavalry officer, commanded Company E, in the Third Battalion of Georgia Reserves. His sons, R. E. Hightower, president of the Thomaston Cotton Mills, and W. C. Hightower, of the Britt-Hightower Stock Company, are representative and prosperous business men of Thomaston. Dr. E. A. Flewellen was a prominent surgeon in Bragg's army. He died at the Rock, in 1910, at the age of ninety-one years, unmarried. He left a large estate, but was a somewhat erratic old gentleman, who selected his own monument a few months prior to his death. On the list of the slain at Sharpsburg, Md., in 1862, was the name of gallant Ed Dallas, first lieutenant of the Upson

Volunteers, Company D, of the Thirteenth Georgia Regiment. He left a wife and six children. Somewhere, near the waters of the Chesapeake, he fills an unknown grave, but his memory is still cherished and revered in Thomaston, where four of his sons today reside. In the U. D. C. Chapter-room, at the R. E. Lee Institute, there is a blood-stained battle flag presented to the chapter on the 26th of April, 1913, by the Davis family of Thomaston. It tells a splendid story of heroic daring, one of which his descendants to the latest generation may well be proud. James R. Davis, a beardless boy, in the Upson Sentinels, Company A, Forty-sixth Georgia Regiment, saw the color-bearer shot down at Franklin, Tenn. Without waiting for orders, he grasped the broken flagstaff and pressed forward until he was shot through the lungs and from the loss of blood fell exhausted upon the field of battle. He recovered from the effects of his wound, but died later of tuberculosis. At the commencement of the war, W. T. Weaver and G. A. Weaver, were students at Emory College, Oxford, but fired by the martial spirit they joined a lot of college boys and set out for Macon, where they enlisted as private soldiers. Each of these boys gave a good account of himself at the front.*

The Confederate Monument. In the spring of 1908 a handsome monument was unveiled at Thomaston to commemorate the heroism of the Confederate soldiers who went to the front from Upson. Judge J. E. F. Matthews, Ordinary of the county, delivered a masterly address on this occasion, in which he cited many important facts of local history connected with the war between the States. This address, which was afterwards published because of its historic value, contains a full roster of the companies going to the war from Upson. The following passage is quoted from the address of Judge Matthews:

"Fifty-one Confederate soldiers who died in the hospitals in Thomaston, Ga., in 1864, have at the heads of their graves in the Thomaston Cemetery marble slabs with inscriptions showing that they were from a half dozen different Southern States, to-wit.: South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee and Georgia. Some of the graves are marked 'Unknown.'"

Distinguished Residents of Upson. On the honor roll of Upson's distinguished residents there are many bright names. Foremost upon the list comes General John B. Gordon, the renowned hero of Appomattox, Governor, United States Senator and Commander of the United Confederate Veterans. Congressman George Carey,

*Much of this information was furnished by Mrs. Kate Weaver Dallas, of Thomaston, Ga.

during the last years of his life, came from Columbia County to Upson. Rev. Daniel J. Myrick, one of the ablest of Methodist theologians and scholars, was born at the Rock. His work on "Scripture Baptism," is still one of the recognized standards. Bishop Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, is a cousin, and Judge Shelby Myrick, of Savannah, is a grandson of this noted Dr. Myrick. Rev. W. L. Pickard, D. D., the newly elected president of Mercer University, at Macon, was born in Upson. This was also the birthplace of Rev. B. J. W. Graham, D. D., one of the present editors and owners of the *Christian Index*. The beloved Dr. Thomas R. Kendall, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spent his boyhood days in Upson; and here his talented sister, Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, was born. The latter has written many exquisite gems of song. Reared in luxury, her beautiful ante-bellum home was one of the landmarks of the old South. Professor G. F. Oliphant, the well-known superintendent of the Academy for the Blind, at Macon, was reared and educated at Thomaston, where he was a member of the first graduating class to receive diplomas from R. E. Lee Institute. Later he was for a number of years president of this school. Hon. Charles S. Barrett, the official head of the Farmers' Union, began his career as a planter in Upson. Here he also married and taught school. Dr. Lincoln McConnell, the noted Baptist evangelist, one of the most successful lecturers on the American platform, purchased not long ago the old Respass place, a few miles out from Thomaston, and here he spends a part of each year.

WALKER

La Fayette. La Fayette, the county-seat of Walker County, was originally known as Chattooga, and, under this name, it was made the site of public buildings when the county was first organized out of a part of Murray, in 1833. But later the name was changed to La Fayette, in honor of the illustrious French nobleman, who gave his sword to America during the Revolution. Two local academies were granted charters of incorporation, the Chattooga Academy, in 1836, and the La Fayette Female Academy, in 1837, and by glancing over a list of trustees chosen for the latter school we may obtain the names of some of the leading pioneer citizens. The trustees of this school were: William Quilfian, James Hoge, A. L. Barry, Spencer Marsh and David L. Seward.* Between a Federal force, under

*Acts, 1837, p. 8.

General Gideon J. Pillow, and two detached columns of Confederate troops, a battle was here fought on June 24, 1864, known as the battle of La Fayette. The town has of late enjoyed a substantial growth. Its milling interests are quite large, besides which it supplies an extensive mountain trade, and is a wide-awake commercial center, with a good banking capital, an excellent public-school system, and a fine body of citizens.

Georgia's Monument at Chickamauga. On the historic battle-field of Chickamauga, near the famous La Fayette road, in what is now Chickamauga National Park, stands the superb Georgia monument, a shaft of granite, colossal in proportions, ornamented with bronze figures and entablatures. In the preceding volume of this work a description of the monument is given more in detail. It is perhaps the most exquisite work of art and the most impressive memorial structure on the entire field—an object of universal admiration. But equally admired by every one is the felicitous inscription from the pen of Major Joseph B. Cumming, of Augusta, himself a gallant survivor of the sixties. It reads as follows:

> "To the lasting Memory of all her Sons who fought on this Field—those who fought and lived and those who fought and died, those who gave Much and those who gave All—Georgia erects this monument."

To accomplish the ends of brevity, the Chickamauga Park Commission, as then constituted, used only a part of the inscription composed by Major Cumming, and perhaps it loses nothing in effect for this conciseness. But the inscription as written by Major Cumming is a literary unit, a model of condensed expression. It came to him on a summer evening, with the suddenness of an inspiration; and it then and there received a form which

was never afterwards altered or amended. As originally penned, the inscription is a gem worthy of preservation as a whole; and, with the author's permission, it is herewith reproduced in full:

To the lasting Memory and perpetual Glory
Of all her Sons, who fought on this Field,
Those who fought and lived and those who fought and died,
Those who gave Much and those who gave All
GEORGIA
Erects this Monument.
Around it sleep Slayer and Slain
All brave, all sinking to rest
Convinced of Duty done.
Glorious Battle! Blessed Peace!
This Monument stands for both of these—Glory and Peace;
For this Memorial of her soldiers' valor
Georgia places on a foundation, laid for it,
In this day of Reconciliation,
By those 'gainst whom they fought.
Glory and Peace encamp about this stately Shaft!
Glory perennial as Chickamauga's flow,
Peace everlasting as yon Lookout Mountain.

Rossville: The Historic Home of an Indian Chief. Rossville, a present-day village, near the Tennessee line, was the old home of the famous chief of the Cherokee nation, John Ross. He was the leader of his people at the time of the removal of the tribe, in 1837, and for more than twenty-five years thereafter he continued to be the recognized head of the government in the Far West. Opposed to the treaty of removal, he headed a faction of the Cherokees known as the Ross party, in opposition to the one headed by Ridge; but he was acquitted of complicity in the murder of the treaty-makers. John Ross was an eloquent public speaker and one of the foremost orators of the Cherokee nation. The home in which the old chief lived at Rossville is still standing, though today a weather-beaten and spectral old ruin. It was built by John McDonald, a Scotch trader among the Cherokees, who married an Indian maiden of the full blood. Mollie, a daughter of this union, on flowering into womanhood, became the wife of Daniel Ross, a native of Inverness. There is quite a bit of forest romance connected with this affair. The elder Ross, soon after the Revolution, was dispatched from Baltimore to trade with the Indians; and while passing down the Tennessee River he was captured by the Cherokees, who, for

some reason, were not friendly to his enterprise; and it was only through the strenuous intercession of John McDonald, a fellow-countryman, that his life was spared. The other members of the party met death in the wilderness. Daniel Ross became an inmate of the McDonald home, and falling in love with the dark-eyed Mollie he eventually married her. John McDonald gave his son-in-law a good start in business by purchasing a fine stock of merchandise for him, and the foundations of the little building of hewn logs in which he kept store are still to be seen near the gate of the old Ross home. Here, on October 3, 1790, the future chief of the Cherokee nation was born. In after years, he enlarged the house built by his grandfather, adding thereto a council chamber, 23 feet in length. At first there was only one door to the council chamber, but subsequently, by way of precaution, two others were added, one of which opened into his bed-room. There was a post office established at Rossville as early as 1819, to which the mails were brought by stage-coach lines, connecting on the south with Augusta, Ga., and on the north with Nashville, Tenn. Elsewhere will be found a brief account of the removal of the Cherokee Indians, one of the most pathetic chapters in the history of the State. John Ross died in Washington, D. C., August 1, 1866, while on a visit to the national seat of government, at the ripe age of seventy-six years. The site of the present city of Chattanooga was formerly called by the name of Ross's Landing.

WALTON

Cowpens. Under the Lottery Act of 1818, Walton County was formed out of lands then recently acquired from the Indians and named for Governor George Walton, Signer of the Declaration, and one of Georgia's most illustrious sons. In the same year a strip of land was acquired from Jackson, and three years later there was an exchange of certain parcels with Henry and a portion set off to Newton, while in 1914 a part was taken to form Barrow. The original county-seat of Walton was Cowpens, a village named for the scene of a famous Revolutionary battle in South Carolina. Judge John M. Dooly, the celebrated wit, presided over the first session of the Superior Court in Walton. It was held at Cowpens, in a log house, which, according to an old account, contained cracks "large enough to throw a small shoat through," while the clerk of the court carried his most important papers in the crown of his hat.

But Cowpens is illustrious in its memories. It ceased to be the county-seat after two years, but as a suburb of Monroe it long continued to enjoy aristocratic honors. Colonel John Addison Cobb, two of whose sons, Howell and Tom, became illustrious in the annals of Georgia, was one of the first settlers at Cowpens. Here, too, lived Colonel William H.

Jackson, a son of the fiery old Governor who fought the Yazoo fraud. He married a sister of Colonel John A. Cobb; and of this union came the future Chief Justice of Georgia, Judge James Jackson. Professor Williams Rutherford lived here at one time. He married a daughter of Colonel John A. Cobb; and of this union sprang one of Georgia's brainiest women, the gifted educator and historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford, a native of Cowpens. Here also at one time lived Judge Junius Hillyer and his son, Judge George Hillyer. On what afterwards became the Grant place, in the present environs of Monroe, lived the great Wilson Lumpkin, afterwards United States Senator and Governor; but the pioneer's cabin in which he then resided gave way in after years to the elegant home of Colonel John T. Grant.

Monroe. It was during the era of good feeling, under President Monroe, that the permanent county-seat of Walton began to blossom amid the wilderness. Hence the name Monroe. Its charter of incorporation was granted on November 30, 1821, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Elisha Betts, Vincent Haralson, James West, James Moody and George W. Humphreys.[1] Two of these, Elisha Betts and Vincent Haralson, were also trustees of the Walton County Academy, along with William Johnson, Timothy C. Word and Wilson Whatley.[2] On the site now occupied by Mr. John Arnold's residence stood the Female Seminary of Monroe. Miss Martha Printup was the first teacher. After the war Miss Jennie Johnson was for a time in charge. Miss Johnson subsequently married Judge John P. Edwards, clerk of the court for nearly forty years. The Male Academy stood in the McDaniel grove. Here, for a number of years the afterwards noted Dr. G. A. Nunnally, a prince of educators, taught the youth of Monroe. Later he became the first principal of Johnston Institute, a school endowed by Nehemiah Johnston, a wealthy citizen of the town. Mr. Johnston was a man of Northern birth, who came to Monroe some time before the Civil War and amassed a fine property, but died without heirs, bequeathing a large part of his estate to education.

[1] Acts, 1821, p. 125.
[2] Acts, 1821, p. 3.

On the site of Mr. C. T. Mobley's home, Prof. A. J. Burruss, for a long time, taught a school for boys. Prof. Burruss was a splendidly equipped teacher, whose memory is still green in the hearts of his old pupils. Johnston Institute at a later period was destroyed by fire, to be replaced by the present handsome public school building of Monroe. Only a small part of the original sum bequeathed by Mr. Johnston still remained, but this remnant has been invested in a school near the cotton mills, to which the generous donor's name has been given. Only a short distance out from Monroe stands the Fifth District Agricultural School, a prosperous State institution. In 1882, a line of railway running from Monroe to Social Circle was completed, and later a line to Gainesville, each giving the town a renewed commercial impetus. With up-to-date public utilities, Monroe is fully abreast of the times, boasting two cotton factories, an oil mill, several strong banks, and scores of wide-awake business establishments. Monroe has been the home of many distinguished Georgians, including the Colquitts—Walter T. and Alfred H. It is still the home of Governor Henry D. McDaniel, the town's foremost citizen, and one of the most beloved of Georgians. In the neighborhood of Monroe was fought the famous battle of Jack's Creek, in 1787.*

Isaac Smith, a soldier of the Revolution, sleeps near Monroe, in a grave unmarked.

Social Circle. Located at the junction of the Georgia Railway with the Georgia Midland, Social Circle is a town of wide-awake industrial and commercial activities, owning one of the largest fertilizer plants in

*Two articles on Walton County, one by Judge Ben J. Edwards, and one by Mrs. G. A. Lewis, constitute the sources from which much of this information has been derived.

the State, besides a cotton mill, two banks, and numerous mercantile establishments. It is said that the town derived its name from an incident in pioneer times, when a party of convivial spirits were here seated around a camp fire, freely imbibing the ardent. One of the number, in a moment of hilarity, made the remark, to which the others readily gave assent, that here was a "social circle," and from this circumstance arose the name of the present town. The Social Circle Academy was granted a charter on December 22, 1828, with the following board of trustees, to-wit.: Wilson Whatley, Joseph Peeples, Weldon Jones, James Philips, and Elisha Henderson.[1] But the town itself was not incorporated until December 22, 1832, when the following commissioners were named: Wilson Whatley, Samuel Catley, Lewis Maine, George W. Walker and S. J. T. Whatley.[2]

WARREN

Warrenton. In 1793, Warren County was organized out of Richmond, Columbia and Wilkes Counties, with Warrenton as the county-seat. Both the town and the county were named for General Joseph Warren, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill. The town was incorporated on December 10, 1810, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: David Bush, George Cotton, Chappel Heath, Jeremiah Butt and Hamilton Goss.[3] Six years later, on December 18, 1816, the old Warrenton Academy was granted a charter of incorporation, with trustees named as follows: Samuel Lowther, Peyton Baker, Arthur Moncrief, Edward Donoho, Rufus Broom, Archelaus Flewellyn, Turner Persons, George W. Hardwick and Dennis. L. Ryan.[4] In 1838 the town limits were fixed at a distance of one mile

[1] Acts, 1828, p. 15.
[2] Acts, 1832, p. 98.
[3] Clayton's Compendium, p. 607.
[4] Lamar's Digest, p. 12.

from the court-house. As a community, Warrenton has always been noted for its conservatism, and while it has not grown as rapidly as some other towns of the State, it has always maintained a high standard of public morals and a reputation for strict integrity in matters of business. It is today a wide-awake town, with up-to-date public utilities, a number of good banks, several handsome mercantile establishments, and many beautiful homes. The present public school system of Warrenton was established in 1893.

Bird's Iron Works. Probably the first iron works established in Georgia were built at Ogeechee Falls, in Warren County, by William Bird, an enterprising pioneer, who prior to his removal to Georgia founded the town of Birdsboro, Pa. Mr. Bird was the grandfather of two noted Southern orators: Hon. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Colonel Benjamin C. Yancey, of Georgia. The iron works established at this place in the early part of the last century are described at some length in William Bird's will, recorded in the Ordinary's office at Warrenton. He bequeathed this property to three sons.

WASHINGTON

Sandersville: Early Days Recalled.* When the County of Washington was created, in 1784, the Oconee River formed the western boundary of the State of Georgia. Indian depredations were of almost daily occurrence, and because of conditions on the frontier twelve years elapsed before a county-site was selected. In 1796 a Mr. Sanders donated the land selected for this purpose, which then formed a part of his

*Much of this information has been obtained from residents of Sandersville, including Mrs. D. C. Harris, Mrs. S. J. Bayne, and others.

plantation, and in honor of this liberal pioneer the town was called Sandersville. His store at the cross-roads furnished a nucleus for the new county-seat, which was destined to a slow but steady growth.

On November 27, 1812, the town was incorporated with the following-named commissioners: David Martin, Samuel Richmond, Simeon Rogers, John Matthews and Isham H. Saffold.[1] At a very early period the State chartered an academy, the support of which was for years maintained by a lottery authorized for this purpose, and among the original trustees were: Benjamin Skrine, Henry Crowell, Tillman Dixon, Morgan Brown, Frederick Cullens, John Irwin, James Kendrick, Nathaniel G. Rutherford and John Williams.[2] On December 26, 1851, the famous Washington County Female Institute was chartered, with the following board of trustees: William Smith, Green Brantley, Joseph Banks, James R. Smith, Augustus A. Cullens, William Hodges, Nathaniel W. Haines, Isham H. Saffold and James S. Hook.[3] Three of these failed to serve, whereupon Benjamin Tarbutton, E. S. Langdale and Heywood Brookins were added to the list. Some few years later a school for boys, taught by Colonel John W. Rudisill, was merged with the institute, despite the opposition of many who did not believe in co-education. Prof. A. C. Thompson was afterwards, for years, principal.

As a seat of culture, Sandersville looked with distrust upon railroads, and it was not until 1876 that a short line was built connecting Sandersville with the Central of Georgia. Even then there were citizens who refused to patronize the line, preferring to haul their goods by wagon. In 1886 a road was built connecting Sandersville with Augusta. For several years before the war there was a stage line running to Sparta; also one leading to Dublin, on which a semi-weekly service

[1] Acts, 1851-1852, p. 332.
[2] Georgia Laws, 1819, p. 50.
[3] Lamar's Digest, p. 948.

was maintained. Besides, Sandersville was on the mail route between Savannah and Milledgeville, and when the stage reached the suburbs the carrier always blew a bugle to announce his arrival. The first postmaster of the town was Major Heywood Brookins.

Sandersville is today a progressive and wide-awake community, with up-to-date public utilities. Its schools are among the best in the State of Georgia. But the special pride of Sandersville is the Rawlings Sanitarium, an institute whose fame has traveled abroad. The present staff is composed of Dr. William Rawlings, Dr. O. L. Rogers, Dr. T. B. King and Mr. O. L. Herndon, with a corps of twenty-five efficient nurses. The town is built on a ridge occupying the highest point between Savannah and Macon; and is surrounded by an agricultural section second to none in Georgia. Says a well-known gentleman:* "The town is not of mushroom growth, but everything has been planned and operated upon sound business principles, and as a result we have no failing merchants and broken banks, but all kinds of business moving along as systematically and as gently as the deep current of a mighty river. From the ashes have sprung magnificent dwellings, and the sweet aroma of prosperity like a pavilion overshadows our town."

The Fire of 1855. On March 24, 1855, occurred what is locally known as the great fire. It broke out in Mr. Nathan Renfroe's carriage shop, on the western side of the town, and, driven by a strong wind, it swept across the town, burning court-house, jail, hotel and dwellings. In less than two hours only five structures remained standing. Major Brookins, the Ordinary, left his own house in flames, in order to secure the public records. It was on Saturday afternoon, and at the hotel great preparations were in progress for the

*Capt. P. R. Taliaferro, a former resident of Sandersville.

Sabbath, which was to usher in court week. Mrs. Brantley was baking cake in her old-fashioned iron oven. The wooden house burned down, but when the ashes cooled and the lid was lifted from the oven the cakes were found beautifully baked.

From an old copy of the *Central Georgian* on file in the court-house, it seems that the editor of this paper, Mr. P. C. Pendleton, lost office, press, type and everything else, but in less than five weeks the paper was again afloat. At great expense, Mr. Pendleton purchased the printing office of the *Eatonton Independent Press,* removed the outfit to Sandersville and began work in his kitchen. For several months Eatonton maintained a column of news in this paper, the name of which was changed to the *Georgian and Press,* but J. E. Turner, Esq., because of some political disagreement, gave up this column, after which the former name was resumed.

So great was the suffering caused by the fire that contributions for relief poured into Sandersville from every part of the State. Savannah gave $500, a sum duplicated by the Central of Georgia, and, in the aggregate, $3,439 was raised. But, while fire consumes dross, it only refines pure gold, and in time handsomer buildings replaced the ones destroyed. Mr. R. L. Warthen introduced a bill in the Legislature authorizing a tax levy to build a handsome new court-house. This building was erected, but was burned by Sherman in 1864.

Gen. Sherman's Visit. Sandersville lay in the path of Sherman's fiery march to the sea, but the town was saved from complete destruction through the importunities of Rev. J. D. Anthony, who, as a Mason, appealed to General Sherman on behalf of the citizens. However, there was much loss of property incident to the passage through Sandersville of so large a body of troops, and most of the public buildings were fired by the torch. The monument to Governor Irwin on the

court-house square bears the mark of a ball which defaced it in 1864. Dr. M. R. Freeman, a young physician, who came to Sandersville from Macon, organized the first military company in the town, known as the Washington Rifles. Afterwards, under Captain S. A. H. Jones, it was one of the first companies to enlist for the war, forming a part of the First Georgia Regiment. Washington County furnished quite a number of companies to the Southern army during the war. Colonel Thomas J. Warthen, who commanded the gallant Twenty-eighth Georgia, laid down his life at Malvern Hill, and there were few homes in Sandersville which were not bereaved by the tragic losses of this period; but, when the war was over, the town began to awake to her possibilities and to reach out for greater things. In the cemetery at Sandersville stands a handsome monument to the Confederate dead, reared by the patriotic women.

Some of the Pioneers. Governor Jared Irwin was one of the earliest pioneers of the County of Washington. He located in the neighborhood of Sandersville soon after the Revolution, and with the prestige of his career as a soldier became at once the foremost citizen: a distinction which he never ceased to retain until the hour of his death. It was the privilege of Governor Irwin, who twice occupied the executive chair, to sign the famous rescinding act, by which the iniquitous Yazoo Fraud was wiped from the statute books of Georgia. His home near Sandersville was known as Union Hill.

With a party of engineers under Moses Wadley, who surveyed the line of the Central of Georgia, came Major Joseph Bangs from Springfield, Mass. He located at Sandersville, in 1838, where he established a prosperous mercantile business and became an influential citizen. Mark Newman, a Hebrew, came from Poland in 1842, when only a lad, and made for himself a large place in the service of the county and in the hearts of the people. He went to the war from Sandersville and became a major in the Forty-ninth Georgia. For upwards of thirty years until his death he was Ordinary of Washington. In 1853, Colonel Beverly D. Evans, of Marion, S. C., formed a partnership with Colonel Ed. Langmade for the practice of law. One of his sons, bearing the same name, is today an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Four other sons, George, Willis, Louis and Julian, have likewise become men of mark, the last named a physician.

Dr. H. N. Hollifield came from Philadelphia in 1855. He afterwards dited a magazine in Sandersville called the Georgia Medical and Surgical Encyclopaedia. In 1858 came three other men who were destined to leave lasting impress upon the community: Dr. W. H. H. Whitaker, of Philadelphia; William Gallaher, of Maryland, and Captain P. R. Taliaferro, of Virginia. In 1860, Drs. J. R. Smith and E. B. Hook opened the Sandersville Infirmary, but the institution was forced to suspend on the call to arms.

One of the wealthiest families of the county in pioneer days were the Skrines, including four brothers: William, Quintillian, Virgil and Benjamin. William built the first modern house in the County of Washington. It stood a mile from Sandersville and was known as the White House, on account of its novel coat of white paint. Later it was owned and occupied as a summer home by Noble A. Hardee, of Savannah.

Samuel O. Franklin and James U. Floyd were pioneer merchants, at one time partners, in the dry-goods business.

Colonel Thomas J. Warthen was a wealthy pioneer planter and man of affairs, whose prominence in the State militia before the war gave him the title of "General." He lost his life at Malvern Hill, while commanding the Twenty-eighth Georgia Regiment. Colonel Warthen reared a family of girls, who added much to the culture and social life of Sandersville. Nathan Renfroe was a substantial carriage-maker, whose son, Hon. J. W. Renfroe, was Treasurer of Georgia after the war.

Major Heywood Brookins was the first mayor of the town, and afterwards for more than a generation was Ordinary of the County of Washington. Pinkus Happ, a Jew, became a prosperous merchant, who devoted his large means to the alleviation of distress during the war and endeared himself to every one by his manifold acts of kindness. David Solomon, likewise a Jew, accumulated a snug fortune, married one of the county girls, and became a good Methodist.

Dr. Nathaniel Harris, quite a noted ante-bellum physician, came from Massachusetts and built the first handsome house within the town limits. Dr. William P. Haynes, a local Methodist preacher and a high degree Mason, was complimented by having the first local Masonic lodge named in his honor. Captain S. A. H. Jones commanded a company in one of the Indian campaigns, and was also made captain of the Washington Rifles, one of the first companies to enlist in 1861. Captain Ike Nerrman, a native of France, made Sandersville his home in the late fifties. At the outbreak of the war he organized a company, at the head of which he proved himself a gallant soldier. Harris Brantley was a wealthy pioneer planter, whose only daughter married Hon. Coleman R. Pringle, known as the father of Prohibition in Georgia.

Rev. Daniel Hook, in the year 1860, organized in Sandersville a church of the Disciples of Christ. His son, Judge James S. Hook, was afterwards State School Commissioner of Georgia. Captain Evan P. Howell, late editor and part owner of the *Atlanta Constitution*, lived in Sandersville

at the outbreak of the war. Pressly Hyman, one of the promising young men of Sandersville in the early seventies, removed to the West and became Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada.

To mention by name only a few more of the early pioneers of Washington, the list includes: William Hardwick, John Rutherford, George Franklin, Zachariah Brantley, William A. Tennille, Dr. John B. Turner, General Lewis A. Jernigan, a noted educator, afterwards Ordinary of Washington; Colonel Morgan Brown, Nathan Haynes, William Smith, better known as "Uncle Billy," a wealthy planter; William Hodges, Daniel Ainsworth, Colonel E. S. Langmade, Dr. A. A. Cullens, Dr. Eldridge Williamson, Benjamin Tarbutton, Captain Henry C. Lang, Thomas E. Brown, Henry Brown, John Langmade, and Robert Hyman. Most of the original settlers of Washington were Revolutionary soldiers, but they sleep in unmarked graves.

Tomb of John Rutherford.

On a plantation three miles west of Sandersville, just off the Milledgeville road, is an old weather-beaten tombstone, on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

> "To the memory of JOHN RUTHERFORD, a soldier of the Revolution, who lived long afterward to share the honors of his countrymen. He retired for many years from public life and died in the affection of his country, on the 31st of October, 1833, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He is buried at his request by the side of his first wife, Polly Hubert."

Recently the graves of two Revolutionary soldiers have been located in the neighborhood of Sandersville: William Ganier and John Sparks, and just as soon as markers can be obtained from the Federal government these graves will be marked by Jared Irwin Chapter, D. A. R. On the old Jordan place, near Davisboro, the last resting place of John Jordan has been located. He was a soldier of the Revolution, under General Elbert. His grave at present is marked only by white hyacinths. Likewise within a short distance of Davisboro, two other burial places of Revolutionary patriots have been discovered. These are the graves of William Hardwick and Moses Newton. Samuel Elbert Chapter, D. A. R., of

Tennille, has undertaken the marking of these graves, and is at the same time intent upon locating other historic spots.

Thomas W. Hardwick: Senator-Elect. Sandersville is the home of the gifted Thomas W. Hardwick, who—at the youthful age of forty-two—is Georgia's new Senator-elect. His service of twelve years in the popular branch of Congress was rewarded with the Senatorial toga at a recent primary election, and in December next Mr. Hardwick will take his seat as Major Bacon's successor in the American House of Peers.

Fort Irwin. General Jared Irwin, with his three brothers, John Lawson, William and Alexander, all of whom were Revolutionary soldiers, built a fort near Union Hill to protect this section of Georgia from the Indians, and it became known as Fort Irwin. Nothing is positively known concerning the character of this stronghold. But it was doubtless securely built, and, occupying a strategic point, it was instrumental in keeping the savages at a safe distance from the settlement.

Tennille. Three miles distant from Sandersville, on the main line of the Central of Georgia, is one of the most important commercial centers in this part of the State: Tennille. Without rehearsing the facts previously set forth in Volume I, some additional items may be cited. On March 4, 1875, the town received its first charter of incorporation and at this time the corporate limits were fixed at one-quarter of a mile in every direction from the depot of the Central Railroad. Provision was made in this charter for an election, to be held on the first Saturday in May, 1875, for an intendant and four aldermen, each to hold office for one year.* During the next few years the growth of the town was so rapid that, on October 24, 1887, an Act was approved granting Tennille a new charter and extending its corporate limits to a distance of one thousand yards in every direction

*Acts, 1875, p. 187.

from the warehouse of the Central Railroad. Hon. John C. Harman was designated as the first Mayor, with Messrs. W. J. Joiner, Jr., J. E. Murchison, H. S. Hatch, W. P. Davis, James W. Smith and H. E. Hyman as Aldermen.[1] In 1900 the style of the corporation was changed from the "town of Tennille" to the "city of Tennille." On September 19, 1881, the Tennille and Wrightsville Railroad was chartered, with the following incorporators: Messrs. W. C. Matthews, B. D. Smith, G. L. Mason, G. B. Harrison, H. N. Hollifield, G. W. Peacock and Z. Peacock, of the County of Washington, A. T. Hanas, of the County of Washington, and W. B. Bales, W. A. Tompkins, W. L. Johnson, J. A. McAfee, T. W. Kent and W. W. Mixon, of the County of Johnson.[2] Tennille is well supplied with strong banking establishments, with excellent school facilities, splendid water and light plants and with a wide-awake and progressive body of citizens.

WAYNE

Waynesville. Wayne County was organized in 1803 out of lands acquired from the Creeks under the treaty of Fort Wilkinson; and by an Act approved December 8, 1806, the following commissioners were named to choose a site for public buildings: Solomon Gross, Francis Smallwood, John Mundon, William Clement and William Knight.[3] But the county was slow in finding settlers, and it was not until December 4, 1829, that a site was finally fixed on land donated by William Clement, one mile from the village of Waynesville.[4] Both the town and the county were named for General Anthony Wayne, of the Revolution, who aided in Georgia's redemption from the British.

Jesup. But when the County of Charlton was formed from Wayne in 1855 it left Wayneville on the extreme lower edge of the county, making a new site for public buildings necessary, and in the course of time the

[1] Acts, 1887, p. 618.
[2] Acts, 1881, p. 268.
[3] Clayton's Compendium, p. 326.
[4] Acts, 1829, p. 193.

county seat was removed to Jesup, a town named for General Jesup, of the United States army, who rendered important service to the State in the Creek Indian war of 1836. The town of Jesup was incorporated on October 24, 1870, with the following commissioners, to-wit.: William Clarey, W. H. Whaley, G. H. Cameron, T. P. Littlefield and W. C. Remshart.[1]

Fort James. This stronghold, built to defend the frontier during the Indian wars, was located on the west bank of the Altamaha River, fifty miles above Darien and twelve miles below the mouth of the Ohoopee. There was also a fortification by this name built in Colonial times, to defend the old settlement of Dartmouth, above Augusta, in what is now Elbert County, Ga.[2]

WEBSTER

Preston. Webster County was formed out of Randolph and was first known as Kinchafoonee, from a well-known creek of this name, but Kinchafoonee provoked a ripple of laughter over the State, and on February 21, 1856, the name was changed to Webster, in honor of the great orator of New England. At the same time the name of the county-seat was changed from McIntosh to Preston. The town was incorporated by an Act approved December 22, 1857, with the following commissioners, to-wit.: George M. Hay, John W. Easters, William H. Hallen, James G. M. Ball and Henry W. Spears.[3]

WHEELER

Alamo. On August 14, an Act was approved creating by Constitutional amendment the new County of Wheeler from a part of the County of Montgomery.

[1] Acts, 1870, p. 207.
[2] Vol. I, p. 537.
[3] Acts, 1857, p. 187.

This Act was ratified at the polls on November 5, 1912, after which the new county was formally created by proclamation of the Governor, on November 14, 1912. Alamo, a town on the Seaboard Air Line, was made the county-seat. Some of the oldest families resident in the county are the Kents, the Gillises, the Calhouns, the McLemans, the Clementses, the McRaes, the Morrisons, the Curries, the Clarkes, the Adamses, the Ryalses and the McArthurs.

Where Governor Troup Died. Governor George M. Troup, while on a visit to the Mitchell place, one of the numerous plantations owned by him in this section of Georgia, in 1856, was seized with a violent illness, which here ended his days. William Bridges was the overseer in charge of the Mitchell place at the time of Governor Troup's death. In another part of this work will be found a picture of the pioneer cabin in which the great apostle of State Rights breathed his last. The Mitchell plantation was settled by Hartwell Mitchell in 1814. It was located on the west side of the Oconee River. This fine old plantation is now the property of the Kent family of Wheeler. Still another plantation owned by Governor Troup in this county was the Horseshoe Place. But the old Governor is buried on the banks of the Oconee River, in Montgomery County, at Rosemont, still another plantation which he owned, where a beloved brother, Robert L. Troup, was already buried.

WHITE

Cleveland. In 1857 the County of White was organized out of Habersham and named for Colonel John White, an officer of the Continental Army, whose brilliant exploit on the Great Ogeechee was unsurpassed in the annals of the Revolution. The county-seat was first called Mount Yonah, but the name was afterwards changed to Cleveland. It has never been quite settled for whom the town was named, but presumably it was for Colonel Benjamin Cleaveland, the hero of King's Mountain, notwithstanding a slight variation in the spelling of his name. Cleveland was chartered by an Act ap-

OVERSEER'S CABIN ON THE MITCHELL PLACE, IN WHEELER COUNTY,

Where Gov. George M. Troup Breathed His Last.

proved October 18, 1870, with the following town commissioners, to-wit.: William B. Bell, Virgil Robertson, A. J. Comer and William G. Goodman.*

Nacoochee: Relics of a Forgotten Race.

At the foot of Yonah Mountain, in the picturesque upper part of White County, lies one of the most beautiful valleys in the world—far-famed Nacoochee. Neither the Yosemite nor the Shenandoah can match it in some respects. There are lineaments of loveliness which it shares in common with no other spot on earth. It matters not how extensively one has traveled, he cannot visit this Lost Paradise of the Cherokee Indians without feeling the spell of enchantment which the scene here throws around him, and though he may not quote the language he will at least voice the sentiment of Tom Moore's apt lines:

> "There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As this vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

The cradle of the Chattahoochee—it has been described in the wondrous witchery of Lanier's song; but the power to do it justice lies neither in the poet's pen nor in the artist's brush. The task of recalling some of the historic memories in which this romantic region of the State abounds is a much simpler one. There is a wealth of legendary lore connected with Nacoochee; and from the mellow recollections of an old gentleman—now gone to his reward—who knew the valley like a book, every page of which was dear to him, and who in childhood explored its hidden mysteries, and listened to its weird fairy tales, and wandered to the utmost verge of its green meadows, the following brief account has been condensed. Says Mr. George W. Williams:

"Nacoochee has a history as thrilling in interest as the tales of the Arabian Nights. This valley was doubtless for ages one vast lake. The

*Acts, 1870, p. 182.

fretful waters at last cut a channel through the rocks at the east end of the valley and the great basin was drained, leaving a fertile area of landscape some seven miles in length, with the Chattahoochee River winding through the verdant prospect. The Cherokees selected this quiet and safe retreat for the capital of a populous nation, and Nacoochee Old Town, the name by which the settlement here was first known, became the chief town of the Cherokees. At one time, it must have been the center of an ancient civilization. The original occupants of the valley were a warlike race of people. They surrounded themselves with long lines of fortifications, leveled the tops of the hills, and raised huge mounds. On the high places resided the chiefs of the nation, surrounded by knights as brave as ever drew a lance. During the past seventy-five years many relics have been found in the valley, furnishing proof most positive of hard-fought battles, in which shot and shell were used. When the writer was a boy, his father, who was one of the original settlers in the valley, taught his sons the science of farming; and from time to time they plowed up many, many rare and curious specimens, including gunlocks, swords, broken shells, tomahawks, arrows and human skeletons.

"In 1834, when the miners were digging a canal for the purpose of washing the beds of the streams for gold, a subterranean village was discovered, containing some forty houses in number. These were buried ten feet deep. The logs were hewn and notched as at the present day. This village was covered by a heavy growth of timber; and near it, under a tree, fifteen feet in circumference, which must have been at least five hundred years old, there was found a double mortar, ten inches in diameter, perfectly polished. It was made of transparent quartz. This village was doubtless built by DeSoto in 1539. More recently a discovery was made here which interested me very much. A plough-share, near an Indian mound, struck a hard substance. On examination it proved to be part of a walled sepulchre. The bottom was paved with polished stones, and the tomb contained many skeletons, one of immense size, also conch shells, pipes, and other curious specimens of handiwork, besides a piece of inwrought copper. As the natives were ignorant of the art of working in this metal and never buried in walled sepulchres, the question naturally arises: When did these huge men live? A learned historian of Copenhagen says that America was discovered in the year 985 by Biaske Horjeufsen. It is also said that a colony from Wales settled in this country at the same time. Doubtless these early European adventurers were exterminated by the vast tribes of Indians. It is mainly by way of tradition that we hear of them. The walled sepulchre may have been built by the Welsh colony in the tenth century of the Christian era."

Nacoochee Old Town was undoubtedly one of the places at which DeSoto stopped in his quest of the yellow metal. Signs of a somewhat lengthy sojourn by the Span-

iards in this locality are still numerous. Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., identifies the Xualla of the old Spanish narrative with an Indian settlement somewhere in this region, a surmise which is more than justified by the monumental remains and which furthermore tallies with the description. According to Mr. Williams, the Indian Queen of the tribe here settled, at the time of DeSoto's visit, was Echoee. Nacoochee and Eola were her daughters, both beautiful, dark-eyed Indian maidens. Lorenzo, a companion of the bold knight, having acquired knowledge of the fact that certain treasures of priceless value were concealed in a cavern under Mount Yonah, cunningly sought to possess them. He partially succeeded by artful blandishments in fascinating Queen Echoee. But in the end he was killed by old Wahoo, the chief of the tribe. Echoee, with her daughter Eola, was drowned, but Nacoochee was saved by Sautee, the young sixteen-year-old son of a Choctaw chief. As a sequel to the rescue, there developed quite naturally a love affair. But the marriage of Nacoochee to Sautee was forbidden. The pair resolved upon flight, and when pursued and overtaken hurled themselves from an overhanging cliff of Mount Yonah into the vale beneath. They were buried in a common grave. The large mound in front of the summer home of Dr. L. G. Hardman, formerly the Nichols place, marks the traditional spot in which the lovers are supposed to be interred. Nacoochee and Sautee valleys, uniting, perpetuate the names of the ill-fated pair, while the grave in which they sleep is kept perennially green with cypress, ivy and rhododendron.

WHITFIELD

Dalton. Dalton, the county-seat of Whitfield, was first known as Cross Plains. But in 1847, when the State road was built the name was changed to Dalton, in compliment to a civil engineer, John Dalton, who, real-

izing the possibilities of this locality as the site for a future town, made a survey of the land and divided the same into lots.* His judgment was subsequently confirmed by General Joseph E. Johnston, who made Dalton his base of operations during the Civil War. The town was incorporated by an Act approved December 28, 1853. Two schools, the Dalton Female College and the Southern Central Baptist University of Georgia, were chartered in 1850, each with a strong board of trustees. But for additional particulars in regard to Dalton the reader is referred to Volume I of this work.

Red Clay: The Cherokee Council Ground

Red Clay, famous in history and legend as the Cherokee Indian Council Ground, lies a short distance north of the town of Dalton. Nearly a century has passed since this historic spot, stamped forever with the agony of a noble race, witnessed the signing of the famous treaty between those of the Cherokees who favored and those who opposed the United States Government. To this council of the two factions came the Indian chiefs and head men of the Cherokee Nation.

In the deliberations which ensued, the treaty party, headed by Ridge, declared "that the Cherokees could not exist amidst a white people; that while they loved the land of their fathers, they considered the fate of the exile far better than submission to the laws of a State." At the head of the party opposed to removal was John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokees. The Committee of Conference met at Red Clay in October, 1835. To relieve the Cherokee Nation from its distressed condition, George M. Waters, John Martin, Richard Taylor, John Baldridge and John Benge, acting under the instructions of John Ross, principal chief, on the one part, and George Chambers, John Gunter, John Ridge, Charles Vann and Elias Boudinot, on the other, acting under instructions of Major Ridge and others of the treaty party, "agreed to bury in oblivion all unfriendly feelings and act unitedly in treaty with the United States for the relief of the nation."

This agreement was signed at Red Clay, October 24th, 1835. The treaty party met at New Echota, the capital of the Cherokee Nation, near the present town of Calhoun, and on the 29th of December, 1835, concluded the treaty with the United States Commissioner. The chiefs of the anti-treaty party did not attend this convention, and made every effort to

*White says that the town was named for Tristram Dalton, an Englishman, but on the authority of Hon. Paul B. Trammell, it was named for John Dalton, as above credited.

negotiate a new treaty, more favorable, but without success. By its terms the Indians were permitted two years' grace in which to leave their beloved lands, but the time expired and they still repudiated the treaty. The United States government decided that the only possible way to make them move would be at the bayonet's point.

John Ross, who made the most zealous efforts to save his people from expulsion, was born at Rossville, Georgia, October 3rd, 1790. His father was a full-blooded Scotchman and his mother a half-breed; he was therefore one-fourth Indian, as the Indians say, "a quateroon." He lived for a number of years at the home built by his grandfather, John McDonald, at Rossville, Ga., but he enlarged it, adding a council chamber twenty-three feet long, which for years had only one door. As a precaution, he later added two more doors, one opening into his bed-room in the center of the house. The house is now owned by John McNair McFarland, a descendant of the McFarlands, into whose hands the Ross place passed, and in its exterior and interior has been little changed.

Chief Ross, about two years before the exile, built a home at Flint Springs, Tenn., some five miles north of Red Clay. It was a two-story log house, a part of which still stands, though it has been improved and much changed. Nearby, on the Ross land, Dr. Butler, a missionary to the Indians, taught a school. It has been said that Ross moved to his Tennessee home for protection, as the Government had troops stationed near there; certain it is that with his Indian wife, his children and negro servants, he was living at Flint Springs about 1837.

Tradition says that he had a daughter famed throughout the Cherokee land for her beauty, her grace of manner and modesty; in truth an irresistibly charming maiden. A young Indian chief was her suitor and gained the favor and approval of Ross, but not the love of the girl, for she had already given her heart to another, whom she frequently met in a sequestered trysting place. The young man vowed that he could no longer endure life without her, and she yielded to his pleadings; in the dark and silent hours of the night she met her lover at the appointed place, mounted the horse behind him, rode away and married the man of her choice.

Near the Georgia-Tennessee line there still stands an ancient, two-story brick house built by Chief McEntyre. This quaint old mansion stands guard over an Indian burying-ground. In the corner of an old-fashioned garden, in a tangle of briers and vines, are several time-worn tombstones bearing names and dates still legible and interesting to the romantic passer-by. A few years ago there came from the West several of the descendants

of these Indians to visit the home and graves of their forefathers, made precious by tradition. Rev. A. R. T. Hambright, a gentleman eighty-five years old, still living near Red Clay, gives an interesting account of a visit made by him when a child in company with a trader and his uncle, to the McEntyre home. The men had a large amount of silver, which they had secured from the Indians in trade and barter. This silver they carried in saddle bags across an Indian pony, which the little six-year-old boy rode. This was done to divert suspicion, as at that time the Cherokee Nation was in a state of disorder. This silver was exchanged for paper money at McEntyre's, where they spent the night.

In the years previous to the Red Clay convention, the Ross and Ridge parties indulged in bitter and relentless hostilities, out of which grew the tragic death of Chief Jack Walker. The Chief became infatuated with a young white girl of fifteen summers, by name Emily. Her family opposed the suit, but watching her opportunity she eloped with her lover. Taking the girl on the horse with him he swam the Tennessee River, pursued by her infuriated brothers, but untouched by their bullets. After their marriage they returned and lived in Walker Valley, near the present town of Cleveland, Tenn., on what is now called the Pryor Lea farm. Tradition says that he had two wives, the other an Indian, and that the two lived in the same house in a most friendly manner until the chief was called away for a short time, when the Indian wife invariably whipped the white one. The squaw, however, got her whipping when the chief returned.

At a meeting of the Council at the Old Fort, between Cleveland and Spring Place, Walker was accused of treason. He left for home with a friend, and when about nine miles away, at Muskrat Springs, was waylaid and shot by an assassin hidden in the top of a tree. Old men still living remember the exact spot, for often as children it was pointed out to them.

Tradition says that his wife, Emily, told several of her friends that she felt very uneasy about him during his absence on that memorable day, as she knew the Indians were angry, and that she felt relieved when looking out she saw him riding up the road on his gray horse. She sent a servant to take his horse and stood waiting for him to come to her. As no one came, she went out to learn the cause of the delay, finding only the servant, who said with trembling voice, "Mr. Walker is not here." She said she saw him as clearly as she ever saw anything in her life. A little later, at nightfall, he was brought home fatally wounded, living only a short time.

It was at this period of the strife that John Howard Payne arrived in the Nation of the Cherokees, resolved to study the Indian problem on the

spot. Payne sympathized deeply with the red man, and when arrested by Colonel Bishop at the home of Chief Ross at Flint Springs, he found papers which contained bitter criticisms concerning the treatment of the Cherokee Indians. Payne was carried to Spring Place, where a short time he was imprisoned in the Vann house.

At Kenan Spring, not far from Red Clay, dwelt "Chief Rattling Gourd," renowned as a counselor. The home where he dwelt is no more, only a few foundation stones remain, but the land surrounding still bears his name, and is called the "old Rattling Gourd field." He did not die in this country, as stated, but went West with his tribe, educated himself and became an officer of some importance. In this section dwelt also old "Deer-in-the-Water," "Sleeping Rabbit," "Otter Lifter" and "Seven Nose," whose very names have reference to stirring accounts of legendary adventure, and who were renowned in their day as leading men in their tribe. South of where the town of Dalton now stands dwelt Chief Red Bird near the beautiful Hamilton Spring. He was a devotee of the race-track and met an untimely death, for while drunk he was thrown from his horse. He was buried directly west of the spring, and his grave is now covered by a railroad embankment. Two miles south of the town lived "Drowning Bear," a mighty hunter. His feats are still recalled, and a creek which flows through the place bears the name of Drowning Bear Creek. Near the center of the town was the ball ground, a beautiful level spot shaded by forest trees, where the contending parties, with faces painted in the brightest of colors, headed by their chiefs, met and engaged in ball playing. A monument to the Confederate dead now marks this place.

The Council Ground of the Cherokee Indians was ideally located. On the east and west it was protected by the hills, through which roamed game in abundance, deer, turkeys, foxes, wolves and bears, and which the Indians never killed unnecessarily. Four immense springs in a radius of two miles were included in the Council Ground which extended north and south for some distance, its exact size is now a matter of conjecture. As the Indians burned the leaves every year no undergrowth marred the beauty of the forest, which resembled a park.

On Georgia soil stood the council house, very near the center of the Council Ground, and less than 100 feet from the Tennessee line. This council house was later renowned as the treaty cabin, for it was occupied, so says tradition, by General Winfield Scott and General Twiggs, who were sent to Red Clay to remove the Indians. About 1850 it was moved to a spot a few feet northwest, and a large rambling dwelling now stands on the original site of the council house. In 1911 it was demolished.

East of the council house was a large grove of oaks, where the chiefs and counselors smoked their pipes and deliberated upon the affairs of their nation. Not far distant was the grave of Sleeping Rabbit, a famous chief

and warrior. A mound of rocks overgrown with bushes and vines, still marks his resting place. The famous Indian cure-all, Tue-a-le-chee-chee-wah-wah (drink and live spring), is nearby. To this spring the Indians brought their sick, believing they could be cured by drinking the water. This failing, they immersed the patients in the water, and if a cure was not effected, other remedies were deemed fruitless, and they were left to die. About a mile north of the old council house was Deep Spring. Tradition tells us that the Indians held this beautiful dark blue spring in greatest awe, for they believed it bottomless. A ledge of rock projects itself across the upper east side and falls sharply back, and at this spot no bottom has ever been found, either by the red or white man. Tradition says that when the edict of banishment came that many Indians gathered from the tribes and cast their treasures into its depths, happier to bury them in the sacred waters than to leave them to the paleface.

When the sorry warriors and maidens were gathered together for removal westward, the assembled chiefs and counselors met at the Council Ground under the spreading oaks and murmuring pines, and after smoking the pipe of peace, in imploring attitudes turned their dark eyes to heaven, pulled the swinging limbs to them, and in their wild devotion bedewed the sprigs and branches with their tears. When the final departure drew near all arms were taken from the Indians and they were marched between files of soldiers. Tradition says that a chief known as "Big Bear" had but a short time before buried his wife and only child, and that in his deep grief he implored that he be spared the life of an exile. His prayers were unheeded and he was forced to take up the march. He secured a bayonet and hiding it under his blanket, as he passed by the graves of his loved ones, broke from his companions and threw himself across the mound, and, falling upon the sharp bayonet, he was pierced to the heart, thus dying by those he loved dearer than life. And today, "side by side, in their nameless graves the lovers are sleeping." for General Twiggs, in sympathy, ordered a Christian burial. The Indians turned their faces westward, journeying hundreds of miles, through forest and over desert, sometimes drenched with rain, sometimes consumed with thirst, thousands dying on the long march of months, and thus began the "exile without an end and without an example in story."*

March, 1913.

WILLIE S. WHITE.

WILCOX

Abbeville. Wilcox County was organized in 1857 from Dooly, Irwin and Pulaski, and was named for General Mark Wilcox, a distinguished officer of the State

*Authorities consulted: White's Statistics, Rev. A. R. T. Hambright and Mr. F. T. Hardwick.

militia and a dominant figure in ante-bellum State politics. Abbeville was made the new county-seat. Some of the more prominent of the early pioneer citizens of the county were: G. R. Reid, D. Reid, J. L. Wilcox, M. G. Fortner, Thomas Warren and James Holt. On September 5, 1883, the town was incorporated, with Stephen Bowen as mayor and Messrs. W. A. McLane, Robert J. Fitzgerald, L. M. Gunn, S. N. Mitchell, James A. Stubbs and E. V. Johnson as councilmen. Abbeville is located on the Ocmulgee River, and when a part of the county was taken to form Dodge, in 1870, it left Abbeville near the extreme eastern edge of Wilcox.

WILKES

Washington. On the site of Heard's Fort, in 1780, arose the present town of Washington, the first town in the United States to be named for the great commander-in-chief. Its charter of incorporation was granted by the Legislature on December 7, 1805, in an Act providing for its better regulation. The commissioners named at this time were: Francis Willis, James Corbett, Felix H. Gilbert, Thomas Terrell and William Sanson.* In the neighborhood of Washington, there were two pioneer schools of wide note, one of them taught by Rev. Hope Hull, who was probably the first Methodist preacher in Upper Georgia; the other taught by Rev. John Springer, the first Presbyterian minister ever ordained in the State. Among the pupils of Dr. Springer were Jesse Mercer and John Forsyth, both of whom were destined to the highest honors. When Josiah Penfield left at his death a sum of money with which to found a school, Jesse Mercer sought by every means within his power to secure this school for Washington; and his failure to do so was one of the keenest regrets of his life. But he nevertheless made this school the object of his

*Clayton's Compendium, p. 278.

most devoted interest, and today it bears the name of Mercer University. One of the first plants ever established in Georgia for the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods was located near Washington, where likewise the first cotton gin was erected. The name of this pioneer industrial enterprise was the Wilkes Manufacturing Company, as appears from an Act approved December 13, 1810; and, included among the stockholders were: Matthew Talbot, Bolling Anthony, Benjamin Sherrod, John Bolton, Frederick Ball, Gilbert Hay and Joel Abbott.* In the old Heard House, in Washington, a landmark which formerly faced the town square, was held the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet. Some of Georgia's most distinguished sons have been residents of this historic town; but since these have already been mentioned in Volume I, it is needless to repeat them here. The reader is also referred to the preceding volume of this work for additional facts in regard to Washington.

Wilkes in the Revolution. With respect to the part which the County of Wilkes played in the drama of the Revolution, it is enough to say that the name by which the Tories called it was the Hornet's Nest. The expression is most apposite. For nowhere was the spirit of independence so characteristic of the rugged frontiersman, more defiant of tyranny or more eager to accept the gage of battle than in the forest stretches of upper Georgia. The most wanton acts of brutality known to the reign of terror under Toryism were perpetrated in Wilkes upon defenceless women and children by Tory bands who respected neither age nor sex--who felt neither pity nor remorse. The wild carnivals of slaughter which occurred in Wilkes, where the torch and the bludgeon alternately flashed in the eyes of helpless victims, doomed to an ignominious death, shamed even the savage orgies of the ancient Aztecs. But it was not until the fall of Savannah into the hands of the British, exposing the up-country to the perils of invasion, that scenes of unbridled license like these transpired. Then it was that Elijah Clarke began to ride night and day through the wilderness, gathering his faithful dragoons. It is estimated that not less than 300 frontiersmen were enlisted—first and last—under his standard, though he never seems to have commanded more than 100 men in any engagement.

*Clayton's Compendium, p. 667.

It is not a little singular that a county like Wilkes, which bore so dramatic and prominent a part in the struggle for independence, should possess a dearth of unmarked graves. Few of the last resting places of the Revolutionary veterans of Wilkes are known, though the whole region fairly bristled with steel, when the crimson tide of invasion reached the foothills. The explanation is doubtless to be found in the unsettled conditions of pioneer life on the exposed frontier. Elsewhere will be found a partial and incomplete, but somewhat lengthy, list of the officers and privates who took part in the battle of Kettle Creek. Where these brave men lie, who supported the arms of Washington, beside what streams, or in what hidden nooks and corners of the forest, will be known only when the sea and the land alike shall give up their dust, but with the light before us it may be gravely doubted if there is a belt of woods on the American continent which is richer in heroic ashes or represented by brighter or prouder names on the muster rolls of the Revolution.

Heroic Women of the Reign of Terror under Toryism.

Nor were the women of Wilkes cast in less heroic molds. Hannah Clarke—though little is said of her by the historian—was one of the bravest heroines of the Revolution. Due to the exploits of her husband as a leader of the Whigs in upper Georgia, it fell to her lot to endure many hardships and indignities at the hands of the Tories. The ordeals which she experienced during these troublous times were manifold. On one occasion, when Colonel Clarke was absent from home, the roof over her head was burned, and, with a family of several children, she was driven shelterless into the forest. Later she was robbed of a horse on which she was riding to meet her husband, near the border line between North Carolina and Georgia; and, at still another time, when accompanying her husband on one of his campaigns, a horse was shot from under her, and it was only by a miracle that she escaped instant and violent death. The mishap occurred on the outskirts of a field where a skirmish was in progress. Two children were with her in the saddle, both of whom likewise escaped without harm. It was not unusual for this fearless woman to attend her husband in his campaigns, in order to be near at hand in the event he should happen to be wounded or fall a prey to the malaria of the swamps. She was present at the siege of Augusta, when Colonel Brown surrendered; and, notwithstanding the numerous insults and outrages heaped upon her by the Tories, she counseled humanity in the treatment of prisoners. Mrs. Clarke attained to a ripe old age and lived to see the State of Georgia prosperous and contented under the Federal Constitution. She survived General Clarke by twenty-eight years. According to White, she was buried beside her illustrious husband at Woodburn. But no trace of either grave can be found within the present borders of Wilkes. Testimony at this day points conclusively to the burial-place of General Clarke in what is now the County of Lincoln.

Nancy Hart, at the time of her celebrated encounter with the Tories, was a resident of Wilkes, living near the Beaver Dam ford, on the Broad River, in a section afterwards formed into Elbert.

Sarah Williamson, if somewhat more cultured, was not a whit less courageous than either of the above-named heroines of Wilkes. She came of an excellent old Huguenot family, and, before her marriage to Micajah Williamson, was Sarah Gilliam, of Henrico County, Va., a niece of the distinguished Dr. Deveraux Jarratt, an Episcopal clergyman. It is said that Colonel Williamson, who was then a man of large means, gave sixty negroes for the fertile upland plantation, over which he installed his fair bride as the young mistress. She proved to be an expert manager; and, when her husband was at the front, she not only ran the plantation, but also kept the looms and the ovens busy, furnishing supplies to the army as well as to her own household. Nor did she escape the perils incident to frontier life during the reign of terror in upper Georgia. The Tories, incensed by the activities of her husband, took peculiar delight in annoying Mrs. Williamson. One day they made a raid upon her home, and, after gorging themselves with plunder, applied the torch. It is said that the Tories also hanged her eldest son in her presence, compelling her by force to witness the murder of her own offspring. Colonel Williamson received a number of severe wounds, from the effects of each of which his devoted wife nursed him back to health. When the home place was burned by the Tories, she refugeed with her slaves to North Carolina, where she remained until hostilities ceased.

The family of children reared by this extraordinary woman was patriarchal in size and distinguished in character. Five sons lived to complete useful careers. Her daughters—six in number—became famous belles of the up-country, during the era of peace which followed the Revolution, and they each married husbands who attained to high eminence in public affairs. Nancy married John Clarke, who afterwards became Governor of Georgia. Sarah married first Judge Griffin and, after his death, Judge Tait, the latter of whom served for ten years in the United States Senate from Georgia. Susan married Dr. Thompson Bird. Her daughter Sarah became the wife of Judge L. Q. C. Lamar, Sr., and the mother of the great jurist and statesman of the same name, who served on the Supreme Bench of the United States, in the national Senate, and in the Cabinet of President Cleveland. Mary married Duncan G. Campbell, for whom Campbell County was named, and who signed the famous treaty of Indian Springs. He was also the pioneer champion of female education in Georgia. His son, John A. Campbell, occupied a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States and took part as a commissioner in the celebrated conference at Hampton Roads. Martha married a Fitch and Elizabeth a Thweat, both men of fine business and social connections. Thus it will be seen that, besides landing for her daughters the capital prizes in the matrimonial lottery, Sarah Williamson also furnished from among her descendants, two illustrious judges to wear the ermine of the nation's highest court of appeals.

How a Great Christian School was Financed by a Colonial Jew.

It is not generally known that the handsome fortune upon which Mercer University was built came from the coffers of a Colonial Jew, whose grave is still to be found by the wayside, near his old home, on the Augusta road, some eight miles from Washington, Ga., where, according to his express wishes, he was buried in an upright position. There is no lack of evidence to support the statement that the original endowment of the great Baptist school—barring, of course, the Penfield legacy—was derived in this manner. The facts are well known to the people of Washington. But to give them the proper attestation, Dr. H. R. Bernard, auditor of the Mission Board of the Georgia Baptist Church, may be cited as authority for the story which is here told. In a communication, dated October 12, 1911, and addressed to Dr. Joseph Jacobs, of Atlanta, a former pupil, this well-known Baptist minister, narrates the story as follows: Says he:

"Dear Friend: In 1798 a Mr. Simons, a resident at the time, I suppose, of Wilkes County, Georgia, married a Miss Nancy Mills. Mr. Simons was an Israelite. He was a man of considerable means and very active and very popular in business circles; and in the course of time accumulated a handsome property. In his day we would have said that he was rich. The date of his death I do not find recorded, but it was some time previous to 1827. His large estate was heired by his widow, Mrs. Nancy Simon. Jesse Mercer, a very devout and worthy Baptist minister, a man of very high standing in his denomination and in this county, who had lost his wife some time before, married Mrs. Simons and came into possession and into control of large means.

"During the lifetime of Mrs. Simons, after her second marriage, which covered a period of less than fourteen years, she readily entered into the benevolent enterprises suggested by her husband, Mr. Mercer. Mr. Mercer, in his own right, was not worth property, but he was a man of thrift and fine business judgment, and was benevolently inclined, and conceived that the very best thing he could do for after generations was to found a college. Mercer University was the result, a very flourishing institution in Georgia at this time, with many years of useful service back of it, and with a prospect of useful service for years to come. It numbers now about 400 students.

"Mr. Mercer lived fourteen years after his second marriage, and he and his wife, agreeing always, contributed continuously to the enterprise

of founding Mercer University. At his death he willed, with advice from his wife, formerly given, all the residue of his estate, after his honest debts were paid, to the endowment of Mercer University. I have tried to ascertain from our records the exact amount of his benefactions to the university, but have not been able to do so. It is safe, however, to estimate from $40,000 to $400,000. So you see that Mercer University is largely indebted to the skill and enterprise of a Jewish financier, for much the larger part of its life and power.

"A copious Providence this, which founds a Christian college on Jewish corner-stones.

"By the way, Mr. Simons—or Captain Simons, as he is sometimes referred to—is down in our history as a remarkably kind and faithful husband. His wife, while not a professed religionist of any faith, was fond of going to church and entertaining ministers at her home. In all this she was warmly supported by her good husband. In fact, he frequently attended religious services with her. She, too, was—in the lifetime of both her husbands—a most estimable wife, fulfilling every obligation that came to her as a married woman. She was devoted to the interests of her home and did her part at every point.

"Sincerely your friend,

(Signed) "H. R. BERNARD."

Eccentric Captain Simons. To quote a local historian:* "The old brick academy, in which Jesse Mercer preached before the church was built, stood near the home of a young widow, a very charming "sister Baptist"—Mrs. Nancy Simons, daughter of John Mills, and widow of Captain Abram Simons. Mr. Mercer admired her very much, and on the 11th day of December, 1827, they were married. As Mr. Mercer got the greater part of the money which founded Mercer University from this wife it is interesting to know something of Captain Simons, the man who made the money. He lived six miles east of Washington, Ga., on the Augusta road; his old home is standing yet; upstairs in it is a very large room built for dancing, and is today called the 'ball-room.' Abram Simons was a colonial Jew, of strong plain sense, though uneducated; he made a large fortune and was sent to the Legislature.

"Mr. Mercer, in writing his wife's obituary, said Simons was a man of the world, who loved to surround himself with men of high standing and 'big names.' In short, he was a sporting man, was a member of the Augusta Jockey Club, and entertained lavishly. However, this was not very much to the taste of the refined little woman, whose veins were filled with the aristocratic blood of the Mills. Yet, it is said she loved her husband, and he was extravagantly proud of her.

*Miss Annie M. Lane, Regent, Kettle Creek Chapter, D. A. R., Washington, Ga.

"Not long ago I visited the grave of Captain Simons. It is on the roadside in a rock enclosure. No monument or stone tells who is buried there, though he was a Revolutionary soldier, and a man of wealth.

Buried in an Upright Position. "When he came to die he had his grave prepared and walled up with solid rock. He left orders that they bury him standing on his feet with his musket beside him to fight the devil with. His orders were carried out. His coffin was placed on the end, and this necessitated the digging of a grave twice the usual depth.

The Widow Simons. "Nancy Simons Mercer made Jesse Mercer an excellent wife. With refined and cultured manners she entertain his friends in a manner which was to his taste. She was a beautiful little dark-eyed woman, who always dressed faultlessly.

"In the book called 'The Story of Wilkes County,' by Miss Bowen, I find the following: 'It is said that when Mr. Mercer went to the tailor for new clothes, Mrs. Mercer always went with him and was always very particular to order that the backs of his waistcoats should be made of yellow satin. Yellow was her favorite color, and always graced the ribbons of her best bonnets and caps.'"

"Mercer's Cluster." "Mr. Mercer's life was now greatly to his taste, with a fortune at his disposal and a relaxation from the hard frontier life. His pen was employed in writing for the press, and his fame went abroad. About this time he had published 'Mercer's Cluster,' a book of poems, later converted into hymns.

The Christian Index. "In 1833 the *Christian Index*, which had been edited for several years at Philadelphia, with the approval of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, under whose auspices the paper was first commenced at Washington, D. C., the management was transferred to Jesse Mercer. He bought at his own expense new press and type, costing $3,000, and removed the *Index* to Washington, Ga. It was published (that and a temperance paper) in a two-story dwelling at the corner of Main and Depot Streets. Some years after the *Index* was moved to Penfield, Ga. My father, Dr. James H. Lane, bought the house and had it remodeled, and when the old mantels and wainscotings were taken down old manuscripts of interest were found. I was born in that house. We have an old writing desk at which Jesse Mercer did his editorial work.

Mr. Mercer's Great Disappointment.

"On account of failing health, Mr. Mercer gave up the editorship of the paper, and in 1840 he gave it to the State Baptist Convention, with all its appendages. Mr. Mercer had purchased the old brick school-house near his home, on 'Mercer Hill,' and it was the dream of his life to establish a college there. A man by the name of Josiah Penfield, of Savannah, left $2,500, on the condition that they raise the same amount to build a school for the education of young preachers. In 1833 the legacy was turned over to the convention, and Mr. Mercer made a hard fight to have the school located at Washington, Ga., and it was the disappointment of his life that the school was located at Penfield. However, he made donations of large sums of money at different times to maintain the college. In 1838 the name of Mercer University was given it.

"In May, 1833, Nancy Mercer was stricken with paralysis while walking in her flower garden and lingered just one year, never being able to utter a word or walk a step, and on the following May passed away, when all nature was beautiful. They covered her grave with the flowers from her own garden, those which she had so tenderly cared for. Some of these flowers are to be seen now in the garden tended by the gentle Sisters of St. Joseph, who walk where the feet of Mrs. Mercer once trod. Mr. Mercer's letters about her, to be found in 'Mallary's History,' are truly touching.

"Mr. Mercer died September the 6th, 1841, near Indian Springs, while on a visit to a friend. He was buried at Penfield."

The Hills and the Popes.

Two of Georgia's most distinguished and honored families were planted in Wilkes at the close of the Revolution: the Hills and the Popes. These families have frequently intermarried; and there is scarcely a Southern State in which they are not today represented. Abraham Hill settled in Wilkes County, Ga., in 1780 or 1781. By tradition he was of Scotch-Irish extraction. His grandparents removed from Nansemond County, Virginia, to Chowan, now Gates County, North Carolina, in 1770; and here he was born in 1730. There were four brothers, Abraham, Henry, Isaac and Theophilus. Abraham Hill, in 1756, married Christian Walton, a daughter of Thomas Walton, who, in 1757, was a member from Chowan County in the North Carolina General Assembly. During the latter part of the seventeen-sixties he settled in what was afterwards Wake County, and became a Justice of the Peace and member of the first Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for Wake County, in 1771. He was re-elected to this office in December, 1778, by the Provincial Congress of North Carolina, and there is strong presumptive evidence that he had served in this capacity during the intermediate period. On removing to Wilkes County, Ga., at the time above mentioned, he acquired lands on both sides of Long Creek, about three

miles above its confluence with Dry Fork and about twenty miles northwest of Washington.

His home must have been very near the Indian line. For, in 1790 the Cherokee border was only twenty miles west of Washington. During this same year it was removed twenty miles further west, but there was still little security, either to life or to property, in this exposed neighborhood. Abraham Hill died in 1792; his wife in 1808. Here they lie buried on the old estate. In the same area sleeps their son, Thomas, and his wife, Sarah McGhee, and their grandson, James A. Hill, and his wife, Amelia Hill. These two last were first cousins. In the late seventeen-eighties Abraham Hill erected a large, commodious frame homestead, esteemed in those days as truly palatial. It was probably the first plastered house in this part of Georgia. Completed in 1790, it remained practically unaltered as late as the eighteen-seventies, when it passed into alien hands.

Burwell, Willis, John, Henry Augustine, and Wiley Pope, five brothers, were born in North Carolina. Burwell, the eldest, was born in 1751 and was only twelve years old when his father died. He married in 1792 Priscilla Wootten, a sister of Thomas Wootten, a pioneer immigrant to Wilkes; at some during the Revolution he was a Justice of the Peace and a member of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for Wake County, N. C., and was a member of the Provincial Congress of North Carolina at Halifax, in 1781-1782. He removed to Wilkes County, Ga., probably in 1787, as in July of that year he obtained from the State 1,300 acres of land in Wilkes. He was a member of the State Senate from Oglethorpe County, in 1794-1795, and a member from the same county in the Constitutional Convention of 1798. He strenuously opposed and voted against the Yazoo Fraud, and with indignation and wrath repulsed and denounced a tentative step to bribe him. His death occurred in 1800. At this time he was in his forty-ninth year. His wife died in 1806. Both are buried at the old homestead near Pope's Chapel, in Oglethorpe County, Ga.

Besides four daughters, Abraham and Christian (Walton) Hill had eight sons, only one of whom failed to reach adult years. Burwell and Priscilla (Wootten) Pope had three sons and four daughters. Now begins the intermarriage of these families. Three of Abraham Hill's sons married daughters of Burwell Pope, while two of his daughters married Burwell Pope's brothers, viz., Henry Augustus and Wiley. It seems that the men of the latter family made reprisals for the capture of their sisters by the men of the former, or, to quote the late Judge Pope Barrow, "the Hills and the Popes intermarried backwards and forwards, right and left."

Two of Abraham Hill's sons married daughters, and two of his granddaughters married sons, of Micajah McGehee. One son married a daughter of Benjamin Andrew, of Liberty County, Ga., a member of the Council of Safety during the Revolution, and an uncle of Bishop Andrew. Another son married Miss Polly Jordan. One daughter married Josiah Jordan, and another Benjamin Blake. Burwell Pope's fourth daughter married a Holmes. His eldest son died unmarried. One married Miss Sallie Davis, and Burwell, Jr., married Sallie K. Strong. This Burwell was commissioned a brigadier-general in 1828, and commanded a brigade in the Florida Indian War. He died in Athens in 1840. Henry Augustine Pope, by his first wife, had only one daughter and a son, Middleton, to reach mature years. From this son, who married Lucy Lumpkin, are descended the Barrows of Athens. Henry Augustine Pope, by his second wife, had a daughter and two sons. One of the latter was twice married. His first wife was Sarah Toombs, sister of Hon. Robert Toombs, and his second wife, Miss Addie Davis. Colonel Wiley and Polly (Hill) Pope had three sons and a daughter. The latter married a Huling. One son married a Callaway, and their son Wiley became the father of 22 children, only five of whom reached mature years. Another son died at Scull Shoals, on the Oconee River, while a third son, Wiley Hill Pope, died near Independence, in Wilkes County, in 1868, leaving two sons who lived with their mother in Coweta, or Meriwether, County, near Hogansville. John Pope married a Miss Smith, and died in 1821, leaving six daughters and two sons.

Henry Hill, a brother of Abraham, married Sarah Cotten. They came from North Carolina to Wilkes about 1787. He died about 1800, and his wife in 1812-1814. They had four sons, viz., John, Abraham, Theophilus and Henry—these names are the same as those of the four sons of Abraham. There were also four daughters, one of whom married Colonel William Johnson, for many years the sheriff of Wilkes. Another married a Josey, and from them is descended Mrs. J. C. C. Black, of Augusta. Another married Josiah Woods, and a fourth daughter married Henry Pope.

Burwell Pope Hill and Lodowick Meriwether Hill, sons of Wiley, and grandsons of Abraham Hill, married daughters of Colonel William Johnson, their second cousins. After Burwell Hill's death, his widow married Rev. William D. Martin, of Meriwether County, Ga. She was the grandmother of Justice Warner Hill, Mrs. Justice Samuel Atkinson, Governor John M. Slaton and Hon. W. M. Slaton, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Atlanta. The wife of Judge Benjamin H. Hill is a granddaughter of Colonel Lodowick Meriwether Hill.

Isaac Hill, a brother of Abraham, came from North Carolina to Wilkes about 1787, but later in life, resided either in Clarke or in Franklin.

Abraham Hill's progeny, though not as numerous as the stars of heaven, yet are sufficient in numbers to attest the appropriateness of his name, scripturally defined as "the father of a great multitude." The descendants of the Hills, Popes, and McGehees, will be found in almost every section of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas. Impelled by the ad-

venturous spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, so strikingly manifested in their forefathers, whenever the population became dense or crowded or the soil failed to respond in abundant fruitfulness to their labors, they severed all family and local ties and migrated westward. They wanted broader acres, with greater opportunities for acquiring wealth and for obtaining advancement in professional and political life. To this day, they are a sturdy, industrious, law-abiding, peace-loving and God-fearing people. They have striven arduously to acquire not only a competence but a liberal supply of worldly goods, the possession of which gives power, influence, and the ability to do good. They are proud of their ancestry and love their kindred, but their neighbor no less. They illustrate and exemplify in their lives an abiding faith in the proverb that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." In agricultural, commercial, and industrial lines, many have become wealthy; while not a few have won distinction in political and professional life and have filled with credit to themselves and with profit to their country, positions of great honor and trust.

Historic Homes of Wilkes.

Eleven miles northwest of Washington, on the south side of the road to Danielsville, stood the old home of Gen. John Clark, afterwards Governor of Georgia. Gen. Clark was for years one of the most commanding characters in the early history of the State. On one of the tombs in the old burial-ground is lettered this inscription: "George Walton Clark, son of John and Nancy Clark, born January 11, 1797; died, October 27, 1798." Here, on the night preceding the battle of Kettle Creek, the Revolutionary troops were encamped. In the year 1800, this fine old estate became the property of Col. Wiley Hill. The original building was a large, commodious frame structure, of the best type then prevalent, but in the eighteen-fifties, after the death of Mrs. Hill, it became the property of their youngest daughter, Mrs. William M. Jordan. She razed the old building and erected in its stead what was probably the handsomest home in the county, but, unfortunately, within a year after its completion, this magnificent dwelling was destroyed by fire. It was replaced by a roomy cottage, but this has since been removed and there now remains nothing except the burial-ground to mark the site. Col. Wiley Hill, his wife, and a number of their family are here interred.

The homestead of Col. Lodowick Meriwether Hill, one of the most stately, imposing, and beautiful in the county, is situated fifteen miles northwest of Washington on the road to Danielsville and one and a half miles from the line of Oglethorpe. It was originally a large two-story frame building, erected during the first quarter of the last century, with eleven rooms, and a wide veranda. In the eighteen-fifties, it was remodeled on the Colonial style, with fourteen rooms, four of which were 20 by

20 feet each. There were wide halls running through from east to west, opening upon wide porches, and still wider halls running north and south from the front to the center of the building; besides a wide, long colonnade, with massive fluted columns, three feet in diameter, supporting the parapet roof. The upper front hall opened upon a balcony. This handsome old home is still in a perfect state of preservation and, save an addition of two rooms in the rear, is just as it was in the fifties. The various buildings on the place, such as barns, gin houses, etc., were large and imposing. All were substantially built and kept in splendid repair. There were so many of them that the place appeared more like a town than a country-seat. Mr. A. P. Anthony, who married Miss Lucy Hill, is the present owner and occupant.

The homestead of Col. Wiley Pope Hill is situated eight miles northwest of Washington on the Danielsville road. It is a large two-story frame building with a wide veranda. It stands in a beautiful grove of forest trees and, save an addition of some two or more rooms made in recent years, looks just as it did when built. His widow, Mrs. Jane (Austin) Hill, died last year in her eighty-ninth year. One daughter and two sons now own and occupy the old homestead.

Washington! There is not a town in the State around whose majestic old homes there clusters more of architectural beauty, of social charm, of intellectual culture, or of historic renown. Most of these homes are built on the stately pattern peculiar to the spacious days of the old South; and while the spirit of modern enterprise is everywhere apparent in this wideawake community it is still fragrant with the memories of a gentler time. "Haywood," the splendid old home of Judge Garnett Andrews, was built in 1798, by Gilbert Hay, Esq., a gentleman of wealth, well known to the people of the State a hundred years ago. He was John Clark's second, in his famous duel with William H. Crawford. "Haywood" is today owned by Mrs. T. M. Green, a daughter of Judge Andrews. The home of Gen. Toombs is still one of the chief centers of attraction in Washington. This fine old Colonial mansion was built by Dr. Joel Abbott, in 1815. It was subsequently remodeled by Gen. Toombs, who here, during the ante-bellum period, dispensed a hospitality characteristic of this princely Georgian. Col. F. H. Colley, who married Miss Kate Toombs, a niece of the General, now owns and occupies the mansion. The Alexander home, built by Felix Gilbert, great grandfather of Mr. Charles Alexander, is now the home of the Misses Alexander. It dates back to the year 1808. In the rear of this home stands the famous Presbyterian poplar, one of the largest trees in the State. The handsome old Lane home was built in 1798. It was the old home of Garland Wingfield, and was moved from Walnut Hill, where the Rev. John Springer taught his noted school. This property now belongs to Misses Annie and Emmie

MOUNT PLEASANT:
The Old Home of the Talbots, Near Washington, Ga.

Lane, great nieces of Garland Wingfield. The Cleveland house, built by Albert Semmes, and owned by A. Cleveland, is now the property of J. T. Lindsay. The Jesse House, built as a Methodist parsonage, in 1815, was the home of the Semmes family for years. It is now owned by Col. J. M. Pitner. The Tupper home, built in 1804, by Albert Semmes, was remodeled in after years by the Rev. H. A. Tupper, D. D., who occupied it for some time. It is now the home of Mr. E. A. Barnett, a former mayor of Washington. The old Fielding place, built in 1819, on a lot bought in 1794, for years the home of Dr. Fielding Ficklin. It is now owned by Dr. Lyndon. The Alexander Pope place, built in 1814 and afterwards remodeled by Mr. Pope, is now the home of Dr. Simpson. The Gabriel Toombs place, built by the father of Gabriel Toombs, was once the home of Merrell Callaway, father of James Callaway, Esq., of Macon. It is now owned by Mr. Augustus Toombs.

Mt. Pleasant: The Old Talbot Home. In Volume I of this work will be found a brief reference to this historic old landmark, a part of which is still standing, near Smyrna church, on the old road to Lincolnton. While it reaches back to the days of John Talbot, the Virginia immigrant, and was also the home of Matthew Talbot, an honored chief-magistrate of Georgia, it was known for years prior to the Civil War, as the home of Thomas Talbot, an elder brother of the Governor. This revered old patriarch lived to celebrate his eighty-sixth birthday. Distinguished for his great piety there is a current anecdote which will illustrate his reputation in this respect. It was customary, in the early days, to hold court near the cross-roads. One day the Bible was missing, and there was nothing on which to swear witnesses. Whereupon a man walked up to Thomas Talbot, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Swear by Talbot, he's next to the Bible."

Thomas Talbot's father, John Talbot, was the wealthiest land-owner in Wilkes. Just after the Revolution, or just before—there is some doubt on this point—he acquired a large body of land in this part of the State, containing some 50,000 acres. He settled on these lands in 1783. John Talbot served in the Legislature and was also a delegate to the Convention in Augusta, called to ratify the Federal Constitution. He gave five acres of land to Smyrna church, part of it to be used as a burial-ground; and here, within a walled enclosure, just to the rear of the church, this revered old pioneer today sleeps. Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, sometime in the seventeen-nineties, lived on a small farm of eighty acres, adjoining Mr. Talbot's plantation, on which he set up one of his gins—probably the first ever erected. Later, the old gin house became appurtenant to the Talbot estate.* But for years rice and tobacco were the chief crops raised in Georgia, especially by the Virginia planters.

*See Vol. I, p. 1052.

Major-General W. H. T. Walker, a gallant Confederate officer, who lost his life in the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, 1864, was a descendant of Thomas Talbot. Madam Octavia Walton LeVert, perhaps the most celebrated Southern woman of her day, belonged to this same family connection. Mrs. Elizabeth Talbot Belt, the last member of the Talbot family born at Mount Pleasant—the old Talbot home in Wilkes—is now living in her eighty-sixth year at Millen, Ga. She is a gentle lady of rare intellectual gifts, with a vigor of mind marvelous for her years; and she is never more delightfully reminiscent than in telling of her girlhood days in Wilkes. Mrs. Belt is connected also with the famous Washington family of Virginia, as the following record made in her grandfather's Bible will attest:

"Thomas Talbot and Elizabeth Creswell, married August 22, 1790, Laurens District, S. C., by the Rev. John Springer. Elizabeth Creswell was the only daughter of Mary Garlington and the Rev. James Creswell. Mary Garlington was the grand-daughter of Annie Ball, fourth daughter of Col. Richard Ball, and half-sister of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington."

WILKINSON

Irwinton. In 1905 Wilkinson County was organized out of a part of the lands acquired from the Creek Indians, under the treaty at Fort Wilkinson, and was named for General James Wilkinson, of Revolutionary fame, one of the commissioners on the part of the United States to treat with the Creeks, at Fort Wilkinson. The town was incorporated by an Act approved December 4, 1816, with the following-named commissioners, to-wit.: Solomon Worrell, David Roland, Adam Hunter, Peter McArthur and William Beck.[1] When the town was re-incorporated in 1854, the commissioners named at this time were: Elbert J. Gilbert, Nathaniel A. Carswell, William Taylor, Wade F. Sanford and William O. Beall.[2] During this same year a charter was granted for the Talmage Normal Institute, with the following board of trustees: Green B. Burney, Thomas N. Beall, William Fisher, Eleazer Cumming, E. J. Gilbert, N. C. Hughes,

[1] Lamar's Compendium, p. 1024.
[2] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 254.

Leroy Fleetwood, F. D. Ross, James Jackson, Joel Deese, R. L. Story, R. I. Cochran, N. A. Carswell and William Taylor.[1] Some of the early representatives of Irwin County in the General Assembly were—Senators: John Ball, Robert Jackson, John Hatcher, William Beck, Samuel Beall, Daniel M. Hall, W. G. Little and Joel Rivers; Representatives: John T. Fairchilds, Matthew Carswell, Daniel Hicks, Charles Culpepper, Morton N. Burch, Osborn Higgins, Benjamin Mitchell, Benjamin Exum, James Neal, Joel Rivers, William G. Little and John Hatcher.

WORTH

Sylvester. On December 20, 1853, portions of two older counties, Dooly and Irwin, were organized into a new county called Worth, in honor of a distinguished officer of the Mexican War, General William J. Worth, a son-in-law of General Zachary Taylor. This same Act authorized the Inferior Court judges to locate a site for public buildings and to make a purchase of whatever land was necessary, and out of this legislation grew the present town of Sylvester, one of the most enterprising communities of South Georgia. Its charter of incorporation was granted December 21, 1898, with W. H. McPhane as mayor and Messrs. C. W. Hilhouse,[2] W. A. Jones, J. G. Polhill and W. L. Sikes as councilmen. Sylvester's present public school system was established in 1900. Some of the pioneers who represented Worth County in the Legislature were: Daniel Henderson, M. Simmons, G. G. Ford, Royal R. Jenkins, W. J. Ford, J. M. Summer, David H. Champion and D. McClellan.

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[1] Acts, 1853-1854, p. 146.
[2] Acts, 1898, p. 269.

Pindartown. On the banks of the Flint River, called by the Indians "Thronateeska," has been located the site of an old Indian village, known as Pindartown. In after years there was a white settlement of some importance at this place. Pindartown was for a long time the only post-office in this part of the State, and when Newton and Palmyra arose it was for years a recognized rival of these towns. It was even the post-office for Albany, until 1836, when the latter town received its first charter. Its location at the head of navigation on the Flint gave it fine prospects at one time, but with the rise of Albany, its glories began to fade. There are numerous local traditions to the effect that Oglethorpe himself here made a treaty with the Indians.

ADDENDUM

WHITFIELD

History of Dalton. The city of Dalton, formerly Cross Plains, was incorporated in 1847. Captain Edward White, a Northern man, was at the head of a syndicate who bought the land on which the city was built.

In selecting the location, he planned for a great city, surveying the streets, and setting aside sites for parks, school houses, churches and public buildings. Dalton's three principal streets are a mile in length by a hundred feet in width. As there was no large town between Knoxville, Tenn., and Augusta, Ga., he believed that Dalton would become the metropolis of North Georgia. At that time Ross' Station (Chattanooga) and Marthasville (Atlanta) were only clusters of cabins.

Captain White was a man of great public spirit and donated many sites for public buildings to the city.

Associated with him in the syndicate were a number of men prominently identified with the building of the town. Many of the Dalton streets were named for these men. The main business street was named for Colonel John Hamilton, and the beautiful residence street, Thornton Avenue, was named for Colonel Mark Thornton; Pentz Street was named for Mr. Frederick Pentz, and Morris Street for James and Franklin B. Morris.

The city was named for the wife of Captain White, whose maiden name was Miss Emma Dalton. She was a daughter of General Tristram Dalton, who was at one time speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts.

Until the beginning of the war, Captain Whites' dream of a great future for Dalton seemed about to be realized, for it was a busy, prosperous place, with handsome churches and business houses, two banks, three hotels and many beautiful homes, with a cultured, refined people, of whom their descendants are justly proud.

The war changed all this, and Dalton was left in ashes, with only a few houses standing, to show where the town had once been. One of the few homes that was not burned was the home of Captain White. It was torn down a few years ago, and a handsome residence erected on the site by Mr. Lynn Denton.

Many of the early settlers were from South Carolina, Virginia and South Georgia.

The first Mayor was A. E. Blount, and the one serving during the time of the war was Judge Elbert Sevier Byrd.

The first Ordinary of the county was William Gordon. The first Sheriff was Captain Fred Cox, and the first Clerk of the Court was John Anderson, and the first will probated was that of Thomas Wylie.

In 1844 a German colony, under the leadership of Count Frederick Charles, settled in North Dalton. Some of the names of men comprising this colony were: Peter and Adam Kriescher, Herman and Augustus Yeager, A. Lippman, Charles Knorr, A. Bolander, Henry Rauchenberg, Augustus Guntz, Adam Pfanakhehe, John Setzefant and numbers of others.

A list of pioneer citizens of Whitfield County:*

Captain Ed White
Franklin B. Morris
Major James Morris
Dr. F. T. Black
Thomas Cook
Dr. John Harris
John Anderson
Garland Jefferson
C. C. McCrary
Wick Earnest
Charles Adams
Charles Barry
Dr. J. Bailey
Jabez Pitman
R. S. Rushton
James Buchanan
Jack Oliver
Prof. John Tyler
Judge William P. Chester
Col. J. A. R. Hanks
Col. J. A. W. Johnson
Judge Leander Crook
Dr. B. B. Brown
Rev. Levi Brotherton
Rev. George Selvidge
T. S. Swift
Col. Patrick McCowan
Col. J. T. Whitman
John Norris
Andrew Norris
Major James Bard
Mark Thornton
Col. I. E. Shumate
Dr. John Allen
Lewis Bender
Dr. M. R. Banner
Dr. Foute
Dr. Waugh
Frank Jackson
Robert O'Neill
John Hill
Bob Hill
Ralph Ellison
John Beaty
Judge Dawson Walker
Wiley Farnsworth
Anderson Farnsworth
Robert Burner
John Henry King
Rev. H. C. Carter
C. B. Welborn
Dickson Taliaferro
James Longly
Captain Fred Cox
Judge Jesse Freeman
Col. W. K. Moore
J. F. Denton
Richard Tarver
Dr. Winston Gordon
Col. Jesse Glenn
Judge Ebert S. Bird
John Hamilton
Judge Underwood
Wilson Green
Joseph Lynan
J. N. B. Cobb
Jack Cobb
Thomas Henderson, Sr.
Captain A. P. Roberts
Henry Davis
Warren R. Davis
Col. Charles E. Broyles
Amos Sutherland
Rev. A. Fitzgerald

*Authority: Mrs. Warren Davis, historian John Milledge Chapter, D. A. R. Information received too late to be inserted in the proper connection.

A. E. Blunt
Mr. Holt
Nathaniel Harben
Dr. Groves
John and Nick Bitting
Major Harden
Jesse Trotter
J. M. Crute
J. W. Sitton
William Nichols
John P. Love
James Fields
Mr. Cuyler
Mr. Crawford
David Ware
Mr. Hawthorn
Mr. Spencer
Mr. Thompson
John Reynolds
Mr. Wright
Jacob Wrinkle
William Hammond
Lawrence Barrett
Ed Craigmiles
Mr. Sims
Duff Green
Thomas Jolly
Albert Senter
Mr. Lother
Mr. Fincher
George Williamson
Tim Ford
John Hackney
Mr. Emory
Mr. Franklin
Mr. Bishop
Frederick Pentz
Mr. Paxton
Mr. Sasseen
Henry Wrench
Mr. Cate
J. B. Nichols

INDEX

VOLUME ONE

A

Abbott, B. F.....571
Joel Dr. 1046, 1062
John 925
Lewis 574
W. L. 571
Wm. W., Jr. (foot-note).....147
Abercorn, a dead town.....532
Duke of, an English nobleman 532
Abercrombie, Chapman Capt.....1017
Charles Maj., a Revolutionary soldier 866
James 657
Richard 525
Robert 1018
Thomas 681
Abbeville, the county seat of Wilcox 1032
Abrahams, Edmund H., quoted (foot-note) 97, 101
Acadians, The 176
Acock, Mr. 1001
Acres, Leonard 789
Acton, a dead town.....395, 396
Acworth, Ga. 210
Adair, A. D.....571, 579
G. B. 579
George W. 568, 571
Mitchell S. 850
William A. 850
Whitmael A. 850
W. F. 567, 571
Adairsville, Ga. 294
Adams, A. 798, 948
Benjamin 720
Cuthbert 789
David 162, 698
David R. Judge.....869
Edward 416, 773
Col., of Gordon.....627
I. H. Mrs.....237
James 678, 977
John, a Revolutionary soldier, 53, 632, 957
John B. 627
John Quincy 166, 963, 971
Martin 467
Nipper 803
Reuben, a Revolutionary soldier 880
Robert 632
Samuel B. 600
Thad. Capt. 476
William E. 865-866
Adamson, John W.....368, 371
Robert, Secretary to Mayor Gaynor 451, 452, 606
Tilden 452
Wm. C., Congressman.....371
Adderhold, H. D. Dr.....563
Adel, Ga. 302
Addicorn, M. 1015
Agassiz, Louis Prof.....292
Agnes Lee Chapter, U. D. C.....510
Agnes Scott College.....509, 581
Agriculture, Georgia State College of 426, 435
Ainsworth, W. N. Dr. (Rev.).....202
Akerman, Amos T. Hon.....297
Akin, John W.....297
Paul F. 297, 298
T. Warren 297
Warren Col. 294, 297
Akins, John H.....929
Alabama, 70, 128, 149, 163, 170, 171, 305
Alabama River 150
Alamance, Battle of.....482
Alamo, county-seat of Wheeler....1027
Albany, county seat of Dougherty, 519
Alberton, Rev. Mr.....754
Albright, Jacob 564
Oswald 564
Albritton, R. 337
Alexander, Aaron 571
Asa 939, 943
A. D. Mrs.....928
Col. 879
C. H. 1049
David 704
E. P. Gen.....216, 217, 412, 916
G. D. 854
Hugh 342, 704
James, at Kettle Creek.....1049
James F. Dr....571, 576, 645, 836
John P. 607
Joseph A. 571
Joseph Y. Rev.....491
Julius M. 571
J. R. 965
Samuel Lieut.-Col.....1017
Thomas W. 557
W. D. 781
Alford, Columbus A.....1065
James B. 676
Julius C. (the old war horse of Troup) 640, 821, 978
Alfriend, A. H. Mrs.....164, 346
Allen, Albert H.....824
Beverly, homicide and preacher, 538, 557, 559, 852, 913
Ben T. 967, 968
James, a Revolutionary soldier 686, 822, 879
James M. 642
John 704
Lewis 821
Moses Rev. 730, 731
Nathaniel 804

Robert 907
Thomas V., soldier of 1812...804
Young 271
Allday, Joseph 703
Allgood, A. P. Judge.....416, 1001
Charles D. 850
DeForrest 416, 1001
E. W. Y. Judge.....850
William 850
Wm. A., a Revolutionary soldier 539, 1007
Wm. O. 850
Alligood, Hillary 789
Sam 789
Allison, Mrs. 161
Allman, J. I. Prof.....931
N. 416
Thomas 1018
Allston, James W.....318
Almand, Ham 919, 920, 921
Henry P. 920, 921
John H. Judge.....920, 921
Nancy Mrs. 919
Alpharetta, county-seat of Milton..786
Alpine, Ga. 190, 416
Alston, W. H.....822
Altamaha River 60, 63, 67, 281, 770
Altoona, a Cherokee village.....455
Amates, Paul 880
Amelia Island 356
American Party 303
American Soldiers' Colony Association 800
America's First Baptism.....310, 311
Americus, county-seat of Sumter, 935, 936
Amicololah Falls 758
Amos, Elijah M.....496
James 977
William 856
Amour, John 637
Anawaqua, an Indian Princess....364
Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston 590
Anderson, Augustus 907
Capt., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Charles D. Gen.....684
Clifford, Attorney-General.....320
Elisha 907
Elisha, Jr. 907
George Major 402
George D Judge.....469
George T., Brigadier-General, known as "Tige Anderson" 598
H. C. 823
Hugh 380
James 467, 907
J. Randolph Hon.....54
John 702, 884, 945
John C. 795
John R. 372
K. S. Judge 801
Moses 994
Robert 861
R. H. Gen.....412
R. W. Capt.....861
Thomas, soldier of 1812.....835
Wm. a Revolutionary soldier 279
W. 939, 943
Wm. 1007
Wm. Dr. 812
Wm. D. 469
Wm. U. Capt.....490
Andre, Major 848, 849
Andrew Female College.....878, 879
James 727
James Osgood Bishop, 740, 741, 743, 838, 1061
Andrews, Benjamin 727, 739
Eliza F. Miss, quoted in regard to Cotton Gin....125, 1
mentioned 1
Ezra .....
Frederick 8
Garnett Judge, 14, 125, 126, 518, 1
Howell .....
Isham 7
James Capt. 5
J. C. 8
John, a Revolutionary soldier, 496, 8
Marcus 864, 939, 9
Matthew Page Prof.....46,
Raid, The Famous.....5
Robins 9
S. R. 8
T. P. Major.....1
William, a Revolutionary soldier 8
W. G. 8
Angier, N. L. Dr.....5
Anglin, James 7
"Anne, The," an English vessel in which the Georgia Colonists sailed to America.....55, 3
Ansley, Benjamin 7
Ansley, C. F. 9
Park 5
Thomas 10
Anthony, James 715, 10
Micajah 10
Milton Dr 697, 894, 8
Antony, Middleton W.....3
Appling, county-seat of Columbia, 476, 4
County, treated 265, 2
Daniel Col.....265, 266, 276, 4
Sword of 266, 2
John 4
Appomattox, Battle of.....
Arbor Day 2
Arch, John 1
Arendall, C. B. Rev.....8
Argyle, Fort 331, 3
Island 3
Arista, Gen. 6
Arkansas Cherokees 1
Arline, Jethro 7
Arlington, Ga. 3
National Cemetery 10
Armour, R. 6
Armstrong, George F.....6
James 361, 637, 6
John 10
Arnold, Benedict 848, 8
Givens White 7
House 6
Mr., at Kettle Creek.....10
Richard D. Dr.....105, 4
Washington 4
Arp, Bill, how Major Smith found his pen name.....289, 2
Mentioned 2
Arrington, Hardy 8
Arthur, J. M.....5
Articles of Confederation.....1
Asbury, Bishop 8
Landrum 7
R. T. Prof.....7
Ashburn, a story of beginnings....9
W. W. Mr.....982, 9
The town of.....517, 9
The county-seat of Turner...9
Ashe, Gen. 535, 923, 9
Ashfield, Henry 7
Ashley, C. 9
C. R. 7

Marshall 473
Nathaniel 472, 955
William Dr. 752, 955
Ashmore, Otis, quoted.....517, 518
Askew, Wm. 491
Astor, John Jacob.....855
Mrs. 855
"Astyanax" 422
Athens Banner (foot note), 220, 221, 223
county-seat of Clarke, founded, 197, 285, 319, 363, 423, 449
Confederate Monument..440, 442
Guards 442
Atkins, Daniel 1018
Atkinson, C. 963
David Judge 360
Gov. 934
Hiram 505
John P. 782
N. B. 804
Nathan L. 979
P. M. Hon.....801
Samuel C. 600, 623
Silas 804
Spencer R. 600, 625
T. A. Judge.....784
Thomas 704
William Y. Gov., mentioned, 576, 598, 706, 782, 784, 934
Introduces bill creating Georgia Normal and Industrial College 282
His Tomb 490, 491, 784
William Y. Mrs.....787
Atlanta, the county-seat of Fulton,
An educational center 579
A metropolis in flames.....577
Mentioned, 28, 40, 160, 209, 218, 22, 243, 276, 366, 457
Campaign, The 1028, 1034
Constitution ...186, 452, 462, 675
During the Civil War...575, 578
Historic Memorials.....582, 594
Hotel, The Old.....575
Journal 1002, 1035
National Bank, The.....598
Offspring of railways 565
Origin of the name.....569
Pioneer residents, 571, 575, 578, 579
Atlanta's early days.....569
Audubon's Birds 617
Augusta, Mentioned, 45, 122, 123, 125, 140, 147, 224, 228, 236, 283, 343, 366, 457, 882, 887, 1027, 1028
Arsenal, The 905
Birth-place of the present city (illustration).....114, 116
Canal, The 904
Chartered 893
Chronicle, The 45, 126, 480
Fort (illustrated) 113, 116
Historic St. Paul's.....117, 121
Meadow Garden 122, 124
Princess, wife of Prince of Wales 880
Siege of 118
County-seat of Richmond....880
Augustine Creek 105
"Auld Lang Syne".....159
Aumucculla, Chehaw, or Cheraw, an Indian settlement.....722
Austell, Alfred Gen., 365, 571, 577, 598
Ga. 366
Austin, James G., a soldier of the Revolution 559
Michael 850
W. F. 931
Avary, Maria Lockett.....605
Avent, Joseph 1026
Avera, Randolph 330
Avery, Elisha 821
Isaac W. Col.....604, 900, 1023
Quoted 287
Avery's History of Georgia.....1023
Axson, Ellen Louisa (Mrs. Woodrow Wilson) 413, 730, 732, 742
413, 730, 732, 742
I. S. K. Rev., the grandfather of Mrs. Wilson 729, 730, 732, 742
Samuel E. Rev.....730
Samuel J. Dr.....732
Stockton Dr 730
Aycock, Rd., at Kettle Creek....1048
William 539
Ayers, E. L. Dr.....931
Martin 668
Aztecs 77

B

Babcock, C. T.....785
Baber, Ambrose 312
Bacon, Augustus O..321, 732, 734, 739
Quoted 588
DeWitt C. 789
George M. 789
Jonathan 727
Joseph 727
Milton E. Prof.....740
Milton E. Rev.....973
Robt. J. Major.....788
Samuel 727
W. H. 559
Baden, N. B.....670
Baggett, Stephen 365
Bagley, H. C.....499, 500, 501
Bahama Islands 12
Bailey, B. 421
Bledsoe 678
David J. 347, 929
Eliz. Miss 480
F. M. 690
Henry 317
James, a Revolutionary soldier 497
Joel 161
John 356, 571, 637
J. W. 785
Joseph W. Hon.....506, 507, 654, 1024
Nathaniel 864
Phillip 773
S. Gen. 977
Samuel A. 486
Samuel T. 323, 821
T. L. 327
W. A. 931
W. H. 627
Wm., at Kettle Creek.....1048
Wm. 490
Zachariah 879
Bailey's Mills 360
Bain, Donald M.....578
Bainbridge, county-seat of Decatur, 504
William 504
Baitman, C. 317
Baker, Benjamin 727
County, treated 268, 271
Daniel D. D. Rev.....740, 742
George 468
H. 896
John Col., a Revolutionary soldier, mentioned ...733, 734, 741, 932, 1018

Sketch of 268
Duel on horseback prevented, 268, 269
John W. Rev.....740, 822
Joseph Rev. 571
Major 735
Richard 727
Stephen 734
Thomas N. Dr.....501
William 727
Wm. E. Mrs.....466
Willis P. 821
Balboa, a Spaniard 768
Baldwin, Abraham, mentioned, 283, 407, 411, 450, 913, 1016
Founder and President of Franklin College, 140, 141, 142
Sketch of 271, 272
A. J., Sr.....958, 959
County, treated 271, 285
David 766
M. H. 958, 959
Robert 638
Simeon E., Governor of Connecticut 591, 592
Thomas 637
Wm. W. 571
Ball, Anson 1063
Capt. 933
Green B. 934
Ball Ground, a Cherokee village....418
Mountain 994
T. H. 821
Ballard, James M.....571
Ballard's School, Mrs.....581
"Balm for the Weary and the Wounded," Bishop Quintard's book 120, 456
Baltimore, Md....3, 45, 46, 47, 130, 236, 238, 470
Bancroft's History of U. S.....112
Bancroft, James 424
Bank of Augusta, first bank ever chartered in Georgia.....893
Banks Building, Columbus, a Confederate Hospital where "Little Giffen" was an inmate 40
County, treated 285, 286
D. E. 654
Richard Dr. 540, 895
Sketch of 285, 286
Bankston, Abner 846
Daniel 803
Jacob 691
Baptists, Tomb of Daniel Marshall, 137, 476, 482
Mentioned 273
Barber, Col., a Revolutionary soldier 1005, 1006
John Dr 473
J. W. Dr.....699
Robert 423, 424
Barclay, Anthony 229, 230
William 346
Barge, B. F.....934, 1023
John W. 934
Barker, J. H. Col.....856
Rufus, a Revolutionary soldier 1008
Barksdale, Isaac 882
John 1058
Barlow, W. W.....936
Barnard, Edward 882, 884
William 884
Barnes, George T.....915
Gideon 856
James 571
Jethro 681
Joseph 571
V. M. 900
William 539, 571
Wm. E. 907
Barnett, Joel 843
Nathan C. 1061
Buries Georgia's Great Seal, 1056, 1057
Nathaniel 1057
S. 696
Sion, a Revolutionary soldier, 694
William Dr. 538, 1057, 1062
Barnsley Garden, a lost Arcadia, 27, 30, 288
Godfrey 27, 30
Madame 29
Barnwell, Rhett W. Hon.....742
Baron, T. G.....295
Barr, Mathew 704
Barren, Samuel 704
Barrett, Charles S.....857, 998
John 857
Josiah 804
Thomas J. 857, 858
William 856
Barrette, D. B.....627
Barrick, J. R.....604
Barrimacke 360
Barrington Ferry 770
Fort 770
Hall 466
Josiah Lieut.-Col.....770
Road, The 770
Barron, James 504, 507
Samuel 795
Barrow, David C. Dr., Chancellor of the University of Georgia, 53, 277, 424, 433, 434, 753, 843, 846, 847
David C., Sr.....843
James, a Revolutionary soldier 274, 277
Middleton Pope 840
Pope, United States Senator, 277, 411, 847
R. 544
Shadrach 705
Barrs, Morgan 326
Barry, John S., Governor of Michigan 106
Bartbaree, S. 990
Bartholemew, John 70
Bartlett, Charles I.....322, 690
Isaac 57
Myron Dr. 309, 577
Barton, Clara 25
Nathaniel H. 66
Sarah, wife of John Thrasher, 83
Bartow County 2
Treated 286, 290
Florence Long Mrs.....69
Francis S. Gen., sketch of, 286, 288
Mentioned 78, 406, 407, 411
Theodosius Dr. 7
Bartram, William 114, 338, 536, 76
Barwick, L. L. 62
Baskins, Catherine, afterwards Mrs. Alexander Stephens 94
Basinger, W. S. Capt.....40
Basley, Richard 88
Bass, Abel 87
E. 99
J. 67
John Hicks 82
J. L. Hon.....55
Wm. A. Prof.....57
W. C. Dr. (Rev.).....20

Bassett, George, a Revolutionary soldier 890
Bateman, Claiborne 318
Samuel Col., an officer in the War of 1812.....684
Bates, Anthony Sergeant, inscription on monument to.....642
Asa 821
Dr. 835
John 656
J. 317
Josacher 318
Matthias 467
Thomas A. 318
Thomas J. 822
Bath, an old town.....908
Battey, Robert Dr. 556
Battle, Green B.....934
Charlton E. 824
Thomas 794
Thomas W. Dr.....934
Battle, of Jack's Creek.....1005, 1006
Of Bloody-Marhs 73, 77
Of LaFayette 999, 1000
Of the Kegs.....1015, 1016
Of New Hope Church...849, 850
Of Chick-a-saw-hach-ee..269, 270
Of Chickamauga 203, 208
Of Kettle Creek 131, 134
Kennesaw Mountain 208, 211
Baugh, Jeremiah 317
Baxley, county-seat of Appling, 265, 267
Wilson 265
Baxter, John, a Revolutionary soldier 812
Thos. W. 424
Bayless, Belle Miss. quoted.....27
Bayne, Charles J.....604, 917
John 715
Bazemore, W. J. Dr.....372
Beach, S. M.....629
Beall, Chas. C.....1063
Elias 817
Jesse Dr. 948
Josiah B. 1018
Beall, Robert Augustus Gen., mentioned 34, 35, 323, 991, 1018
Samuel 1018, 1063
Thomas N. 864
William Gen. 369, 371
Beall's Hill 318
Beaconsfield, Lord 302
Beard, E. C.....318
John H. 318
Robert 680
Beasley, Ambrose, at Kettle Creek, 1049
David 337
Major 637
Beatty, Henry 1027
Michael 704
Robert 1027
Thomas 704, 1001
Beauchamp, J. C. Dr.....857
Beaufort, S. C.....408
Beaulieu, The, estate of Governor Wm. Stephens 389, 390
Beauregard, Gen. G. B. T., quoted, 49, 401, 552
Beauvoir, Miss 218
Beaver Dam Creek.....542
Beavers, James Litchfield Capt...366
John F. 365, 417
John S. 491
Reuben C. 365
Robert 844
Robert O. 365, 487
W. A. J.....365
Beck, Erasmus W. Hon.....929
Isaiah 369
J. W. Rev.....347, 858
Lewis H. 578, 930
Marcus W. 600
Marcus W. Judge.....347
T. J. Rev.....1058
Beckham, John S.....670
Beckom, Samuel Maj.....278
Beckom's Mount 277, 278
Beddell, Absalom, at Kettle Creek, 766, 1045, 1048
Beddingfield, Charles, at Kettle Creek 1049
Joseph 1023
Bedell, Thomas G.....670
Beeks, James A.....929
Beeland, David 948
Zach 949
Beemer, Henry 463
Beland, Benj. 496
Bell, Andrew 844
Annie M. Miss.....723
Capt. 754
Col. 560
Francis, a Revolutionary soldier, buried in Jackson Co., 692
Hiram P. Hon.....559
Horatio W. Judge.....690, 691
James 538
Jeremiah Dr. 491
J. N. Mrs. 928
Jackson W. 691
Lillian, a well-known writer of fiction 604
Marcus A. 571
Samuel 1018
Thomas M. Hon....690, 692, 1032
W. R. 286
William 794
Bell's Boarding House, Mrs.....597
Beman, Nathan S. S. Rev.....428
Benedict, S. C. Rev.....456
Ben Hill County, treated.....299, 301
Bennett, A. T. Capt.....692
Braxton, a soldier of 1812..1026
J. C. Dr. 690
John T. 1026
Joseph W. Judge.....328
S. S., of Camilla.....328
W. B. Judge.....328
B. F. 571
Micajah, a Revolutionary soldier 822
Benning, Anna C. Miss.....723, 815
Henry L. Gen. and Judge, 234, 320, 478, 483, 828
John 481, 483
Mary Miss 815
Sarah Cobb 483
Benson, John B.....676, 677
Katherine E. Mrs., first graduate of Wesleyan.....201
Reuben 467
Bentley, James, a Revolutionary soldier 1008
Bently, M. M. Judge.....920, 921
Benton, Everett C. Col.....590
Jesse 673
Thomas Hart ..302, 538, 673, 687
Benson, Moses W.....365
Bergsteiner, Matthias 531
Berkele, John 571
Berkley, Bishop 52
Berner, Robert L. Col.....796, 1020
Bermuda, Island of, now called Colonel's Island 332, 732

Berrien County, treated.....301, 305
John Major, a Revolutionary soldier 302, 704, 706, 707
John McPherson, the American Cicero, 156, 301, 303, 373, 399, 403, 407, 412, 557
Berry, Andrew J.....490
James 168
John Col. 975
Martha Miss 250, 261, 875
Martin P. 1039
Maxwell R. 571
Mount, how the Sunday Lady won the mountains....250, 261
School, The 250, 261
Berryhill, Alexander 702
Andrew 704
Samuel 702
W. H. 326
Bertody, T. D.....854
Bessie Tift College... 791
Best, John P.....449
Bethany, a settlement near Ebenezer 531
Bethel, The Tison, plantation.....617
Bethesda, the famous Orphan House founded by Whitfield, near Savannah ...80, 84, 99, 406, 953
Meaning of the name.....82
Beth-Salem, church at Lexington..840
Bethune, James N. Gen.....818, 821
Betts Family, The 697
G. T. 982, 984
John S. 981, 982, 983, 984
Mr. 982
R. L 982, 984
William Overton 451
Bevins, Roland 317, 318
Bibb Cavalry 34
County, treated 305, 324
George M. 395
Thomas Hon. 305, 540
W. W. Dr.....305, 306, 538, 540, 877, 1057
Biegler, John Spiel.....531
Bienville, French Governor of Louisiana 70
Bigbee, James N., a Revolutionary soldier 670
Bigby, John Rev.....491
John S. Judge.....491
Bigbie, Thomas Dr.....449
Bigelow, B. F.....859
Major 591
Biggers, Joseph, a Revolutionary soldier 822
Stephen T. Dr.....571
"Big Gully" 278
Bigham, Benj. G. Judge.....978
Bigshop, Stephen 766
Big Warrior, description of (footnote) 25, 26, 165
Billups, Robert Capt.....933
Billup's Tavern 142
Birch, J. 994
Bird, Daniel H.....420
Fitzgerald Dr. 821
Henry C. 365
James 337
John B. 864
Joseph 976
Nathaniel P. 821
Thomas 628
Thompson Dr. 317, 318
Williamson 1058
Bishop, Abner 505
James 719, 720, 756
Mr., a Revolutionary soldier, 838
Thomas 424
Bissell, E. E.....822
Bivins, Thomas 774-778
Black Creek 505
Jane Mrs. 926
J. C. C. Major.....582, 915
Orator at Chickamauga.....204
Lawson 1001
W. A. 922
Blackburn, Daniel 926
J. C. C. Dr.....806
L. 559
Samuel Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 540, 1057
Burwell 670
Blackshear, David E. Gen., 528, 530, 716, 720, 721, 785, 852, 953, 962
Edward 861, 962, 963, 964
James J. 963
J. M. 629
Road 853, 954
the county-seat of Pierce....852
The Family Record.....719
Thomas E. Gen.....962, 963, 964
Blackwell, J. 759
William 564
Blair, D. W. Col.....464
Francis P. 992
James 564, 704
Blaine, Mr. 597
Blairshard, Robert 702
Blairsville, county-seat of Union..992
Blake, W. 656
Blakely, Johnston Capt.....526
Blakely, the county seat of Early, 526
Blalock, J. L.....546
Blance, Joseph A. Major.....859
Joseph G. 850
Blanchard, Nathaniel 864
Blandford, Mark H.....600, 640, 823, 828, 1018
Blantley, Grover C.....969
Blassengame, Powell 1007
Wyatt 997
Bleckley County, treated.....324, 327
James 876
Logan E. Judge, Chief Justice, 240, 566, 571, 596, 600, 667, 828, 875, 977
Recollections of 324, 325
Bledsoe, Jesse 865
John 702
Blitch, Benjamin R.....534
Benjamin, Jr. 533
Daniel I. 533
James E. 533
Joseph L. 533
S. E. 533
William W. 534
Block, Frank E.....578
Bloodworth, Junius 830
O. H. B.....796
Timothy 949
Bloody Marsh, a decisive battle fought on St. Simon's Island, in which Spain lost a continent 50, 55, 59, 72, 73, 76
Rancoux 206
Blount, Freeman 781
James H. 325
Thomas 715
Blow, Micajah 949
Blue and Gray.....203, 301
Ridge Mountains 266
Ridge, the county-seat of Fannin 54

Board of War....101
Boaz, M. 628
Bobo, S. M....676
Boger, P. C....424
Boggess, Giles S....369
Boggs, A. 424
James 704
John 704
Wm. E. (Chancellor)....432
Wm. R. 916
Bogle, John W. Capt....1036
Joseph Judge 1033, 1036
Boles, Joseph 528
Bolingbroke's Letters (foot-note)...52
Bolton, Ga. 455
Robt. 383, 387
Thomas 369
Bolzius, John Martin Rev....530
Bomar, B. F. Dr....571
E. P. Dr....968
Bon Air Hotel 905, 916
Bonar, William 882
Bonaparte, Jerome 674
Bonaventure, county-seat of the Tattnalls 89, 92, 943
Bond, C. 803
Claud 931
John 714, 715
Lewis 724
Mr. 635
M. L. 634
Bone, Bailey 850
Boney, L. W....954
Bonnell, J. M. Dr. 202
John 926
Bonner, Henry, a Revolutionary soldier 1017
John 369
Robert 884
Thomas 360
Zadoc 369
"Book of Common Prayer"....120, 456
Boone, Daniel 673
S. S. 774
Booth, David S....308
Zachariah 715
Borders, S. A. Capt....859
Borglum, Solon H....587
Boring, Jesse Rev....821, 829
John M. Dr....571
Bornal, Raphael 98
Raphael Mrs. 98
Bornell, Anthony 926
Bostick, Littleberry 884
Boston Light Infantry, The....591
Light Infantry Veterans....591
Boston, Mass. 5, 174
Bostwick, Chesley, a Revolutionary soldier 708
Littleberry, a Revolutionary soldier 157, 708
Boswell, James 57
J. I. 895
Bosworth, Josiah 571
Bothwell, David Rev....701, 706
Boudinot, Elias..172, 174, 183, 184, 626
Murdered by hostile Cherokees 181, 182
Bourke, T. Corporal, in Mexican War 396
Bowdon College 347, 368
Bowdre, Edmund 864
Bowen, A. 945
Eliza, quoted (historian), 131, 1049, 1062
E. P. 967, 968
Israel P. 628
Levi 945
Wm. P. Major....105
Oliver, Capt., a Revolutionary soldied ..390, 391, 410, 411, 646
R. V. 301
Stephen 945
William 538, 1058
W. R. 301
Bower, Byron B. Judge....506
Bowers, William 563
Wm. F. 676
Bowles, J. Edgar Col....591
Thos. 670
Bowman, Francis H. Rev....731
Boyd, Arthur E. Mrs....393
Bain 754
Col., British Tory officer, killed at Kettle Creek....131, 134
David 945
Hugh M. 571
James 926
J. F. 571
P. E. Capt....348
Robert 955
Thomas J. 571
Boyett, Isaac 505
Boykin, Samuel Dr. 274
William 720
Boyle, Robert 1001
Boylston, Henry 578
Boynton, Charles E....578
Elisha S. 680, 681
Henry V. Gen....203
Hollis A. 578
James S. Col...596, 681, 928, 929
James S. Mrs. 928
Jefferson Lamar 348
Boyt, J. L. Col....522
Bozeman, J. B....982, 984
Brack, Benj., a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked....339
Braddock, an officer in the French and Indian War....942, 988
Braddy, Cullen 1018
Nathan 318
Bradford, Henry 496
J. J. Rev....789
Joseph Rev. 949
Nathaniel 949
Thomas 686
William 686
Bradley, E. 781
Forbes 821
James 843, 1058
John 843, 1058
J. W. 491
Norman 491
Bradwell, S. D. Hon....740, 757
Brady, A. J....571
Isaac 571
T. M. Capt....419
W. 936
Bragg, Braxton Gen....372, 1000, 1028
Oak 1000
Samuel 1063
Brampton, the home of Jonathan Bryan 93, 96, 408
Brand, Charles H. Judge....646
Ebgert M. 644
Isaac 1007
Brandner, Matthias 531
Brandon, a forgotten settlement, 761, 763
Brandywine 277
Branham, A. 773
Branham or Brannan, a Revolutionary soldier 421
Dr. 969
Henry Dr. 864, 867

Joel Dr. (Judge).....557, 867
Thomas 1058
Walter R. 867
Brannen, William 337
Brannon, Calvin J.....667
James 803
Bransford, John 997
Brantley, Ames, a Revolutionary soldier 662
Benjamin Daniel 702, 853
J. J. 1029
James 528, 702
Jeremiah 702
William G. 464, 623
Brass Town Creek.....993
Brazell, C. W.....969
Brazer, Thurman T. Maj.....591
Brazill, Button 318
Brears, Wm. K.....1001
Breckinridge, James 704
John C. Gen.....212
Bremer, Frederica, the Swedish novelist 403, 617
Brenau College 654
Brewer, A. 955
David J. Justice (foot-note)..376
Joe 473
L. K. Mrs.....928
Brewers, The 637
Brewster, Elizabeth Miss.....256
Brewster Hall 256
Hugh Major 491
Brewton, H. J.....946
Jonathan B. 946
J. C. Rev.....945
Nathan 945
Parker Institute 946
Samuel 945
Simon J. 945
Briar Creek 923
Battle of 338
Briars, Wm. K.....416
Bridges, Mr., at Kettle Creek....1049
Bridwell, J. W.....571
Sion 571
Bright, S. Ellis Major.....591
Brinkley, A. 1018
Briscoe, R. 1007
W. 1007
British, see England.
Brittain, M. L.....753
Britton, Stephen 387
"Broad Ax," a nickname for Rev. Hope Hill 1054
Brodie, John 532
Broadnax, Joel 835
Broad River 306, 482
Settlement of 1942
Brockman, John B.....467
Broken Arrow 165
Brooks County, treated.....327, 330
E. 680
Edward 773
George 510
Ivy 795
Jacob R. .....
John 680, 681
John P. 420
John R. 510
John S. 496, 948
Jordan F. 106
J. R.....1001
Larkin 804
Micajah, a Revolutionary soldier 858
Mrs. Octogenarian 794
M. 680
Preston S. 32
Robert 77
Simon 79
William, a soldier of 1812..100
Broom Town 41
Broters, Thomas 69
Brothersville (Hepzibah) 906, 90
Brotherton, William H.....57
Brown, A. 53
Allen 70
Bedford 69
Benjamin, a Revolutionary soldier 545, 72
B. H. 95
B. P., Jr., Judge.....93
Capt. 31
Caroline Lewis Gordon Mrs., daughter of Gen. Gordon..58
Charles J. McDonald Scholarship Fund 43
C. B. 67
Christopher B. 49
Col. 98
David 17
Dr. 79
E. 79
Epps Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 66
Hugh 36
James 50
James R. Judge 42
Jesse, a Revolutionary soldier 52
Joe, plantation of, mentioned, 499, 50
John, a Revolutionary soldier 88
John 79
John 70
John Rev. 428, 103
John, a Revolutionary soldier buried in Camden, his epitaph 353, 35
John D. 102
J. Pope Col.....86
John T. 77
Joseph 76
Joseph E., War Governor, United States Senator and Railroad President, 45, 159, 288, 297, 418, 419, 42 422, 435, 436, 468, 556, 578, 59 600, 716, 845, 859, 992, 99 1038, 105
Joseph M., Governor....53, 10 324, 422, 468, 596, 599, 603, 87 935, 105
Julius L. 5
L. L. Mrs.....4
Martin 8
Mrs. 6
Roland 6
Samuel 8
Sanders 8
Stark 10
S. V. 6
William, Jr. 3
William 5
William 704, 715, 8
William Capt. .....
Wm. J. 6
Wm. T. 4
Browne, Col. 884, 8
T. J. Hon.....6
Wm. M. Gen.....447, 4
Browning, Leo H.....3
William 6

rownlee, Rev. Mr. 801
rownsborough, a dead village....910
rown's Mount 317
rownson, Nathan 140, 146, 738
ruce, Henry, biographer of Gen. Oglethorpe (foot-note)....53
W. R. 931
rumfield, Ezekiel 702
runswick, Ga. 127, 240, 356
County-seat of Glynn, 609, 620, 621
ryan, Andrew, an emancipated slave, afterwards a famous preacher 95
Caesar, a negro slave....95
County, treated 330, 333
Elizabeth 95
Ella Howard 294
E. H. Rev....475
Ezekiel, a Revolutionary soldier 880
George H. 670
Goode 916
Henry 926
J. A. Dr....690
Jacob 754
James 331
Jane Wallace (foot-note)....94
Jonathan, an illustrious patriot, his country-seat at Brampton ...330, 331, 379, 383, 394, 406, 407, 408
Sketch of 93, 96
John 754
Joseph, Congressman, 95, 96, 411
L. 933
Mary E. 604
P. 1015
William J. 246, 250, 640
William 95
T. H. Squire....920, 921
ryant, David 369
John 704, 812
Langley 361
ryce, Ambassador 53
rydie, David Dr....787
uchanan, county-seat of Haralson 667
George 774
Hugh Judge 491
James 528
J. M. Dr....517
President 915
ucholter, Peter, a Revolutionary soldier 880
uckhalter, John M....337
uckler, Samuel E....822
uckner, John 865
uell, Willis 571
uena Vista, the county-seat of Marion 777
uffalo Fish Town, a Cherokee village 455
uford, Thomas 346
ugby, N. 990
ugg, Sherwood 884
W. H. 752
ull Creek Bridge, near Columbus..43
Jesse 481
Mr., of Baltimore, invents cotton gin 130
Town Swamp 268
William Col. 379, 381
ullard, Calvin 789
ulloch, Archibald, President of the Executive Council of Georgia, 88, 385, 392, 407, 409, 410, 643, 682, 742
Sketch of 333, 334
Burrell 317, 318
C. 317
County, treated 333, 337
Cyprian, Sr. 782
Hall 466
Hawkins, a Revolutionary soldier 776
James, Sr. 88
James S. Major....932
John 318
Martha, wife of Theodore Roosevelt 334, 742
Richard 318
R. W. 571
Uriah J. Capt., volunteer officer in the war for Texan Independence 36
William B. 337, 403, 411, 412, 864
William H. 412
Bullock, Rufus B. Gov....579, 596, 914
Bullsboro, a lost town....484, 486
Bunker Hill 390
Bunkley, Jesse Capt....1007
Bullard, Thomas 365
Bunkley Trial, The 715
Bunn, William C. Hon....859
Bunyon, Mr. 532
Burbank, T. F....859
Burch, Andrew 528
Charles 907
Edward 907
James H. 628
Burdett, Humphrey 1058
Tom Mrs. 129
Bureau of Entomology....176
Burge, Matthews 546
Burgess, J. R....982, 984
Burke County, treated....337, 344
Jail 338
J. F. Capt....584, 590, 591, 592
Burkhalter, D. M. 778
J. 778
John 1018
M. 336
Burnett, Capt. 754
Daniel, at Kettle Creek....1048
Ichabod, at Kettle Creek....1048
Jeremiah 317
John, at Kettle Creek....1048
S. D. 496
Thomas N. 607
Burney, Green B....1063
John 1023
J. W. General....696
Thomas J. 804
William 864
Burnley, S. 1018
Samuel 727
Burns, Philip 416
William, a Revolutionary soldier 1064
Burnsides, James 380
John 702
Thomas E. Col....69
Burnt Fort 374
Burr, Aaron 611, 623
Burt, A. J....670
Joel H. 939
Burton, Thomas 538
William A. 342
Busby, John 704
Bush Arbor Speech, The....597
Daniel 564
Dr. 1015
Elijah B. Dr....785
Isaac 785
James 528, 785

Joseph 953
J. S. 785
Mrs., a widow, married the father of Gen. Blackshear, 720
William 720, 785
Bushnell, David Capt...481, 1015, 1016
Bussey, H. W. 982, 984
Stanley 984
Butler, David E. 654, 805
Edward 1058
Gen. 513, 890
James 929
John C., author History of Macon 34
Joseph 387
Maj., of Hampton's Point, 612, 623
O. 955
Pierce, married Fannie Kemble, the noted actress, 611, 612, 623
Sarah 611
Fannie 611
the county-seat of Taylor....946
Troup 789
William Orlando Gen. 946
Butler's "Historical Record of Macon," quoted 34
Butt, Archibald 856
Moses M. 821
William M. 571
Butterfield, Gen. 734
Point 733
Buttolph, Dr. 736, 737
T. L. Rev. 731
Butts, Arthur 274
County, treated 344, 347
Eldredge Judge 949
Elijah 519
John 994
Matthew 274
Samuel Capt. 548, 697
Sketch 344, 345
Byne, Samuel 908
Bynum, Reuben 879
Byrd, N. W. 304
Byron, Lord 229, 1041
Terrance 633

C

Cabaniss, Elbridge G. Judge, 795, 796
George 715, 794
H. H. 715, 795
John 715
Thomas B. Judge.....795, 796
Cabin, Smith, a Cherokee chief....415
Cade, Bud 703
D. B. Capt. 745
Mr., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Robert 702
Cain, John 1058
Caines, William 538
Cairo, the county-seat of Grady...628
Calahern, Wm. 882
Calder, John, a Revolutionary soldier 771
Caldwell, George 782
James 486
J. H. 949
John 487, 1001
John W. Dr. 878, 879
Samuel 714
William 714
Calhoun, A. B. Dr. 487, 488, 491
Andrew E. Judge.....488
Abner W. Dr. 488, 492, 579
Catherine Miss 477
County, treated 347, 348
Eliza Ann 488
E. N. Dr. 512, 571
Ephraim Ramsey 488
James M. Hon., Atlanta's War Mayor 511, 512, 571
John C. Sen., 186, 188, 302, 347, 428, 477, 566, 624, 758, 992, 1032
J. S. Capt. 823
Martha Frances 488
Mr. 878
Patrick 477, 1038
Samuel 496
the county-seat of Gordon, 170, 294, 624
William Lowndes Col...512, 571, 686, 587
Callehan, Edward 691
Callaway, Job 1058
John 680, 1057
John W. 506
Joseph 1058
S. P. Rev. 824
Callingham, Morris 766
Camber, Dorothy, see Dorothy Walton.
Cambridge, Mass. 207, 209
Camden County, treated.....348, 363
Earl of, Charles Pratt, 348, 1040
Cameron, A. 559
Robert 416
Thomas 977
Camp, Hosea, a Revolutionary soldier 545
John L. 365
Joseph G. Y. Hon. 526
Joseph T. Maj. 819, 821
Campbell, Callett 781, 782
County, treated 363, 366
Col. 532
Colin Sir .....
Col., a Revolutionary soldier 679
Duncan G. Col.....134, 884, 1061, 1062
Sketch of 363
Pioneer champion of female education 200, 201
James P. H. 1064
Jeremiah, a Revolutionary soldier 694
John 704
John A. 363, 1059, 1062
J. C. Rev. 648
John K. Hon. 963
Lieut.-Col. 923
Lord 749
Martin 882
Walter L. 773
William 330
Campbellton, Ga. 364, 365
Camuse, Anthony 380
Candler, Allen Daniel Gov...451, 482, 596, 599, 776
Asa G. 370, 482, 514, 579, 602
Charles Murphey Hon. 512
D. G. Capt. 654
Ezekiel S., Jr. 370
Hall 833
John, at Kettle Creek.....1049
John S. Judge.....370, 482, 514, 600, 602
Mark A. 764
Milton A. Hon.....370, 512, 602
Parks 691
Samuel C. 370
Warren A. Bishop..77, 370, 464

482, 514, 602, 832, 833, 838
William Col., a Revolutionary soldier 370, 376, 480, 481, 482, 765, 767, 835, 884, 911
Cannon, Charles Dr....977
Henry 876
James 1064
Nathaniel 1064
Cannon's Point, the home of Mr. John Cooper 611, 612, 623
Canouchee Creek 331
Cantey, M. S. 982, 984
Canton, county-seat of Cherokee, 417, 418, 419, 421, 422
Volunteers 397, 419
Cape Girardeau 180
Cape Hatteras 319
Cappleman, Josie Frazer (footnote) 220
Capps, John 634
T. A. 931
Carbanus, William 715
Carey, Dan C. Mr....595
George Hon. 998
M., sergeant in Mexican War 396
Cargile, Charles 696
Carithers, Belle Miss....952
Ella H. Mrs....950
Carle, L. K....369, 318
Carlisle, Mr. 498, 602
Willis 571
Carlton, Henry 803
H. H. Capt....447, 448
James R. 424
Carlyle, Thomas, quoted on Battle of Bloody Marsh....73
Carmichael, Belle Miss....563
Joseph 888
Carnegie, Andrew, a benefactor of Agnes Scott College....509
Estate 349
Lucy Mrs., widow of Thomas 2, 3
Thomas 1
Carnes, Peter 892
Thomas P. Judge....283, 450, 560, 913, 915
Carnesville, Ga. 283, 562, 675
Carr, Mr. 982
Henry 888
James 528
J. P. 510
Mark 620
Patrick, a Revolutionary soldier 707, 735
Robert 571
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 765
William 715, 990
Carroll, Charles of Carrollton..366, 852
County, treated 366, 372
Mentioned 166, 168
And her people....367
Jesse 502
William Gen. 173
Carrollton, county-seat of Carroll, 366, 368
Carr's Volunteers 735
Carruthers, Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 1001
Carson, Luke 106
Cartersville, Ga., county-seat of Bartow ..286, 289, 290, 296, 297 and Van Wert R. R....291
Carswell, Alexander, a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked, 339, 340
John Lieut., a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked....
John W. Judge....907
M. 1063
Reuben W. 708
Carter, C. A....836
Colquitt 811
Farish 286, 809, 811
Evelyn P. Mrs....40
Isaac 337
James T., Sr., a soldier of 1812 850
Jesse 267, 754, 876
John Capt. 120, 1007
John Dr. 894
Josiah 994
Micajah 337, 676
Richard 696
Robert 850
Samuel 267
Samuel McDonald 810, 812
T. A. 538, 539
Thomas 702, 1058
W. A. Rev....824
William 934
Cartilana, the principal chief of Mountain Town 607
Caruhers Family, The....776
Cary, George 484
John 704
Hettie Miss 47, 48
Jennie Miss 47, 48
Case, George D. Dr....279
Irwin 864
Casey, Israel 455
Cason, Jesse 949
J. 538
William 1018
Cass County (see Bartow)....286, 294
Lewis Gen. 286, 946
Cassels, A. Gordon Col....732
Cassidy, Mrs. 219
Cassville, Ga. 294
Caswell, Gen. 988
Catchings, Benj. 1045, 1048
Phillip 714
Seymour 715
Catherwood's Antiquities of South America 617
Catlett, David 702
John 702
Catoosa County, treated....372
Cave Spring 554
Cecil, Leonard 387
Cedar Hill, home of Wilson Lumpkin 445, 446
Shoals 142
Cedartown, the county-seat of Polk 291, 858
Cemetery, Colonial 104, 111
Cottage, near Augusta....122
Jewish 104
"Center of the World," a famous locality in Hart County...676
Center Village, an old cotton market 374
Century, Nelson 857
Cessna, Charles 637
Chadox, A. J. 803
Chalfinch, Hiram, a Revolutionary soldier 997
Chalibbee, Battle of 344
Chamberlain, E. P. 579
T. M. 989
Chamberlayne, Lewis Parke, footnote 230
Chambers, D. B. 959
John 546, 704
John M. 421

John T. 369
Joseph 369
William H. 824
Chambliss, B. F. Dr. 795
C. P. Mrs. 957
Chamlee, T. 421
Chancey, James 1026
Chandler, Daniel, pioneer advocate of female education ..200, 201, 363
Gray A. 864
"Honest Tom" 369
John, at Kettle Creek, 1049, 1058
Joseph 564
Isaac 416
Lindsey 369
Thomas 369
William B. 628
Chapell, John 715
Chapman, A. 696, 794
John 884
N. 939, 943
W. B. 571
Chappell, Absalom H. Col., 20, 380, 669, 724, 770, 780, 828, 1006
Quoted 23, 24, 422, 423
Absalom H. Mrs. 822
John 794
J. Harris Dr. 282, 824
L. H. Mr. 815
L. H. Mrs. 815
Thomas J. 824
Charles, a Cherokee Chief....177, 178
Charleston, S. C., 88, 91, 101, 105, 221, 224, 334, 379, 535, 881
Charlton County, treated 373,-375
Mentioned 265
Margaret, Miss 107
Robert M. 403, 407, 412, 414
Sketch of 373-374
T. J. Dr. 84, 373
Thomas U. P. 373, 414, 687
Walter G. Judge 54, 107, 374
Quoted 55, 58
Foot-note 73
Walter G. Mrs. 277
James Jackson, Maj-Gen., Life of 414
Chastain, B. 607
Edward 607, 994
E. W. 544
John B. 994
Chatham Academy 83
Artillery, The: Georgia's oldest military organization 397,-399
History of 399, 402, 735
County, treated 375-414
Earl of, William Pitt, sketch of 375-376
Last speech in the House of Lords 376-378
Epitaph in Westminster Abbey 377
George 670
Hussars 399
Chattahoochee County, treated, 414-415
River, 39, 69, 70, 162, 164, 210, 366, 369, 454, 455, 460
What the word means..414, 415
Valley 231
Chattanooga Military Park 204
Chattooga County, treated 415
Cheatham, C. A. Dr. 958 959
Frank, Bivouac, U. C. V. 221
Chehaw, Cheraw or Aumucculla, an Indian settlement, 722-3, 871
Chenault, Dionysius 213, 214,217
John 745
Home, an old landmark, in the neighborhood of which occurred the famous raid on the Confederate treasure wagons 213-218
Cheney, Winslow D. 348
Thomas B. 804
"Cherokee Advocate" 175, 194
Agency 415
Almanac 194
Alphabet (illustrated) ..190, 196
Baptist College 553
Corner 839
Council 171-178
County, treated 417-422
Indians, Ball game to settle boundary lines with Creeks, 454-455
New Echota: the last capitol of the Nation....170-175
Under the Lash: pathetic incidents of the removal, 176-182
Dahlonega: once the center of gold. Mining Activities in America 185-189
Harriet Gold: a Romance of New Echota 183-184
Sequoya: the modern Cadmus 190-196
Sketch of 417-418
Mentioned, 22, 164, 205, 285, 551, 600, 624, 633.
"Messenger" 194
"Phoenix," the first newspaper in North 194
Georgia 172, 173,174,183
Cherry, Samuel 505
Cheshire, W. T. 785
Chester, William 505
Chestnut, Alexander 704
Chicago 247
Chickamauga, battle field and park, 203-208
Significance of the name....207
Creek 1000
Towns 999
Chickasaw Indians 22
Chic-a-saw-hach-ee, battle of...269-270
Swamp 269
Chilabbee, Battle of 548
Childers, John, a Revolutionary soldier 559
Childre, William 766
China Hill 954
W. T. 969
Chipley, Hunt 824
Chippewa Square 53, 103,104
Chisholm, A. G. 572
Willis 571
Chivers, Thomas H. Dr., a melancholy child of geinus, 514, 508
Choctaw Indians 22
Chopped Oak 647
Christ Church, Frederica....59, 66
Savannah: where the Georgia Colonist first worshipped God 77-79,111
Christian, Charles 420
G. Rev. 794
"Index" 432
J. M. Dr. 699
T. J. 330
Christie, Josiah A. 997
Thomas 380
Christman, Nathaniel 1058
Robert 888
Chronicle and Constitutionist, The, Georgia's oldest newspaper 900

hurch, Alonzo, Dr. 424, 425
icero, The American, (John Mac-Pherson Berrien) 301-302
incinnati, the Society of.....111
ivil War, Jefferson Davis's arrest at Irwinville 13-18
Shellman Heights 31-34
Little Giffen 39-45
Origin of Maryland 45-50
Chickamauga, one of the bloodiest battle fields of modern times become a national park 203-208
The Old Heard House: where the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held 211-213
The Old Chenault House..213-218
Kennesaw Mountain: once a peak of the Inferno....208-211
lare, Sidney 301
lark, Benjamin 1036-1037
D. C. P. .....
David 684
George Rogers, Col.....700
Gibson 144
Henry G. 782
James 496, 684, 771
J. C. F. 959
John, Gov. and Gen., 159, 274, 275, 541, 724, 746, 878, 1005, 1007, 1048, 1057, 1059
John R. Dr. 929
John W. Capt. 587
Jordan 691
Major 352-353
Mr. 909
Richard H. Judge, 323, 468, 469, 522, 523, 533, 867, 878,
Samuel B. Dr. 907
Thomas 782
Thomas M. 572
Walter A. Mr. 906
William 424, 882
Z. H. 475
County, treated 422-448
Daniel 882
Clarke, Elijah Gen....21, 131, 481, 677, 679, 744, 746, 749, 775, 885, 886, 889, 912, 945, 986, 1005, 1007, 1043, 1045, 1048, 1057, 1059, 1061
Monument in Athens 422-423
Tomb of 744
E. Y. 572, 604
James 572
J. K. 106
John T. Judge 935
Joshua 724
Lewis H. 572
Marshall J. Judge.....935
Patrick 882
Rifles 442
Robert M. 572
Samuel 347
Thomas 564
Wm. H. Rev. (D. D.).....119
Clarke's Station in Wilkes.....132
Clarkesville, the county-seat of Habersham 646
Clapp, Joseph B. 572
Clay, Alexander Stephens, his monument in public square at Marietta 464-466
Mentioned 470, 471, 599, 783
Catherine 332
County, treated 449
Evelyn, Miss 464
Henry 302, 449, 538, 673, 992
Jesse 844
John 468
John, a soldier of 1812.....850
Joseph Jr., Rev. 409
Joseph, Paymaster of Revolution 140, 332, 409, 877
Thomas 850
Cleghorn, Sam, Ex-Mayor 824
Clayton, Augustus S. Judge, mentioned, 144, 423, 444, 448, 681, 870, 899, 916, 983.
Sketch of 450-451
County, treated 450-452
The county-seat of Rabun...870
W. W. Judge 451, 579
Clermont, The, first steamboat....564
Cleaveland, Benjamin, Col.....1030
Cleburne, Patrick 372
Clemens, Thos J., soldier of 1812..939
Clement, J. B. Judge.....12
William 882
Clements, John, Col.....342
Judson C. Hon., Chairman of Interstate Commerce Commission 557, 1002
J. I. 967,968
Nelson 934
Cleveland B. 650
County-seat of White.....1030
Grover, President of the United States, 106, 296, 413, 506, 526, 589, 603, 779, 783, 861, 1018
Jesse F. 514
L. 564
N. 564
W. C. 496
Clift, Joseph W., Congressman....412
Clifton, A. S. Dr. 821
Ezekiel 945
N. 933
George 510
Clinch County, treated 452, 454
Duncan L. Gen., mentioned, 356, 362, 407, 969
Sketch of 452-453
W. B. 402
Cline, William 929
Clinton, an old town.....712, 713
Lawson 908
Clisby, Joseph 309
Cloud, Ezekiel, a Revolutionary soldier, his grave marked..679
Howell C. 679
Joel 481, 766
William 990
Clower, John 766
Peter 715
Clyde, Ga. 330
Lord 330
Clymer, George 359
Coalson, Paul 964
Cobb, Andrew J. 447, 448, 600
County, treated 454, 471
Mentioned 197
Cobb-Deloney Camp, U. D. C., (footnote) 223
Family, The 944
Henry 420
Howell, Gen. and Governor, 169, 222, 444, 445, 707
Howell, Hon. Uncle of Governor 681, 707
Howell, Mrs. (Mary Ann Lamar) 440
Isaac E. 369
John 478, 706

John Addison 424, 445
Joseph Beckham 197, 845
Martin 356, 861
Private Joe 367
Thomas, Col., a Revolutionary Officer 767
Thomas, Capt., a noted centenarian 454, 478, 480, 483
Thomas, R. R. Gen., 156, 294, 297, 426, 437, 438, 445, 448, 468, 469, 523, 707
A Statue of 896
Thomas W., 197, 448, 479, 483, 636, 638, 845, 847
Sketch of 454
William 656
William B. 490
Cobbham 438, 445, 480
Cobbs, Absalom, Capt. 1017
Legion 442
Cochran, Arthur E, Judge 324, 623
Cheedle, Major, a Revolutionary soldier, 365, 487, 681 692
Major, buried near Jefferson, 692
Martin 670
Ga. 325, 326
Owen 365
Cocke, B. F. 959
Cody, James 607
Coffee, Cleveland 876
County, treated 471, 473
Joel 876
John, Gen., soldier of 1812, 876, 954, 955, 1033
Sketch of 471, 472
Susan, afterwards Mrs. Mark Wilcox 955
Coggins, William 369
Cohen, David 98
Mrs. 98
Abigail 98
Grace 98
Hannah 98
Isaac 98
Cohutta Springs 808
Coit, John K. Rev. 1030, 1031
Coker, F. M. 492, 579
Coke's Chapel 778
Colbert, Jack 949
Richard 843
Cole, Carleton B. Judge.....323
Chas. 356
Isham 502
Jeremiah 369
Robert 491
William 356, 773
Coleman, Dr. 948
Daniel, at Kettle Creek.....1048
Isaac 704
John, at Kettle Creek 1048
Watson R. 607
William 945
Coleraine: a famous old treaty town 358-360
Treaty of 23
Coleridge, an estate of the Tisons..618
Coleton, Matthew 926
"Collections of Joseph Habersham Chapter" 213
College Temple 487
Colley, F. H. 1046
John, at Kettle Creek..1049,1058
Mentioned 348
Rev. Mr. 835
Collier, B. 528
George W., 522, 567, 568, 569, 572
Isaac 844
John, Judge ...569, 572, 603, 844
M. B. 931
Robert 997
T. J. Mrs. 928
Collingsworth Institute 869, 939
Collingsworth, John, Rev.....865
Collins, C. W. 789
E. C. Judge 944
Jacob 766
James 572
James D. 572
Jesse 945
Joseph 945
Perry 944
Robert Dr. 35
William 789
Z. 691
Colman, E. 544
Colonel's Island 732
Colonial Cemetery 104, 111
Park, Savannah 386, 406
Dames of America, Georgia Society of, 54, 61, 62, 74, 86, 114, 115
Times and Events:
Christ Church, Savannah, 77-80
Bethesda 80-85
The grave of Tomo-Chi-Chi 85-87
Wormsloe 87-90
Fort Augusta 113-117
Oglethorpe: his monument and his mission.....50-59
Fort Frederica 59-66
The Wesley Oak 66-69
Coweta Town 69-73
Bloody Marsh 73-77
Manners and customs 123
Pastimes 99
Colquitt, Alfred H., Governor and United States Senator, dubbed "the Hero of Olustee," 270, 315, 323, 474, 513, 524, 596, 603, 606, 824, 897, 1009, 1038
Death of 499
Colquitt's Brigade 1010
Colquitt County, treated 473, 476
Henry 1058
Neyle, Col. 732
O. B. Governor of Tex. 495
Peyton H. Col. 474, 826
The county-seat of Miller....784
Thomas 789
Walter T. Judge, 365, 484, 486, 670, 784, 812, 821, 822, 826, 835, 977, 1007, 1009
Sketch of 473- 474
Colquitts, The, a parallelism.....508
Colson, H. 754
Colwell, James 681
Colt's Mill 474
Columbia County, treated 476-484
Mentioned 130, 454
Columbus, Ga., 39, 40, 41, 69, 231, 233, 234, 473, 816
"Enquirer," a newspaper, 414-818
"Guards" 396
High School 233
"Ledger," quoted 39-44
The county-seat of Muscogee, 812
Colville, Fulton 824
Colzey, E. F. Dr. 824
Combs, Philip 1058
Comer, B. B., Governor of Alabama 53
Hugh 715
Hugh M. 399, 712, 716
James, a Revolutionary sol-

dier 714, 715
J. A. 982
Compton, Martha Lumpkin, Mrs., 446, 570
Cone, D. M. 282
Francis H. Judge ..336, 639, 575
J. B. 968
Peter, Gen., mentioned..335, 945
Anecdote of 336
Reuben 510, 511, 572
William, Capt., 334, 335, 336, 337, 352, 353
William Jr. 336
William B. Judge 336, 519
Conely, Jenny G. Mrs. 675
Cones, The 335, 336
Coney, Jeremiah 861
S. W. Judge 501
Confederate Monument, Athens, 440, 442
Confederacy, The Daughter of, (Winnie Davis) 222, 245
Origin of the United Daughters of 218, 222
Monument at Macon to Women of 314-315
Origin of the Southern Cross of Honor 222, 223
Women of, honored by Rome with first monument ..241-246
Confederate Times:
Shellman Heights 31-34
Little Giffen 39-45
Maryland, My Maryland....45-50
The Old Slave Market..154-156
Kennesaw Mountain ...208-211
Arrest of Mr. Davis.....13-18
The Old Heard House..211, 213
The Old Chenault House 213, 218
Treasure Wagons, raided near Washington 213-218
Women, monument to, Macon 314, 315
"Veterans" 243
Conger, Elizabeth, Miss 563
Congregation Mickva Israel 98
Congress, Confederate 287
Continental 88, 272
Of the Five Indian Nations ...114
United States 296, 297, 298
Congressional Cemetery 272
Conklin, Capt. 996
Conley, Abner 572
Benjamin 596, 914
Connally, E. L. Dr. 579
Thomas 812
Connell, Jesse 638
Connelly, Patrick, Capt. 704
Connesauga River 170, 190
Connecticut 183, 184
Connor, E. 1018
Constitution of 1777 147
Of 1789, Federal 272
Of 1795 .....146, 265
Oak 613
The frigate 614
Continental Congress 88, 272
Converse, A. 752
W. L. Mr. 753
Convict Lease System 299
Conyers, Bennett H. 491
Dr. 835, 918, 919
The county-seat of Rockdale, 918
Wm. D. 864
Cook, A. B. 301
Benjamin 336
James 424, 785
J. O. A. Dr. 796
J. P. Dr. 785
John, Capt., a Revolutionary soldier, 662, 712, 724, 803
George 704
Henry, Judge 699
Osgood F. Rev. 360
Philip, Jr., Hon. ..598, 725, 1057
Philip Gen., Congressman and Secretary of State, 323,598, 723, 724, 797, 937, 991
S. J. Sergeant 420
Thomas A. a Revolutionary soldier 680
W. F. Dr. 796
William 336
Zadoc Hon., Congressman, 423, 424, 444, 448, 1027
Cooke, John 715
Coolidge, Norman, Prof. 449
Cooper, Adam Mr. 857
C. 607
Capt. 910
David, Dr. 279
George F. Dr. 937
George W. 924
Harriet C., biograph of Gen. Oglethorpe, foot-note.....53
Iron Works on the Etowah, Ruins of 290-291
Isaac 856
John R. Hon. 646
J. 997
Joseph 865
Levi M. 644
Mark A. Major 296, 310, 869, 1062
Sketch of 290-291
Milton 869
Richard 771
Robert 704
Thomas L. Col. 576
Wm. H. 976
Copelan, Obediah 638
Coosa River 150, 450
Coosawattee River 170, 190
Town 807
Copp, Jonathan, Rev. 117, 119
Copse Hill: the home of Paul H. Hayne 224, 228
Coram, T. M. 1065
Thomas 879
Corbet, Capt. 924
Corbin, Peter 948, 949
Cordele, Ga., how a metropolis leaped from a log-house, 499, 501
County-seat of Crisp.....497
Cordle, Calvin 416
Corker, Capt. 518
Stephen A. 344
Corley, Austin V., a Revolutionary soldier 782
Corn, John 971
Cornberger, John 531
Cornwall, Conn. 183, 184
Cornwallis, Fort 884
Lord, 546, 631, 714, 744, 790, 885, 1025
Corrigan, Michael 572
Corsicana Tax 346
Cortez, Hernando 813
Corvan, George 705
Cosby, Mr., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Costa, Jacob 98
Cotting, Dr. 505
Cottle, C. H. 935
E. 935
J. 935
Cotton Gin, Eli Whitney's first..1052

The invention of 125-130
The mulberry grove plantation where the invention was made 109
Council, James 699
Of Safety 284, 385
"Countryman, The," a plantation newspaper 863
Couper estate, on St. Simon's Island, The 515
James 612
James Hamilton 78, 623
James M. Maj. 617
Mr. 613
John 611, 612, 616, 623
William 612
Covington, Leonard, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 830
W. A. Judge 475, 825
The county-seat of Newton..830
Cowan, Mr. 982
Cowen, E. 657
Coweta County, treated 484, 492
Falls 816
Town: where an important treaty was made with the Creek Indians ...50, 69, 72, 114
Cowin, Robert 766
Cox, Albert H. 978
B. M. Col. 789
College 581
Dr. 468
Wm. B. 579
Jeremiah 696
Jesse 670
Peter 766
Thomas 644
William 607
W. Dr. 789
Wm. R. 579
Wm. T. 789
Silas I. 859
Thomas 822
Thomas W. 821
Zachariah, a Revolutionary soldier 812
Cozart, Henderson, Assistant Quarter-Master, in war for Texan Independence 36
H. W. 572
Crabb, B. 859
Craig, Wm. 424
Cramer, Stuart W. Mr. 758
Crampton's Gap 321
Crane, Benj. E. 579
Bryson, Hon. 914
Elijah 876
Spencer 1058
Wm. B. 467
Cranham Church, burial place of Gen. Oglethorpe 53
Hall, English country-seat of Gen. Oglethorpe 51
Cranston, Rev. Mr. 79
Crause, Leonard 531
Craven, I. N. Rev. 572
Crawford, B. 505
Caroline, afterwards Mrs. George M. Dudley 937
County, treated 492-497
Chas. Capt. 480
George W. Gov. 483, 914
"Guards" 396
Joel, Maj., 283, 284, 481, 483, 528, 864, 1057
Joel J. 449
Martin J. Judge 600, 670, 828
Mrs. 857
Nathan, Dr. 8, 481, 483
Nathaniel 640
Crawford, Nathaniel M. Dr. 845, 847
Peter, Hon. 481, 1016
Reese, Capt. 824
W. B. Dr. 745, 746
William 572, 680
W. D. R. 449
William H. Hon., jurist, diplomat, member of Cabinet, and U. S. Senator.....275, 305, 428, 444, 454, 477, 483, 778, 844, 845, 847, 899, 916, 937, 941, 995, 1059
Sketch of 492-3
At the Court of Napoleon, . 493-494
His home at Woodlawn..117, 199
Inscription on tomb.....199
Crawfordville, the county-seat of Taliaferro 941
Crawley, C. D. Mrs. 792
Creek Indians, Battle of Chickasawhachee 269, 270
Ball game to settle an old disputed boundary line with Cherokees 454-455
Massacre at Fort Wilkinson, 278
Treaty of Coweta Town...69-72
Treaty of Hopewell 476
Treaties at Indian Springs, 161-169
Historical sketch of Tomo-Chi-Chi, Mico of the Yamacraws (foot-note).....86
Boulder unveiled at Colerain, 358-360
mentioned, 50, 85, 265, 269, 271, 281, 308, 344, 363, 444, 626, 833, 812
Agency: where a forgotten patriot sleeps 18-26
Where the Creek claims were finally extinguished....494-495
Indian War 269, 310, 499, 920
War of 1836 .....310, 686
Creighton, S. 939, 943
Crenshaw, Patience 277
William, Dr. 581
Creole Days on the siege of New Orleans 454
Creswell, Robert 893
Samuel 1058
Crew, B. B. 579
James R. 572
Crews, Charles C., Brig. Gen. 880
Crisp County, treated 497-502
Charles F., Speaker of National House of Representatives, sketch of.....497-499
mentioned 521, 725, 937
Crittenden, R. K. Capt. 957
Croker, W. N. L. 773
William 989, 990, 991
Crickett, David, Life of.....450
Mentioned 572
Croft, John F. Capt. 676
Cromartie, J. A. Judge.....699, 700
Crompton, J. D. 365
Cromwell, Oliver 135, 770
Cromwell's Ironsides 275, 481
Crook, Joseph 416
Cross of Honor, Southern, origin of 222, 223
Crow, Jacob 365
James 539, 994
Crowell, Henry 496, 948

John, Col., an Indian agent, 164, 168, 494, 971
Methodist Church, The Old..948
William 948
Crozier, John 704
Cruger, N. J. 522
Crumbley, Anthony 934
Crusselle, Thomas E. W. 572
Thomas G. 572
Crutchfield, John 1049
Cuba 74, 76
Cuhl, M. 544
Culberson, James 976, 1001
Culverhouse, Green P. 496
John 496
Culverson, David 977
Cumberland, Duke of 6, 377
Island, Historic Memories, 349-350
Old Forts 350
"Light Horse Harry" Lee's grave at Dungeness.....1-12
Carnegie Mansion at Dungeness, illustration 8
Mentioned 362
River 179
Sound 1, 9, 349
Cumbie, Andrew 789
Cumming, Alfred Gen....556, 915, 916
Henry H. Col. 904
John, Capt. M. D.....399, 400
Joseph B. Major 205-311
J. B. 311
The county-seat of Forsyth..557
Thomas 892, 893
William, Col. ...557, 761, 864, 915
Cummings, Amos J. 499
William 317, 318
Cummins, Alexander 1058
Francis, Dr., a Revolutionary soldier 639, 995
Cunningham, George 835, 836
Henry C. 84
M. 502
S. A. 243
Cureton, Capt. 310
Curington, James 949
Curl, Elisha 945
Curlette, G., Lieut. in Mexican War 396
Currie, Duncan 798
Kate Cabell, Mrs.....221
Foot-note 220
Malcolm 798
Currier, Chas. E. 579
Henry L. 572
Curry, Duncan 505
J. E. 699
William 634
Curry's Mill 505
Curtis, Henry S. 369
William 627
Curton, Richard 702
William 702
Curtwright 637
Curvin, Stephen 670
Cusetta, county-seat of Chatham..414
Cuta-fa-chi-qui, an ancient Indian village 337, 338
Cuthbert, Alfred 411, 697, 877, 913
A. D. 771
Capt. 924
Isaac 771
John A. Hon., 276, 412, 739, 868, 877, 878
Mr. 1058
Seth John, Col., a Revolutionary soldier 410, 877
The county-seat of Randolph 877
Cuyler, Jeremiah 337, 412
Richard R., a noted pioneer of Railroads in Ga., 78, 106, 412
Cutts, A. S. Col.....937
Cyclorama, The, depicting the battle of Atlanta 593

D

Dabney, Austin, a mulatto patriot of the Revolution....775, 1048
William H. Col.,.....511, 572
Da Costa, J. Chalmers, Dr.....690
Dade County, treated.....502
Francis Langhorne, Maj. United States Army 502
Dagg, John L. Rev., a Baptist Theologian 640
Dahlonega: once the center of Gold-mining activities in America 185-189
The county-seat of Lumpkin 754
The old United States mint at 184
Daily, Samuel 564
Dalay, Capt. 924
Dale, Kinyon 959
Samuel 634
Dallas, county-seat of Paulding...848
George M. Hon.....848
Dalton, county-seat of Whitfield, 1033-1036
John 1033
D'Alvigny, Charles Dr.....572
Noel Dr. 572
Daniel, Allen, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 774, 776, 945
D. F. 420
David G. Rev. 572
Elas 702
E. P. Gen.....929
James 420
John 1023
John, Sr. 1023
John B. Dr. 579, 750
J. M. Mrs. 928
Joshua 628
R. F. 420
Robert 720, 822
Robert T. Judge 930
Wilberforce, Col. 750
William 491, 638, 766
W. C. 895
Danielsville, the county-seat of Madison 774
Daniell, Gen. 856
J. J. Mrs. 457
Darby, Richard, a Revolutionary soldier 880
Darden, Elijah 1058
Darien, county-seat of McIntosh...768
Mentioned 135, 292, 356
Fort 768
Darker, Nancy, at Kettle Creek...1048
Darnell, Sion A. 852
Darsey, J. O. 629
Joel 505
John 505
Dart, Cyrus 361
F. W. 472
Judge 361
Urbanus 361
Dasher, Joshua 945
H. C. Dr. 789
W. B. 982, 984

Daughters of the American Revolution 104, 107, 123, 124
Piedmont Continental Chapter 163, 346
Nancy Hart Chapter, erects mounment to Major Jacob Gumm 276-277
Founded in Georgia 278, 346
Sarah Dickinson Chapter, 345, 489
Dorothy Walton Chapter.....958
Lyman Hall Chapter, unveils a boulder at Colerraine 358-360
Fielding Lewis Chapter.....463
Shadrach Inman Chapter....339
Thornateeska Chapter 1064
Davenport, John 1058
Jonathan 843
J. T. Dr. 365
David, William 510
Davidson, John S. Hon.....595
Oliver 1017
William, a Revolutionary soldier 1017
Davies, L. J. 821
Wiles 342
Davis, A. 794
Abner 864
Abraham 766
Amos 702
Benjamin 879
C. D. 1007
D. H. 982, 983
Daniel H. 1065
E. N. 301
Edwin S. Mrs. 237
F. C. Dr. 931
Hall Speech, The 597
Isaac 766
James 702
James L. 468
Jefferson, President of the Confederate States of America, arrested at Irwinville, Ga. 13-17
Last meeting of the Cabinet, 211-212
Mentioned, 214, 218, 241, 287, 300, 363, 395, 417, 582, 583, 597, 604, 698, 716, 777, 837, 930, 931, 946, 968, 974, 1061
Jeff, Mrs., of Quitman.....330
Jefferson, Mrs. 13, 14, 16, 214
John, 309, 318, 449, 539, 644, 766, 949, 990
John A. Capt. 522, 523
John E. Capt. 823
John T., foot-note 231
Jonathan, Rev. 522
Joseph 669
L. B. Rev. 572
M. F. 789
Monument in Richmond..598, 934
Moses 702
Myrick 703
Samuel 1061
Solomon 703
Stafford 472
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 821, 880
Thomas R. 449
W. L. Dr. 522
Winnie, (The Daughter of the Confederacy) 218, 219, 398
Dawson County, treated 502, 503
County-seat of Terrell 956
Edgar Gilmer 636
Emma Caledonia 637
George Oscar 636
Henry M. 636
John 295
Lucien Wingfield 637
Reuben 365
Thomas 864
William C., United States Congressman and Senator, mentioned, 472, 502, 503, 636, 639, 641, 956
Wm. Reid 636
Dawsonville, county-seat of Dawson County 502
Day, Joseph, at Kettle Creek.....1048
Robert, at Kettle Creek 766, 1048
Wm. T. 852
D'Azy, Benoist, Viscount.....107
Dead Towns of Georgia:
Acton 395-396
Abercorn 532
Barimacke 360
Bethany 531
Brandon 761
Brownsborough 910
Bullsboro 484, 486
Center Village 374
Dogwood 1000
Federal Town 1021
Francisville 495, 496
Goshen 531
Hampstead 395-396
Hardwick 331
Hartford 860
Herod Town 958
Highgate 395-396
Holmesville 267
Jacksonboro 925
Jefferson Town 356
Joseph's Town 396
Lanier 773
Magnolia 453
Marion 987
New Hanover 360, 361
Nuchollsville 757
Paris 543
Petersburg 536
Pindartown 1064
Queensboro 701
Roanoke 932
Sunbury 732
Tebeauville 1010, 1012
Troupville 750
Vernonsburg 395-396
Deadwyler, Joseph 538
Dean, Chas. 424
David 821
Nathan 267
Dearing, Reuben 680
William 424
Deas, J. 754
William 538
Debt, Imprisonment for 55
Debtors' Prison 55
DeBrahm, William 530, 531, 532
Decatur County, treated 504-507
County-seat of DeKalb.....507
Presbyterian Church 509
Stephen 504, 507
Declaration of Independence, 65, 100, 136, 333, 343, 385, 410
Signers of, (see Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall and George Walton)
Deese, Joel T. 326
DeGive, Laurent 679
DeGraffenreid, E. L. Dr. 817, 821
Wm. D. 323

DeJarnette, Reuben, a Revolutionary soldier 865, 868
DeKalb Co., treated 507, 514
Johann, Baron 507, 988
DeLacey, John F. Col. 517
De La Pierre, Dr. 692
DeLegal, P. 380
Delk, David 933, 1054
Thomas 491
DeLoney, Wm. Gaston, Col. 363
DeLoney's Cavalry 442
DeLyon, Abraham 98
Levi 412
Mr. 751
Burial Ground, The 99
DeLyons, Mr. 380
Demeree, Raymond, Capt. (or Demaree) 610, 771
Demetree, Capt. 87
Democrats 291, 296, 297, 298
Denmark, Brantley A. 329
Gift to University 436
E. P. S. 329
Redden 327
Thomas I. 329
William 1018
Dennard, John 270
Jacob 1023
Dennis, Abram 766
Jacob 715, 766, 884
John 766, 1023
Samuel, Sr. 491
Denson, Joel 990
Joseph 720
Dent, Col. 678
Eliza, afterwards Mrs. Lucien Wingfield Dawson 637
George 637
John 496
John Dr. 894, 895
J. M. 473
W. B. W. Col. 490, 492
Denton, A. 1018
E. 876
Depecia, Aaron 98
Depew, Chauncey, Mr., quoted 244
DeRenne, George Wymberley Jones, collector and publisher of rare manuscripts 88, 89
Wymberley Jones, antiquarian, owner of "Wormsloe," 89, 775
Derry, Joseph T. Prof., mentioned, 202, 372, 587, 605
Quoted 210, 451, 624, 849, 903, 974
"Deserted Village, The" 52
DeSoto Hernando, mentioned, 311, 472, 549, 629, 717, 813
Traditions of in Burke, 337-338
Rome's first European visitor 548
Hotel, Savannah, Ga. 106
DeSoto's March mentioned 807
Dessau, Washington 322, 323
D'Estaing, Count 107, 332, 390, 744, 778
DeTaten 91
DeVane, Frank M. 922
William 922
Devany, Sergeant, an officer in the Mexican War 396
DeVeaux, James 95
Mary Miss 334
Devereaux, A. M. 157
William 274
Samuel M. 634
Dewberry, Thomas 794
Diamond, James 511
S. 990
Dickenson, S. H. 505
Dickerson, John 1007
Dickey, James E. Dr. 833, 991
Patrick 702
Dickinson, John, Capt. a Revolutionary soldier 678
John M. 902
Sarah, D. A. R. Chapter....489
Dickson, Benjamin 496
John, Col., a Revolutionary soldier 489
Capers, Judge 833
David, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 545, 637
John 704
Marion 301
R. H. 686
Sanders 416
Thomas 1064
William 528, 1064
William H. 656
Dill, John 528
D. W. Capt. 896
Dillard, G. W. 821
James 876
John 876
Dirt Town, a village 555
Dismal Swamp of Virginia 375
Dismukes, E. P. Mrs. 815
J. T. Dr. 1027
J. S. 823
William 929
William H. 933, 1027
District of Columbia 203
Divine, K. C. Dr. 488
Dix, Elijah 702
Dixie, James 387
Dixon, J. J. 1027
John L. 782
R. T. 1027
Robert 883
Slade 934
Thomas 934
Doane, James T. 572
John A. 572
Dobbins, Miles G. 929
Moses W. 436
Dobbs, Jesse 657
Nathan 644
Thomas A. 511
Dodd, Green T. 579
H. 888
Philip 579
Dodge County, treated 515-517
William E. Esq. 515, 579, 623
Dodson, William C. 579
Dogwood, an Indian Town....1000
Doherty, Michael, a Revolutionary soldier 924, 925
Doles, George P. Brig. Gen. ...284, 724
Dolly, Jesse 346
Dolvin, John 638
Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil....30
Donaldson, John 505, 506
John E. Col. 506
Jonathan 505
Joseph 421
William 505
Donegan, E. 656
Dooly County, treated 517
George, at Kettle Creek 1048
John, Col., at Kettle Creek, a Revolutionary soldier, 132, 134, 517, 518, 677, 746, 747, 749, 884, 1045, 1048, 1057, 1059, 1061
John M. Judge, a celebrated

Dick, James, a Revolutionary Corporal 836
wit, 518, 541, 747, 749, 1059
Home of mentioned 748
Thomas, Capt., murdered by Indians 517
Thomas, Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 747, 749, 1048, 1059
Doonan, Terrence 572
Dorchester 726, 727
Church 736, 737
Puritans 268
Dorminy, D. D. 304
D. J. 301
E. J. 301
John 686
John B. 304
W. D. Dr. 301
Dorough, James H. 501
Dorris, James 421
Dorsett, Elijah 365
John 365
Dorsey, Benjamin 720
Rufus T. Judge 546
William H. 424
Dortch, James S. Hon. 562
Dorton, M. 704
Double Barrelled Cannon, Athens, 439, 440
Dougherty, Charles, Judge, anecdote of 520
mentioned, 424, 444, 448, 519, 846
County, treated 519-524
David H. 572
Major 424
Robert 519
William 519, 977
Douglas, Adelaide, Miss 801
County treated 524-526
County-seat of Coffee 475
Dunk 472
James 702
John 317, 318
Robert, Sr. 702
R. B. 505
Stephen A. 343, 471, 524, 525
Douglass, David 704, 882
Major 924
M. M. 628
William 544
Douglasville, the county-seat of Douglas 524
Dowman, C. E. Dr. 833
Downing, Mary Lou, Miss 233
Osborn 948
Downs, William, at Kettle Creek, 1048
Mentioned 1045
Dowse, Gideon 908
Samuel 908
Doyle, Alexander 106, 584
James 702
William 702, 1001
Dozier, John Beall 821
L. P. 870
Richard 1018
W. 696
Dragoons, The 633
Drake, Gilman J. 929
Sir Francis 63
Drane, Gip 949
Hiram, Dr. 919
Walter, Dr. 481, 949
Draper, James, a Revolutionary soldier 1017
Drawdy, G. W. Dr. 1026
W. T. 1026
Driggers, M. 387
Driver, Giles 715
Drummond, Walter 766
Dryden, Wm. 1015
DuBignon, Capt. 618
Christopher Poulaine 619
Fleming G. 284
Joseph 619
Dublin, The county-seat of Laurens, 717, 718
DuBose, Dudley M. Gen. 1026
Isaac 704
Dudley, George M., quoted 493
Mentioned 937
H. S. Dr. 282
Mary 723
Duels, How an affair on horse-back was prevented 268, 269
Duffel, William, a Revolutionary soldier 988, 989
Dugas, Madam 1047
Louis A. Dr. 894
Dugger, James M. Dr. 949
Duhart, James 341
Duke, Martin 627
Moses 997
of Marlborough 206
Samuel 949
Duke's Creek 185
When gold was first discovered in North Ga. 1031
Dukes, John 945
Samuel 496
W. B. 475
Dulaney, Rozier 48
Dumas, Benjamin 794
David 794
Jeremiah 715
Moses 794
Winchester 491
Dunagan, Abner 1032
Dunbar, Lieut. 71
Duncan, James 684
P. 538
Robert 704
Wm. W. 467
Dungeness 349
The Bivouac of "Light Horse Harry" Lee for nearly a century 1-12
Carnegie mansion, illustrated ..8
Dunham, Abner 781
George, a Revolutionary soldier 386
J. C. 327
Dunn, Alexander, a Revolutionary soldier 714
Benj. 481
Charles 766
Ishmael 929
Jacob 773
John 481
Joseph 794
L. 836
Richard 481
D. 1001
Thomas J. 348
William 782
Dunnett, R. J. D. Col. 676
Dunning, James L. 572
Volney 572
Dunnom, Daniel 727
Dunwody, John, Maj. 467, 863
Dupree, Daniel 684
Hamilton R. 989
Durden, Henry 544
Durham, W. B. Dr. 572
Durhee, Mr. 129

Durkee, Nathaniel Mr. 893
Duskin, John L. B. 870
M. T. 870
Dutcher, Salem 917
Duval, G. W. Rev. 464
Dwight, Timothy Rev. 908
Dwyer, Nicholas, Maj. 490
Dyall, Joseph 1018
Dyer, Anthony 696
E. 421
Elisha and Wife 564
Joseph S. 421
Simpson 468
Thomas 487
Dykes, B. B. 325
Dykesboro 325, 326
Dyson, Abraham 724
Robert 959

E

Eagle Tavern 273
Earl, Col., a Confederate Officer....29
Early County treated 526-528
Jacob 1058
Jeffrey 844
Joel, father of Gov. Peter Early 635
Peter, Governor, Congressman and Judge, 153, 159, 310, 526, 527, 639, 641, 990, 1061, 1063
Inscription on headstone....634
Early's Manor 1061
Easley, Daniel 142, 143
D. W. 691
Richard 691
Eason, A. 267
Parker 680
William 945
Easter, Richard 539
Eastern Cherokees, (Southern)....182
Eastman, the county-seat of Dodge, 515
W. P. Esq. 515, 516
Eaton, John H. Major 303
William, Gen. 862
Eatonton, the county-seat of Putnam 862, 863
Eaves, C. C. 668
L. B. 668
Ebenezer Creek 531
Fort 530
The story of the Salzburgers, 530
Mentioned 107, 147
Eberhart, Jacob 775
Echols County, treated 529
Mentioned 265
James 865
Josephus 490
Robert M., Brig. Gen., 529, 1007, 1008, 1060, 1061
Samuel D. 490, 836
Samuel M. 865
William P. Dr. 491
Echo-wa-notch-away Swamp, battle of 956
Eckley, Levi, Capt. 34
Ector, Hugh W. 794
Eddleman, F. M. 572
Edge, John H., Dr. 931
Nathaniel 1057
Edinfield, Richard 544
Edmondson, Callaway 812
Humphrey 814
James P. 812
Joseph 490
Edward, Learell, a Revolutionary soldier 512
Edwards, A. F. 997
Alfred 467
Charles G., Congressman, 412, 732, 944
Daisy Miss 944
H. 935
Harry Stillwell 236, 322
J. O. 724
L. A. 931
M. C. Judge 959
Posey 949
Solomon 424
T. J. 944
W. C. 931
Effingham County, treated 530-534
Lord 530
Egypt Plantation 518
Elbert County, treated 534-541
Samuel, Maj-Gen., a Revolutionary Officer, 407, 410, 534, 535, 536, 578, 733, 924
Elberta Peach, The famous....773
Elberton, the county-seat of Elbert 534
Elder, David, a Revolutionary soldier 838
Edmond 838
Elkins, A. H. 301
W. A. 935
Ellerbrook, Charles 48
Ellijay, the county-seat of Gilmer, 606
Ellington, Coke Asbury 607
E. C. 870
Edward, Rev. 118, 119
H. 939, 943
Elliott, George W. 822
John, Sen., 736, 738, 739, 888, 932
Stephen, Bishop 78, 412, 742
Ellis, Ephriam 715
George W. 870, 879
Henry, Gov. 407
John R. 870, 879
Joseph 789
Leonora Beck, Mrs. 347
R. 823
R. H. 699
Shadrach, a Revolutionary soldier 939
Thomas J. 699, 870, 879
William 856, 929
W. H. 699
Ellison, Adger S. 670
John 940
W. H. Dr. 202
Elsas, Jacob 579
Ely, John, a soldier of 1812....632
John W. 632
Michael, a Revolutionary soldier 632
Robert N. 524
Elyea, Charles 572
Emanuel County, treated 541-544
David, Gov., 153, 340, 342, 343, 541, 542, 890, 985
John 342, 985
Sara, daughter of David Emanuel, married Hon. Benjamin Whitaker 542
Emerson, Ralph Waldo 617
Emmel, Jacob 572
Emmet, Robert 280
Emory College, 192, 202, 340, 370, 444, 830
John, Bishop 831
Enchanted Mountain 993
England, Chart of 112, 117
Second War with, 265, 266, 276, 344

Mentioned, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 60, 63, 70, 76, 83, 86, 116, 91, 97, 98, 99, 116, 146, 148, 154, 333
Bishop 1054
Martin 994
English, James W. Capt. 579, 930
John 387
M. 1018
Enon Mount, a summer resort....909
Eperson, John 420
Epperson, Thompson 564
Episcopalians 137, 273, 456
Ergle, John 525
Ernest, Joseph 531
Erskine, John, Judge 579, 585, 593, 598
Memorial Fountain, The....593
William 572
Erwin, Alexander 650
Alexander S. Judge, 223, 440, 650
Mary, afterwards Mrs. Joseph Williams, Jr. 951
Mary Ann Cobb, (Mrs. A. S.) Originator of the Southern Cross of Honor 222, 223
William S. Col. 650
Espey, James, a Revolutionary soldier 424
John 423, 424
Joseph 424
Estell, John H. 106
Etheridge, Joel, a Revolutionary soldier 497
Etowah River ..31, 290, 291, 296, 455
Euclid Water House 812
Eugene, Prince 56
Evans, Augsuta, memories of St. Elmo 234, 235
Beverly D. Judge 600, 1024
B. D. Sr. Mrs. 1020
Clement A. Gen., 243, 457, 582, 586, 587, 598, 934
C. W. 982, 984
David 342
E. A. Mr. 872
Jesse 794
John, at Kettle Creek, 704, 766, 990, 1049
John, Jr. 766
J. L. 982, 984
John W. Col. 506, 983, 984
John West Mr. 982
Lawton B., mentioned ..378, 401
School History of Georgia, quoted 153, 210, 624
Martin 421
M. R. 821
Stephen, at Kettle Creek...1049
William, at Kettle Creek....1049
Mentioned 907, 939, 943
Eve, Joseph A. Dr. 894
Maria Louise 918
Paul F. Dr. 894
Everett, James A. 202, 496
Jehu 336, 337
Robert A. 991
Robert W. 859
William S. 572
Everglades of Florida 375
Everitt, James 684
John 336, 990
Eyre, Cadet 71
Ezzard, William, Judge, an early Mayor of Atlanta, 510, 512, 572
Ezzell, Levi 670

F

Fain, W. C. 544
Fair, James Y. Dr. 384
Peter 274
Fairburn, County-seat of Campbell 363
Fairchild, John 766
Fairfax Court House, (Va.)....49
Fairman, Henry Clay 604
Falligant, Robert, Judge 588
Fallowfield, John 380
Fambro, Allen G. 369
Fambrough, Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 631
Fannin Avengers, The 397, 854
County, treated 544, 545
Isham, Dr., a Revolutionary soldier 990
James W. W., Commander of a regiment composed chiefly of Georgians, in the war for Texan Independence....36
Massacred with his men at Goliad 36-38
Mentioned, 544, 826, 854, 977, 990
James W. Jr. 821
William 836
Fannin's Men 642
Fanning, Isham 803
Jeptha 803
Farey, John 856
Farley, James 387
Farmer, Abner 634
E. K. 301
Farragut, Admiral 965
Farrar, Jesse 572
Robert M. 572
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 561
Farris, Peter 884
Samuel 1001
Fayette County, treated....545-547
Mentioned 162
Marquis de la 971
Fayetteville, the county-seat of Fayette 545
Featherstone, L. H. Judge 491
Federal Constitution 139
Government 285
Town, an old tobacco village, now obliterated 1021-1022
"Union," a newspaper at Milledgeville 275, 877
Feery, M., Corporal in Mexican War 396
Felder, Thomas S., Attorney-General 684
Fellowship Church 512
Felton, Leroy M. Col. 774
Rebecca Latimer (Mrs. W. H.) 299
William H. Dr., (Ex-Congressman) sketch of, 298, 299, 470, 557, 774, 846, 847, 1002
William H. Mrs. 513
Felton's Chapel 296
Fendley, John 977
Ferdinand VII, of Spain....557, 790
Fernender, W. H. Dr. 572
Ferrell, Nicholas 714
Ferrington, Jacob, at Kettle Creek 1048
Few, Benj. Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 338, 480, 482, 765, 767, 835, 911, 985
Ignatius. Capt., a Revolutionsoldier, 480, 482, 765, 767, 835, 911
Ignatius A. Dr., 444, 481, 482, 765, 817, 821, 831, 833, 838
James, Capt., martyr of the Alamance 482, 835, 884

William, Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 140, 146, 153, 272, 480, 482, 765, 767, 835, 888, 911, 913, 915, 985
Feyer, Francis Lewis 702
Ficken, John 572
Fielder, Herbert, Col. 859
John 803
Fielding, Wm. H. 949
Fields, Caleb 365, 490
Gen. 759
W. G. 559
Files, Adam 496
Finch, George 387
Findley, James 1058
Ridge 189
Finley, John 704,803
Mr., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Dr. 428
Robert 634
Fish, Gabriel 650
Joseph 1023
Nathan 696
Wm. H., Chief-Justice 600
Fisher, Guyton, Rev. 719,825
Harris, Dr. 517
King 551
Fiske, John, Prof., quoted.....207, 209
Fitch, John 564
Reuben 304
Fitten, John A., Maj. 579
Fitts, W. W. Dr. 367
Fitzgerald, the county-seat of Ben Hill 299
The Colony City of Georgia 300, 301
James 317, 318, 934
P. H. 299, 300
Fitzpatrick, Benj., a Revolutionary soldier ..800, 801, 802, 804
William 637, 638
Flash Harry Lynden 309, 321
Fleeting, Richard 704
Fleming, Frank 749
James 481, 704
John 490
Peter L. Sr. 676
R. 704
Robert 748, 749
Samuel 704
Thomas P. 572
William, of Louisville 153
William B. 739
William H., Ex-Congressman from Georgia, 45, 49, 749, 914, 915, 917
W. O. Judge 506
Flemington 737
Flemming, John 361
Fletcher, Duncan U. Hon. 937
John 337, 926
Flewellyn, A. H. Capt. 878
E. A. 415
Flinn, Richard Orme, Dr. 587
Flint River, formerly called Thronateeska, (see Old Creek Indian Agency), mentioned, 18, 28, 162, 208, 505, 521
Floerl, Carl 531
John 531
Florence, Italy 230
William 782
Florida 8, 71, 75, 76, 87, 270
Flannery, John 106
Flournoy, Francis Miss, married Irby Hudson 867
Gibson 1017
John Manley 821
Josiah 865, 869, 939
Peter F. 865
Robert, a Revolutionary soldier 662
Samuel W. 818, 821, 864
Flovilla, Ga. 164
Flowers, James 977
Floyd, Charles L. Gen. 361
County, treated 547-557
J. A. 326
John, Gen. 283, 344, 361, 374, 528, 547, 548, 555, 698, 816, 960, 1015
Richard S. Capt. 361, 835
Stewart 864
Fluellyn, Abner, Capt. 1017
Thomas 997
Fluker, Daniel 274
George 1023
Owen, at Kettle Creek.....1048
Will, at Kettle Creek.....1048
Flynn, John H. 572
Flynt, J. J. Hon. 458, 930
Folks, A. P. Dr. 373
Folkston, county-seat of Charlton..373
Folsom, Montgomery 604
Fontaine, John 821
Foot, James Sr. 467
O. C. 895
Foote, James 850
W. R. Rev. 1035
Ford, Edward E. Rev. 119
John 686
Lewis D. Dr. 894
Merrick 421
Susannah, Mr. 771
William 990
Foreacre, G. J. 572
Henry 387
Formwalt, Moses W., first Mayor of Atlanta 569, 572
Forney, Daniel M. 162
Forrest, Gen. 974
Chapter, U. D. C. 522
Nathan Bedford, Gen. 552
Inscription on monument erected to 552
Forson, William 505
Forsyth, A. B. 572
County, treated 557-560
County-seat of Monroe.....790
Ga. 164
John, Gov., 156, 159, 302, 405, 557, 558, 778, 790, 817, 818, 823, 850, 877, 878, 913, 914, 915, 916, 1010, 1051, 1060, 1061
Inscription on tombstone of 558
John, Jr., Minister to Mexico, 396, 558
Julia, wife of Sen. Alfred Iverson 558
Park 405, 406
Robert, Maj. 451, 913
W. G. 572
Fort Argyle 331-332
Augusta, (illustrated)...113, 116
Burnt 374
Frederica: 1735, (see Frederica) 59, 65
Gaines, county-seat of Clay..449
Gibson 182
Goliad, (see Goliad)
Hawkins, 1806 308, 309, 317, 345
Sketch of 307-308
Heard, Sketch of.....1043-1045
Mentioned 147, 211
Hughes 504
Jackson, (Ala) 25

Jackson, (Ga).....400, 401, 495
King's 113, 119
McAllister 401, 402
McIntosh 350
Mitchell 69
Montgomery 266
Morris 137
The last to lower the Colonial flag 732
Oglethorpe 1000
Pickering 359
Pulaski, seizure of 287
Mentioned 400
St. Andrew 350
Screven 390
Warren, (Mass.) 47
William 350
Wayne 111, 388
Wilkinson 271, 278, 280
Wright 268
Wymberley, mentioned ...87, 89
Ruins of 88
Fort, Allen, Judge.....934, 937
Arthur, a Revolutionary soldier 988, 989
Arthur, Jr. 990
Henry R. 356
James 934
Mr. 988
Moses, Hon. (Judge)....270, 962
Mill, S. C. 241
Mountain 809
Tomlinson, Dr. 274, 279, 284
Tomlinson T. 934
Valley, Ga. 495
Forth, Emanuel Capt. 591
John 703
Foscue, Asa. 270
Foster, Albert G. 641, 806
Arthur 632, 634
Alex. 449
Capt. 310
G. W. 637
George Wells, a Revolutionary soldier 822
J. W., Rev. 967, 968
J. Z. 459
Mr. at Kettle Creek ...639, 1049
Moses 365
Moses R. 365
Nathaniel G. 641, 806
Place, The old 638
S. W. Mrs. 355, 957
Thomas Flournoy ..639, 641, 828
William 766
Fouche, Jonas, Capt. 633
Sidney F. 468
Fountain, Capt. 525
J. T. 982, 984
W. P. 984
Fowler, J. 528
John W. 510
Noah R. 572
Simon 720
Fox, Amos, Dr. 579
Walter 380
Foy, George W. 944
Lewis 318
Manassas 944
France 65, 69, 70, 71, 72, 145, 444
Francis, Frederic 703
Francisville, Ga., a lost town 495, 496
Franklin, Benj. Anecdote of 82
Mentioned 142, 560, 677
Bedney, ...803
College, the oldest State University in America ..139, 145, 271, 283, 423
Growth and Expansion..425, 427
Presidents and Chancellors, ... 427, 434
Gifts and Endowments..434, 436
County, created by an act establishing the State University 139, 140
County, treated 560, 564
Mentioned 283, 285, 286, 674
Seat of Heard 677
J. D. Capt. 1024
Philemon 1023
Samuel O. 1021
Mine, The 418
Springs 5562
Fraser, Donald Dr. 743
George 387
Frazier, J. J. 699
Mr. 882
Frederica, Fort and Town 59, 65
Inscription on Fort 60
Ruins of the old Fort (illustrated) 62
Battle of Bloody Marsh...73, 76
Oglethorpe's home 622
Mentioned ...66, 68, 331, 609, 610 611
Frederick, Prince of Wales.....60
Fredericksburg, Battle of.....294, 297
Mentioned 438, 445
Freeman, Catherine Mrs., wife of Col. John Freeman.....632
Coldrop, at Kettle Creek..1048
Daniel, at Kettle Creek....1048
Holman, Col., a Revolutionery soldier .563, 632, 1006, 1007
H. M., Dr. 931
James, at Kettle Creek....1048
James C. 929
John Col., a Rev. soldier, 563, 632, 1006, 1007, 1048, 1057 1063
J. C. 715, 782
Mary 306
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 421
William, at Kettle Creek...1048
French, H. L. 922
and Indian Wars 70
Daniel C. 53
Protestant Church of Charleston 293
Freylinghuysen, Theodore 302
Fricker, Charles A. Mrs. 723
Frier, John 702
Frierson, James S. 311
Frink, Samuel Rev. 118, 119
Frogtown, a creek at head of Chestatee River 758
"From Greenland's Icy Mountains" How Bishop Haber's Great Hymn was set to music..292
Fryar, John 342
Fudge, F. E. 785
Jacob, a Revolutionary soldier 497
Fullbright, H. J. Hon.....970
Fulgham, Henry 720
Fuller, Richard Dr. 742
William A. 572
William A., Sr. 680, 681
William J. 628
Fullwood, James 1015
Fulton Co., Treated 564, 606
John 704, 771, 990
Robert 564, 915

Samuel 771
Furlow School, The 937
Timothy M. Hon 937
Fussells, Wm. 686
Futch, J. H. 348
Futrelle, Jacques ...¶....606, 855, 856

G

Gabbett, Sarah E. Mrs. 222, 223
Gachet, James E. 933
Gaddis, George W. 994
James, Sr. 994
Gaddistown, Adieu to 992, 993
Gafford, John 318
Stephen 714
Gage, John E. 977
Mathew 865
Gailey, Joseph 656
Gaines, Edmond Pendleton Gen, 167, 449, 653
F. H. Dr., an accomplished educator 509
G. G. 505
Ira 657
Lewis 294
Gainesville, Ga. 285
The county seat of Hall 653
Gallatin 338
Mr. 472
Galphin, Fort 886
Galpin, George, a merchant prince of the Georgia Forest ..338, 700, 701, 881, 883, 886, 906, 1123
Galphin's Old Town 146, 147
Galphinton, on the Ogeechee ..146, 154, 343, 883
The story of an old Indian trading post 700, 701
"Galveston News" mentioned 34
Quoted 37
Gamble, John 704
Joseph 704, 706
Roger Lawson, Sr. 706
William 704
Gambrell, P. H. Mrs. 237
Gammage, T. T. 821
Gandier, Peter 804
Gannon, L. V. 572
Garardieu, John B. 387
Garbutt, M. W. 301
Gardner, A. 544
H. S. 627
James 909
John 949
Wm. Montgomery 916
Garland, H. 997
Mr., a revolutionary soldier.997
N. L. 931
Garmany, H. Capt. 642, 933
Garner, Alfred 502
William 668
Garnett, Charles F. M. 567
Richard B. Gen. Love Affair with Miss Cecelia Stovall..33
Garney, J. A. 629
Garrard, Louis F. Col. 235, 829
Garratt, James 546
John 844
William J. 579
Garrard, Wm. Lt.-Col. 400
Garrison, John B. 420
N. 657
Gartland, F. X. Bishop 412
Gartrell, L. J. Gen. 572, 596, 1062
Garves, John 727
Garvin, I. P. Dr. 895
William, ...1001
Gaskins, Fisher 754
John 472
Gatchet, Charles 715
Gate City Guard, The 590, 592
The 575
Gates, Charles 876
General 507, 988
Gatewood, Mrs. T. Furlow, formerly Miss Cordelia Hawkins..500
Richard 539
Gathright, Miles 691
Gatins, John 572
Joseph 572
Gatlin, Stephen, a Revolutionary soldier 630
Gaulden, Chas. G. Rev. 329
Jonathan 329
W. T. Dr. 329
Gaulding, A. A. 929
Wm. Dr. 668
Gault, Edward 812
Gautamala 296
Gay, Allen, a Revolutionary soldier, his tomb 489
Columbus, ...782
C. E. Mrs. 976
G. 681
Susan 673
General, The, famous engine figuring in the Civil War 594
Genesis Point 401
George II of England 398
III of England 334, 880
IV of England 503
B. 267
Jesse, Rev. 678
John 637
John B. Dr. 348
William 634
Georgetown, D. C. 4, 45
The County Seat of Quitman 870
Georgia Company, The 150
Cracker 297
Episcopal Institute 793
Female College, The 201, 799
"Gazette" 79, 100, 333, 632
Historical Society ..23, 83, 103, 267, 269, 373, 402, 403, 404
"Historical and Industrial" .372
History of, by Avery, quoted 287, 283
Home for Confederate Soldiers, The 595
Industrial School for Colored Youths 427
"Journal" 21
Light Infantry 306
Marble 241
Medical College 427
"Messenger" 148, 307, 309
Military Academy 282, 581
Mississippi Company, The...150
Mountaineers, Characters of 251, 252
Northern, The 474, 475, 520
N. and I. College for Girls 160, 282, 283, 427, 490
Pacific Railway 367
Railroad 120, 197, 291
Regiment of Volunteers..311, 396
"Scenes" 319, 341, 446
School for the deaf, The....554
School of Technology ...427, 579
Society of Colonial Dames of America 54, 61, 62, 74, 86 114, 115, 385

Society of Sons of the Revolution 54
Foot-note 73
Southern and Florida Railway 500
State Bank of Savannah....211
State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts ...126, 435
State Sanitarium 279
The little steamship 933
Trustees of 80, 81, 121
The University of, oldest State college in America 139, 145
(See University of Georgia.)
Volunteers, in War for Texan Independence 35
Georgia's first woman editor 1047
oldest military organization:
Gerard, Jacob 977
Gerlach, Conrad M. Capt. 591
Germantown 277
German Village, The 618
Germany 239
Gervin, Robert 704
Gettysburg, Battle of 33, 442
Ghent, Dr. 678
Gholstin, Louis 579
Gibbes, John 686
Thomas 686
Gibbons, Sallie 953
William 110, 953
William, Sr. 383, 409
Gibbs, Thomas A. 1007
Thomas F. Dr. 572
Gibson, E. 607
Gibson Henry 859, 1058
Humphrey 634
Jacob 607
John, a soldier of the Revolution 575
R. C. 859
Stringer 669
The county seat of Glascock 607
William, Judge 607, 608, 997
William T. 857
Giddens, M. P. 959
Gideon, Benjamin 98
Dr. 627
Giffen, Isaac Newton ("Little Giffen of Tennessee") 41, 44
Gignilliat, Charlotte Mrs. 456
Home, Marietta 456, 457
Norman Capt. 456
Gilbert, Drewry 1023
Jabez 856
James J. Mrs. 815
John 729
John B. Dr. 572
Joshua, Dr. 572
Mr. 564
S. P. Judge 824
Thomas 684, 720, 864
William 1023, 1058
Giles, Enoch J. Hon. 968
Gilder, Jacob 856
Gildersleeve, Cyrus Rev. 730
Gill, Days 724
William 781
William F. 724
Gilleland, John 439
William 546
Thomas 766
Gillion, John 270
Gilman, Daniel Coit 236
Gilmer County, Treated 606, 607
Gilmer, George R. Gov. ..159, 421, 606, 840, 841, 842, 846, 947
Gift to University 435
Quoted 276 306, 749
Jeremy F. Gen....412
John 843, 1057
Thomas Meriwether ...813, 1057
Gilmer's "Georgians" 1041
Gilmore, John 704
Mr. 982, 983
Girardeau, Mr. 179
Isaac 727
Richard 727
Girardy, Victor J. B. 916
Girtman, D. L. 699
Henry C. 699
William, M. Dr. 699
Gist, Nathaniel 191
County, treated 607, 609
Elizabeth 891
Thomas, Gen. 153, 514, 607, 608, 891
Thomas, Jr., a soldier of 1812 912, 915, 916
Thomas, Sr. 911
William, Jr., ...911
William, a Revolutionary soldier 140, 608, 890, 911
"Glascock's Wash," plantation of Wm. Glascock
Glass, John, at Kettle Creek ...1048
M. 546
Thomas, at Kettle Creek ..1048
Glazier, Adam 696
Gleason, George W. Judge 920
Glen, Holly 291
James 1032
G. R. Dr., quoted ..271, 272, 756
Glen, George 1001
John 572, 1032
Jesse A. Col. 417, 1039
Luther J. Col. 572, 576
Wilber F., D. D. 586
William 796, 1058
Wm. C. Hon. 417, 1039
Glover, Eli 696, 864
Elizabeth Mrs. 364
T. C. Dr. 364
J. F. 896
John P. Rev. 949
Glynn County, Treated 609, 623
John 609
Gober, George W. 467
Goble, C. 607
Godbe, Wm. 702
Godfrey, William 876
Godwin, John 819, 822
Goetchius, Henry R. 824
Going Snake 182
Goins, George C. Mr. 808
Gold, Benjamin, Col. 184
"Gold Deposits of Georgia" (foot note) 184
Gold Discovered at Villa Rica 366, 367
Eleanor 184
first discovered in North Georgia 1031
Harriet: a Romance of New Echota 183, 184
Mining in Georgia, Dahlonega once the center of activities in America 185, 189
Goldin, Seaborn 688
W. F. Dr. 688
Golding, Mr. 936
Thomas 424
Goldsby, Richard 844

Goldsmith and Renfro, impeachment trials, The 513
Capt. a Revoluationary soldier 735
J. W. 579
Oliver 51, 770
Golightly, Charles 703
Golson, S. 861
Goliad, Fort, Georgians massacred at 34
Goodale, Thomas 882
Goodall, Pleasant 702
Solomon 572
Goode, Charles T. Col. 718
John 997
Samuel W. Col. 935
Thomas W. 997
Goodlett, Caroline Mrs. ..219, 220, 221
Foot-note 220
Goodman, A. 669
Jesse 754
John C. 304, 967, 968
S. C. 670
Goodwin, James J. 270
John B. 479
Lewis, a Revolutionary soldier 497
S. P. 718
Goodyear, William 884
Goose Pond Tract 1042
Gorce, Binford 856
Gorday, G. B. 982, 983
Gordon, Alexander 945
Ambrose, Maj. 892
A. C. Gen. 412
Charles 1001
Charles P. 869, 1036, 1039
County 170, 183, 286
County Treated 624-628
G. 896
George, an eccentric nobleman 1041
George G. 1002
George W. 794, 864
James, Maj. 988, 1001
John B., Gen., mentioned 106, 204, 205, 206, 207, 470, 507, 508, 512, 586, 598, 603, 667, 854, 934, 977, 997, 1000, 1001
Dubbed, "The Man of the Twelfth of May" 588
First used the expression "U. D. C." in presenting Miss Winnie Davis 218
Retirement from the senate .499
And Lee Mills 206
Institute 854
Monument, The 586
Peter 380
Statue, The 598, 934
Thomas 1001
Thomas G. 821
William Washington, Gen. 399, 407, 412, 413, 587, 624, 916.
Monument to Railway Pioneer 404, 405
Zachariah H. Rev. 997
Gorham, John 564
At Kettle Creek 1048
Gorman, James 1045
John B. Dr. 940
John B. Jr. 940
Ossian D. 940
T. P. Dr. 895
Gorton, John 727
Goshen, a settlement near Ebenezer 531
Gould, E. W. Mrs. 237
Harriet, a romance of new Echota 183
William Tracy, Judge ..898, 914
Goulding, B. L. Capt. 292
E. R. 823
Francis R. Rev. 292, 298, 740, 829, 908, 915
Francis R. Mrs. 292
Thomas Dr. 743, 821, 829
Gouvain, Madam 423
Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford Conn., The, Co. I 591
Grace, Walter J. Hon. 719
Grady County, Treated 628, 629
Henry W. mentioned 218, 447, 448, 450, 478, 578, 579, 582, 589, 595, 601, 602, 628, 861.
His Reference to Confederate Monument, Athens 441, 442
Inscription on Monument to 585
J. E. 699
Monument 585
W. S. Maj. 447
Graham, A. 939, 955
D. 955
Jackson 787
John, Lieut-Gov. His plantation, Mulberry Grove, forfeited 108, 387
J. H. 699
John M. Mrs. 164
R. 997
Vault 104
W. P. Dr. 895
Gramling, K. Capt. ....
John R. 579
W. G. Sergeant 420
W. S. 579
Grant, Daniel, first man in Georgia to manumit his slaves, 1055, 1058
Mentioned 424, 778
Gen. 756
Isaac 852
John, soldier under Oglethorpe, 650, 771
John T. Col. 446, 579, 1009
Lemuel P. Col. 572, 594
N. 627
Park, its memories of the Civil War 593
President 805
Radford 657
Sarah Francis, afterwards Mrs. John M. Slaton 975
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 693, 1055, 1058
U. S. 297
Wm. D. 579
William D. Mrs. 974
Grantham, William 876
Grantland, Fleming 274, 275
Seaton 284, 285, 929
Graves, John Col., a Revolutionary soldier 1058, 1060
John Temple, editor of the "New York American" 602
Iverson D. 958
Solomon 836
William 727, 958
Gray, Abraham 387
Absalom 929
Archibald 949
Basil 342
Col. 313

David 387
Edmund 762
Garnett 850
George T. Dr. 968
Hillery 766
Isaac, a Revolutionary soldier 365, 486, 561
James 711, 715, 864, 949
John 702
Joseph F. (foot-note) 376
Lieut., a Revolutionary soldier 735
R 704
Robert 387
The county-seat of Jones....711
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 702, 1064
William 882
Graybill, Henry, a Revolutionary soldier 661, 637
John 864
Greason, John 766
Great Britain 25
Ogeechee 331, 401
Greece 192
Green, A. 274
Duff, Gen. 1037
F. M. Mrs. 213
John, a Revolutionary soldier 704, 939
John J. 326
Leonard 720
Moses P. 907
Mrs. 928
Mount Cemetery, Baltimore S. 487
T. M. Mrs. 1048
The J. S. Collegiate Institute, 648
Thomas 949
Thomas F. Dr. Memorial Tablet 279, 280
Greene, Allen 715
Benjamin 926
County, treated 630-641
David 702, 704
D. B. 997
Edward 766
Francis U. (Foot-note).....112
Gen., a Revolutionary soldier, 703, 708, 776, 986
George Washington 104
G. W. (Foot-note).....112
Isaac 766
John 702
Leroy 274
M. 926
M. J. Miss 460
Nathanael, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier, 1, 4, 5, 6, 125, 126, 271, 279, 349, 397, 407, 411, 630, 778
His Mulberry Grove Estate 108-112
Monument in Savannah ..103-104
Nathanael Mrs. (see Mrs. Catherine Miller) 5, 9
Tomb at Dungeness 10
Robert 773
William 342, 421
William C. 467
Greensboro, the county-seat of Greene ...21, 141, 313, 454, 630
Green's Ferry 180
Greenville 782
The county-seat of Meriwether 778
Greenway, John 702
Greenwich, traditional place of Pulaski's burial 105, 395
Greenwood, Henry D. 907
The widow 640
Greer, Gilbert D. Capt. 491
James 933
J. M. 994
Samuel A. 879
Thomas 424
W. A. 982, 984
William 949
Gregory, Jackson 467
Moab 789
Mrs. 544
Mr. and Mrs. 543
Shade 789
Gresham, A. 943
Alexander, a Revolutionary soldier 631
A. Y. 821
David 638
Davis, Major, a Revolutionary soldier 631, 637
Edmund B. Col. 907
James 365
John J. Judge 323
Joseph 702
Lemuel 794
M. 933
William 511
Grey, Archibald 496
Edmond 360
Isaac 467
Grice, Garry 929
W. L. Judge 719, 862
Grier, Justice 942
Margarett, afterwards Mrs. Stephens 942
Robert, originator of Grier's Almanac 942
Grierson, Fort 884, 886
James 884
Thomas 884
Grieve, Miller 274, 275, 276, 285
Griffin, Andrew B. 822
Charles, a Revolutionary soldier 453
Eli Dr. 572
James 505
John 1046
L. L. Gen. 796, 926, 991
Len 505
Mitchell 953
Nathan 270
S. 686
The county-seat of Spalding, 926 928
William 680
Wm. D. 311
Griffis, Henry 934
Griffith, Benjamin 607
B. M. 607
F. C. Mr. 635
James 949
James L. 424
S. 607
W. G. 635
William Rev. 949
Griggs, James M. Judge 959
James O. 859
Grimes, Thomas W. Dr. ..821, 824, 829
William 990
Grimmiger, Andreas 531
Grimsley, Joseph B. 449
Joseph 528
Richard 449, 528
Grinatt, Robert 634
Griner, Fish 304

Grisham, Wm. 420
Grisson, Elijah 759
Griswold, Mr. 713
Samuel 712, 715
Griswoldville, the town of....713
Gronau, Israel Christian, Rev....530
Groover, Abner 329
Chas. E. 329
C. I. 818
Daniel 329
Fuller 329
James 329
John 336
Grosvener, Chas. H. Gen. 203
Grovenstein, Angus N. Hon. 533
Grooves, C. L. Mr. 747
Groves, Robert 467
Stephen 775
Grovetown, Ga. 224
Gross, Wm. H., Bishop of Savannah 311
Grubb, Thomas F. 572
Gruber, Peter 531
Grun, Shadrach 365
Gsohwandel, Thomas 530
Guerry, Dupont 202
Mr. 936
Guess, David 564
George (see Sequoya)....182, 416
William 467
Guest, Moses, a Revolutionary soldier 561
Guigg, Henry Dr. 919
Guilford, C. H. Battle of....692
Conn. 271
Guinn, John 502
Gullatt, Henry 572
James 572
Gumm, Cora, Miss 277
Jacob, Major, a Revolutionary Patriot, monument to, 276, 277
Jacob Jr. 277
Gunby, Robert M. 1018
Gunn, James, United States Senator 144, 411, 707
John McKay 879
James Jr., gift to University 434
William 939, 943
Gunter's Landing 178
Guntersville, Ala. 178
Gurley, James H. 759
Guyton, Charles J. 719
Moses 719, 720
Gwaltney, L. R. Dr. 553
Gwinnett, Button, Gov., a Revolutionary Patriot, 407, 410, 534, 641, 643, 653, 682, 738, 772, 898
Gwinnett County, treated 641

H

Haas, Jacob 579
Sol. 572
Habersham County 185, 285, 286
Treated 646
House 392-394
James, a Pres. King's Council, 80, 380, 387, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 646, 647
James Jr. 140, 487, 410
John, a Revolutionary soldier 140, 409, 410, 647
Joseph, Maj., a Revolutionary soldier, 390, 391, 407, 409, 410 646, 888
Joseph, D. A. R. Chapter, collections of 213
Mr. 652
Neyle 392, 393
Richard W. 412, 648, 651
Robert 78
Hackett, Thomas Dr. 372
Haddock, Joseph J. P. 766
Haden, James 704
Haddley, R. V. 301
Haddon, William, Capt. 704
Hadley, George Maj. 410
Hagan, A. 337
Edward 720, 766
J. S. Capt. 944
P. S. 968
Haines, Ellis 766
Hairston, Thomas 467
Hakluyt, Richard 549
Halcomb, Henry, a Revolutionary soldier 647
Halcyondale, the McCurry plantation 675
Hale, A. 502
Jones 1007
Mr. 564
Haley, William 538
Hall, Bolling, a Revolutionary soldier 862
Ezekiel Dr. 496, 497
County, treated 653
Frank W. 759
G. 754
Harrington 610
Harvey 822
Hugh, Col., a Revolutionary soldier 662
Isaac 771, 1063, 1064
James M. 502
J. 754
John 771
John I. Judge 347, 650, 929
John M. Dr. 699
J. R. 475
Lyman, Dr., Inscription on slab over grave of....654
Mentioned, 343, 407, 410, 580, 643, 653, 682, 726, 738, 898, 913
Lyman Chapter, D. A. R. 358, 360
Luther E. 779
Robert 977
Robert P. 497
S. 754
Samuel, Judge 497, 523, 600
Talmadge 361
Thomas 669
Thomas W. 47
William 1064
Hallam, Arthur 96, 651
James 817
Hames, John: oldest survivor of Revolution, 462, 463, 478, 812
Hamil, John 794
Hamilton, A. S. Dr. 416, 879
Charles 294
County-seat of Harris..668, 669, 670, 671
Dr. 295
D. B. Col. 671
George R. 668
Isaac 644
James, Lieut. ..480, 612, 616, 823
James Rev. 949
James B. 318
James F. 864
John 546
John, a Revolutionary soldier 662
Joseph J. 670
Levi 369
Plantation 500

Thomas 864, 895
Thomas N. 424
Hamlin, George 963
Hammerer, John D. 884
Hammock, Paschal 879
T. D. 496
William 879
Hammond, Abner, a Revolutionary soldier 279
Abraham, a soldier of 1812, 1007
Amos W. 572
Col. 986
Dennis F. Judge 491, 679
Dudley W. 318
Elijah 487
Nathaniel J. Col., 153, 541, 572, 602, 796
Samuel, Col., a Revolutionary soldier 316, 411, 912, 915
W. R. Judge 679
Hampton, Andrew 720
Col. 720
Joseph 704
Roads 365
Hampton's Point, where Aaron Burr took refuge.....611, 623
Hampstead, a dead town.....395-396
Hancock Blues 310
County 144, 473
D. 704
Francis 703, 884
John, a Revolutionary soldier 333, 682
John, of Crawford 496
Mancel 496
William 496
Hand, Henry H., a Revolutionary soldier 936
Handley, George 407, 888
Handly, George 887
Handspiker, Stephen 748
Haney, Thomas 572
Hankerson, John 949
Hanleiter, Cornelius R. Col....572, 799
William R. 572
W. R. Mrs. 928
Hanna, Mark, his home in Thomasville where McKinley Presidential boom was launched, 246, 250
Robert 704
William 704
Hanna's School, Miss 581
Hannah, A. B. 502
Hannon, Samuel 468
Hansell, Andrew J. Gen. 467, 961
Augustin H. Judge.....961, 964
Charles P. Hon. 965
William Y. 285
Hanson, Alexander Contee.....4
Hape, Samuel, Dr. 572
Haralson County, treated 667, 668
Congressman 641
Hugh A. Gen. 507, 638, 977
Sketch of 667, 668
Harben, Will N. 1039
Harbor, Cold 724
Hardaway, R. H. Mrs. 484
Hardee, William J. Gen., 362, 401, 402, 412, 456, 457
Thomas 330
W. T. Mrs. 330
"Hardee's Rifle and Infantry Tactics" 362
Hardeman, Isaac Col. 716
John 843
John of Coweta 491
Robert U. 320, 843
Robert V. Judge 716
Thomas Jr., Col. ..315, 318, 824, 843, 868
Thomas Sr. 318, 868
Harden, Adam 977
Edward J. Judge ...384, 412, 414
John 977
J. M. B. Dr. 739
William 269, 564, 1001
Hardin, Col. 295
M. 505
Mark A. 679
P. M. 572
William 680
Harding, William 704
W. P. Dr. 572
Hardman, E. S. Mrs. 690
Larmartine Griffin 690, 692
W. B. Dr. 690
William B. J. Dr. 690, 692
Hardwick, C. W. 704
Frank T. 1039
Garland 704
George W. 864
John W. 697
T. W. 746, 1023
William, a Revolutionary soldier 697, 704, 1022
W. P. 704
Hardy, Aquilla 490
Hargrove, Zachariah B. 295, 551
Hargroves, Abram 472
George 1016
Harkies, William 546
Harkness, James 346
Harman, Henry E. 605
James 949
Harmony Grove, Ga. 200
Harp, W. A. 572
Harper, Alex O. Mrs. 691
C. C. 242
Donald 557
George 715
John J. 669
Mr. 794
Mrs. 857
Robert 766
Robert, at Kettle Creek....1049
William, at Kettle Creek....1049
Harpue, T. 793
Haralson, Vincent 1007
Harrell, Jacob 505
John 505
John D. Col. 506
Martin 629
S. 990
Sampson 629
Solomon 934
W. W. 505
Harrington, T. 990
Harris, Absalom, a Revolutionary soldier 662
Archibald 977
Augustin 274
Benjamin 1018
Charles 407, 634
Sketch of 668, 669
Charles B. 781
Col. 550
Corra White 298
County, treated 668-671
E. 559
Edwin 311
E. S. 977
George Jr. 365
Graves 805
Henry 779
Henry Sr. 781

Henry R. 779, 783
Home, The Old 779
Isaac N. 174
Iverson L. Judge ...284, 469, 600
Jack 1001
J. F. Major 1036
James 704
James O. 572
Jeptha V. 144, 145
Joel Chandler ..322, 863, 868, 869
Creator of Uncle Remus....603
John 759
John L. Judge 572
L. D. 559
Lundy H. Mrs. 541
Nathaniel E. Capt. 323, 580, 586, 587
Place, The 734
R. H. 629
Sampson W. Judge 587, 683
Sampson 1058
Samuel B. 634
Stephen 644
S. 939, 943
Stephen N. Capt. 732
Stephen W. 424, 869
Thomas 637, 638
Thomas R. 870
Wade 318
Walker 1007
Walton 274, 637, 638
W. A. 1065
William 781
Wm. J. 860, 1029
William 468
Young 970
Young L. G. Mrs. 440, 447

Harrison, Burton Col. 15
George P. Jr. 412
George P. Sr., Gen. 412
George W. 579, 880, 888
Isabelle Miss 107
James P. 579
John 634
Joseph S. Mrs. 723, 1010
Lynde, Judge 249
Paschal 803
Uncle Abe, anecdote of....367
W. H. Capt. 473, 687, 934
Zadoc D. 579, 880

Harrold, Frank Jr. 723
Herdy 318

Hart, Benjamin, at Kettle Creek, 1048
Capt., a kinsman of Thomas Hart Benton 538
County, treated 671-677
Daniel, a Revolutionary soldier 497
Family Record, The 673, 674
John 673
John C. Judge 638, 641
Lucretia 673
Morgan, at Kettle Creek....1048
Nancy 518, 538, 539, 860
A heroine of the Revolution, sketch of 671-673
At Kettle Creek 1048
The home of 537
Nancy, Chapter D. A. R.....278
Nathaniel 673
Samuel 766
Thomas, Jr. 638, 673

Hartford, a dead town....671 860
Hartley, Sherrell 704
Hartridge, Julian 412
Hartwell, county-seat of Hart....671
Harvard University 10, 292
Harves, Charles, a Revolutionary soldier 628
Harvey, James 704
John 715
M. P. 365
Spencer, Rev. 365
W. S. 365
Zephaniah, a Revolutionary soldier 694
Harvie, Daniel 1057
William 843
Harvill, Andrew 821
Ellis 1063
Harvin, Wm. E. 348
Harwell, James 997
Jackson 669
Henry J. 864
Hatcher, George E. 237
Robert 1064
Samuel T. 822
William 539
Hathorn, William 861
Hatteras 446
Hattewanlee, a town....548
Havanna 71
Hawk, Jacob 879
Hawkins, Alexander Dr. 997
Benjamin Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 281, 307, 359, 476, 494, 495, 496, 946, 947, 948
Resident Agent among the Creeks, (see the Old Creek Indian Agency: where a forgotten patriot sleeps) 18-28
Cordelia, Miss, now Mrs. T. Furlow Gatewood 500
County-seat of Crisp named for 497
Fort, sketch of 307 308
John 267
Sam 166
Samuel H., President of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery Railway 500
Willis A. Judge 600, 777, 937

Hawkinsville, the county-seat of Pulaski 860
Hawthorn, John 990
W. R. 629
William 505
Hawthorne, Rev. 874
Hawthorne's Pool 874
Hay, Charles 844
Hayden, Julius L. 572
Hayes, A. 528
John, a Revolutionary soldier 511
Jonathan 449
Robert L. 835
Rutherford B. 523
William Rev. 959
Haygood, Atticus G., Bishop, 202, 784, 832 833
Benjamin 794
F. M. Rev. 572
Green B. 572
James 274
Mrs. 794
William, a Revolutionary soldier 791

Hayne, Gen. 909
Literary Circle, (foot-note)..230
Paul H., the home of, Copse Hill 224, 228
Mentioned 228, 917
Quoted 231, 232, 233
Mentioned (foot-note) 231
Robt. Y. 301

Wm. H. 226
Haynes, Augustus 572
Moses 539
Reuben 572
Hays, C. L. 949
E. 528
George 949
Harrison 949
John 528
R. P. 949
Hazelhurst, S. W. 356
The county-seat of Jeff Davis 698, 699
Head, D. B. Dr. 668
James 546
James R. 668
Quarters, (name of mining camp at Dahlonega 759
Samuel B. 822
William 1058
William H. 796
W. J. Capt. 668
Healey, Thomas G. 572
Heard, A. V. Mrs. 976
Barnard Maj. 884, 1043, 1044, 1057
At Kettle Creek 1048
B. W. Gen. 211, 1044
County, treated 677, 679
George C. 781
House: where the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held, (illustrated) 211
Jesse, at Kettle Creek, 1043, 1048, 1057
John, at Kettle Creek. 1043, 1044, 1048, 1057
Joseph 634
Heardmont, the home of Stephen Heard 537, 540, 678
Stephen, Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 537, 538, 540, 1042, 1043, 1048, 1057, 1059, 1061
Sketch of 677
Thomas 804
William 634, 638, 670
Heard's Fort 147, 211 540, 677, 678, 762, 887
Sketch of 1043-1045
Hearn Academy 555
Heath, George 949
Heber, Bishop, how his great hymn was set to music 292
Hebrew Congregation of Savannah 102
Heddrick, John 994
Heflin, Wyley 804
Heidleburge, Thos. C. 990
Helveston, Philip 702
Hemphill, Philip W. 551
Wm. A. 579
Henderson, C. K. Mrs. 775
Daniel 1065
Elisha 696
Isaac P. 835
James 317, 318
John 686, 884
Manasseh 1065
Robert 702
Robert J. 837
William, a soldier of 1812, 696, 1001
Hendrick, William 528
Hendricks, L. 502
Hendrix, Daniel 326
John C. 572
Hendry, E. D. 853
Henley, M. 748
Henly, George 387
Hennerigues, Isaac Nunis 98
Mrs. 98
Shem 98
Henry, Chas. S. 403
County, treated 679-681
John 825
John Judge 862
of Navarre 206
Patrick 679
Robert 822
Samuel H. Rev. 812
Walton Chapter of D. A. R., 801
W. P. 794
Wm. Judge 1002
Henson, John 421
Hepburn, Burton, Col. 821
Hepzibah, Old Brothersville....905, 908
Herbert, George, Rev., holds first Religious Services in Georgia 78-79
Isaac 893
J. 955
John 157
S. 955
Herndon, Joseph 1007
Reuben 865
"Hermitage," The 394
Herod Town 968
Heron's Point 733
Herring, David 804
Edmund 505
James 977
John 977
William 572, 650
Herrington, Ephriam, a Revolutionary soldier 543
Mr. 926
Richard, a Revolutionary soldier 924
Herriott, John 887
Herrman, H. 517
Herron, Alexander, Col. 733
Herronton, Wm. S. 929
Herrishill, William 990
Hervey, C. P. 823
Hester, John Temple 522
Hewey, Joseph 510
Heygood, Atticus G. Bishop 838
Heyward, Duncan C. 453
Heywood 875
Hiawassee River 178, 179
The county-seat of Towns 696, 970
Hickman, John P. 221
Hickory Flat, Ga. 421
Hicks, Abner 1063
An Indian 627
Capt. 924
Charles, a Cherokee Chief..1009
Charles R. 175
Elijah, a Cherokee Chief...1000
H. Dr. 711
James Maj. 490, 544, 711
W. P. 711
Higdon, Charles 720
Ira 629
Higginbotham, J. 538
High, James M. 579
Highgate, dead town 395-396
Highland Clan, The Famous....772
Guards 442
Highsmith, Daniel 945
Mr. 538
Hightower, Daniel 714
James 865
James, Sr. 997
P. 977
William 365

Hill, Barnard, Judge 320, 940
Benjamin Harvey, Judge, 299, 446, 448, 519, 579, 583, 584, 585, 597, 600, 648, 651, 696, 698, 781. 977, 978
Incsription on monument to.584
Monument, mentioned, 218, 582, 593
Ben, County, treated 299-201
Blanton M. 424
Charles D. 446, 978
David B., Gov. 585
D. H., Gen. 282
D. P. 670
Edmond 702
Edward 766
E. Y. Judge 978
Hiram Warner, Judge, 600, 782, 784
Isaac 696
James 884
Jasper N. 870
John 754, 766, 1058
At Kettle Creek 1049
John B. 488
John G. 929
John M. 579
John S. 977, 979
John Mrs. 696
Joseph 1063
Joseph B. 636
Joshua, Sen. 766. 804
L. J. 579
L. M. Col. 579, 811
R. S. 676
S. 774
Thomas 365, 691, 907
Walter B. Chancellor, 236, 240. 320, 433, 940
Ward 865
Warren J. 1007
Wiley 1057
William C. 870
William Capt. 1017, 1018
William F. 607
W. M. 510
W. Rhode 579
Hillary, Christopher 888
Hillbryan, John 963
Hillhouse, David R. Capt.....1047
David R. Mrs., Georgia's first woman editor 1047
David 1058
Hilliard, Henry W. ..818, 821, 824, 826
Thomas 1015
T. H. Gen. 374
Hills, Lucius Perry 605
Hillsman, Dr. 949
Hillyer, Carlton 1008
Eben Dr. 1008
George Judge, 447, 577, 579, 601, 603, 1008
Henry 579, 1008
John F. 447
Junius Judge, 424, 447, 448, 579, 603, 1008
Rebecca Freeman Mrs. 447
Shaler G. Dr. ..424, 436, 447,640, 792
William Hurd 605
Hilsman, Jeremiah Dr. 522
P. L. Dr. 522, 523
Hilton, Abram 766
C. C. 1026
William 1026
Hines, E. D. 669
Family, The 726
James K. Judge 344, 1023
John H. 864
William H. 859
Hinesville, the county-seat of Liberty 726
Hinton, Jacob 680, 681
Hippocrates 689
Hirsch, Joseph 579
Historic Old Midway: a shrine of patriotism 135
Old Milledgeville, Georgia's capital for more than six decades 156-160
Old St. Marys.....350
Old Wesleyan: the first female college to confer diplomas 200, 202
Outlines, original settlers and distinguished residents of the counties of Georgia, part II 263-1065
And picturesque Savannah..399
"Records of Savannah," 380, 382, 402
"History of the Chatham Artillery," 399, 402
Hitchcock, James 821
William Capt. 490
Hoard, Stephen 539
Hoobs, Lewis 702
Matthew 766
Richard, Capt. 522, 523
William 702
Hodge, David, a Revolutionary soldier 480, 836
James, Sr. 836
P. M. 572
William 538
Hodges, F. B. 676
William 539
W. C. 823
Hodgin, John 766
Hodgins, Willis 990
Hodgson, Asbury 875
E. R. 875
E. R. Sr. 424, 436
Hall 83
Where Georgia's Heir Looms are kept 402-403
Margaret Telfair Mrs. 402
Wm. B. 402
Hodnet, J. 781
Hogan, Edmund 861
Hoge, E. F. Col. 1002
Hogg, James 704
Hogue, Jacob 365
Hokitt, Richard 766
Holcombe, Henry Dr., 412, 909,919, 921
Henry C. 572
John K. Sr. 668
John K. Jr. 511, 668
Holden, Horace M. 600
Jonathan 387
Holder, John N. 691
Holder, Thomas R. 691
Holiday, Ambrose 766
Holland, Archibald 850
E. W. 572
Henry 945
Jacob 812
James 326
James H., Inscription on monument to 642
Jonas H. 697
Robert T., Inscription on monument to 642
Thomas 794
Holloway, Edward 997
Peter 997

Holleman, Ed. 365
Holliday, H. B. 854
John 481
Hollingshead, William 773
Hollingsworth, James 919
Hollis, Thomas 795
Holloway, Joseph 270
Holmes, Abiel Dr., an early pastor, the father of the New England poet 614, 728, 730, 731
E. T. Prof. 855
Gideon V., a soldier of the Revolution 561
Isaac, Capt. 311
Oliver Wendall 19, 137, 729
Richard Mrs. 794
Holmesville, Ga. 267
Holt, B. W. 711
Cicero 866
David I., Quartermaster in War for Mexican Independence 36
George 866
George Jr. 866
Hines 285, 644, 827, 866
L. 607
Peyton 866
Raleigh 865
Robert 866
Roy 866
Simon 866
Tarpley 309, 318, 865, 866
Thaddeus G. Col. 35, 323, 866, 991
W. C. 823
Holton, William 712
Home School, Athens 438, 446
"Home, Sweet Home" 184, 239
"Home, The," a ship, wrecked off Hatteras 446
Homerville, county-seat of Clinch, 452, 453
Honduras 296
Honey, Robert 884
Honolula 361
Hood, Andrew 997
Edward, Dr., a Revolutionary soldier 662
Erastus C. 670
John B. Gen., 40, 451, 456, 461, 593, 624
S. C. Rev. 792
Hoogman, Jacob 337
Hook, Daniel Dr. 572, 707
James S. Judge 707, 1023
Hooker, Joseph Gen. 31, 32, 209, 372
Hooks, Hilary 270
Hooper, James 564
John W. Judge 468, 490
Hooten, Henry Rev. 493
Hopeton, a famous rice plantation. 616
Hopewell Presbytery, created 1052
Treaty of 476
Hopkins, Francis 1016
I. S. Dr. 580, 832, 838
J. A. 365
John L. Judge 579, 603
Ranse 369
Wm. T. 356
Hopkinsville, Ky. 179
Hoppoie Micco, a Creek Indian chief 494
Hop-o-eth-le-yo-ho-lo 168, 169
Speech on McIntosh Rock 168
Hornady, H. C. Rev. 572
Horne, O. C. 935
"Hornet's Nest," name given by the Tories to Wilkes County ..1058
Horton, Capt. 380
Josiah 794
Major 609
O. R. Prof. 160, 282
Thomas 637
W. 977
Hosea, C. T. 931
Hot Springs, Ark. 222
Houghton, Wm. H. 864
House, Paschal 572
Thomas 318
Houser, Walter, Mrs. 237
Houston County, treated 681-685
Mentioned 162, 202
John, a Revolutionary soldier, (Governor) 342, 682
Oswald 573
Patrick Sir, ...343, 409
Post 1024
Sam, Gen. 38, 822
W. J. 573
Houstoun, George Sir. 389
James 380
John, Gov., sketch of. 682-683
Mentioned 140, 389, 887
Patrick, Sir, Registrar of Grants and Receiver of Quit Claims 388, 683
William, a Revolutionary soldier 389, 409, 410, 683
Hoover, John 1063
How a duel on horseback was prevented 268-269
An old church was saved ..342
Peggy O'Neill dissolved a President's Cabinet 303
Howard, Charles Wallace Rev. and Capt. 292, 298
Sketch of 293-294
J. 538
Jane Vivian 235
John H. Col. 820, 821
Mary, (Mrs. F. R. Goulding) 292
Nicholas, Col. 821
Robert, Col. 824
Mentioned in foot-note 235
R. R. 823
Sarah 294
Thomas 217, 270
Thomas C. Col. 513
Wm. M. 847
William Schley, Hon. 513
Howe, Fort 770
Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 1003
Robert 496
Howell, Albert 573
Archibald 467
Casper 997
Clark, Editor-in-chief of the "Constitution" 602, 787
Clark, Sr. 573
Evan P, Capt., 573, 577, 601, 787, 1023
Isaac, a Revolutionary soldier 575
John 702
Joseph 850
McKinney 638
Nathaniel 1058
Singleton G. 573
Howley, Gov. 540, 1044
Richard, Gov., 407, 409, 678, 738, 887
Hoxie, Asa B. 823
Hoxey, Thomas Dr. 822, 895
Hoyt, Nathan Dr. 424
S. B. Judge 573

Hubbard, Richard B., Gov. of Texas 1008
W. L. 573
Huber, A. 475
Hubert, W. 936
Hubner, Chas. W. Maj.. 226, 238, 586, 604
Huckaby, C. P. 959
Isham, a Revolutionary soldier 489
Huddleston, James 715
Hudgens, John Col. 994
Hudson, Alfred 559
Irby 863, 864, 865, 867, 869
James T. 745, 746
Jonathan A. 318, 821, 822
L. 559
L. W. 864
W. J. 670
Huey, S. 669
Huff, Joseph 949
Huger, Isaac Col. 107
Hughes, A. 1001
Dudley M. 991
G. 935
John T., a Revolutionary soldier 421
Joshua, Corporal 420
Hughs, William 502
Hull, A. L., mentioned, 431, 435, 439, 443, 444
Quoted 141, 423, 424
Mentioned in foot-note....139
Asbury 443
Daniel 365
Henry Dr. 443,895
Hope, Rev. 423, 424, 443, 779
First settler in Athens 143
Pioneer of Methodism 1046, 1054 1061
Hopewell, of Maryland 1054
William Hope 426
Hull's Meeting House 143, 443
Hulsey, Eli J. 511, 573
Jennings 511
Joel 502
William H. 573
W. 502
Hume, James 387
John 387
Humphreys, A. W. 929
Joab, Rev. 812
Humphries, Charner 573
Joseph W. 605
Joseph 564
Major 715
Hunnicutt, C. W. 573
E. T. 573
Hunt, John Sr. 421
Memmican, Gen., publicly recognizes the Georgia origin of the "Lone Star" flag of Texas 38
Mr. 644
A. J. 668
Elisha 994
Henry 997
James 703
Lewis 684
Wilkins 794
Hunter, a young man 933
George W. 403
George R. 496
Job 1018
John 491
Redding 686
William 525
William P. 78
Huntingdon, Lady, Salina, Countess of, friend and patron of Whitfield 83, 84
Hurd, Henry 704
Hurst, William 711, 864
Hurt, Elisha 1018
Joel 579, 844, 1058
Hutchens, G. R. 860
Hutcheson, John B. 982
R. B. Dr. 668
Hutchins, Nathan L. Col. 642, 643
Nathaniel L. Sr. Judge....644
Robert 393-715
Hutchinson, Arthur 368
College 368
James 490
Joseph 893
Nicholas 670

I

"I go to illustrate Georgia," Francis S. Bartow 286, 287
Illinois 204
Incas 77
Independent Presbyterian Church..953
Presbyterian Church of Savannah 292, 382, 384, 840
Indian Agency, The Old 946
Antiquities of Forsyth County 559
Antiquities 332, 472
Antiquities of Campbell County 364
Antiquities of Murray County 807
Antiquities of Bibb County, 316, 317
Spring, treaty of 19, 161, 169, 363, Mentioned 308, 345, 444, 779
Territory ..173, 175, 178, 180, 181
Towns of Gilmer 606
Trade with Creeks and Cherokees 113
Traditions of Cobb 454
Villages of Chattooga....415
Villages of Cherokee....418
Indianapolis, Ind 299, 300
"Tribune" 300
"Inez" 235
Ingersoll, S. M. Dr. 318, 821
Ingraham, Benj. F. 854
Ingram, Chas. 318
H. 505
John 704
Porter, Judge 671, 829
Innis, Andrew 893
Inman, Daniel, a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked....339
Hugh T. 579
Joshua Capt. 985
Joshua, a Revolutionary officer, grave marked 338
Samuel M. 509, 579
Shadrach, D. A. R. Chapter..339
W. P. 573
Innes, A. Mitchell 53, 55
Inventions, cotton gin....125, 130
Ireland 229
Irish Jasper Greens 395-396-397
Ironside of Cromwell 135
Irvin, Alexander 1023
David 704
Irvine, D. 295
John 387

Robert Dr. 888
Irwin, Charles M. Rev. 967, 968
County 299, 300
Treated 685-686
David Judge ...468, 469, 470, 523, 779, 964
Hugh 702
Isabella 704
Isaiah T. 1056
Jared, Gov., a Revolutionary soldier, 144, 153, 159, 340, 343, 685, 775, 888, 933, 1023
His home place, "Union Hill" 1020, 1021
Monument in Sandersville.1021
John 1023
Thomas 141
William, Maj. Gen. 964, 1023
Irwinton, county-seat of Wilkinson 1063
Irwinville, former county-seat of Irwin 685
Ga., where President Jefferson Davis was arrested.....13
Isbell, J. D. 931
Island Town 415
Isle of Hope 87-395
Ison, F. M. 854
Italy 105
Iverson, Alfred, 319, 558, 738, 739, 821, 827
Alfred Jr., Brig. Gen. ..598, 716, 739
Irving, Mr. 549
Ivey, Jeremiah 804
Owen 789
William 1027
Ivy, E. 1018, 1027
Hardy 566, 573
Henry P. 573
M. J. 573
Socrates 573

J

Jack, F. M. 573
George W. 573
James, Capt. 539, 540, 1058
James, Col. 538
W. E. 572
Jack's Creek 679
Battle of 1005, 1007
Jackson, Absalom, a Revolutionary soldier 789
His tragic death in Camden 355, 356
Adelaide, E. Mrs. 522
Administration, The 274, 558
Andrew, Gen., 171, 302, 400, 608, 638, 695, 772, 870, 871, 991, 992
How Peggy O'Neill dissolved a President's cabinet.....303
Benjamin 1058
Charles A. Rev. 957
Charles, a Revolutionary soldier, buried at Dungeness, 10, 349
Col., a Revolutionary soldier.735
County 142, 200
Treated 686 692
County-seat of Butts 344
E. 794
Fort, (Ga,) 400, 401
Ga. 164
Gen. 606, 754
George W. 789
Green S. 789
Hall 273
Henry Capt. 579
Henry, Dr. 423, 444, 493
Henry R. Col., 311, 396, 397, 420, 444, 823, 854, 896, 935
Jabez 651
James Gov. ...144, 269, 272, 343, 359, 373, 542, 600, 686, 707, 708, 712, 911, 913, 923, 972, 991, 1025, 1044
Sketch of 687-688
Epitaph 687
Resigns his seat in the United States Senate to fight the Yazoo Fraud.....149, 151
James, Chief Justice, 320, 445, 448, 600
James, of Bulloch 337
J. P. 821
J. M. 1036
John 424
John K. 916
Joseph 766
Joseph W. Capt. 399
J. W. 1018
Joseph Webber 687
C. H. S. Prof. 792
Mark 865, 997
Nathaniel 766
Oak, The. A property owner 438, 439
R. 977
Spring 695
Stonewall, a statue of, in Augusta 896
Mentioned 75, 498
Thomas L. 669
Walter 1058
Warren 865
Wilkins 715
William, a Revolutionary soldier, 510, 511, 631, 681, 715, 836, 865
William H. Col. 144, 423, 439, 591
Jacksonboro, the passing of an old town 923, 925
"Jacksonian, The," a newspaper edited at McDonough 680
Jacksonville, an old town 955
Fla 106
Jacobs, Thornwell 605
James, Fort 536
F. M. 525
John 468, 766
John H. 491, 573, 578
Joseph S. Col., United States District Attorney 526
Sartin 720
S. Boynton Chapter, U. D. C., The 928
Jameson, J. 754
S. Y. Dr. 314
Jamestown 76, 80
Jamieson, John 387
Janes, Absalom 864, 943
Charles G. Judge 859
D. 724
E. 724
Thomas G. 864
Thomas P. Dr. 943
William 724
William F. 859
Jarnigan, Needham 368
Jarrell, Hardy 949
Jarrett, Devereaux 884

W. D. 274
Jasper County 271
Treated 692-698
Chapter, D. A. R. 695
Monument Association 106
Spring 107
The county-seat of Pickens..851
William Sergeant, 268, 463, 692, 851
Monument at Savannah, (illustrated) 106-107
Inscription 106
Jay, Mr., a celebrated architect 392-394
Jeans, Samuel 727
Jeff Davis County, treated....698, 700
Mentioned 265
"Legion" 399
Jefferies, Harriet Gould Mrs., 123, 124, 914
Jeffers, John 926
Jefferson County 148, 155
Treated 700-708
County-seat of Jackson, 686, 688, 690
Thomas, 427, 613, 642, 646, 700, 912, 985
Town 356
Jeffersonville 987
The county-seat of Twiggs..985
Jekyl Island, a mecca of millionaires 619
Sir Joseph 619
Sound 619
Jelks, E. A. 329
James O. 861
O. K. 329
Jenkins, Chas. J. Gov., 708, 709, 710, 905, 914, 915, 1056, 1057
C. R. Dr. (Rev.) 202
County, treated 708-709
Mentioned 710
David 670
Frank E. Dr. 648
Howell W. 977
James 638, 766
Jesse 634
J. F. 670, 982, 984
Little B. 634
Robert 766, 865, 867
S. T. 879
William 1018
William F. Judge 867
W. K. 984
W. R. 982
W. T. 968
Jenks, B. 680
William 680
Jennings, William 365
Jernagin, A. 1015
Major 933
H. W. 933
Moses 945
Jerusalem Church, The 531
Jesuits 70
Jessup, Gen. 820
Jesup, County-seat of Wayne....1024
Gen. 1024
Jett, Ferdinand 468
Jewett, E. 821
Jews in Georgia, The: an outline history 97-102
Jinks, Wellborn 949
Willis 949
Jobson, Francis W. 989
"John Adams," The 9
Johns Hopkins University, mentioned 236, 237
Johnson, Aaron 539
Allen 669, 945
Allen E. 573
Andrew Judge 510, 597
A. 607
Angus 539
B. 669
C. 990
County, treated 711
David 680, 929
G. D. 854
Guards, The 442
Haley 958, 959
Herschel V., Gov., 159, 343, 469, 707, 711
Hugh G. 856-929
J. A. 607
James, Gov., 159, 829, 836, 856, 958
James F. 451
Jesse 680
John 267, 416
John Calvin 838
John D. 670
John W. Dr. 337
Joseph 657, 704, 854
Joseph H. 606
L. 510
Lancelot 803
Lewis 387
Lott W. 699, 700
Nicholas 977
Richard 882
Rienzi M. 506, 1024
Robert, Governor of South Carolina 379, 381
S. 896
Samuel Dr. 51
Stephen 103
Thomas D. 270, 949
Thomas 929
William Dr. 963
William Judge 803
"Life of Nathaniel Greene," quoted 109
Mentioned in foot-note 112
William Jr. 668
Wright 949
Johnsons, The 295, 451, 711, 971
Johnston, a Confederate soldier, 849, 850
Abraham 766
B. 544
Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 735
David 697
Gen. 624
Joseph E. Gen., 14, 40, 43, 44, 209, 210, 212, 456, 461, 1028
His monument at Dalton, 1034, 1036
Mary, the novelist 581, 604
Thomas 387, 421
William 673, 1018
W. B. 983
William P. Col. 15, 16, 17
Johnstons, The 416
Joice, John 686
Joiner, Alfred 789
Asa 789
B. 990
Curtis 861
Meredith 684
Mrs. 794
Jolly, John 559
Jones, A. Dr. 895, 1018
Abner 528

Abraham, a Revolutionary soldier 340
Ab. F. Capt. 314
A. W. 573
B. 939, 943
Batt, a Revolutionary soldier grave marked 340
B. O. Dr. 573
Charles C. Jr., Col., 63, 65, 226, 399, 414, 609, 629, 736, 740, 741, 743, 762, 807, 886, 905, 918, 929
Mentioned in foot-note..73, 379
Quoted in account of "Light Horse Harry Lee's death," 4, 12
Historical sketch of Tomochichi, quoted 86
Life of Commodore Josiah Tattnall, quoted 92
History of Georgia, quoted 472, 496
Charles Edgeworth 917
Charles H. 940
C. O. Dr. 928
County 44, 271, 305, 313
Treated 711, 717
David 773
Dr. 879
E. 387
Edmond 318
Edward 510
E. R. 573
Evan, Rev. 652
E. W. Dr. 794
Francis 766
Frank, a Revolutionary soldier 924
George, Judge and Senator, 78, 88, 411
How he punished culprits, 357-358
George Wymberley 88
H. 836
Henry 766
Isaac N. Judge 859
James 510
James of Savannah, Congressman 407, 411, 528
James, a Revolutionary soldier, 711, 714, 715, 924, 945, 977
J. B. Judge 931
James S. 929
James of Ware 1015
John, a Revolutionary soldier, 712, 924, 945, 948, 1023
John, 341, 359, 505, 766, 781, 850
John Capt. 823
John, Col., a Revolutionary officer 338
John Dr. 743
John Major 712, 741, 742
Prevented from fighting a duel on horseback 268, 269
John A. Col. 827
John H. 781
John J. Congressman ..340, 343
John W. 929, 969
John William, Dr. (Rev.)....604
Quoted 14
Joseph Dr. 741, 876
Lavonia Miss 562
Lucian H. 963
M., Historian, 549, 717, 813, 815 945
Major 799
Mary 88
Mitchell 963
Nicholas Capt. 1017
Noble, Capt., afterwards Judge, companion of Oglethorpe and distinguished officer of the Crown, his county-seat Wormsloe ..87-89
Mentioned 380, 387, 406, 408, 532
Noble W., a Revolutionary patriot 408, 409, 682, 712
Speaker of the House of Assembly 88
Oliver H. 573
Philip, a Revolutionary soldier 924
Philip H. 817
River 87
Russell 561
R. J. Capt. 372
R. T. 419
S. 990
Samuel 607
Samuel G. Capt. 450
Sam. P. Rev. 296
Seaborn, a patriot of the Revolution .....340, 827, 892..
Seaborn Augustus 907
Seaborn Mrs. 234
Seaborn Col. 274
Thomas 380, 836, 963
Thomas G. Gov. of Ala.....450
T. 669
T. M. 958
W. B. Dr. 573
W. D. Major 369
William, a Revolutionary soldier 424, 715, 790, 876
W. C. 629
William Louis Dr. 740
Jonesboro, county-seat of Clayton 450
Battle of 451
Jordan, Aaron 794
Burial Ground in Wilkes, 131, 1043
Cornelius 1023
Family, The 694
Fleming, Col. 699
Green 274
G. Gunby 830
Harvie 698
John 670
Leonidas 285
Matthew J. 496
Reuben 695, 696, 843, 1057
Starling 702
Jordin, Benjamin 856
Joseph 250
Josephis Town, a dead town.....396
Jossey, Henry 778, 1058
Jourdan, John, a Revolutionary soldier 1022
Timothy 766
Journal of Wm. Stephens.....389
Joyner, Benjamin 1058
Berrajah 270
Judson College .....
Jug Tavern, (see Winder).....553
Julian, Mr. 559
Jusserand, Monsieur 107
Justice, D. 936
J. A. 301

K

Kaigler, James 774
Kallensworth, Joseph 766

Kaly, Henry W. 684
Karver, Henry A. 522
Karwisch, Henry 573
Kay, William 573
W. E. Col. 622
Keath, A. Lieut. 420
Keaton, Benjamin 270
Keely, John 573
Keener, John 309, 318
Keese, E. H. 879
Peter E. 879
Kelley, Benj. J. Bishop of Savannah 310, 1053
Kell, Alexander 607
James 607, 876
John 270
John McIntosh Gen....742, 929
Kelley, James M. 501
Joe W. 668
Moses 487
William L. 668
Kellogg, George 559
M. P. Prof. 487
Kelly, Daniel P. 835
Jacob 1023
James M. Major, first Supreme Court Reporter....1023
His tomb 683, 684
John 270, 876
M. 505
Robert 270
Kelsey, Joel 573
William 573
Kemble, Fannie, the noted actress who married Pierce Butler 65, 611, 623
Kemp, M. 774
Morgan 778
Reuben 778
William 270
Kenan, Augustus H. 285
Owen H. Judge....491
Kenard's Ferry, where Oglethorpe crossed the Chattahoochee, 814
Kendall, Henry Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 996
Major 781
Kendrick, Drury 670
James 865
William S. Dr. 417
Wiley 949
Kennedy, Daniel Dr. 337
David 468
Fields 803
J. B. 822
John 702, 704
L. 301
S. 544
Solomon 267
Stephen 337
Kenner, William S. 387
Kennesaw Mountain: once a peak of the Inferno 208-211
Woman's tribute to Heroic Dead 457-460
Mentioned 455, 468
"Rangers" 397
Town, Cherokee Indian Village 455
Kent, G. 939, 943
Thomas 1029
William B. Judge 1029
Kentucky 305
Keowee Tract 140
Kettle Creek, Battle of...131-134, 1048
Mentioned 256
Creek Chapter, D. A. R.....131
Key, B. 544
Clarke 342
C. W. Rev. 977
Francis Scott, foot-note....48
Jesse B. 879
Joshua Rev. 908
P. C. 286
Thomas H. 519
William 421, 538
W. H. Rev. 879
Kicklighter, F. J. 573
William 573
Kidd, William 573
Kiker, B. 628
Kile, Richard 573
Thomas 573
William 573
Kilgo, W. M. 931
Kilgore, J. T. 821
Killion, Daniel 502
David 502
Kilpatrick, J. H. T. Rev. 907
Kimball, H. I. 578, 579
Kimberley, Anson 317
Kimbrough, Henry 670
Kimsey, Thomas M. 1032
Kincaid, W. J. Capt. 930
W. J. Mrs. 928
Kinchafoonee, the original name given to Webster County..1026
Creek 723
Kiney, Jesse 650
King, Andrew 615
Augusta Clayton Mrs. 440
Barrington 466, 467, 468
D. G. 627, 628
Captain 36
Henry 615
James 949
John 356, 361, 888
J. 823
J. C. 607
John P. Judge, 120, 568, 773, 913
Mary Miss 126
Mr., a Revolutionary patriot, 704
Roswell 468, 939, 943, 961
Samuel 357
Stephen 356
S. T. 628
Thomas 449, 771
Thomas Butler, his dream of a Trans-Continental Railway 614, 615, 623
William 1015
W. W. 353
Yelverton P. 640
King's Fort 113, 119
Gap 669
Mountain 256
Kingsbery, Sanford 369
Kingston, Ga. ...29, 291, 292, 293, 294
A lost town in Morgan County 800
Kinman, C. 627
Kinney, Belle Miss 1035
Kinsey, Elijah 476, 482
Kiokee Creek 116
Kirby, Francis 971
Kirbys, The 680
Kirk, Joseph 715
Stephen 678
W. 710
Kirkland, J. C. 472
Moses 579
Kirkpatrick, John C. 511
Kirkpatricks, The 467
Kirtley, Lema 579

Kiser, John F. 579
Marion C. 487
Kisor, John 861
Kitchen, James J. 608
Kitts, Wade 702
Klondyke 366
Knickerbocker Magazine 373
Knight, Carrington 491
Enoch 491
Henry H. 304
Joel, a Revolutionary soldier 545
John 304
John G. 304
John W. 869
Jonathan 304
Levi J. Capt. 304, 686
Lucian Lamar, (foot-note) 230, 240
Address at Marietta ...461, 462
Mentioned 563, 637, 824, 976
William A. 754
Knott, J. R. 627
James W. 680
Knowles, Francis 387
Knox, Henry Gen. 492
Robert S. Corporal 420
Knoxville, Ga. 35
County-seat of Crawford County 492
Kogler, George 531
Kolb's Farm 459
Kollock, George J. 412
Henry Dr. 383, 428
P. M. Rev. (D. D.) 77
Kontz, Christian 573
Koockogy, Samuel 822
Krous, Harry 573
Kuhrt, Henry Sr. 573
Kuykendall, Peter 420
Kytle, Calvin H. 1032
Zachariah 659

L

Lachlan McIntosh Chapter, D. A. R. 107
Lackner, Martin 531
Lacy, Samuel 380
Roger de, a noted Indian Trader 882
Isaac, Ensign. Inscription on monument 642
P. 793
Philemon 794
Ladies' Memorial Association of Macon 315
Lafayette, Battle of 999, 1000
County-seat of Walker....998
The Great, a Revolutionary soldier 777
Gen. (formerly Marquis de) 156, 395, 495, 535, 545, 988, 989
Visits Macon 311, 312
Lays cornerstones of two monuments in Savannah, Green and Pulaski 103
Hall 272
Road 204, 206
LaGrange, Col. ....974, 975.
Female College 973
Ga. 667, 668
The county-seat of Troup County 971
Laing, J. A. Col. 959
Lamar, Basil 481, 748, 884
B. B. 317
Gazaway B. 793
Henry G. Hon.....35, 321, 716
James, at Kettle Creek.....1049
John, at Kettle Creek 1049
Mentioned, 317, 481, 713, 716, 748, 865, 866
John of Chattooga.....416
John B. Col. 321
Joseph R. Associate Justice, 324, 325, 541, 600, 605, 837, 902
Lafayette, Capt. 748, 750
Lucius M. Col. 288, 861
L. Q. C., Jr. 866
L. Q. C., Sr. Judge, Associate Justice 283, 321
Lucius 866
Mirabeau 866
Mirabeau B., 750, 818, 821, 822, 826, 828, 1018
Peter, Col. 479, 748, 749, 750
Sarah Cobb 479
Walter D. Mrs. 314, 315
Zachariah Col. 274, 285, 1045
Zachariah Sr. 884
At Kettle Creek 1049
Lamb, Barnaby 702
J. C. 304
Jacob 703
Stephen 702
Lambdin, Charles E. Prof. 854
Land, Jesse 1001
George 356
Landneur, Larkie 546
Landrum, J. W. Prof. 563
Sylvanus Dr. 718
William 1017
W. W. Dr. 433, 718, 719
Landscript Fund 435
Landselder, Veit 531
Lane, A. M. 977, 1053
Andrew W. Mrs. 238
E. 544
H. 836
Jesse 510, 1001
Joseph 835
Marshall H. Rev. 792
R. H. 977
R. Q. 836
Samuel Rev. 678
William 330
Lanfair, Austin 326
Lang, James 496
John 766
Thomas 822
Langston, Jeptha 573
T. L. 579
Langworthy, Edward ...387, 409, 1003
Lankford, G. W. 969
Lanier, a dead town 773
Bessie Miss 976
Bird 926
Chapter, U. D. C. 314
Charles 236
Clement 336, 773, 774
Clifford 239, 320
Lewis 336
Oak, The 621
Robert S. 321
Sidney: Macon's Memorial to the Master Minstrel, 236, 240, 320, 581, 621
Laremore, Isaac 705
LaSalle, French Explorer 70
Laslie, Lochlain 955
Lasseter, B. 681
Lassiter, Hardy 795
Samuel 342

Latham, Col 365
Thomas A. 491
Lathrop, Charles T. Col. 861
James W. 718
Latimer, Charles 513
James H. Dr. 699
R. T. 468
Latta, Alexander, a soldier of 1812 927
Lattimer, Charles 511
Robert 854
Launitz, Robert E. 105
Laurel View, home of Sen. Elliott, 736
Laurens County, treated 717-721
Henry, Hon. 717
John, Lieut. Col. 717
"Lauriger Horatius" 48
LaVein, Peter 387
Lavender, John 1063
Lavonia, most important commercial center in county.....562
Law, Col. 733
Dr. 794
D. S. 627
James R. 977
Joseph Col. 734
William 403, 412
William E. 739
Lawhorn, Allen 822
John 724
Laurence, George 850
Lawrence, J. 982
James Capt. 641
J. M. 983
John, a Revolutionary soldier 850
Zachariah 856
Lawrenceville, the county-seat of Gwinnett 641
Lawshe, Er. 573
Lewis 573
Lawson, Alex. J. Judge 340
Col. 627
David 309, 866
D. 318
E. F. Judge 340
Hugh, a Revolutionary soldier, 140, 142, 146, 704, 706, 1023
John, Capt., an officer of Revolution 340, 988
John, Major 1017
Reese 866
Roger 704
T. G. Judge, Congressman, 866
Lawton, Alex. R. Gen. 88, 105, 412, 413
Battery 88
"Lay of the Last Minstrel, The" ..154
"Lead Kindly Light" 49
Leak, Garlington 929
Leake, Counsellor 412
Robert 836
Leaksville, Ga. 450
Lear, Tobias 862
Leathers, Mr. 759
Leaves from the Portfolio of a Georgia lawyer 373
LeConte, Jane 739
J. A. Mr. 633
John 425, 430, 739
Joseph 425, 430, 739, 740
Louis 739
Pear Tree, The 936
William 803
Ledbetter, Richard, a Revolutionary soldier 760
Lee, Alice 886
And Agnew 382
And Agnew's "Historical Record of Savannah" 402
County 168
Treated 721-725
Fitzhugh Gen., quoted 12
Gordon, Congressmann from Georgia
Henry, Gen. ("Light-Horse Harry"), 349, 350, 577, 588, 604, 775, 885, 912, 934
Buried at Dungeness on Cumberland Island for ninety-five years 1-12
Epitaph on Tomb 2
Ivy 605
James W. Dr. (Rev.).....67, 605
Jesse 754
Major, "Light-Horse Harry's" eldest son 10
N. P. 959
Richard Henry 721
Robert E. Institute 996
A Statue of, in Augusta..896
Visits grave of father at Dungeness 11-12
Mentioned, 3, 14, 118, 212, 244, 348, 373, 722, 1012, 1029, 1034
Stephen D. Gen. 598, 934
T. R. 969
Wideman 605
William Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 694
Wyatt 424
Leesburg, the county-seat of Lee..721
Leftwick, John T. 864
Le Gallienne, Richard 240
Leigh, Anson B. 491
Benjamin 401
Cannon 612
Leimberger, Christian 531
"Leisure Hours," by J. B. Cobb, 197, 199, 454
Leitch, W. N. 517
Leitner, Joseph 531
Leland, Stanford University.....256
Leman, Ensign 71
Lemmenhoffer, Vait 531
Lemon, Robert 467
Lennard, L. M. 958, 959
Lenox, Charles, Duke of Richmond 880
Leonard, John 421
Thomas K. Dr. 348
Lester, George N. 470
German L. 573
James D. 794
Henry 850
Mr. 794
Richard 644
Rufus E. 412
Lett, Capt. 342
Leverett, Durrell 697
LeVert Female College 939
Octavia Walton Madam, 905, 939
Levi, John 546
Levy, Lionel C. Col. 824, 976
Lewis Curtis 929
David W. 757
Dixon, H. 869, 1051
Elijah B. 774, 862
George 945
Henry 705
Henry G. 600
Henry T. Judge 640, 641
J. B. 360
John F. Col. 861
John Major, a Revolution-

ary officer 294
John W. Dr., C. S. S.....421
Leander A. 802
Miles W. 640
Olive 383
P. A. 715
Peter Tillman 997
Thomas Jr. 341
Thomas Sr. 341
Ulysses, Col. 818, 821
William, a Revolutionary soldier 933
Lexington, Va. 2, 11, 12
Ga. 197
Road 142
The county-seat of Oglethorpe, 839
Leyden, Austin 573
Liberty Boys, The 884
County 268, 269
Treated 725-743
Guards, The 735
Independent Troops, The...735
Library of Southern Literature, foot-note 196, 225
"Life of Johnson" 51
Lightfoot, Benjamin 496
Lin, R. H. 573
Lincoln, Abraham ...289, 402, 445, 456
Benjamin, Gen. 744
County, treated 744-750
Gen. 923, 986
President 867
Lincolnton, the county-seat of Lincoln 744
Linder, John 676
Lindsay, George 823
John 766
Lindsey, John 1058
John, at Kettle Creek.....1049
Mr. 538
William 1063
Lines, J. Colton Maj. 282
Linnwood Cemetery 827
Linton, Alex. B. 424
Linwood Cemetery, Columbus 44
Lion of Lucerne 419
Lipham, Capt. 1058
Lippett, A. J. 1064
Lipscomb, Andrew A. Dr. 431, 441
M. A. Mrs. 438, 649
T. W. 243
Lisbon, Ga. 213
Lisles, Charles 546
Little Cedar Creek 554
"Dorrit" 50
Frank Maj. 1002
"Giffen of Tennessee," how a famous ballad came to be written 39-44
Mentioned 232, 233
Jacob 684, 936
James H. Col. 564
James, at Kettle Creek....1048
John D. Capt. 824, 829
Kennesaw 208
Prince 25
River 134
River Town, a Cherokee Village 418
Round Top 827
Samuel 705
William 883, 939, 943
William A. Judge, 600, 821, 824, 828, 829, 939, 940
William G. 939
W. R. 563
Littlejohn, Z. A. 501
Lively, Abraham 340
Matthew, a Revolutionary soldier 340
Lively, S. 691
Liverpool 79
Livingston, Adam, a Revolutionary soldier 632
Alfred 835, 837
Longstreet, Augustus B. Judge....831
Leonidas F. Col. 513, 632, 836
Livingston, the forerunner of Romie 551
Lloyd, Edward Capt. 397
James 573
James, Jr. 573
John 573
Loachaby, John 823
Lochran, O. A. 446, 448
Lochrane, Osborne A. Judge, Chief Justice 321, 579, 599, 716
Lockett, A. 794
Abner 794
Sol. 949
Lockitt, T. 1018
Lockhart, B. 748
John 748
Locust Grove, when the first Catholic Church in Georgia was built 1054
Lodi 206
Loflin, James 670
Logan, Daniel 703
J. H. Prof. 573
J. P. Dr. 573, 576
Major 1031
Logue, Calvin 608
"London Times" 240
"Lone Star" Flag of Texas woven by a Georgia woman, 34, 44, 495
Long Cane 696
Crawford W. Dr. ...424, 425, 445
Bronze medallion at University of Penn. 690, 691
Monument unveiled at Jefferson 688, 690
Discoverer of Anaesthesia..776
Creek 843
H. H. 948
Island 93, 94
James 777
James S. Dr. 929
John 369, 371
Nicholas, Col. 1058
Nimrod W. 864
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 775, 777
Stephen H. 566
Young J. 491
Longino, H. 680
Longinos, The 365
Longley, F. M. Judge 978
Lontsstreet, Augustus B. Judge, 639, 837, 916
Longstreet Chapter, U. D. C.....656
Gen. 562
Helen D. Mrs. 562, 563, 872
James, Lieut. Gen. 583, 627, 1038
Institute 487
William 564, 893, 915
Lookout Mountain 293
Looney, John 182
Lopez, David 98
Mrs. 98
Lord, William 1063
Lothrop, D. and Co. 226
Lott, Arthur 336
Daniel 336, 472

Louders, Abram 766
Louis XVI of France 700
Louisiana 45, 46, 47, 230
Bishop of 120
Province of 70
Louisville, the county-seat of Jefferson 705
The old Slave Market: a solitary remnant of feudal days in Dixie 154, 155
Burning the Iniquitous Records of the Yazoo Fraud before the State House 152, 153
Georgia's first permanent Capitol 146
Mentioned, 101, 144, 146, 157, 700, 701
Academy 705
And Wadley Railroad 148
"Gazette" 148
Love, Amos, a Revolutionary soldier 718, 719, 720, 880
David 638
James 977
Peter E. Dr. 719, 721, 964
William A. Dr. 579
W. H. 967, 968
Lovejoy, Burt 573
E. 696
John 680
J. H. 573
Lovell, E. F. Jr. 84
Loveman, Robert 1035, 1039
Lover's Leap, near Lexington.....842
Oak 621
Lovetts, The 711
Loving, John 317
Low, C. Sr. 1018
General 669
Henry 715
James 387
Lowe, Henry J. 670
Isaac 884
James P. 934
John, a Revolutionary soldier 714
Lower Creeks 162, 164
Lowery, Davis 990
John 387
Lowndes County 301
Treated 750-754
William 750
Lowrey, George, President of the Cherokee Council 182
John S. Mrs. 957
John W. 468
Lowry, B. 628
David 1058
John Col. 550
Robert J. Col. 509, 573, 577
Wm. M. 573
Loyless, E. B. 958
Thomas W. 901
Lubbock, Governor of Texas....15, 17
Lucas, E. B. 822
E. L. 821
Fred W. 424
G. B. 821
Nat 949
W. D. 821
Lucerne, Lion of 419
Luckey, S. 933
Luckie, A. F. 573
Lucy Cobb Institute, sketch of, 437, 438
Luffman, William 812
Lukes, The 304
Lula, a town 655
Lumpkin County, treated 754, 760
Mentioned 185, 186
George 843, 1058
H. H. 794
John 843-844
John H. 555, 847
John H. 555, 845, 847
Joseph Henry, Chief Justice, 163, 165, 167, 285, 319, 424, 426, 446, 447, 448, 503, 600, 684, 782, 844, 845, 847
Joseph Henry, Asso. Justice, 447
Law School 426, 446
Lucy, married Middleton Pope, 843
Martha, now Mrs. Compton, 446, 567, 569, 570
Samuel 600, 845, 847
The county-seat of Stewart, 931
Washington 420
Wilson, Gov., 141, 159, 423, 433, 445, 448, 567, 754, 755, 843, 844, 847, 931, 1060, 1061
Lumpkin's Battery 442
Lumpkins, The 847
Lupton, John 727
Lurton, Horace H. Judge 903
Lushing, Mr. 857
Lyall, Sir Charles, F. R. S. 617
Lycurgus 357
Lyle, James G. 490
Matthew 705
Lynch, Dennis 634
James 573
John 573
Michael 573
Peter 573
Lyon, Edward 129, 130
John 129
Richard F., of Dawson 600
Richard F. Judge 319
William, a Revolutionary soldier 708
Lyons, James M. 490
J. R. 821
The county-seat of Toombs County 968

Mc

McAdoo, Wm. G., Secretary of Treasury 216, 363, 470
McAfee, Taliaferro .....467.
McAllister, Fort 401
Mathew Hall 403, 412, 413
Samuel 705
McAlpin Henry Judge 394
McArhor, Thomas W. 573
McArthur, Douglas 1029
John 798, 945
Walter S. 1030
McBean, Lachlan 882
McBean's Creek 542
McBrayer, Andrew 850
McBride, John 865
McCall, Charles 336
Francis S. 329
George 337
Hugh, Capt., Rev., Soldier and Historian, 73, 134, 378, 410 413, 815, 1048
J. G Judge 328
Moses M. Rev. 792
Roger 307
Stephen 374
William, a Revolutionary soldier 720, 924
McCalla, A. C. Judge 920, 921

McCallie, S. W. Dr., Georgia State Geologist, quoted 185-189
McCall's History of Georgia 338
McCamy, Robert J. Judge 1039
McCants, Andy 949
Jerry 949
McCardell, Charles 317, 318
McCarter, Aaron 766
McCarty, Roger 715
McCay, Charles F. Prof., Gift to University 435
Edward 539
Henry K. Judge 600, 847, 937
McClarty, George 364
Wilson 364
McClean, Andrew 884
McClendon, Guyton 965
John 724
McClelland, John 771
Samuel 771
McClesky, J. R. Capt. 824
McClinigan, Elizabeth 705
John 705
McCloud, Mr. 130
McClusky, John 822
T. H. 467
McCollum, Jacob 502
McConkey, William 705
McConnell, Eli Gen. 420
H. 628
J. 656
John 420
J. M. 372
W. P. Dr. 728, 895
William 416, 573
McCook, Gen. 209
McCord, James B. 449
Mr. 346
Robert 844
Stewart, soldier of 1812 835
McCormac, Mathias 861
McCormack, David 861
McCormick, Col. 720
Paul 702
McCranix, John 304
McCree, Mrs. 644
McCreery, William 705
McCrimmon, Duncan F. 1033
McCroan, James 705
Thomas 705
McCullock, Patrick 705
Joseph P. 1001
McCollough, John Jr. 771
John Sr. 771
Seth 771
William 771
McCully, Josiah 680
McCurdy, David R., a Revolutionary soldier 1008
McCurry, A. G. 675, 677
John G. 676
Julian B. 676
McCutchen, C. D. Judge 1002, 1039
McCutchins, B. 1001
McCutlers, B. 705
McDade, David 794
John 644
McDaniel, Charles A. Col. 368
Henry 596
Henry D. Gov. 267, 582, 1009
L. O. 573
P. E. 573
William 611
McDonald, Alexander 864
Charles 771
McDonald, Charles J. Gov.. 159, 308, 318, 319, 468, 623, 811
Edward 879
James J. 879
John 879, 884
Josiah 634
McDonough, county-seat of Henry 679
James Capt. 679
McDougald, Daniel Gen. 821
Robert 317
McDougalds Mound 317
McDowell, William 773
McDuffie County, treated 760-768
Mentioned 481
George, 429, 484, 557, 760, 767, 915
John 884
Mr. 955
M. 686
McElroy, I. S. Dr. 825
Samuel 511
William 511
McElvain, Daniel 789
McElvan, Elias 505
McEntire, Dr. 563
James 812
McFarland, John 945
T. G. 1001
X. G. 1001
McFerrin, Billy, an Irish Blacksmith 129
McGee, James 843
Patrick 705
Pleasant 812
Theopilus 949
Thomas 670
McGehee, J. B. Rev. 879
Micajah 843, 1057
Samuel 538
McGhee, Tam 843
McGibony, R. A. 823
McGillivray, Alexander, Great Chief of Muscogee Indians.....814
Chief of Upper Creek Indians 164
Chief of Lower Creek Indians 21, 22
Mentioned 476, 1006, 1019
Lachlan 387, 882, 883
McGirth, Daniel 334, 335, 338
The notorious Tory leader, 134, 268, 986
McGlasher, Peter Gen. 412
McGough, John, a Revolutionary soldier 631
Mr. 632
Robert, a Revolutionary soldier 715, 795
McGowan, J. J. 106
McGregor, J. A. 311
R. T. 311
McGriff, P. T. Judge 326, 861
Thomas 861
McGuire, James 634
Thomas 369
McGuirks, The 526
McHenry, Hallis, Miss 801
James 883
McIlroy, Adam 705
McInnes, D. 387
McIntosh, Ann, Mrs. 771
County, treated 768-772
Family, The 768
Guards 457
Henry M. 524
J. 162
James McKay 772
James M. 742
James S. Col. 741, 772
John Col., a Revolutionary soldier 741, 771, 772

Lachlan, Gen., 334, 410, 476, 622, 643, 668, 669, 742, 771, 772, 898, 934
Maria J. 740, 772
Reserve 346
Rock: where the most famous of Georgia treaties was made with the Creeks 161-169
Memorial to Gen. McIntosh 163
R. C. Sr. 329
Trial 345, 346
William Gen., 182, 345, 484, 971
Chief of Lower Creeks and friend of Georgia 25
Murdered for his part in the Treaty at Indian Springs, 161-169
Memorial to the Chief unveiled by the D. A. R. 163
McInvail, James 715
McIver, Calvin Rev. 908
McKay, a Revolutionary soldier..735
Hugh 318
McKay's Riflemen 735
Trading House 734, 886
McKelvey, James 705
John 705
McKenzie, Alice Mrs. 563
A. 336
B. Tait Dr. 690
Chesley 876
Daniel Rev. 684
Mr. 882
McKinley, Carlisle 491
William, President, how his Presidential boom was launched in Thomasville, Ga. 246-250
Mentioned 901
McKinney, Thomas L. 168, 494
McKnight, John 491
William 681
McLain, W. A. Mrs. 958
McLane, Wiley, a Revolutionary soldier 759
McLaws, A. H. 896
Emily Lafayette 917
Lafayette Gen. 406, 412, 916
McLean, James at Kettle Creek..1048
McLendon, A. 346
Beniah 491
Dennis 720
Jacob, at Kettle Creek....1048
Nicholas W. 573
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 680
McLeod, A. 945, 955
Alexander, Talmadge 798
Angus 798
George M. Troup 798
Hugh M. Lieut., receives "Lone Star Flag" from Miss Joanna E. Troutman, the designer 35
Acknowledges same in letter 35
Mentioned 34
William Archibald 798
McMahon, J. Capt. in Mexican War 396
McMichael, John 346
McMichan, James 705
Moses 705
McMillan, Alexander 1047
Col. 563
David 798
Garnett Col. 648, 650
John 304, 329
Malcolm 798, 968
Mr. 651
Murphey, Rev. 968
Robert Col. 651
McMullan, F. L. 676
Hugh 416
McMullen, James 329
John, a Revolutionary soldier 676
Sinclair 676
McMullin, S. 644
William 754
McMunn, J. A. Dr. 825
McMurphey, D. D. 896
McNair, B. H. 629
McNatt, Amos 908
McNaught, William 573
McNeal, James 888
McNeill, Daniel 705
McNight, Washington Rev. 888
McNorton, Neill 821
McPhail, Duggan 326
McPhaul, Wm. H. 1065
McPherson, Elijah 369
Fort 595
James Gen. 573, 593, 849
James B. Gen. 208, 210
Mr. 577
McPope, Jesse 715
McRae, Christopher 798
D. 955
Farquhar 798
J. 955
John 798
The county-seat of Telfair, 952-955
McRight, William, a Revolutionary soldier 644
McWaters, Hubbard 365
McWhir, William Dr. 740
McWhorter, A. M. 369
Hamilton, Judge 847
J. G. Dr. 895
R. L. 640
McWhorters, The 638
McWilliams, Capt. 957
Robert 365
Mabry, Ephraim 856
H. P. 369
John, a Revolutionary soldier 836
W. J. Capt. 304, 934
"Macauley, The Georgia," C. C. Jones 414, 918
Macedonia Church 489
Machiavelli 935
MacIntyre, Archibald 964
A. T. Judge 964, 991
Mack, J B. Dr. 164, 241
J. B. Mrs. (foot-note) 241
John 705
Mackay, Patrick 705
Robert 884
Samuel 564
William 705
Maclean, Clara D. 604
Macon County, Treated 772, 777
Ga., 19, 34, 148, 200, 201, 236, 237, 238, 239, 453
America's first Christian baptism at 310, 311
History Club of 237, 242
In the Mexican War 311
LaFayette's visit to....311, 312
The metropolist of middle Georgia 308, 311
Guards 311, 397
Lodge 312

Nathaniel Hon. 305, 308, 772
"Telegraph" 45, 309
Volunteers 310
Macon's Tribute to Southern Women 314, 315
MacPherson, John 302
Margaret 302
Madden, James M.....856
Maddock, Joseph 884
Maddox, Benjamin 539
G. E. 243
James A. Judge.....1039
John 420
John A. 421
John W. Judge....416, 552, 557
Joseph 865
Robert F. Col.....577, 836
Robert Y. 573
S. R. 1036
Warren Capt. 920, 921
Maddux, John 696
Thomas 1015
Madison County, treated.....774-777
Female College, The.....799
James 305, 774, 799
Springs 774
The county seat of Morgan, 799
Madrid 74, 362
Maffett, John Col., a Revolutionary soldier 511
Magenta 206
Magnolia, a lost town.....453
Mahon, Lord 376
Mahone, Thomas 669, 670
"Major Jones' Courtship".....414
Mallard, John B. Prof.....740
R. Q. Dr.....743
Thomas 137
Mallon, Bernard Prof.....581
Mallory, C. E. 522, 524
Stephen R.' 965
Mallory's "Life of Jesse Mercer," 1041
Malloy, D. G.....329
J. H. 329
Malone, D. R. Mrs.....237
F. 696
J .W. Rev.....821, 879
Peter 940
Robert 907
S. 696
William 680
William B. 468
Malony, Samuel M.....467
William 467
Malplaquet 206, 207
Maltbie, William 644
Manadue, Henry, at Kettle Creek, .. 1045, 1048
Manassas, Battle of...75, 78, 288, 1010
Mandeville, Appleton 367, 371
L. C. 371
Leon P. 369, 371
Mangham, Henry 949
Mangum, Nat 573
Robert 573
Wheeler 573
William 573, 884
W. E. 856
Manley, Emma Miss.....563
Joseph P. 929
Manly, W. J. Dr.....1036
Mann, David W.....684
John 936
Reuben 803
W. S. 970
Manning, Jethro 573
Manual Labor School, first in United States 436
Mansell, Joseph 859
Mansion House 273
Manson, Francis C.....864
Jane 795
Maplehurst 552
Maples, Israel 789
Marbury, Horatio 1058
Leonard Col. 480, 910
At Kettle Creek.....1049
Marcomson, John, a soldier of the Revolution 575
Marengo 206, 210
Marietta, county-seat of Cobb....454
Ladies' Memorial Association, 458, 460
Marietta's Two Silent Bivouacs, 460, 462
Mariner, Benjamin 317
Marion, a lost town.....985, 987
County, treated 777, 778
Francis Gen. 985
Revolution....713, 777, 932, 985
Marist College 581
Markham, William 573
Marks, James...434, 774, 843, 844, 1057
R. T. 821
Markwalter, Mr. 441
Marlborough, Duke of.....56
Maroney, P. D.....994
Marsh, Edwin W.....579, 1002
Spencer 416, 1001
Marshall, A. A. Dr.....792
Abraham 482
Daniel, Tomb of.....476, 481, 482
G. W. 922
Jesse 564
John 856
M. 342
Stephen 865
Marshalsea, The 50
"Marshes of Glynn, The".....236
Marthasville 446, 567, 570
Martin, D. L.....301
Emanuel 369
F. J. Dr.....573
George 720
J. A. 1029
Jacob 716
James Sergeant, inscription on monument 642, 879
Jane E. Mrs.....815
John Gov. 407, 705, 879, 1023
John H. Judge.....818, 820, 862
Joseph 476
Marshall 781
M. H. Dr.....505
P. Sergeant, in Mexican War, 396
W. C. 1035
W. H. Col.....732
William 505
Martelle Tower 390-391
"Mary and John," The, a vessel..726
"Maryland, My Maryland," origin of the famous war song, 44, 49
Maryland 74
Mary Telfair Home for Old Women, 953
"Marye," General Gordon's horse..587
Mason, G. T. Judge.....968, 969
Lowell, Dr. 292
Mark 861
W. W. 864
Masonic Lodge, first organized in Georgia 100, 105
Masons, The 103, 105
Massachusetts 79
Massengale, St. Elmo.....763

Massey, Joseph 727
Josiah 467
M. Mrs. 221
Reuben 804
R. J. Dr.....524, 525, 573, 799
Masterson, John 386
Masury, John W.....249
Matheson, K. G. Dr.....580, 753
Mathews, George Gov., a Revolutionary soldier, 283, 539, 540 806, 842, 843, 846, 847, 887, 888, 914, 986, 1006, 1042, 1060
James 803
John 990
Philip, a Revolutionary soldier 497
Thomas 856
Wallace Dr. 329
Mathis, Joel 949
John 949
Matthews, Charles 803
Isaac, a Revolutionary soldier, 692
James 754
Jesse 803
L. 997
Lewis M. 850
Mark A. Rev.....628, 1039
Oliver 766
Timothy 317
William Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 692, 994
Mattock, Joseph 763
Stephen 945
Mattox, James 977
John 945
John Homer Dr.....452
M. 977
Maurer, Gabriel 531
John 531
Maxwell, Audley Col.....729, 733
C. W. 629
E. H. 629
E. W. Dr.....525
James Col. 612, 733, 888
Point 733
Thomas 538
William P. 787
Maxwells, The, Liberty's oldest family 736
May, Daniel 468
John 823
Mark 720
William 421, 1023
Mayer, David 573
Mayfield, Stephen Rev.....920, 921
Maynard, John 705
Mays, Gideon 720
Stephen 510
W. C. 977
Mayes, William 467
Meade, Gen. 708, 709
Meadow, David W. Judge.....777
Garden, county home of George Walton 122, 124, 912, 1004
Isaac 843
Jason, a Revolutionary soldier 497
J. M. Jr. Dr.....968
J. M. Sr. Dr.....968
Silas B. 968
Means, Alexander Dr.....832
Alexander A. Dr.....838
Measles, William 773
Mecaslin, J. H.....573
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence 694
Meadows, Benjamin 670
Medical College of Georgia, The...894
Meek, A. B., a historian.....813
Meeks, Himerick 472
Meigs, Dr. 960
Josiah Prof., and President of Franklin College, 141, 143, 272, 423, 427, 428, 558
Meldrim, Peter W.....106
Mell, P. H., Chancellor...432, 640, 740, 741, 839
Rifles, The 442
Mell's Kingdom 839
Manual 432
Meltock, Joseph 481
Melton, C. W. 990
"Memories of Fifty Years".....469
"Men of Mark in Georgia," quoted, 271, 272
Mercer, Dr. 724
George A., Jr.....84
George A., Sr.....106
Hill 1046
Hugh W. Gen.....391, 412
Jesse Rev., 347, 640, 778, 806, 857, 871, 1051, 1055, 1061
Jesse E. 301
J. R. 957
Silas Rev. 1058
University 242, 322
Removed to Macon....313, 314
Merchon, H. M.....375
Mercier, Judge 527
George 528
Meredith, John 1063
Meriwether, Alexander 317, 318
Capt. 310
County, treated 778-784
David Gen., 153, 162, 423, 424, 444, 448, 696, 697, 778, 779, 1046, 1055, 1057, 1060, 1061
Francis 1057
Frank 843
George 697
James....363, 444, 705, 706, 779
James A. Judge.....864, 869
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 694, 697, 1057
Merrill, Benjamin 369
Lemuel 822
J. H. 965
William 369
Merritt, Col. 467
Mershon, A. R.....821
Meson Academy 844
Methodism, Rev. Hope Hull, a pioneer of 1054
The Wesley Oak.....66, 69, 137
Historic Old Wesleyan, 200, 202
Mentioned 207
Methodist Conference, first of Georgia 774
Methodists 298, 342, 420
Mexican War, Cherokee 419
Mentioned 294, 311
Chatham 396-397
Mexico 195, 362
Mezell, Griffin 955
William 336
Michael, Barnard 336
William 1007
Michand's Forest Trees.....617
Mickleberry, William Mrs.....928
Middlebrooks, Isaac 670, 804

Lucius L. 243
Middle Georgia, Military and Agricultural College 160, 281
Middleton, W. S. Dr. 1026
Midville, Ga. 339
Midway Centennial, The 736
Church, a shrine of patriotism, 135-138, 726-743
Meeting House 268
Society 737
Mikva, Israel, Congregation 98
Milfort, Le Clerk 814
"Militia Drill, The" 446
Millar, Andrew 691
Ezekiel 766
James A. 196
John 656
William 884
Milledge Avenue, Athens 137
Chair of Ancient Languages, 143
John, Gov. and U. S. Senator, donates land to Franklin College 142, 143
Mentioned 106, 107, 153, 158, 357, 380, 410, 652, 888, 892, 905, 914, 915
John, a companion of Oglethorpe 271
Richard, one of the founders of the Union Society 99
Milledgeville 356, 451
County-seat of Baldwin and former State Capitol 271
Ante-Bellum days recalled 272-273
Famous newspaper of ..275, 276
Two noted schools of ..281, 283
The State Capitol for sixty years 156-160
Town founded 157
Mentioned, 21, 147, 148, 271, 302, 312
"Federal Union" 275, 276
"News" 276
"Southern Recorder" 275, 276, 284, 285, 673
"Union Recorder" 276
Millen, John 412, 453, 708
Joseph 766
The county-seat of Jenkins ..708
Miller, Andrew J. Judge 362, 784, 915, 916
Andrew Gen. 876
B. E. Dr. 944
Bright Dr. 934
Catherine, Mrs. (see Mrs. Nathaniel Greene) 5, 9
Tomb at Dungeness 10
Charles S. 270
County 268
Treated 784 785
Dennis 628
E. 1029
E. A. Judge 778
E. C. Col 732
G. A. 818
H. V. M. Dr., 288, 556, 579, 805
"The Demosthenes of the Mountains" 598
John 882
John A. 638
Major 991
M. J. 1015
Phineas 6, 11, 349
Phineas Mrs. 126
Robert 705
Stephen F. 493, 864, 989, 991
Millican Chapter, U. D. C., The 563
Milligan, Andrew, a Revolutionary soldier 776
R. 1007
Mills, Albert L., Brig. Gen. 591
Daniel 1058
Henry 702
James 949
John 387
"Mills, The," country place of Thomas Glascock, Sr. 892, 911
Milner, John Rev. 857
William 702
Willis J. 856
Milton County, treated 786-787
Dr. 895
Homer V. Gen. 786
John Col. 820, 821, 864
John, a Revolutionary soldier 786
John, Governor of Florida, 706, 786
Moses 835
Pickney H. 607
The Poet, mentioned 761
William H. Gen. 786
Mimms, Floyd 936
Mims, Edwin Dr. 225
John F. 573
Martin 936
W. 936
Williamson 794
Mineely, John 705
Minis, Abraham 98
Mrs. 98
Leah 98
Esther 98
Simon 98
Philip, first Jewish child born in Georgia 98
Minor, Samuel W. 681
Samuel W. 491
Mint, United States, branch at Dahlonega 186
"Miscellanies of Georgia" 20, 380
"Missionary Herald" 174
Mississippi 70, 149, 171, 454
River, 69, 70, 71, 150, 164, 173, 178, 179, 194, 212
"Scenes" 454
The famous Ram 965
"Village in the Civil War," by Prof. John Fiske, quoted, 207, 209
"Missoe," original Indian name for Cumberland Island 6
Missouri 180
Mitchell, Albert 416
A. W. 573
Barney 369
County 268
Treated 787-789
D. 774
Daniel R. 551
David B. Gov., 153, 159, 265, 283, 337, 407, 787, 816, 871
David W. 1036
Emily G., afterwards Mrs. Blackburn 962
Fondrem Mrs. 719
Fort 547, 816
F. N. 525
G. 505
Henry Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 629, 662
Isaac 977
James 1036
John 669, 714, 727
Julius 669
Madison R. 644

Mr. 554
Nathaniel 965
N. R. 963
R. G. Judge 823, 965
Richard Col. 963
Samuel 567, 573
Sarah 727
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier ..423, 424, 680, 748, 963
"Thunderbolts" 439, 442
William 423, 766, 804
William D. Col. 965
William H. 686
William J., Surgeon in war for Texas Independence 36
Mizell, Joseph 360
Mizzell, John 374
Mobile River 150
Mobley, L. 686
R. 669
Reuben R. 670
William 856
Mobley, J. M. 671
Thomas M. 1007
Molena, Mr. 98
Mong, William 714
Mongin, John D. 907
Monk, John 773
Monghon, Thomas 864
Monroe 791
County ....162, 305, 308.. Treated 790-798
County-seat of Walton 1003
James, President, 101, 383, 788, 790, 901
Musketeers 310
Nathan C. 319
Montaigut, David 387
Montigu, Duke of 390
Monterey Square 104
Montfort, Joel E. 949
Peter 949
Theoderick 949
Montgomery, Ala. 287
County, treated 797-798
David 803
Fort 266
Gen. 302
Hugh 416
James 510, 573
John H. 1023
John S. Judge 719
Mr., at Kettle Creek....1049
Richard, Major-Gen. 797
Samuel 949
William W. 600, 915
Monticello, the county-seat of Jasper 692
Moodie, Thomas 387
Moody, Allen, Corporal 420
Capt. of Mississippi....15
Dwight L. 296
G. 267
Thomas 317
Moon, John W. 850
Joseph 1007
Mooney, James, ethnologist..549, 813, 873, 875, 955, 970, 999
Quoted on the Cherokee Removal 176-182
Moons, William 511
Moor, James 634
John 796
Moore, Abednego 691
Alsa 423
Andrew 705
A. F. Maj. 821
D. 467
Elijah 274
Fort 880
James 544, 628, 702
James S. 821
Jiles 771
John 458, 795, 856, 864, 1015
John L. 467
John T. 314
Joseph 703
Lorenzo D. 348
Matthew 705
M. 656
Philip 387
Virgil Mrs. 364
William 387, 702
William Capt. 739
W. A. 579, 1002
Wm. F. 854
Moran, P. J. 186
Moravian Mission, The 183
Moravians, The 807
More, Hannah 52
Morean, Gen. 947
Morel, Mrs. 331
Peter 380
Moreland, Isaac 715, 865
John F. Dr. 781
John 958
William 959
Wood 794
Morgan, Benj. F. 668
County 271
Treated 799-806
County-seat of Calhoun....347
Daniel Gen., a Revolutionary soldier ..347, 544, 799, 941
David W. Col. 977
E. H. 453
Guards 310
Hardy 936
Jesse 766
John E. 976
M. 502
M. J. 936
S. B. C. Mrs. 124
Stockely 696
William 546, 668, 1049, 1058
Morganton, the original county-seat of Fannin 544
Morris, Capt. 561
David R. 787
Fort 137
Fred Capt. 464
Henry 525
Joseph 468
J. Gideon, Capt. 456
Levi 573
Simon 864
Thomas 563
William, a Revolutionary soldier 511, 512
William S. C. 908
Morrison, Adam 705
John 705
Malcolm 267
Morrow, D. 627, 628
R. E. 451
Morton, James 329
J. O. Judge 328, 980
Josiah 423
Lavonia Miss, afterwards Mrs. Henry G. Turner 980
Oliver H., a Revolutionary soldier 714
William M. 424
Moseley, David 876
Elijah 416, 680
H. T. 931
Moses, Chas. L. 492
Ebenezer 715

Raphael J. Maj. 102, 824, 828
Moss, Hudson 659
William 387, 538,.1058
Mossman, James 387
Mott, John 773
Moultrie, county-seat of Colquitt..473
An outline sketch of ..474-476
William Gen. 101, 473
Mound Builders 307
Mounds, Indian, in Bibb.....316, 317
McDougalds 3, 7
Mounger, Henry 1058
Mountaineers of Georgia, characteristics of 251, 252
Mountain Town, an Indian village..607
Mount Berry: How the Sunday Lady won the mountains..250, 267
Blanc 743
Carmel 477, 478, 482, 945
De Sales Academy 309, 318
Lavender 254
Vernor, the county-seat of Montgomery 797
Yonah 1030
Zion 473
Zion Academy 20, 428
Moye, Allen 879
Muckleroy, Lewis 977
Mulberry Grove, plantation given to Gen. Nathaniel Greene on the Savannah River, 4, 108, 112, 126, 411
Mullaly, William 821
Mullen, J. A. 368
Mullens, W. F. Lieut. 420
Muller, Capt. 986
Mullis, J. H. Jr. 327
Osborne 467
Mullis, J. . Jr. 327
Mullryne, John, a staunch Royalist 89, 92, 387
Mary 89
Mumford, Peter 374
Munnerlyn, Charles 505
Charles J. Col. 506
Munro, G. W. C. 778
Murder Creek 697
Murdock, John 705
Murfreesboro, Battle of.....43
Murian, Nicholas, a Revolutionary soldier 1022
Murphey, Alexander 907
Charles, Col. 510, 512
Edmund, a Revolutionary soldier 907
Eugene E. Dr. 907
M. 936
Nicholas 907
Murphree, John, a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked 339
Miles, a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked 339
Murphy, Anthony 573
Josiah 990
Miles 1023
Murdock, Rev. 730
Solomon B. 1063
Timothy C. 573
Murray, Arzie 949
County 463
Treated 806-812
David 806
John S. 949
Road, The 906
Thomas W. 749, 806
Thomas 748
Murrell, C. B. Judge 517
Murry, W. A. 983
Muscogee Academy, The 819
County 168
Treated 812-830
Muscogees, (see Creek Indians)
In the Mexican War 822
Musgrove, Mary 379
Massey, Needham 773
Myers, Edward H. Dr. (Rev.).....202
J. C. Mrs. 221
John T. Judge 360
Mordecai 864
Myrack, Richard 856
Myrick, F. 997
Goodwin 274
John 1057
"My Springs" 239
"Myths and Legends of the Cherokees," (foot-note) ..182, 549

N

Nacoochee Institute 1030
Legend of 1030
Nail, Reuben 945
Nall, A. M. 929
John 1058
Nancy Hart Chapter, D. A. R....538
Napier, Leroy Col. 975
Mrs. 519
N. C. Capt. 1002
Rene 538
Thomas 274, 865, 1058
William 274
Napoleon, Court of.....197
Tribute to Mr. Crawford....493
Mentioned 63, 206, 305, 483
Naramore, Sylvester 670
Nash, Capt. 924
Francis Gen. 301
Nashville, county-seat of Berrien..301
Tenn. 179, 219, 221, 243
Nason, Eli 486
W. I. 5
Neal, David, a Revolutionary soldier 856, 1017, 1018
James 856
James T. 505
John 490, 579, 856, 864
Robert 490
Thomas, soldier of 1812.....665
"Nebraskan, the Peerless"....246-248
Neel, Joseph L. 628
Neerwinden 207
Neill, Cecil 825
Neisler, Charles H. Mr. 950
Hugh Dr. 423, 424, 948, 951
Hugh Mitchell Dr. 951
Nellums, Curtis 270
Nelmes, A. M. Mrs. 928
Nelson, Allison 573
Commodore 908
Henry 789
John, at Kettle Creek, 1043, 1048
Robert 766
Rosalie 231
S. 538
Thomas 997
Thomas M. Major.....40
William 857
Nemmons, William 490
Nesbit, William 644
Nesbitt, Rebecca L. Mrs., quoted, 459, 460
R. T., Commissioner of Agriculture 470
Neufville, Edward Rev.....78
Neves, William 449

evil, John 926
ewborn, Thomas 1015
ew Echota: the last Capitol of the Southern Cherokees, 170-175
A romance of 183, 184
Mentioned 182, 190, 192, 418
ewell, Alfred C., grandson of Gov. Colquitt 606
H. C. Rev.....648
ew England 137, 689
England in Georgia.....726-743
England Society of New York, 441
Hope Church, Battle of..849, 850
Mentioned 31, 459, 775
Inverness 768
Jersey 74, 181
Orleans, La. 45, 230
"Orleans Delta" 47
Town (see New Echota).
York, Treaty of.....23
Mentioned, 74, 81, 105, 126, 202, 204, 249, 265, 452, 470
ewman, Cardinal 49
ewnan, Daniel Gen.....162, 484, 485, 681, 1001, 1002
ewnan, Ga. (see Bullsboro), 484, 485, 486, 487, 488
ewsome. Ben Dr.....949
George Dr. 949
Gideon 949
James A. Capt.....963
Joel 637
Joel D. 977
John 1018
Joshua 774
Peter 1018
Solomon 1018
ewson, James 771
ewspapers, Atlanta's 595
ewton County, treated.....830-838
County-seat of Baker.....268
Charles F. Mrs.....928
Elizur 423
John Sergeant 268, 407, 830
John Rev. 840, 843
John, of Clarke.....423
John H. 864
Moses 705
P. 544
William N. 804
Nichol, Nathaniel 487
Nicholls, John C. Congressman, 403, 412
Nichols, Isaac B., a Revolutionary soldier 999
William P. 574
Nicol, James 387
Nicoll, John C.....864
Night, S. D.....919, 921
Nightingale, Florence 252
Phineas M. Mrs. (Mary K.), 126
Letter in regard to cotton gin 127, 128
Phineas M. 4, 7, 8, 125, 127
Nicholson, Joseph H. Judge.....48
Rebecca Lloyd Mrs.....48
Nisbet, Eugenius A. Judge, 319, 576, 638, 641, 782, 844
James Dr. 423, 638
James A. 35, 323
John 424
Reuben Dr. 867
Thomas 908
Nix, E. G. Mrs.....976
Mr. 554
Nixon, Francis 365
Nix's Cave 554
Nixon, Francis 365
P. M. 242, 243
Noah, Shem 98
Noble, S. 803
William 803
Nobles, Sanders 453
Nolan, Quincy R.....680
"Nonchalence," residence of Joseph Bryan 96
"Non Sibi Sed Aliis," Georgia's motto 98
Norcross, Jonathan 567, 573
Norman, John T. Mr.....815
Newton J. 732
William 727
Normandy, France 89
Norrell, William N.....702
Norris, J. 544
John 564
William 544, 711
W. P. 782
North, Anthony Mr. and Mrs.....485
Anthony Mr. 486, 491
John 453
Mary 486
Dr. 485, 486
Carolina 18, 74, 109, 114, 214, 238, 308
Georgia Agricultural College, 426, 755
Georgia Methodist Conference, 510
Northen, William J. Gov., 271, 300, 477, 499, 596, 599, 717, 757
William J. Mrs.....871
Norton, John 994
Norwood, Caleb 795, 939
Thomas Manson Judge, 411, 414, 795, 796, 939, 940, 1038
Nottingham, Curtis Dr.....318
James 844
Nowell, James 1007
Nuckollsville 187, 757
Nun, Edward 936
Mr. 936
Nunez, Moses 387, 883
Nunis, Daniel 98
Moses 98
Dr. and Mrs.....98
Dr. 380
Nunnally, G. A. Dr. (Rev.) 242, 243, 553
Nutt, Andrew 804
John 1023

O

Oak Hill Cemetery, Newnan..488, 489
Oakland Cemetery 571
Oak, The Jackson: a property owner, 438, 439
Oats, Mrs. 936
Obarr, Mrs. 188
Rev. Mr. 187, 188
O'Berry, J. E.....326
O'Brien, Kennedy 882
Ocfuskee 166
Ocmulgee Bank 201
Old Fields 307
River ...19, 25, 162, 281, 307, 308
Oconee County, treated 838
River, 142, 144, 281, 307, 433, 446
War 271, 476
O'Conner, D. Lieut., Mexican War,, 396

Odom, Archibald, a Revolutionary soldier 271
D. P. Dr. 969
Ephraim 702
J. S. 958
L. B. 968
Thomas 703
Uriah 766
W. W. Dr. 969
O'Donoghue, Father 1054
Ogeechee Ferry 734
River 146, 332, 343
Oglesby, J. G. 579
J. W. 329
Thomas I. 468
Z. W. 329
Oglethorpe Barracks 400
County, treated 839, 848
Chapter, D. A. R. 815
James Edward, founder of the Colony of Georgia, his monument and his mission, 50, 58
Inscription on monument in Savannah 54
Negotiates an important treaty with the Creek Indians at Coweta Town..69, 72
Decisive victory over Spaniards at Bloody Marsh..73, 76
Mentioned. 6, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 67, 68, 77, 78, 79, 85, 87, 97, 99, 105, 114, 115, 271, 331, 332, 350, 360, 378, 379, 380, 381, 390, 391, 399, 406, 407, 408, 532, 549, 583, 609, 619, 662, 733, 768, 771, 798, 814, 839, 881, 907
Light Infantry of Savannah..287
Monument 621
University 284
The county-seat of Macon.... 772
Oglethorpe's Regiment 609
Ogletree, William, a Revolutionary soldier 1091
O'Hara, Bishop 79
Theodore 826
Ohio 204, 247, 249
River 178, 179
Ohoopee Church 686, 1020
River 335
O'Keefe, D. C. Dr. 573
Okefinokee Swamp 374, 375, 454
Sketch of 1014
Old Agency on the Flint 168
Broom, a Cherokee Chief.... 415
Calhoun Mansion 487, 488
Capitol at Milledgeville (Illustrated, ... 156
Carrollton 369
Chenault Home, The: In the neighborhood of which occurred the famous raid on the Confederate Treasury wagons 213, 218
Coffee Road 471, 954
College at Athens..... 144, 434
Colonial Cemetery 104
Forts on Cumberland..... 359
Gignilliat Home, Marietta, ... 456, 457
Guard, of New York, The....
Heard House: Where the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held (Illustrated) 211, 212
"Hickory" 25
Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah, 382, 384
Ironsides 613, 614
Jewish Cemetery of Savannah, ... 101
"Nine" 1011
"Penn" 690
"Rock" (Gen. Henry L. Benning) 234
Sixes, a Cherokee town..... 418
Slave-market at Louisville, ... 154, 155
Smyrna Church 1050
Stop, a Cherokee chief..... 418
Talbot Mansion 1053
Tebeauville 1010, 1012
Testament 73
Town, a Cherokee village.... 455
Oldest Presbyterian Church, The..840
Oliff, Mr. 336
Olin, Dr. 831
Oliver, Alexander 766
D. 538
Dionysius, at Kettle Creek..1048
Francis 424
James 766
John J. P. 766
J. S. 573
James W. 879
Peter 538
Place, The 744, 745
P. M. 467
Thaddeus 990
W. C. 969
Wm. J. 879
Olivera, David 98
Jacob 98
Isaac 98
David Mrs. 98
Leah 98
David, Jr. 98
"Olustee, Hero of" (see Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt).
O'Neal, Daniel 505
Erin Miss 237
Z. 502
O'Neill, Peggy, how she dissolved a President's Cabinet..... 303
Oostanaula, an Indian settlement, 677
Oothcaloga, residence of the Adairs, ... 627
O-poth-le-yo-ho-lo 165
Speech on McIntosh Rock, ... 168, 169
Orcutt, Thomas E. 311
Origin of the Southern Cross of Honor 222, 223
Of the U. D. C..... 218, 222
Orme, A. J. 574
F. C. 574
F. H. Dr. 579
Richard McAllister, 275, 276, 284
William P. 574
Ormond, W. L. 574
Orphan House, at Bethesda..... 80, 84
Orr, B. 856
Burrell 929
Philip 491
Osborne, Henry Judge...361, 888, 1023
Jesse 994
W. C. 669
Osceola, a Seminole chief..... 452
Osgood, John Rev..... 727, 730, 731
Josiah 727
Oswego, N. Y. 266
Othcaloga Burial Ground..... 294
Otis, John 812
Ottery, Alexander 766
Ottolengie, Joseph 387

usley, Robert 715
utlaw, M. A.....711
verby B. H.....574
verman, J. R.....473
verstreet, Henry 882
J. F. 473
wen, Allen F.....940
D. 774, 778
Daniel G. 939
George 634
wens, George W. Congressman..412
Ferry 356
Joshua 286
wens' Mansion 394
xford, Ga. 190, 202, 370, 830

P

ace, Charles 864
Davis 522
Jeremiah 502
Richard Rev. 865
Silas 766
Thomas 699, 766, 884
W. H. 699
W. W. 967, 968
adgett, E. 348
age, John 468
John R. 821, 822
Thomas Nelson 322
arham, Captain 505
Roland 794
Sara Miss, married Sen. John Hill 695
Thomas 997
aine, Wm. W. Congressman.....412
almer, Benjamin M. Dr. 888
Daniel 789
George, a Revolutionary soldier, grave marked.....340
Jesse 318
John M. Gen.....204
almetto State 224
almore, J. Dr.....491
almyra, location of.....723, 724
A town obliterated from the map 520
aramore, John 963
William 342
aris Exposition 296
The original county-seat of Emanuel 543
arish, Henry 754
Joel Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 631
Jonathan Capt. 715
Of St. George.....702, 703
Of St. John.....731, 738
ark, Andrew Dr.....781
Elizabeth Miss, afterwards Mrs. Longstreet 639
Ezekiel Evans, a Revolutionary soldier 630, 637
James 1001
James D. 637
J. G. Judge.....643, 719
John Major 424
Robert E. Capt.....587
Robert Emory Mrs.....550
Thomas 865
William, a Revolutionary soldier 424
arker, Abraham 766
Alexander 795
David M. 919, 921
Elisha 945
Henry Gov. 380, 407
Hyde Sir 330
James H. 17
Joseph 564
T. A. Judge 360
arks, Benjamin, anecdote of gold-mining days 186, 188
Henry 564
James G. Col.....720, 959
M. M. Dr.....160, 277, 282
arr, C. D.....574
Jacob 949
L. J. 574
William 949
arrish, A. B.....303
Ansel Rev. 303
E. C. 303
H. W. 303
J. A. B.....303
J. A. J.....303
J. W. 303
T. J. 969
arrott, George W.....579
J. L. 959
"Parson Andrew" 95
arsons, Edward 574
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 546
assmore, Alexander 1063
ataula Falls 449
ate James 681
J. H. 982
William 680
atillo, W. P.....579, 833
atrick, Robert 634
atten, James 304
William Lee Dr.....304
atterson, Batty 674
John 876
J. W. Capt.....752
R. W. 322, 323
William 674
attillo, F. 684
James 680
William F. 670
atton, James 539
John 387
Robert 295
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 539
atts, William 844
aulding County 455
Treated 848-850
John 848, 849
aulett, Henry 365
Jesse 705
Lewis M. 487
aulk, Drew W.....301
Elijah 472
J. L. 629
W. T. 301
ayne, Alban Smith Dr.....675
Columbus M. 574
Edward 574
John 564
John Howard 183, 626
Arrested in Georgia....172, 173
Thomas 564
William 479
eabody, Charles A.....821
George F., gift to University, 436, 439, 829
N. J. 823
Orchestra 237
T. H. 17
eace Monument, The 590
eachtree, how the name originated, 571

Peacock, Albert Mr.....233
J. B. Dr.....324, 327
J. P. 327
L. M. 516
P. L. 326
Robert 773
Samuel 337
Thomas 727
Washington.. 997
Peake, Solomon 657
Pearce, Everett 879
H. J. Dr.....655
James 893
John 564
John W. 789
Philip 879
Seth, a Revolutionary soldier 708
T. 990
Tillman 670
William 926
Pearson, F. 681
Jeremiah 715
John 472
Pease, O. O. 574
Wm. C. 825
Peavy, E. 781
Peck, Ira 990
John B. 574
John C. 574
William Henry Prof.....604
Willis 574
Peden, Henry W., inscription on monument 642
Peebles, J. L. 629
Peek, J. A. 859
W. L. Col.....919, 920, 921
William 859
Peel, John, a Revolutionary soldier, 704, 705
Richard 705
William 670
William L. 579
William L Mrs.....723
Peeples, Cincinnatus Judge, 657, 795, 796
Drury 812
Henry 657
Joseph 804
Richard A. Judge..304, 657, 752
Tyler M. Col.....645
W. J. 812
Pelot, Joseph S. 412
Pendergrass, James B. Dr. 691
Nathaniel, an Indian fighter, 691
Pendleton, Bishop 752
Capt. 924
Chas. R. Col.....310, 1011
Louis Beauregard 1011, 1014
Major 110, 111
Nathaniel 1045
Philip C. Maj....1010, 1011, 1012
Penfield, the cradle of Mercer University 313, 626
Penn, William, a Revolutionary soldier 693, 696
Penniek, Joseph 804
Pennington, Col. 553
E. 365
Samuel 804
Thomas 702
Pennsylvania 74
University of, medallion to Dr. Long 696, 691
Pensacola, Fla., Treaty of.....1004
Pentecost, George 490
John W. Col.....491
Penton, William 766
Peoples, Henry 1018
Henry 1018
Percival Square 85
Perkerson, John 387
Perkins, Archibald 638
Col. 502
Jackson 949
Jesse 637
J. B. 502
Logan 286
Peter 766
Perry, county-seat of Houston, 681, 683, 684
J. A. 645
J. B. Mrs.....957, 958
John 496, 773
Josiah 864
Matthews C. Commodore.....682
Oliver H. Capt.....681
William 715, 989
Perryman, Edward D. 670
E. 1018
Robert L. 991
Perryville, Ky., Battle of.....368
Person, Major 696
Persons, A. P. 824
G. Ogden 164
Henry 940
John 997
T. 1018
Turner 490
T. A. 711
Pervis, John 267
Peters, Richard 570, 574
William, a Revolutionary soldier 752
William G. 574
Petersburg, an old forgotten tobacco market 305, 306, 536
Va., Battle of.....447
Peterson, Ben 473
Hal. 472
J. S. 574
Petter, James 949
Pettigrew, John 702
Petty, George M. 997
Pewgate, Josiah 766
Pharooahs 97
Pharr, Mr. 1058
Marcus 744
Plantation 745
Phelps, Acquilla 697
H. C. Dr.....821
Phi Kappa Society.....446
Philadelphia 82, 88, 101, 147, 333
Church, Old 867
Philips, W. 896
Phillips, A. 896
Elbert 856
George 633
Harvey T. 579
Joe, at Kettle Creek.....1048
Joel 766
John A. Capt.....967, 968
Levi 490
T. C. 627
Uriah 627, 628
W. B. 823
William Gen. ..458, 470, 544, 904
William D. 804
W. L. Judge 148
William R. 929
Zachariah Col. 346, 490, 766, 1048
Phinizy, Ferdinand 424, 655, 846
J. 896
Phoenix Hall 466

School 863
hone, Daniel 512
chler, Thomas 531
ckens 886
Andrew Gen. (Rev. Sol.), 132, 134, 281, 359, 476, 713, 851, 1048, 1051
County, treated 851, 852
Joseph, a Revolutionary soldier 1048
ckett, Albert J. Col., quoted on Dr. Bibb 306, 338, 549, 813, 814, 815
Mill 849
ckett's Charge 442
dcock, C. W.....475
F. R. 475
John 475
J. N. 475
edmont College 648
Continental Chapter, D. A. R., 791
Institute 858
Park, the Peace Monument..589
erce, Bishop 641
County 265
Treated 852-853
Franklin Gen. 363, 413, 852
George Foster Dr., 285, 323, 638, 641, 828, 832, 833, 838
First President of Wesleyan, 201, 202
Lovick Dr. 638, 822, 829
R. H. 503
William, patriot 410
William G. 348
ike, Capt. 963
County, treated 853, 858
Henry 1007
William 1007
Zebulon M. Brig.-Gen.....853
ilgrim, Isaac B.....574
O. A. 574
illow, Gideon J. Gen.....999, 1000
incher, W. 936
inchot, Gifford 261
uckett, Alexander 789
indartown, an old Indian village, 1064
ine Mountain 120, 210
Mountain in Harris.....669
Mountain, Battle of.....456
Mountain in Upson 996
inkard, Thomas 678
inkerd, John 634
inson, Robert J.....490
io Nono College.....311
iper, John F.....836
ipkin, Isaac 720, 861
itman, Daniel 574
Henry H. 628
James Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 424, 775
Jesse 1063
Philip 505
itt, William, Earl of Chatham, sketch of 375, 376
Last speech in the House of Lords 376-378
Epitaph in Westminster Abbey 377
lant, H. B.....249
I. C. 319
lanter's Hotel 273
leasants, Eliz. Woodson.....477, 478
oe, Edgar Allan, mentioned.....49
Washington 323
W. A. 314
Poland 104
Polk County, treated 858-860
Mentioned 455
Gen. 555, 624
James K. 848, 858, 906
Leonidas Lieut.-Gen. and Bishop 119, 120, 906, 916
Killed at Pine Mountain, 456, 457
Pollard, J. 491
William 1058
Pollock, Jesse 684
Ponder, A. 794
D. 794
Pon Pon, a settlement.....727
Pool, William R.....676
Pooler, Quinton 387
Pope, Alexander 51
Quoted foot-note 52
Britton 949
Burrell, at Kettle Creek, 1048, 1058
Daniel 1029
Henry, at Kettle Creek, 715, 1048, 1058
Jesse M. 715
John 967, 968, 1058
M. 629
Sarah 843
Solomon 495
William, at Kettle Creek....1048
William H. 601
Wylie, at Kettle Creek.....1048
Middleton 843
Poplar Springs Church 718
Porter, D. W.....803
Frederick 528
J. H. 579
John S. 270
John W. 804
Oliver, a Revolutionary soldier 157, 631, 637, 836
Oliver S., Sr.....631
Rufus K. Dr.....908
William 864
Porterdale, a town 631
Portugal 98
Portugese Jews 98
Posey, B. 948
John Hamilton 1022
Possum Trot 254, 255
Potomac River 272
Pottle, E. H. Judge.....284
Joseph E. 284
J. R. Judge 601
Potts, Henry 634
Pou, Joseph T. Judge.....824
Poullain, Anthony 1058
Major 637
Pound, Jere M. 854
Poinds, M. 865
Powe, John W.....968
Powel, James, Sr.....491
Powell, Arthur G. Judge.....600
Chapman Dr. 574
E. 876
Francis 990
George 997
James 888
J. E. Rev.....792
James E. 387
James W. 958
Jesse 794
John 696
Lewis 766
N. 774
R. H. Prof.....753

S. 544
Thomas S. Dr.....574
Tillman 876
William 505, 546
Power, Frank, a Revolutionary soldier 539
James 468
Powers, Abner P. Judge.....323
Clem 864
Hardy 861
Poydras College, La.....45, 46, 47
Poythress, Major 908
Prather, J. D.....931
Pratt, Charles, Earl of Camden, sketch of 348, 1040
Daniel 712, 715
George 846
Mr. 713
Prattville, the town of.....713
Preer, Peter 824
Prentiss, Gen. 1028
Presbyterian Church, Southern, where organized 888
At Cartersville, tablet to "Bill Arp" 290
Independent, The 292
Poplar in Wilkes.....1049, 1050
Ordination, First in Georgia, 1049, 1050
Old Smyrna Church.....1050
Liberty Church 1052
Hopewell Presbytery created, 1052
Theological Seminary 811
Presbyterianism in Savannah, 382, 384
Presbyterians, anecdote about the old church at Camden.....351
Occupy old St. Paul's in Augusta for four years.....119
Mentioned 137, 273
Prescott, Helen M. Miss.....744
J. B. 529
Preston, county seat of Webster..1026
Henry 387
Henry Kirk 403
James H. Major, of Baltimore, Md. 591
Willard Rev. 384
William C. 761, 1026
William H. 697
Prevost, Lieut.-Col., a British commander in the Revolution, 137, 932
Price, Charles 416
James 416
J. E. 607
William 416, 876
William P. Col.....654, 756
William T., a Revolutionary soldier 369
Pridgeon, M. 337
Prince, Oliver H., 319, 436, 446, 448, 864
Oliver H. Jr. 309, 319
Prince's Digest of the Laws of Georgia 319
Princess of Wales 113
Princeton, N. J.....302
Prior, Asa 859
Robert 705
Prison Commission 280
Pritchard, Col., a Federal officer...15
Thomas 467
Proctor, Joshua 505
Proudfit, Alexander Mrs.....238
Provincial Congress 268, 333
Pruett, S. W.....286
Pryor, Absalom 342
William B. 491
Pugh, Francis Col., a Revolutionary soldier 1022
John 421
Pulaski, Casimer Count, a Polish officer in the Revolution, 107, 395, 407, 608, 891
Monument in Savannah (Illustrated) 103, 105, 395
Inscription 107
County, treated 860-862
Fort 400
Seizure of 287
"Pulaski, The," lost at sea.....400
Puritans in Georgia.....268
of Boston, The 135, 136, 702
Pursell, William 468
Purvis, Jesse 705
Purysburg 91
Putnam County,, treated.....862-870
Mentioned 271
E. 421
Israel Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 862
Phalanx of Hartford, Conn..591
State Fencibles 310
Pye, John 380
Pyrom, Lewis 781

Q

Quaker Road, The Old, leading to Savannah 342
Quakers in Georgia.....481, 762, 767
Quarterman, John, Jr.....727
John, Sr. 727
Robert Rev. 728, 729, 730, 731, 743
Quebec, Siege of, mentioned..797, 302
Queensboro, a lost town.....342, 343, 701, 704
Quigg, Henry Dr.....918, 921
Quillian, H. K.....607
Quin, Silas O. (or Quinn).....267
Quincy, J. W. Judge.....473
Samuel Rev. 79
Quinn, Albert 416
James Gen. 705
Quintard, Bishop, author of "Balm for the Weary and the Wounded" 120, 456
Quitman, county-seat of Brooks, 327, 328
County, treated 870
John A. Gen., officer of Mexican War 327, 870

R

Rabun County, treated 870, 877
Gap School 875
M. 637
William Gov., 159, 722, 870, 871, 938, 1058, 1061
Rackley, Leban 789
Rae, John 761, 882
Family, The 536
Ragan, Alexander 861
Robert A. 861
Ragland E. 538
Thomas 818
Ragsdale, Elijah, a Revolutionary soldier 835
Elijah N. 511
S. W. 850
William M. 511
Raines, C. W. 318

L. H. Mrs., founder of the U. D. C. 220, 221
(Foot-note) 219
Rainey, Herbert C. 491
Isham H. 491
N. R. C. 931
Ramsey, James 564, 668
J. A. Dr. 574
J. N. Col. 671, 824
W. P. Dr. 191
Raley, Charles, a Revolutionary soldier 988, 989
Rambo, Regina Miss, how she marked an era 462
Randall, James Ryder, Poet and Editor origin of "Maryland, My Maryland," ..45, 49, 226, 228, 901, 917
Wheeler Dr. 491
Randle, William 803
Randolph County, treated....877-880
Henry 818
John, of Roanoke 96
John 877
Ransom, James B. 864
"Rasselas" 51
Rattle Snake Springs 179
Rauls, William 926
Ravel, James 948
"Raven, The" 49
Rawles, James 342
John 337
Rawls, Morgan 533
Rawson, E. E. 574
W. A. 574
Ray, B. 990
Duncan 504, 963
James 934
John 481, 490
Sanders 369
Read, James 387
James B. Dr. 94, 856
Jesse 789
Joseph 656
Reagan, John H., Confederate Postmaster General, quoted, 14, 16, 212
Reaves, W. A. 1032
Reconstruction 160, 297
Red, James 702
John 702
Samuel 702
Thomas 702
"Red Old Hills of Georgia"..414, 444
Redcliff, Samuel G. 939
Redd, James K. 822
Thomas Y. Lieut. Col. of Ga. Volunteers in Mexican War 396, 823
Redden, George, at Kettle Creek..1048
John Scott 1045
Joseph Scott, at Kettle Creek, 1048
Scott, at Kettle Creek....1048
Reddick, a Revolutionary soldier..694
Redding, Anderson, a Revolutionary soldier, 669, 790, 794, 795
Thomas 795
Reddish, Isham 1026
Reddy, William 361
Redish, John 267
Redley, David 1065
James M. 1065
Redman, William 884
Redwine, Jacob 511
John 491
Lewis 491
Reed, Alex. O. 854
John C. Col. 484, 604, 846
Thomas B. Speaker....498
Thomas 574
Wallace Putnam 604
Rees, Joel 922
Reese, Augustus, Judge 806
Chas. M. 424
David Dr. 697
David A. 698
Frederick F., Bishop of Georgia 54
John 705
Joseph Dr. 678
Reeve, Judge 995
Reeves, Edward 487
James W. 510
Joseph 861
Register, Abraham 453
Samuel 453
Rehberg, C. F. 629
Reid, Adolphus A. F. 1033
Alexander 637
Daniel 467
George 369, 634
John B. 929
Matthew 369
R. J. Dr. 931
Robert Raymond Judge..914, 915
Sallie Fannie, afterwards Mrs. W. D. Grant 975
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 865, 868, 977
Thomas 387
William, Col. 696, 975
William S. C. 716
Reidsville, the county-seat of Tattnall County 943
Reiley, Owen 396
Reinhardt College 420
Lewis 420
Reiter, Simon 531
Remsen, Rem. 748
T. H. Judge 748
"Reminiscences of an old-time lawyer" 1061
"Of Famous Georgians," by L. L. Knight 240
Mentioned in foot-note 230
"Of the Civil War," by Gen. John B. Gordon....205, 513
"Representative Southern Poets," by Charles W. Hubner, 226, 238
Renean, Jesse 574
Russell 574
Resaca, Ga. 624
Retreat, the home of T. B. King..623
Returns, R. T. 490
Reuter, Peter 531
Revill, H. H. Judge 784
William T., a noted educator 783, 784
Revolution, Baldwin County in, 268, 276, 279
Bullock County in 334, 335
Burke County in 338
Daughters of, 3, 20, 74, 123, 124, 131, 163
Monument to Major Jacob Gunn 273, 276, 278
The American, mentioned. 51, 65, 93, 100, 102, 123, 136, 137, 139, 141, 147
Battle of Kettle Creek.. 131-134
Bonaventure 90-93
Dungeness 1-13
First capture made at Tybee 390 391
Historic Old Midway....135-139

Historic Old St. Pauls....117-122
Nancy Hart 671-673
Savannah's Monuments..103-107
Savannah's Revolutionary Mansion 103-108
Siege of Augusta 118-121
Revolutionary Memorials of Camden 353-354
Monuments of Savannah.103-107
Soldier's grave marked, Major Jacob Gunn 276-277
Reynolds, Benjamin, a Revolutionary soldier 656, 714
Col. 424
Frank T. 1039
Gov. of Alabama 424
Governor of Georgia 882
Gov. 762
James Madison 907
John A. Rev. 918
Joshua Sir 51-83
L. C. Esq. 948
Moses 997
Parmedus 835
Silas 491
Thomas 823, 850
William E. Prof. 282
William H. Dr. 842, 963
Ga. 948
Rhiner, John 544
Rhode Island, Report of the special committee of the Gen. Assembly to locate the remains of Gen. Nathaniel Greene 109
Rhodes, Aaron 907
Absalom 907
Absalom W. 907
C. C. 574
John G. Corp. 420
Matthew, a Revolutionary soldier 647
William 574
Rhyne, James A. 852
Rice, Capt. 268
Frank P. 574
L. 538
Z. A. 574
Rich, D. E. 544
Richards, J. J. 574
Robert H. 579
S. P. 574
Watkin 766
Wm. G. 574
Richardson, A. 865
Amos, a Revolutionary soldier 676
Armistead, Maj. 859
B. H. 818
E. H. Dr. 859
F. M. 574
James 1007
John M. Major 368
Walker 1058
William 496
Richardsone, Cosmo P. Capt. M. D. 899
Riche, Charles 659
Richmond Academy, the oldest of Georgia's schools 899
Academy, trustees 118
Mentioned 451, 891
"Blues" 396, 896
County, treated and mentioned .. 481, 880, 918
Duke of 376-377
Hill, the home of Gov. Schley 892, 922
Light Infantry Blues, Virginia National Guard, The, 591
Va. 212, 214, 215, 216, 219
Ridge, John Maj. 172, 174, 970
Murdered by Cherokee Indians 172, 174, 181, 182
Ricketson, John 472
Ricksey, Charles, a Revolutionary soldier 647
Rickey, Charles 647
Ricks, John 949
Rideau, James, a Revolutionary soldier 939, 994
Riddle, Gideon 977
Ridley, Everett 1064
F. M. Dr. 978
H. B. Capt. 716
Robert 1064
R. A. T. Dr. 978, 979
Reiser, John Michel 531
Riggins, Thomas 936
Riley, A. C. Judge 684
Col. 759
George S. 684
Hamp 949
Jeff 949
John 949
Thomas 356
Ringer, James 977
Ringgold, county-seat of Catoosa, 372
Major 372
R. H. 896
Battle of 372
Riordan, Julia 605
Riplen, Thomas R. 574
Ritch's Cavalry 442
Rivers, Joel 1063
Lewis 879
Riverside 655
Roach, E. J. Dr. 574
Roanoke, Ga. 269, 932
Roany, D. D. 628
Roark, W. W. 574
Robbins, Jeremiah 977
Roberson, John 267
Robert, P. G., foot-note 221
Roberts, Agrippa P. Capt. 1036
D. 528
David M. Judge 517
Drewry 702
Hall 202
John 453, 702
L. 754
M. B. 304
Mr. 365
Wiley 467
Willis 865
Robertson, Andrew 387
F. 424
James 387
John 1023
John Sr. 1023
John W., Adjutant General, 470
J. J. Dr. 211
Matthew, Maj. 309, 864
Pleasant 843
Robinson, E. 997
James N. 365
J. J. 453
John 369, 496, 650, 703, 997
John E. 490
Lark 342
Randal, a soldier of the Revolution, his tomb.....488, 489
Robert R. 365
William 997
Robson, Clotworthy 705
John 804
Rockdale County, treated.....918-921

Rockefeller, John D. 313, 916
Rockmart, Ga. 858
"Rock of Chickamauga" 207
Rock Spring 810
Rock Springs Academy 487
Rockwell, C. F. Capt. 709
Roddenberry, R. J. 699
S. A. Judge 965
W. B. 629
Roddy, Thomas 369
Rodgers, E. S. 311
James 705
J. N. Dr. 369
Anecdote of 371
Robert 705
Roe, James 702
John 528, 879
Joseph A., a Revolutionary soldier 340
Rogers, B. 793
Commodore 862
Drury 766
Edward 765
George W. 670
Henry 977
James 997
John 702
John C. 574
J. A. 955
Michael 637
O. Rev. 793
Robert 804
Thomas 822
William 559
William B. 864
Roland, John 771
Rollins, John 812
Rolston, Lewis 759
Roman Catholic Church, first house of worship built in Wilkes, 1053
Catholics 273
Legions 250
Romare, Paul 579
Rome, the county-seat of Floyd..547
(Ga.) Pioneers the way in honoring the women of the Confederacy 241-246
Chapter, U. D. C. 552
Ronan, John T. 106
Roney, Clark A. 490
Thomas 491
Roosevelt, Theodore, 261, 334, 410, 466, 731, 732, 742, 932
Root, Sidney Maj. 574, 935
Rose, Simri 34, 307, 309, 317, 318
Hill Cemetery 321
House 205
"The Summer," poem by Richard Henry Wilde, its singular history 228, 230
Rosecrans, Gen. 1028
Rosenfield, Henry L. 601
Ross, A. B. 311
George 714
Henry G. 318
Isaac 977
John, Cherokee Chief, 172, 175, 179, 181, 182, 205, 606, 607, 824
John B. 319
Lafayette Dr. 949
Sanders 882
Thomas 387
William 387
William P. 175
Ross's Landing 178
Roswell Mills 467
Round Pound 1000
Top Mountain 994
Roundtree, Moses 955
Rountree, Andrew T. 329
Francis 754
George 544
S. S. 329
Rouse, Jesse 773
Row, William 336
Rowe, Allen 781
F. F. Prof. 996
John 467
William 795
Rowell, John, a Revolutionary soldier 668
Rowland, C. A. 841
N. 544
William 544
Roy, G. G. Dr. 579
Royal, William 949
William H. 574
Rucker, George 564
James, a Revolutionary soldier 1017
J. W. 574
Pressly 1058
S. 421
William 538
Ruckersville, Ga. 285, 541
Rudicill, Robert Y. 416
Ruff, William 681
Ruger, T. H. Gen. 159, 709
Ruggles, Harriet 184
W. B. 574
Rumph, David 879
John D. 1026
Mr. 773
Samuel B. 773
Thomas C. 1026
Rush, Dr. 956
Rushing, William 926
Rusk, David 421
Gen. 38
Ruskin, John 773
Rushton, Robert E. 574
William 574
Russell, Benjamin E. 506
David 705
D. M. Dr. 859
James Gordon, Judge 1039
Richard B. Judge 600
Stoddard 822
W. A. 579
Rust, Y. C. Capt. 522
Rutherford, A. S. 821
John, Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 34, 157, 274, 888. 1022, 1023, 1058
J. H. 926
Mildred, historian and educator 220, 221, 223, 438
Robert 144, 274, 285
Williams Prof. 144, 424
Williams Mrs. (Laura Cobb) 437, 440
Rutland, Redding 318
Ryall, Wright 955
Ryan, Frank T. 574
James 766
John 579
Lewis 940

S

Sackett's Harbor 265, 266
Sadler, A. 882
"Safer Torah," a copy from England by Jewish Emigrants 98
Saffold, Adam 506
A. G. 764, 806
Mr., at Kettle Creek 1049
Reuben 1059

Sale, Cornelius 539
Sallelle, Robert, a Revolutionary soldier 735
Sallers, Peter Jr. 771
Saltzburgers, The 532, 618
Samner, J. R. 1029
Sampler, Jeremiah 365
Sampson, Robert 705
William 705
Samuels, E. H. 747
San Antonio, Tex. 238
Sanders, Billington M. Rev. ..483, 640
C. C. Col. 656
Charles H. 864
Ephraim 715
Ferdinand C. 1027
George 607
J. B. 360
Joshua 766
Peter 714
William C. 579
Sandersville, county-seat of Washington 1019, 1020
Ga. 685, 686
Sands, Joseph 879
Sandwich, Thomas Dr. 749
Sanford, Daniel B. Judge 284
Love 705
Shelton, P. 640
William 274
W. S. Gen. 274
Sandy Creek 265, 266, 423, 424
San Jacinto, Battle of 38
Sanson, James 1058
William 1058
Santa Anna 294
Gen. 38
Sapp, Benjamin 945
Henry, a Revolutionary soldier 988
John, Judge 789
Luke 945
Remilson, wife of Henry Sapp 988
Richard 1039
William 1023
Sargent, H. J. Capt. 854
Sasser, J. M. 629
William, a soldier of 1812....782
Satilla River 350, 356, 360, 374
Satler, R. 936
Sauls, A. M. 823
Saunders, A. 564
Charles H. Rev. 835
J. 505
James M. 1027
Joseph 705
Lydia Mrs. 727
Mr. 1023
William 794
Saussy, Fred. 360
County-seat of Chatham.375, 414
Savannah, 12, 53, 62, 66, 68, 71, 72, 76, 77, 80, 81, 83, 84, 88, 89, 93, 94, 95, 99, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108, 110, 114, 118, 126, 135, 147, 220, 221, 228, 246, 330, 331, 333, 343, 349
Chapter, D. A. R. 104, 107
"Evening Press," foot-note...58
Founded 378
Harbor 96
"Historical Record of".....402
"Morning News" 58, 394, 414
Origin of the name.....380
Memorials to earliest friends 381, 382
River, 93, 95, 113, 132, 134, 213, 216, 217, 338, 343, 379
Siege of 105, 106, 107
Volunteer Guards 400
Savannah's Revolutionary monuments 103-107
Sawyer, B. F. 604
Jonathan 720
Saxe, Marshall 206
Saylor, Jake 949
Sawyer 949
Scarboro, Jason 907, 968
Scarborough, William, builder of first steamship to cross the Atlantic 78
Scarlett, Miss 29
Schaeffer, Edward 931
Schartner, Jacob 531
Schermerhorn, John F. 173
Schley County, treated 921
William Gov., 565, 892, 914, 916, 921, 922
Winfields, Admiral 922
Schmidt, John 531
Schoonmaker, T. 823
Scoggins, John 678
Scomp, H. A. Dr., quoted on Sequoya 190, 196
Scott, A. 823
Archibald Henry 641
Capt. 924
George W. Col. 509
Joel B. 821
John, soldier of 1812.....776
John 705
John, Gen. 273, 274, 280
John Epps, a Revolutionary soldier 662
Joseph B. 501
Mary Howell Mrs. 277
Matthew T. Mrs., President General of the D. A. R.....591
Theodore 634
Thomas 684
William 634, 696
William J. Dr. 641
Winfield Gen. 173, 176, 178, 820, 889
Scott's Magazine 641
Scottsboro, Ga. 273, 281
Screven County 151
Treated 923-926
Screven, Col. 733, 735
Fort 390
James, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 731, 741, 923
James, Gen. 268
Prevents a duel on horseback 268, 269
James P. Capt. 399
John, Capt. 106, 400, 1018
J. P. 895
Thomas F. Capt. 732
Scruggs, Jesse 703
William L. Col. 605
Scudden, A. 559
Scull Shoals 527, 639
Seabrook, Edward W. 607
Seago, A. K. 574
E. M. 574
Seagroove, James 888
Seal, Georgia's Great, buried during Reconstruction ..1056, 1057
Seals, A. B. 574
John H. 574
Thomas 715
Seanor, J. B. 301
Searcy, Daniel B. Dr. 795
Wm. 939
Sears, H. 453
Sear's "Wonders of the World"..1000

SeCour, Edward 487
Secession Convention at Milledgeville 156
Secretary of War 165, 181, 187
Sell, Jonathan 766
Jonathan, J. P. 766
Sellers, James 680, 681
Mulberry Col. 189
R. 773, 778
Samuel 267
Semmes, Admiral, a noted Confederate naval officer.....742, 929
Paul J. Gen. 827
Seminole Indians 452
War 291, 296
Seney, George I 292, 852
Senoia, Ga. 345
Institute 487
"Sentinel, The," a paper edited by Judge Longstreet 900
Sequoya, (see George Guest), 170, 174, 416
The modern Cadmus 196-196
Sequoias 190, 416
Serman, Benjamin 754
Sermons, Benjamin 453
Sessions, George 458
J. J. 959
W. M. Judge 623
Sessum, Patrick 270
Sevier, Gen. 550
L. John Gen., inscription on monument to 551
Seward, James L. 752, 964
William H. 862, 867
Sewell, Samuel 564
Sexton, M. A. 967, 968
Seymour 886
Isaac G. Capt. 310
James Rev. 118, 119, 884
Shackelford, E. 538
J. H. B. Rev. 522
Shaddock, Mrs. 644
Shafter, Gen. 1028
Shaftoe, Francis, foot-note 52
Shaking Rock, near Lexington....841
Shand, Peter 702
Shannon, John 463
Mr. 564
P. J. 311
S. 564
Sharp, Capt. 985
Grove 945
Hamilton W. Capt. 963
Hiram 369
Jacob 703
James P. 879
John 702, 945
J. J. A. 420
William 789
Sharpsburg 206
Share, John 727
Shaw, Augustus 574
Dr. 612
George 574
Hilary M. 449
James 11
John, who changed name to Butler 612
Joseph 491, 634
Joseph H. 546
Louisa Mrs. 4, 7, 11
Pierce, who changed name to Butler 612
Robert 681
William 574
Shea, Mr., a Historian 549, 813
Shearer, William 574
Sheeham, Cornelius 574
Sheffield, Arthur 528
Isham 528
West 528
W. G. 348
Sheftall, Benjamin, a pioneer Emigrant 97, 99, 380
"Cocked Hat" 101
Levi 102
Mordecai, a Revolutionary patriot, gives a burial ground to the Jews at Savannah ..99
Proscribed as a "Great Rebel"; made Commissary General of Issue for the State of Georgia 100
Becomes a prisoner 109
One of the organizers of the Union Society 100
Victim of shameful ingratitude 101
Rescues the Charter of the Union Society 105
Mordecai Sr. 412
Moses Dr. 101
Perla 97
Sheftall, a Revolutionary patriot dubbed "Cocked Hat Sheftall" 100, 101
Shelby, Moses 638
William 638
Shell, Jonathan 884
Bluff 343
Shellman, Chas. Capt. 31
Cecelia Stovall 32
Heights: a Romance of Sherman's March 31, 33, 288
James 704
John 706, 1023
M. 795
Shelnot, James 627
Shelton, E. L. 311
Shepard, James 539, 1007, 1058
Dr. 933
M. B. 785
William 926
Shepher, Lilian McGregor, Miss....46
Plantation, Battle of 933
Sheppard, John 1023
Walter W. 730
Samuel 387
Wiley 1063
Sheridan, Thomas 574
Sherman, William Tecumseh Gen., 40, 93, 157, 208, 209, 210, 400, 412, 512, 552, 576, 578, 593, 624, 800, 849, 860, 1021
Romance of his March to the Sea 3133
March to the Sea ends..401, 402
Sherrill, Reuben 766
Sherwood, Adiel Dr., 310, 542, 635, 640, 865, 867
Ann Adams Mrs. 635
Shewmake, Joseph D. 467
Mason 510
Shewmate, John T. 745, 746
Shields, John 844
Samuel 804
William 1023
Shiloh 206, 207
Battle of 1028
Shine, John, a Revolutionary soldier 987, 989
Shingler, G. P. 785
J. S. 982, 983, 984
T. J. 982-984
W. A. 982, 984
Shipp, Cannon H. Dr. 491
J. E. D. Judge 723

R. L. Judge 475
Shivers, Barneby 1018
John, a Revolutionary soldier 1017
Johnas 1018
Mark M. Dr. 449
Thomas 574
Shockley, T. B. 627
Shorter, Alfred, Col. 553, 556
College 552
Elis S. Judge ..318, 546,821, 827, 865, 869
Jacob 1058
James H. 822
Mr. 336
Shotter, Spencer P. 395
Shotwell, Alexander 505
Showalter, Anthony J. 1039
Shrewsbury, Earl of 938
Shropshire, Wesley 416
Shumate, I. E. 1039
Shuttleworth, P. 771
R. 771
Shuson, James W. Dr. 997
Sibbett, W. F. Dr. 473
Sibley, William 919
Sidney, Philip Sir 260
Signers of the Declaration from Georgia 122, 123
Of the Declaration of Independence 136
Sikes, Matthew 1058
William L. Dr. 1065
Sikwayi, (see Sequoya)
Siloquoy, an Indian settlement....627
Silver Bluff 338
Silvey, D. 365
D. H. Rev. 574
John 574
W. 365
Simon, Petit 781
Simmons, E. G. Col. 937
Edgar G. 298
James 607, 852
J. B. 931
James P. 645
John Dr. 748
Lucy 723
Major 754
Sterne 747, 748, 1051
Thomas J. Chief Justice, 321, 497, 600, 650
William 496
Wm. E. 645
William H. 852
Simms, James P. 837
Robert, a Revolutionary soldier 660, 662, 678
Sarah Dickinson, a Revolutionary Heorine 678
William Gilmore 225
Simons, Abram Capt. 1058
Simpson, D. A. 1018
D. J. 931
E. P. 931
F. T. Rev. 1049
James 705
John 387, 510
L. 465
L. C. 574
William 1049
W. W. Rev. 859
Sims, Frederick 1058
H. F. 1027
John 778
Judge 935
Leonard 547
R. M. 689
Rob 745
W. J. 1027
William M., inscription on monument 642
Sinclair, Elijah Rev. 201
Singletary, James 936
Singleton, Edward, a Revolutionary soldier 759
Richard Col. 761
Sinquefield, Aaron 1023
Samuel 766, 1023
William 766
Sip, John 977
Sirmons, Walter E. Jr. 359
Sisson, V. P. 574
Sitton, Jacob 502
Skeene, P. 365
Skelly, William 705
Skelton, J. H. Maj. 676
Skidoway Narrows 87
Skin Chestnut, Douglasville once known as 524
Skrine, Quintillian 908
Slade, James J. Capt. 234, 235
Jeremiah 505
J. J. Capt. 824
Slappey, John G. 989
Slater, John R. 304
Slaton, Henry 131, 132
John M. Gov., 594, 596, 599, 753 779, 782, 783
Reuben 416
William F. Maj. 579, 581, 783
William M. Prof. 581, 783
Slatter, Jesse 705
Solomon, Maj. 1017
Slattings, James 794
Slaughter, John Dr. 371
Samuel, a Revolutionary soldier 279
Slave Market, at Louisville, a solitary remnant of Feudal days in the South....154-155
"Slavery, Cobb on," a masterpiece 445
Sloane, Andrew Congressman 412
D. N. 574
James 304
Slobe, Joseph 771
Slockumb, Seth 703
Sluck, Thomas 882
Small pox, breaks out in Savannah 94
Smith, Alvarado 944
Andrew 365
Asabel R. 644
Benajah 746
Bolling 670
Bradley 467
Buckingham 338, 362
B. T. Mrs. 563
C. Alphonso Dr. 232
Charles 804, 1007
Charles H. Maj. 297, 556, 644
How he found "Bill Arp," 289, 290
C. W. 944
Daniel 680
Daniel B. 365
Davis 795
Dixon 1022
Edgar F. Provost 691
Edwin L., Mayor of Hartford, Conn. 591
E. R. 982, 984
Fannie Bell Mrs. 944
Francis Gordon Mrs., daughter of Gen. Gordon 588
F. M. 375
George C. 840
George G. Dr., 307, 635, 637, 717, 774, 793, 831, 1014, 1045

Quoted 273, 308, 309, 341
History of Georgia Methodism cited 84
George L. 778
Guy 843
Hadden Rev. 79
Hardy, Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 719, 720
Harrison, foot-note 307
H. H. 997
Henry 270, 564
Hoke, .422, 458, 521, 591, 592, 596 599, 603
H. S. 977
Hugh Rev. 119
I. E. Dr. 491
Isaac, Rev., a Revolutionary soldier 790, 795
Jackson 681
James, Esq. 944
James 696
James A. 415
J. E. Sir 926
J. Henley 574
J. M. 510
James M. Gov., 596, 650, 710, 791, 829, 943, 991
James Monroe 847
Job. 884
John 267, 564, 691
John B. 365
Jonas S. 569, 574
Joseph 638
J. R. 711
J. T. 678
Luther M. Dr. 491, 832
Mangum 356
Marshall A. 944
M. A. Mrs., was a Miss Hagan 944
Martin W. 944
Major 645
M. L. Gen. 447, 448
Mike M. 944
Moses Rev. 752, 789
Nathan, at Kettle Creek....1049
Oscar M. Judge 944
O. L. Dr. (Rev.) 202, 832
Peter Francisco 491
Peyton 633, 637
R. A. Capt. 506
S. J. Dr. 690
Stephen 546
Tete 523
Thomas 882
Wilber 984
W. B. 936
W. T. 823
William Capt., a Revolutionary soldier, 551, 754, 1015, 1017 ("Hell Nation"), his tomb...489
William D. 916
William E. Capt. 522, 523
W. F. 931
Smithsonian Institute 190, 873
Smyrna, near Washington ..128, 920
Church, near Washington..1050
Smythe, A. T. Mrs. 221
John M. 900
Snap Bean Farm, the home of Uncle Remus 596
Sneed, D. 724
Snell, John 544
Snelling, R. 774
R. J. 933, 934
Snodgrass Hill 206
Snow, Mr., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Society of the Cincinnati 111
Sodown, Jacob, a Revolutionary soldier 703
Soldier's Branch 953
Soldiers of the Revolution 511, 545
Solferino 206
Solomons, Perla Sheftall 105
"Sons of Liberty" ..333, 342, 385, 386
"Song of the Chattahoochee" 236, 240
Soperton, the village of 721
Sorrel, G. M. Gen. 412
Sosnowski, Madam 438
Soule, A. M. Dr. 426
South America 380
Carolina, 87, 91, 109, 114, 128, 140, 162, 186, 188, 285, 378
Georgia Normal College 427
Southern Cross of Honor, origin of 222, 223
Female College 973
Medical Journal 895
"Recorder" 275
"Watchman" 437
Souze, Rev. Mr. 1054
Spain 56, 58, 59, 65, 79
Battle of Bloody Marsh, 73, 76
J. W. 329
Spalding County, treated.....926, 930
James 610
R. D. Dr. 218, 579, 582, 584
Thomas ...622, 772, 926, 927, 929
Spaniards (see Spain).....358, 359
Spanish American War 1028
Jews 98
Traditions 348, 349
Spanks, J. W. 754
Spann, Richard 528
W. F. 1027
Sparks, Josephus 977
Samuel 720
William H. Rev. 469
Spear, Simeon 929
Spears, John L. W. 270
William 564
Speed, Terrell 804
Alexander M. Judge, 600, 796, 806
Speer, D. N. Maj. 579
Emory Judge, United States District Judge, 145, 313, 322, 447, 448
Mentioned in foot-notes..53, 73
Quoted 922, 993
Eustace W. Dr. 447, 796
L. W. 699
William Capt. 491
Spence, C. C. Rev. 648
John 387
John M. 472
William 721
Spencer, Amassa 864
C. J. 785
John 882
Lambert 821
Monument 589
Richard 727
Samuel 431, 589, 828
Samuel Mrs. 478
Spivey, Thomas 670
Spradlin, John 1001
Joseph 638
Spratling, E. J. Dr. 691
Spring Bank, a famous school taught by Dr. C. W. Howard..293, 294
Springer, Col. 859
Rev. Mr. 558
John Rev., first Presbyterian Minister ordained in Georgia, 841, 1009, 1046, 1047, 1050, 1055, 1061

Famous school at Walnut Hill 1051
W. G. 369
Springfield, Mo. 180
The county-seat of Effingham 530
The home of Gen. Blackshear 719
Spring Hill Redoubt 106, 107
Place 463, 807
Place, Ga. 469
the county-seat of Murray...806
Sprowl, Capt. 924
Spurgeon, Major 133
Squeb, Capt., commander of the "Mary and John" 720
Stacy, Dr., quoted 733
James Dr., quoted, 137, 492, 728, 736, 743
Mentioned in foot-note 137
Stafford, Alvis 856, 857
Ezekiel 945
J. A. Mr. 857
Thomas 361
Stallings, a Revolutionary soldier, 735
Stalling's Dragoons 735
Stamp Act 94
Stamper, M. W. 997
Stamps, James 490
E. R. Mrs. 238
Standifer, Jesse 634
Skelton 634
Stanford, James W. Dr. 879
Joseph Newton 879
Lord 377
L. L. 671
Thomas 879
Stanley, Lord 302
Samuel 720
Thomas 423, 973
Stansell, Joel Rev. 920, 921
Stanton, Frank L. 604, 725
Stapler, Amos 884
James 676
John 773
Staples, Mr., at Kettle Creek....1048
A pioneer of Wilkes.....1046
Stapleton, George Larsom, a Revolutionary soldier 704
James R. 1027
Thomas 879
"Star Spangled Banner" 48
Stark, John 632
Starke James H. 864
Starling, William 453
Starnes, Ebenezer 915
Starr, Elijah 1052
Silas H. 835
State Capitol moved from Milledgeville to Atlanta 578
Fencibles of Pennsylvania, The 591
Fencibles, Veterans of Philadelphia, The 591
Normal College 427, 435
Rights 286, 291
Statenville, the county-seat of Echols 529
Statesboro, Ga., the county-seat of Bulloch 333
Steed, J. E. Capt. 365
Walter E. 947, 951
Stegall, W. W. Rev. 678
Steiner, Lupretcht 531
Simon 530
Stekoah 875
Stephens, Alexander H., 156, 696, 930, 1054
Love Affairs of 802
Alexander Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 942-1060
Andrew Baskins 943
County, treated 930, 931
G. 502
Heard Chapter of Elberton, 537, 538
Jesse 720
John 702, 836, 1058
Linton Judge 469, 859
Mr. 575, 638, 942
S. 856
Thomas 389, 715
William Gov., 380, 389, 390, 407, .. 413, 532, 544, 888
W. H. 931
Sterling, Wm. J. 977
Sterne, Abraham Rev. 807
Sterrett, Josiah 706
Stevens H. D. 329
H. D. 329
J. 678
John 727
J. W. 853
O. B. Col. 959
Solomon 997
Walker 705
William, Bacon Dr. 403, 413
William 336
William B., Bishop of Pa., quoted, foot-note ..51, 73, 132, 743, 815
History of Georgia, cited..84
William Judge and Grand Master of Masons 112
W. W. 872
Stevenson, M. F. Dr. 188
Stewart 849
Alexander 336, 628
Amos 939, 943
Andrew J. 668
Bailey 715
County 269
Treated 931, 935
Col. 735
Daniel Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 547, 731, 741, 931
Daniel R. 741, 742, 879
Finley G. 864
Gen. 932
George 627
Henry 922
Henry 922
James 364, 502
James A. Dr. ..387, 919, 920, 921
John Jr. 727, 766
John 766, 879
John Sr. 727
John D. 929
John L. Rev. 920, 921
Judge 929
Maj. 595
Mathew 387
Peter 318
R. 774
Randall 778
William, a Revolutionary soldier 922
Stiles, Ezra Dr. 729
George W. Capt. 400
Samuel 332
William H. 296, 332, 412
Stilesboro 296
Still, M. P. 959
Stocks, Isaac 634
Thomas Judge 638, 863, 864
Stokes, Alexander 387
Augustus H. Col. 491
John 1023

J. W. Rev. 723
William 804, 1058
Stone, A. W. 574
Stone-Castle Chapter, D. A. R. 957
Jeremy 317
Mountain, a monolith of granite 491, 510
River 207
Stonecypher, John 564
Stonewall, the name of a cemetery at Griffin 929
Stony Point, Battle of 1025
Storey, E. M. Gen. 491
Storks, John 836
Storr, John 387
Story, Benjamin A. 778
"Of Georgia People," by Dr. George Smith 273
"Of the Confederate States," quoted 210
J. T. 1001
Samuel 686
Samuel S. 1065
"Of Wilkes County" 1049
Stovall, Cecilia Miss 31, 33
George 564
J. 748
Josiah 564
M. A. 916
Mr. 812
Pleasant A., pionner of Clarke, 74, 424, 589, 901, 957, 917
United States Minister to Switzerland 62
Quoted 76
Foot-note 76
Stowe, W. A. 931
Strahan, Chas. M. Prof. 427
Strain, N. F. 420
Strange, James W. 627
Straus family, The 940
Isidor 102, 828, 855, 939
Nathan 102, 828, 939
Oscar 828, 829
Oscar S., United States Minister to Turkey, and member of Cabinet 102, 869
Strawn, James 546
Street, J. C. 787
Streight, A. D. Col. 552
Strickland, Lewis 945
R. 267, 505
S. 680, 681
Simon 467
Wiley 879
Stringer, Charles 720
Francis 702
John 720
Stripling, B. 945
Strobel, Mr. 530
Strong, Christopher B. Judge, 323, 794
Cicero H. 574
Johnson 691
Noab 559, 644
Samuel M. 34
Strother, William 387
Stroud, Orion 1007
Thomas, at Kettle Creek 1048
Stroup, Alexander 627, 628
Strozier, E. F. Judge 501
Stubbs, H. W. 329
Studdard, James 804
St. Augustine, Fla. 65, 331, 359
St. Catherine's Island 643
St. Elmo 234
Its memories of Augusta Evans Wilson 234, 235
St. Elmo Institute 234
St. Gall 95
St. George's Parish, a nest of loyalists 337, 340, 342, 701
St. James Episcopal Church, Marietta 456
St. John, Isaac M. 916
St. John's Gospel, translated into Sequoyan 174
St. John's River 349
St. John's Parish 268
St. John's Riflemen 268
St. John's River 63, 349
St. Louis, Mo. 219, 247, 310
St. Mary's, county-seat of Camden 348, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 452
Historic Old St. Marys..350-351
Smuggling days recalled, 351, 352
How culprits were punished in olden times 357, 358
St. Mary's River ..9, 268, 349, 350, 358, 359
St. Michael's Church-yard, Pensacola 1004
St. Pauls Church, the oldest edifice in Augusta, (illustrated), 112, 115, 117,-121, 122, 340
St. Paul's Parish 883
St. Simons, Fort 609, 618
St. Simons Island, 59, 65, 66, 331, 609, 612, 622, 623
Battle of Bloody Marsh ..73, 76
St. Stanislaus College 311
St. Valentines Day 131
Stubblefield, Jeter 1049
Stubbs, John 766
Sturdevant, C. 1018
Sullivan, D. 678
Florence 888
H. 990
Major 794
Patrick 1054
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 386
"Summer Rose, The," poem by Richard Henry Wilde, its singular history 228, 230
Summerall, D. 267
Summer, J. C. 544
Summers, J. C. 686
Summerville, county-seat of Chattooga 415
The Sand Hills 905
William 668
Summey House 434
Sumner, Edward 727
Sumpter, a Revolutionary soldier, 932
Sumter County 298
County, treated 935-937
County Volunteers, The, 397, 935
Thomas, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 935
Sumterville, the forerunner of Dublin 717
Sunbury 105, 135, 268, 269
An extinct metropolis, once a rival of Savannah 732
Fort 772
"Sunday Lady, of Possum Trot, The," (Miss Martha Berry) How she won the mountains 250-261
Sunny Villa, the home of Col. William Reid 975
"Sunrise" 238, 239
Supreme Court of Georgia 163
Surrency, Millard 603
Sutherland, the home of General John B. Gordon ....
Suttler, Bernard ....

Sutton, Allen 684
George 502
J. 544
Leroy 502
R., at Kettle Creek.....1048
Swaiger, George 530
Swain, David Gov. 541
E. 544
Jesse 627
Rev. Mr. 879
Swainsboro, the county-seat of Emanuel 541
Swan, Ga. 299, 300
Swann, Elijah, a Revolutionary soldier 836
Thomas 680
Sweat, Frank 473
James 1015
N. 336, 337
Sweetwater, a Cherokee village..455
Swift, Charles J., foot-note.....235
Quoted 39, 44
Creek 307
George P. 997
William 803
Swilley, R. 267
S. 267
S. E. 754
Swinbourne 225
Sword, James, a Revolutionary soldier 1007
Sylvania, the county-seat of Screven 923
Sylvester, the county-seat of Worth 1064

T

Tabb, John B. 236
Tabor, J. E. 931
Tafia, a mean liquor traded to the Indians 881
Taft, William H., President, 341, 601, 847, 901, 902, 916, 966, 1039
Tahlequah, I. T. 175, 182
Tailfer, Patrick 380
Tait, Charles Judge 541
Talbot County, treated 938-940
J. 933
John, 1042, 1051, 1053, 1057, 1060
Matthew, Gov., his old Mansion in Wilkes ..125, 938, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1060, 1061
Talbotton, the county-seat of Talbot 938, 939
Taliaferro, Benjamin Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 140, 153, 941, 1057, 1060, 1061
County, treated 940-943
Dixon 1036
Talking Rock, an Indian Settlement 851
Talley, A. S. 574
Elisha 678
Henry 835
James W. Dr. 304
Talluiah Falls, Georgia's Niagara..872
Industrial School 649
Talmage, John 423
Samuel K. Dr. 284, 428, 908
Talona, a village 607
Talulu, name of an Indian village, 873
Tampa, Fla. 240
Tanner, Hampton 472
Tanner, J. S. 574
Joseph 926
T. L. 502
W. J. 574
Taolli, an ancient Indian Village in South Georgia.....472
Tapley, James 544, 711
Tariff Convention at Milledgeville..271
Tarleton, Gen. 278
Tarvers, Benjamin 715, 821, 822
Elisha 715
Gen. 990
Hartwell H. Gen. 991
M. C. 1055
Tarvin, George 720
Tasso, Torquato 228, 917
Tate, Ga. 241
Charles 1058
Farish Carter 852
John A. V., inscription on monument 642
John I. 607
John R. 607
Marble Quarries of 419
Samuel 420
Samuel Jr. 851, 852
Stephen C. 851, 852
William 538
Tatem, J. C. 699
Tatom, Silas 977
Tattnall County, treated.....943-946
Edward F. Capt. 399, 412
Josiah, Governor and General a zealous Whig, 89, 91, 92, 387, 407, 412, 943
Tatum, Howell 502
Taylor, A. 882
Columbus 879
County, treated 946-952
Mentioned 19
Ezekiel 958
Frances Long Mrs. 691
Francis 879
Gen. 569
H. R. 821
Henry 267
J. A. Dr. 574
J. J. 327
James M. 773
James N. 922
Job 793
John 267, 821
J. M. 861
J. R. 326
L. T. 935
Robert 424
R. L. 502
S. 948
S. K. 958
W. H. 502
William 491, 496, 856, 879
Zachary Gen, ...624, 777, 914, 946, 1064
Taylor's Ridge 372
Tazewell, the original name of county-seat of Marion 777
Teasley, E. C. 931
Tebeau Creek 1012
F. E. Capt. 1011
Tebeauville, a dead town....1010, 1012
Tecumseh, and Indiar War Run.....25
Tefft, J. K. 403
Telfair Academy 403, 404, 953
County, treated 952-955
Edward, Gov., 341, 343, 402, 403, 404, 407, 410, 887, 888, 892, 952, 1003
Hospital 953
Mary Miss 384, 402
Thomas 413
Temples, Jones 945
Temple, Lord 377
"Tennebaum, O Tennebaum".....48

Tennessee, .128, 170, 191, 204, 283, 301
Company, The 151
River 150, 178, 179
Story of how Little Giffen came to be written.....39, 44
Tennille, Benjamin 1023
[illegible] 1021
Robert, Col. 1021
William A., a Revolutionary soldier .....[illegible]
Tennyson, Alfred Lord, 96, 225, 237, 651
Terminus, Atlanta's old name.556, 578
Terrell County, treated 956, 959
David Meriwether 781
James Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 560, 564
J. H. Dr. 931
Joel 1058
Joel E. G. Dr. 781
Joel W. Dr. 490
John 346
J. J. 629
Joseph M. Gov., 586, 587, 596, 599, 781, 782, 784, 931, 956
J. Render 784
R. R. 629
Richmond, a Revolutionary Corporal 836, 865
T. 656
Willie 681
William Dr., 510, 636, 864, 956, 1055, 1060, 1061
Gift to University.....435
William, at Kettle Creek...1049
Terry, Carlisle Dr. 40, 41
George W. 574
John 491
Joseph, a Revolutionary soldier .....[illegible]12
Stephen 574
William 1007
Texas 221
Lone Star Flag of 495
Woven by a woman 34, 44
The, a famous engine in the Civil War 594
Thigpen, M. 544
Thomas, Dr. 832
A. G. Dr. 574
Bryant M. Gen., 279, 1035, 1036, 1038
Charles Spalding, Sen. 772
County 883
Treated 960-965
Daniel 702
E. J. C. Rev. 791
Edward Lloyd Gen., 448, 821, 837
F. A. 1036
George H. Gen. 207, 208
Giden 702
Grigsby E. Judge ..491, 821, 824
Hezekiah 505
James, a Revolutionary soldier 279, 1023
James R. Dr. 832
Jesse, a Revolutionary soldier..804
Jett, Gen. 144, 283, 960, 994
Builder of the State Capitol at Milledgeville 158, 159
Job 702
Joel 538
John 702
John Sr. 703
John S. 519
Lovick P. Col. 845
M. W. Mrs. 694
Peter 720
Troup, R. L. 798
Stevens 423
Suesylla Miss 423
Tom 1035
W. H. Col. 900
Thomaston, county-seat of Upson, 991
Thomasville, Ga. 178
The county-seat of Thomas..247, 248, 249
Thompson, Aaron, a Revolutionary soldier 960
A. 708
Alexander, a Revolutionary soldier 657, 708
A. J. 387, 776
Beverly D. 327
C. J. 491
Carrie Tait Mrs. 759
D. W. 746
Edward 969
Ephriam 705
E. B. 859
George 365, 864
Glenn, Rev. 705
G. Harvey Capt. 944
Isham 538, 539
James 705
J. B. 327
J. Edgar 570
James 387
J. M. 948
John 680, 766, 835
John P. 781
John R. Dr. 888
Joseph, Dr. 574
Maurice 225
M. S. 935
N. N. 935
O. B. 654
Robert 449
Sherwood, a Revolutionary soldier 692
Thomas C. Dr. 968
Wiley 541
W. D. 691
William 387
Thomson, James 52
J. E. 969
The county-seat of McDuffie, 760
William S. 501
William T. 414, 799, 917
Thoreau's hut 225
Thorn, C. H. Maj., a Revolutionary soldier 614
Thornton, D. Rev. 538
Eugene H. 587
H. A. Dr. 821
M. 365
Pressley, a Revolutionary Corporal 836, 844
Simeon W. 574
Thorpe, Benjamin F. Rev. 909
C. A. 990
Thrash, Isaac 781
Thrasher, Barton E. Judge.....838
George 644
Isaac 838
John, a Revolutionary soldier 566, 838
Threadcraft, George 336, 771
Thornateeska, name given to the Flint River by Indians....521
Chapter, D. A. R. 1064
Thrower, L. Mrs. 774, 926
Thunderbolt: How the name originated 89, 391
Thundering Springs 995, 996
Thurmond, John, a Revolutionary soldier 489
W. H. 574
Thweat, James Dr. 795
Tibbs, Wm. H. 1039

Ticknor, Douglas Dr. 41, 43
Frank O. Dr., how a famous ballad came to be written "Little Giffen of Tennessee" 39, 44
Francis O. Dr., Torch Hill, the home of 231, 234
Tablet to, unveiled 232
Mentioned 231, 827
Rosa N. Mrs. 40, 44
Thomas M. 44
Tiedeman, George W. 395
Tierney, Corporal in Mexican War, 396
Tift, Asa F. 965
County, treated 965-968
Edward F. 967, 968
H. H. 792, 966, 967
Nelson 270, 520, 522, 960, 965
W. O. 967
Tifton 960
Gazette, The 907
The county-seat of Tifton....965
"Tiger Lillies" 256
Tigner, E. A. Dr. 781
George S. Dr. 781
Hope 781
Philip 838
William 539
Tilden, Samuel J. 523
Tilghnauw, A. 546
Tillerton, George W. 675
Tillett, Giles 884
Tilley, George 939, 943
John 528
Joseph 702
Tillman, James 945
Tilman, John 702
Tilton, W. O. 106
Tinsley, Philip 449
Tipton, C. G. 1065
R. L. 982
Tisdale, H. S. 823
Tisdel, L. O. 301
Tison, J. M. B. 617
Titanic, The 855
Tobesofkee Creek 795
Toccoa Falls 939
The county-seat of Stephens, 930
Todd, John 705
Toland, John 705
Tomlinson, Aaron, an officer of the Revolution 703
Augustus G. 859
Harris 529
Jared 936
John Sr. 453
Tomo-chi-chi 6
Grave of 84, 85
Inscription on boulder 85
Tompkins, William 774
Tondee, Peter 99, 385
Tondee's Tavern, the cradle of Liberty in Georgia, 99, 268, 385, 386, 702
Tonkin, James 705
Toombs County, treated 968, 969
Gabriel 130, 1058
Gen. 523, 950
"Life of," by Pleasant A. Stovall 211, 212
Robert ..156, 434, 917, 966, 968, 1046, 1061, 1062
William 1058
Toomer, A. H. 825
Toon, J. J. 574
Torch Hill, the home of Dr. F. O. Ticknor 231-234
"Torch Hill" 41, 42
Tories 268
Power overthrown at Kettle Creek 131-134
Torrence, John, a Revolutionary soldier 1017
William H. 285, 962
Torry Pond 518, 745
Towers, Amos 510
Towns County, treated 969, 971
George W., 323, 453, 804, 940, 948, 969, 970, 978, 1060, 1061
John, a Revolutionary soldier 804
Townsend, Chas. O. Prof. 202
Eli 803
Toy, James M. 574
Track Rock 993
Tracy, Edward D. Judge, 309, 312, 323
Trammell, F. H. 886
Leander M. Col. 1037, 1038
Lee 997
Paul B. 1038, 1039
Traylor, Edward 865
George H. 977
John H. Col. 979
William 997
Treadaway, Thomas 416
Treaties, Coweta Town 69, 72
Treutlen, John Adams Gov. ..407, 683
Trenton, the county-seat of Dade..502
Tribbel, Samuel J. 448, 691
Trice, William 496, 997
Trion, Ga. 416
Trippe, J. F. 879
James Madison 879
John 865
Robert P. 699, 698, 796
Triplett, Francis 1049
Henry 822
Thrope, V. D. 823
Troup Artillery 442
County 168
Treated 971-979
George M. Gov., Life of.....384
Treaty of Indian Springs, 161-169
Mentioned, 156, 157, 159, 274, 407, 411, 414, 583, 720, 721, 750, 797, 798, 914, 938, 971
G. M. Jr. 798
Joshua 301
Gov., will of.....719
Troupville, a dead town 750
Trout, John F. 574
Troutman, H. B. 496
Hiram B. 35
Joanna Miss 495
Joanna E. Miss, (Mrs. Vinson) designer of the Lone Star Flag of Texas 34-44
Letter to Lieut. Hugh McLeod 35
John F. Sr. 495
Truitt, Mr., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Trulock, C. B. 629
Sutton H. 505
Z. 629
Trustees of Georgia 80, 81, 121
Tryon, Gov. 482
N. C. 239
Tuggle, William 680
Tullett, Samuel 884
Tumlin, Lewis 295, 298
Tune, William 949
Tupper, H. A. Dr. 14
Turnage, Henry 318
Turner, Abner 804
C. H. Dr. 920, 921
County, treated 979, 984
Daniel 304
Daniel R. 467

Elijah 715
Elisha P. 496
G. B. 836
Henry 773
Henry G. Judge, tomb of, 327, 328, 600, 979
James 945
J. A. S. Capt. 935
J. D. Dr. 579
J. E. 301
Joel L. Dr. 676
John 304, 365, 510
Joseph, a Revolutionary soldier 865, 866
Joseph A. 868
Joseph S. 868
Larkin 369
Plantation, The 862
Richard 380
S. M. 329
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 497
W. H. 680
William 863, 865, 868
Tutt, William H. 905, 915
Twain, Mark 188, 189
Tweedy, Esther 705
Twiggs, burial ground 889
County 271
Treated 985-991
Col. 986
Daniel E. 916
David Emanuel Gen. ..889, 987
H. D. D. Judge 890
John Gen., a Revolutionary soldier, 142, 338, 542, 889, 892, 910, 916, 985
Twitty, P. S. Rev. 879
Tybee Island 79, 87
First capture of Revolution, 390-391
Tyler, Gen. 975
Robert C. 974
Tyner, Richard 538
At Kettle Creek 1048
Tyns, John 789
Tyson, T. W. Dr. 1065
Tubman, Richard 120
Tucker, Capt. 963
Daniel 274
Ethrel 539
Harper 274
Henry 705
H. H. Dr., Chancellor and Baptist Minister .431-432, 1019
Tucker's Ferry 179

U

Uchee Indians 69
Uchees, The 338, 906
Under the Lash: Pathetic Incidents of the Cherokee Removal, 176-182
Underwood, James 945
John 490
John J. 754
John L. Judge 789
John W. H. Judge, 325, 540, 555, 556
Joseph 538, 1032
Judge 188
William H. Judge, 469, 540, 1039
William 774
Union Academy 862, 867
County, treated 992, 994
Hill, the home of Governor Jared Irwin 685, 1020, 1021
Point 197
Society of Savannah, 84, 99, 105
United Confederate Veterans, 221, 223, 243, 314
Daughters of the Confederacy, Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, 1035, 1036
Franklin Chapter of Tennille, 1023
Kennesaw Chapter, unveiled monument at Marietta 458-460
Lanier Chapter, Macon, unveiled monument to Women of the Confederacy ...314, 315
Mentioned 222, 243, 245, 281
Sons of Confederate Veterans, Floyd Camp.....242, 244
States Government, 160, 162, 164, 171, 172, 173, 186
States Senate, Golden Age of, 301
States War Department.....276
University of Georgia, the oldest State College in America, 139, 145, 158, 201, 271, 272, 277, 280, 285, 535
Of Pennsylvania 285
Upper Creeks 163, 164
Mississippi Company, The...150
Upshaw, W. D. 793
Upson County, treated.....994-998
Stephen 840, 846
Sketch of 994, 995
Upton, B. 1018
David W. 821
Gen. 215, 974
Usry, Joshua 608
"Ussybow" Sound 87
Urquhart, Dr. 491

V

Valdosta, plantation of Gov. Troup 721, 797
The county-seat of Lowndes, 750, 751, 752, 753
Valley Forge 277
Town Mission School, The...652
Vallombrosa, one of Gov. Troup's plantations 721
.....206
Valmy .....
Van Buren, Martin 303, 469, 473
Vandiven, A. G. B. 628
Vandevier, Mr. 650
Vandiver, M. 627
Van Epps, Howard, Judge 297, 605
Van Hoose, A. H. Prof. 825
A. W. Dr. 553, 654
Vann, Bush Judge 785
David, a half-breed 808
Vann's Valley 554
Van Winkle, E. 579
Van Zant, Lewis 994
Varello Farm, plantation of Col. Samuel Hammond 912
Varnadoe, James O. Maj. 751, 752
Samuel McWhir 739, 740, 752
Varner House, where the famous McIntosh treaty was signed, 161, 163, 168, 346
168, 346
.....455
Mrs. .....
Vason, David A. Judge ..522, 523, 803
Vanghan, W. W. 559
Velasco, Texas, Lone Star Flag first unfurled at 37
.....430
Venable, Charles S. 688
James M. 574
W. R. 98
Veneral, Mr. .....
Verdery, Augustus N. 859

Vereen, William C. 475
Vernon, Isaac 766
River 87, 88, 388, 389, 390
Vernonburg, a dead town.....395 396
Vesey, Capt. 865
Vespucci, Amerigo 935
Vick, Moses 267
Vickers, John 472
Joseph 720
Vickery, James 676
William 676
Vienna, Austria 296
Vienna, the county seat of Dooly ..517
Villalonga, John 374
Villa Rica: Gold Discovered ..336, 367
Vineville 311
Vinson, Green 495
Joanna Troutman, Mrs. 495
W. P. 959
Virginia, 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 74, 114, 212, 214, 231, 287
"Virginians of the Valley" 232
Vocelle, James T. 349, 352, 354

W

Waddell, James D. 169, 854
James O. Gen. 859
Moses Dr., 396, 424, 428, 429, 760, 859
His school at Mount Carmel, 477, 478, 482
Wade, Henry, a Revolutionary soldier 561
N. 887
Peyton L. Rev. 924
Thomas 424
Wash 949
Wadley D. 773
M. 774
William M., monument in Macon 315, 320, 413
Wadsworth, W. A. O. Capt., volunteer officer in the war for Texan Independence 36
Mr. and Mrs. 519
Wafford, D. 656
Waggoner, George 766
Wagner, Henry C. 47
John 420
Wagnon, W. O. Col. 369
Wagram 206
Wainwright, Adam 949
Wainwrights, The 374
Walden, Alexander 650
Pond 225
Waldhaner, Jacob Casper 531
Waleska, Ga. 420, 421
Walker, Alexander C. Col. 906
Archer 539
Arthur 703
B. F. 574
Charles 884
Clem 780
County, treated 998, 1005
Dawson A. Judge 690, 1037
Eli 856
Elijah 966
E. B. 574
Fort 594
Freeman, Maj., United States Senator, 447, 906, 913, 914, 1009, 1010
Sketch 998
George 861, 893
Henry 766
Hugh K. Rev. 1059
J. A. 327
James, a Revolutionary soldier 996, 997
James L. 861
James P. 1027
Joel 702
John 895, 964
John, a Revolutionary soldier 632
John, a soldier of 1812..803, 804
John B. 864
John H. 1007
J. L. Mrs. 360, 1012
L. 1015
Mr., at Kettle Creek 1049
Mr. 577
N. F., a soldier of 1812..19, 997
Persons 949
Robert 929
Robert D. 106
S. 893
Samuel 487
Sanders 1058
Sylvanus 696
T. D. Dr. 326, 327
Thomas 906
Thomas A., a Revolutionary bugler 836
Valentine, Gen. 906
William 705
William H. T. Gen., 593, 896, 906, 916
William S. 304
Wall, Drury, ...876
Dr. 627
Henry 989
Jesse M. 798
Micajah 634
William D. 798
Wallace, Alex. M. 574
Campbell, Maj. 577, 579
James 686, 748
John 949
John R. 574
W. S. 949
Wallis, Mortimer R. 318
Walls, Thomas 804
Walnut Branch, near Waynesboro. 542
Hill, a famous school in Wilkes 1051
Walpole, Horace 52, 64
Walsh, Patrick 900, 913
Walt, Robert 857
Walter, Thomas 873
Walters, Edward 703
Jeremiah 522
Waltourville 737
Walton, A. W. 574
B. R. 668
County, treated 1003, 1009
Dorothy, tomb of 1004
Sketch of 1005
George Jr., Governor of West Florida 1004
George, 142, 407, 410, 559, 653, 682, 887, 892, 898, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 938, 943
George, Gov., Signer of the Declaration of Independence 1003, 1004, 1045
George, a Revolutionary soldier and cousin of the signer 1048
George, Meadow Garden, the home of 122, 124
Henry W. 706
John 915
John, at Kettle Creek.....1048
John H. 940

Judge 892
Lee 574
Nathaniel, at Kettle Creek. 1048
Peter 800, 804
Robert 748, 766
Stokes 789
Warnble, E. 997
"Wanderer, The," slave yacht.....445
War, Civil, Battle of Lafayette, 999, 1000
Fort Jackson 400, 401
Fort McAllister 401
Sherman's March to the Sea ends 401, 402
Creek Indian, of 1836.....310
Hill: where the famous battle of Kettle Creek was fought 131, 134
Mexican, Macon in 294, 311
Oconee 271
Of 1812: where an English Flotilla met defeat.....352
Epitaph on tomb of Capt. John Williams 354, 355
Mentioned 265, 267, 283, 284
Seminole 291, 296
Spanish American 1028
With Mexico, Chatham in, 297 306
Woman's Creek 535, 575
Ward, A. C. 473
James 473
John E. 399, 412, 413, 739
Mrs. Daughter of Judge John Erskine 585
Seth 308
William 538
William A. Col. 34
Commanded a Batallion in the war for Texas Independence, under Fannin 36
Massacred at Goliad 36
W. P. Judge 472
Willard Mrs. 593
Wardlaw, George B. 317, 318
J. C. Capt. 1002
Wardrope, Joseph 380
Ware, A. G. 574
County 265
Edward, a Revolutionary soldier 539, 775
Edward R. 424
James, a Revolutionary soldier 802
John 678
Nicholas, United States Senator, 424, 447, 448, 913, 916, 1009, 1010, 1060, 1061
Warfield, Edwin, Governor of Maryland 46
Waring, J. F. Capt. 399
Wm. R. Dr. 894
Warlick, M. 574
Warm Springs 780
Warner, Hiram, Chief Justice, 319, 497, ..600, 780, 782, 844
Home, the old 780
Warnock, John 705
John P., a Revolutionary soldier 939, 977
Robert 705
Warren, Benjamin 702, 705
Charles R. 719
County, treated 1015-1019
Mentioned 1009
Eli, Gen. 718, 719, 721
E. W. Dr. 718
H. M. 301
James 702
Joseph Gen. 1015
Josiah, a Revolutionary soldier 718, 720
Josiah Love 719
Kittrell J. 718
Kittrell 718
L. L. D. Judge 522, 523, 718
Lewis B. Dr. 718
Lott, Judge, 522, 523, 718, 721, 724
Robert 926
Robert H. 718
Warrenton, county-seat of Warren, 1015
Warthen, William 1023
Washington Academy 1055
County, treated 1019-1024
Created by an Act establishing the State University 139, 140
D. C., 46, 107, 164, 176, 190, 194, 261, 271, 297, 339, 373, 415
"Gazette" 1047
"News" 1047
Ga., first town in United States named for Gen. Washington 1045, 1047
County-seat of Wilkes.....1040
Mentioned, 14, 125, 129, 131, 143, 211, 212, 213, 217, 363, 411
George, 3, 5, 18, 22, 83, 102, 108, 302, 347, 397, 450, 502, 535, 545, 631, 640, 732, 744, 848, 860, 887, 891, 899, 901, 952, 1025
Visits Waynesboro 341
And Lee University 3
James H. R. 316, 319
Mary Hammond, founder of D. A. R., in Georgia 316
Place, Macon 316
Seminary 581
William Col., a Revolutionary soldier 662
Washington's Visit to Augusta...892
Waterloo 206, 207, 210, 248
Waters, Elam 949
John 627
Peter 564
Watkins, A. L. 821
George 913
Josh 538
Robert 838, 913
Watkinsville, the county-seat of Oconee 838
Watson, Alexander 528
A. R. 604
Benjamin 564
David 720
Douglas 161, 634
Jacob 766
James C. 822
John and Wife 564
John 766, 794
Larkin D. Capt. 347
Robert 634
Thomas Sen. 766
Thomas E. 209, 767, 768
Watterson, Henry 929
Watts, Berry 365
Charles 638
Presley 634
Richard E. 934
William 538, 679
Way, Andrew 797
Edward .....
James B. Col .....
Nathaniel .....
Parmenas .....
Samuel .....

Waycross, county-seat of Ware, 1013-1015
Mentioned 1009, 1010
"Evening Herald" 1013
Wayne, Anthony Gen., an officer of the Revolutionary, sketch of 1025-1026
Mentioned, 111, 112, 341, 388, 407, 411
County 266, 271, 281
Treated 1024-1026
James 388, 403, 412
Waynesboro, Washington's Visit to 340, 341
How an old Church was saved at 342
County-seat of Burke ..337, 338
Sketch of 340-341
Waynesville, former county-seat of Wayne 1024
Wayside Inn 312
Weatherly, Napoleon 699
Weathers, Peter 767
Weaver, Joseph 856
Nathan 720
Nathaniel 528
Webb, Alfred 503
Clayton S. 676
James 337, 888
Richard 766
Webster, Benjamin 884
County, treated 1026-1027
Daniel 301, 1026
Daniel, of Coweta 487, 490
Weed, Jacob 361
Weems, S. 680
W. H. Dr. 895
Welch, Isaac 794
Welden, William 766
Welkinson, John 996
Wellborn, Alfred 864
Col. 781
Curtall 1058
J. P. 994
Levi T. Dr. 490
Marshall J. Judge ..669, 671, 829
Olin Judge 1038
Thomas 1058
William J. W. 821
Wellington, Lord 248
Wells, Andrew E. 336
Francis 337
George Gov. ..343, 687, 702, 1046
James 416
James B. 823
N. W. 317
Nicholas W. 318
Wereat, John, Gov. 352, 407, 888
Werner, E. A. 574
Wert, Van, original county-seat of Paulding 849
Wesley, Charles Rev., 66, 68, 406, 622
John, founder of Methodism, 52 66, 68, 77, 79, 81, 406, 622
Memorial Church 77
Oak, The story of, illustrated 59, 66-68
Wesleyan Female College, the first to confer diplomas upon women 200-202, 323, 363
West, A. J. Gen. 579, 795
Andrew 794, 795
Charles 864
David 781
E. P. Dr. 650
Gibson 789
G. W. 859
India Islands 332
Indies 4, 5, 91, 100
Isam 936
James Rev. 365, 650
James B. 789
John 766, 789, 994
W. S. 753
Point, N. Y. 296, 1027
Point, Ga. 218
Point Military Academy 231
Thomas 789
W. E. 859
W. S. 753
Westberry, John S. 1065
Josiah S. 1065
Milton 1065
Western and Atlantic R. R., 208, 291, 293, 422, 459, 460, 461, 1033
Cherokees (Indian Territory) 182
Circuit 283
Westminster Abbey 377
Westmoreland, Maria J. 604, 978
Caroline, daughter of Willis F. Westmoreland 546
John G. Dr. 546, 574
William 491
Willis F. Dr. 546, 575
Weston, Joseph 959
Myron E. 959
S. R. 959
Whaley, James Adolphus 879
Wilkins D. 879
W. H. Capt. 1026
Whatley, Daniel, a Revolutionary soldier 948
Samuel, at Kettle Creek....1048
Willis 836, 949
W. O. B. 859
Wheat, Moses 864
Wheeler, A. 936
County, treated 1027-1030
Henry 421
John 421
John F. 174
Joseph Gen. 860, 915, 916
Sketch of 1027-1029
W. A. 794
"Tactics" 1028
Whelan, Peter, Father 1054
Where an English Flotilla met defeat 352-353
Georgia's great seal was buried 1056, 1057
Whethers, William 702
Whiddon, Lot 686
Whigham, William 505
Whigs, ...9, 276, 291, 303
Whitaker, Benjamin 707
Capt. 342
Daniel 678
Jared I. 575
Mr. 381
P. H. 678
White, B. A. Dr. 279, 895
Bluff, the Moustoun Estate, 388, 389, 683
County, treated 1030-1032
Col. 733
Cross Movement 240
D. T. Squire 920, 921
Edwin D. Judge 903
George, a Revolutionary soldier 771
George Rev., quoted ..267, 270, 295, 317, 336, 342, 361, 364, 369, 317, 336, 342, 361, 364, 369, 380, 416, 420, 424, 453, 467, 478, 487, 496, 669, 678, 680, 684, 686, 364, 369, 380, 416, 420, 424, 453, 467, 469, 478, 496, 503,

505, 510, 518, 520, 527, 528, 530, 532, 538, 543, 544, 545, 546, 554, 559, 560, 564, 607, 627, 637, 644, 650, 656, 669, 678, 680, 684, 686, 691, 696, 704, 714, 715, 720, 724, 745, 748, 751, 754, 758, 759, 760, 773, 775, 778, 781, 790, 793, 798, 803, 814, 835, 850, 856, 859, 861, 865, 875, 876, 879, 926, 929, 933, 936, 939, 943, 945, 948, 955, 963, 988, 989
House, The 886
Hugh L. 350
James 446, 511, 715
At Kettle Creek 1049
Jesse 424
John Col., a Revolutionary soldier, 339, 407, 505, 668, 865, 1030
John, of Clarke 424
J. William Dr. 694
Joseph 633, 638, 822
Lacy, daughter of Thomas White, married Mark A. Candler 764
Nicholas 766
Oliver 539
Page, a Revolutionary soldier 776
Path, an Indian village 607
Chief of the town, Ellija....606
A Cherokee chief 179
Samuel Dr. 274
Stephen H. 776
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier 481, 712, 715, 764, 765
Wade 365
William H. Dr. 579
William Pinkney, United States Senator from Maryland 46
Whitefield, Benjamin 865
George, Rev., 77, 79, 99, 406, 1033
Founder of Orphan House at Bethesda 80-84
Quoted on Battle of Bloody Marsh 73
Whitfield, George C. 773
James 95
County, treated 1033, 1040
M. 696
Whitehead, Amos 762
Amos G. 908
Caleb 703
C. L. 785
D. A. 859
James 908
John 650, 703, 908
John Berrien 908
John P. C. 908
John Randolph 908
Thomas 467, 669
Troup 908
William 842, 669, 908
White's Historical Collections of Georgia, (see White, George Dr.), quoted, 81, 295, 332, 364, 387, 414
Statistics of Georgia, quoted, 149, 150, 152, 414
Whitesburg, Ga. 368
Whitley, Capt. 910
Graner 512
Whitlock, Josiah 943
Whitner, John C. Maj. 579
Whitney, Eli, his first cotton Gin 125, 130, 1052
Whittier, John Greenleaf, New England Quaker Poet 49, 777
Whittington, E. 496
Thomas F. 270
Whittle, James 949
"Who Struck Billy Patterson?" Origin of the famous query, 674, 675
Wicker, John 1001
Wiggins, Amos W. 908
Bill 949
Jesse 720
John 544
Wiggs, A. T. 326
Wilcox, A. J. 699
County 299
Treated 1032-1033
Frank L. Maj. 591
George 472
John 995, 1032
Mark Gen. 955, 1032, 1033
Thomas 955
Wilde, Gen. 216, 217
Richard Henry, 915, 916, 899, 998
Augusta's monument to the author of the "Summer Rose" 228-230
Wilder, J. J. Mrs., President of Georgia's Society of Colonial Dames of America, 54, 61, 62
Jonathan 317, 318
Milton, ...990
Wilderness, Battle of 206, 207
"Wilde's Summer Rose," an authentic account, etc. 230
Wiley, Leroy M. 319
Wilkes County, Story of 1049
Treated 1040-1063
Mentioned, 129, 131, 133, 143, 147, 213, 214, 306, 363
The oldest record in....1043
John, member of Parliament and friend of the colonies, 609, 1040
W. C. Dr. 654, 792
Wilkin, P. E. Dr. 785
Wilkins, Clement 564
Grant 741
William 863, 865
Wilkinson, Benjamin, at Kettle Creek 1048
Mentioned 1043, 1057
County 271, 281
Treated 1063, 1064
Elisha, at Kettle Creek....1048
Fort 271, 278, 280
H. L. 977
James, Gen. 281, 1063
J. M. Col. 753
Wilks, E. 544
Willcoxon, John B. 490
Levi 490
Willet, J. E. 640
Mrs., quoted 649
William and Mary College....630
Williams, Allen 684
Ami 575
Bennett 699
B. N. 699
C. A. 967, 968
Chauncey C. Rev. (D. D.), quoted, ..114, 115, 117, 119, 885
Charles 702
C. H. 824
Charles J., Major of Volunteers in Mexican War, 396, 823
Cooper Judge 671
Daniel 954
D. ....

Davie 781
Edward, Major 1032
Edwin P. 1032
Elisha 1023
Eliza M. 636
Elizabeth 954
George W. 1032
Henry 818
H. D. 670
H. J. 680
H. M. Dr. 368
Humphrey 702
James 702
James, at Kettle Creek.....1048
James E. 575
J. L. Rev. 699
James M. 676
John 882, 1015, 1018
John Capt., an officer of the United States Marine Corps, formerly buried in Camden, his epitaph 354, 355
John J., a Revolutionary soldier 760
Joseph 954, 955
Joseph Jr., a Revolutionary soldier 954
Joshua 888, 1023
Major 650
Mary 954
N. 696
Nancy 954
Nathan 702
N. B. 864
Paul 694
Peter 766
Phoebe 954
Rebecca 954
R. T. Col. 699
Samuel 505, 773
Sarah 776
T. F. 1029
Thomas 318
Wiley 818
William 423, 424, 505, 715
W. 505
William H. 954
William Thorne 78, 103
Zach 518
Williamson, Benjamin 865
J. B. 856
L., at Kettle Creek.....1049
Mary 94
Micajah, Col., 1046, 1048, 1057, 1059
Peter 564
Robert W. 574
S. 544
William 144, 274, 496, 864
Williford, Benj. C. 934
B. F. 575
Willingham, Bartow 796
Bessie Miss, married H. H. Tift 792
Brooks M. 859
Willington, S. C. 428
Willis, C. A. 357
Francis 411, 1062
George 1058
Jack 949
John C. 794
Leonard 644
Wilson, Leroy 835
Wilmington Island 96
River 87, 395
Wilson, Adelaide 399
Quoted 78, 79
Historic and Picturesque Savannah cited 84
Asbury, Prof. 948
Augusta Evans 234, 826
Memories of St. Elmo..234, 235
A. N. Prof. 575
Claudius C., Brig Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 533, 742
E. 1018
George, a Revolutionary soldier 664, 692, 1007
George A. 491
Harriet, daughter of James Wilson 533
Henry L. 575
James Capt., a soldier of 1812 533, 692, 1017
James H. Gen. 974
John 632, 697, 705
John J. Dr. 822
John S. Dr. (Rev.), 511, 514, 569, .575
John T. 575
Joseph 627, 656, 1058
Joseph R. Dr. 888, 903
Leroy 680
S. 538
Solomon V. 528
Thomas 656
William T. Col. 575, 576
Woodrow Mrs. 384, 729
Woodrow, President, 413, 452, 596, 601, 605, 656, 732, 742, 903, 1029
Inscription to the women of the Confederacy on monument at Rome 242
Wilson's Cave 1000
Famous Cavalry 974
Wiltberger, W. H. Capt. 399
Wimberly, Abner 684
E. 989
Ezekiel Gen. 991
F. D. 933
Henry 794
J. S. 959
Lewis 940
Olin J. 719, 720
Zachariah 702
Wimbish, H. S. Dr. 978
William A. 978
Winchester, Va. 364
Winckler, Van R. 198
Windell, Oliver 729
Winder, Ga. 688
John H. 688
Windham, Jack 949
Reuben, a Revolutionary soldier 948
Winfrey, Jesse 481
Wingate, Amos 684
Wingfield, Garland 1058
Henrietta 636
John 864, 1046, 1058
John Dr. 803
Thomas 1058
Thomas Dr. 636
Winn, Allen A. 467
Courtland S. 645
A. F. 732
D. A. 823
D. W. Rev. 62
Elisha 643
James C. Capt., Volunteer Officer in War for Texan Independence 36, 645
Inscription on monument to 642
John 727
John P. 470
Lewis 669

R. 656
Richard Capt. 350
Richard D. 645
Samuel J. Judge 645
Thomas E. 645
T. S. Rev. 730
Winne, Green 715
Winship, George 575
Isaac Mrs. 928
Isaac 715
Joseph 575, 715
Robert 575
Winter, George W. 467
Joseph T., a Revolutionary soldier 658
Wise, C. M. Judge 301
Joel 696
John 365
Wister, Dr. 611
Owen 611
Witcher, Frank 949
Hezekiah 859
Jerry 949
Witham, W. S. 978
Witherup, Seb. 705
Witherspoon, John Jr. 711
John Sr. 771
Timothy Dwight 743
Withlacoochee, Battle of 452
Woddell, Gereiom 766
Wofford, Col., an officer of the Revolution 652
Gen. 650
James D. "Worn-out Blanket" 652
William T., Brig Gen. ..294, 652
Wofford's Settlement 652
Wolfington, Thomas 705
Wolz, J. 241
Womack, D. S. 931
V. M. 968
Woman's Tribute to Kennesaw Heroic Dead 457-460
Women of the Confederacy, monument at Macon 314, 315
Wood, A. 990
Ashby 990
Cary 835
Col. 705
Constantine 1001
D. 1023
George 879
James Maj., a Revolutionary soldier 489, 678
James Capt. 365
Jesse M. 859
John C. 638
J. Y. 1002
Martin 528
Miles 487
Samuel 308
Solomon, Gen., a Revolutionary soldier 703, 708
Winston 491, 575, 678
William 681
William, a Revolutionary soldier 489
Woodbury School 581
Woodburn 745
Woodland, James 361
Woodlawn, the home of William H. Crawford 197, 199, 845, 995
Woodruff, George W. 821
John W. 575
Louis T. 821
Philo D. 821
Woods, Samuel 775
Thomas 267
William 538
Woodson, Herbert 680
Woodville 734
Woodward, A. 346
C. D. 326
J. C. Col. 282, 581
O. 793
Sarah Mrs. 794
S. P. 935
Woodward's Cave 554
Woody Gap 992
Woolbright, D. A. 959
Mr. 724
Woolfolk, R. T. 821
Sowell, Gen. 819, 821
W. D. Mrs. 40
Woolfolk's Bend 816
Woolridge, T. 865
Woolseley, quoted 552
Woolsey, Capt. 266
Wooten, Lizzie Miss 928
Mrs. 928
Richard B. 491
W. E. Capt. 824
Wootten, C. B. Judge 524
Thomas 1058
William E. 524
Word, Charles Mrs. 550
"World's Best Orations" 376
Wormsloe, county-seat of Noble Jones 87-89
Home of W. J. DeRenne 755
"Quarters" 88
Worshams, The 796
Worth County, treated 1064-1065
William J. Gen. 1064
Worthy, William 997
"Wrangham Fitz-Ramble" 450
Wray, Rev. Dr. 824
Wren, Sir Christopher, quoted....630
Wright, A. P. 965
Ambrose 707
Ambrose Ransom 900, 916
Augustus R. Maj.Gen., 556, 707, 768
A. W. 1007
Benjamin Dr. 859
Capt. 722, 871
Charles 274
Elizabeth, heiress, bride of Gen. Oglethorpe 51
Ford 268
Gilbert J., Brig Gen. 524, 645
Gov. 646, 763, 765, 839
Gregg 900
Henry 361
James, Gov., 114, 386, 407, 633, 881, 1040, 1041
John B. 711
J. B. 629
J. F. 1029
Joseph 632
Marie Robinson Mrs. 489
Moses Judge 243, 556, 1035
Extract from speech at the unveiling of monument to women of Confederacy, 244, 245
Nathan Sir, father-in-law of Gen. Oglehtorpe 51
Prof. 438
Richard 387
Robert, biographer of Gen. Oglethorpe 53
Samuel B. 52
Seaborn 458, 556
Stephen 195
Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier ....
U. L. ....

William, a Revolutionary soldier 680, 804, 1001
William A. 707
William D. 794
William J. 835
Wrightsboro, a settlement, 481, 482, 763, 883
A historic town of Georgia, 762
Wrightsville, the county seat of Johnson 711
Wyatt, John, a Revolutionary soldier 347, 803
Wyche, P. M. 538
Wyleys, The 295
Thomas 963
Wylie, James R. 579
Lollie Belle 605
Oliver C. 627, 628
Wylly, Alex. 387
C. S. Capt. 62
Col. 95
James Spalding Capt. 622
Leo, Sergeant in Mexican War, 396
Wyllys, The 610
Wynn, B. J. 327
Thomas 794
W. M. Judge 326, 327
Wynnton, Ga. 234

X

Xavier Chapter, D. A. R. 550

Y

Yale 141, 477
University 271, 272
Yamacraw 86, 95
Bluff 373
Yancey 826
Benjamin C. Col. 556
Mr., a Revolutionary soldier, 694
William Lowndes, orator of Secession 556, 818, 1019
Yarbrough, Clement 702
Joel 575
Joseph 720
Pickens 949
William 720
Yates, Pressley 572
Yazoo Act 685
Fraud, the an episode of dramatic interest, 149, 151, 152,
Burning of the iniquitous records with fire from Heaven, 152, 153
Yeandle, Wm. H. Mrs. 164
Yeates, W. S. former State Geologist 188, 189, 1031
Yeomans, M. J. 959
Yonah Mountain 1031
York Town 256
Battle of 398
Young, Augustus 859
E. R. 963
F. M. Capt. 1002
Harris College 648, 970
James 859, 1001
James Edward 329
John Maj. .634, 773, 774, 963, 990
"Marooners, The," 298
Men's Library Association of Atlanta 288
Michael 963
P. M. B. Gen. 290, 296
Remer 964
R. 656
Robert 859
Samuel 467
Thomas 380, 864
William H. 830
William H. 1018
William J. Col. 965
Younge, Charles 387
Henry, Jr. 387
Philip 387
Henry 387
Youngblood, Joseph 794
Yow, R. D. 563
T. K. 931
Yowell, Jacob 98

Z

Zachary, Charles T. 680
James B. 835
Zachry, Abner 804
Zaigler, William 496
Zangwell, Irael 100
Zavadooski, Peter, a Revolutionary soldier 386
Zebulon, the county-seat of Pike..853
Zellars, Jacob, a Revolutionary soldier 748
Zellers, William S. Dr. 365
Zellner, Andrew 796
B. H. Judge 795
Zimmerman, Godfrey 803
Rupretch 530
Zouberbuhler, Bartholemew, Rev. ..79
Zubly, John J. Dr. (Rev.), 383, 384, 682, 683
John Z. 410
Zubly's Meeting House 383
Zurich 206
Zittrauer, Paulus 531

INDEX

VOLUME TWO

A

Abbe, Raynal 208
Abbeville, county-seat of Wilcox, 1038-1039
Abbott, B. F. Col. 432
Joel Dr., Congressman, 548, 1040, 1050
Abercrombie, Charles 821
Willie 789
Abney, W. I. 660
Abrahams, E. H., quoted 518-520
Acadians in Georgia, The.....207-211
Achese, an Indian village 55, 61
Adair, Forrest 243, 250
George W. Col.....431, 750, 756
Green B. Mrs. 914
James, antiquarian, quoted..736
Adams, Alexander Pratt Judge....310
Benj. 828
D. R. 569
F. M. 567
G. C., his fine work.....916
John Pres. 313
Levi 872
Levy M. 873
Major 161-464
Thos. 998
Wiley 894
Wm. E. 935
Adamson, A. Y. 669
G. W. 669
N. C. 669
W. C. Judge, Congressman, 548, 549
Adkins, Wm. 796
Adley, Peter 975
Agan-unitsi's Search for the Uktena, a Legend 454-457
Agassiz, Prof. 224
Agnes Scott College 407, 704
Ainsworth, Daniel 1026
Akerman, Amos T. Hon., tomb of, 413
Mentioned 593
Akin, John W. Hon., tomb of.....411
Mentioned 593
Warren Hon. 592
Alabama, the, a famous Confederate cruiser 219, 220
Alamo, county-seat of Wheeler, 1029-1030
Alaska 123
Albany, county-seat of Dougherty, 708
Albritton, L. L. 596
Aleck's Mountain 785
Alexander, Elam 391
E. P. Gen., tomb of.....335
Mentioned 749
James, patriot 539
James F. Dr. 568, 783
James W. 709
John 496, 615
J. Hooper Hon., quoted.....949
J. R. 994
L. B. Dr. 380
Major 128
Martha 800
Mordecai 708
Peter W. Col., 562, 569, 643, 720, 1011
Samuel 496
Wm. Major 125, 128, 129
W. F. Major and Q. M. Gen., 154-156
W. W. 559
Alford, James 668
Julius C. Hon., Congressman 545, 560, 1002
J. Q. A. 971
Alfriend, A. H. Mrs., regent...611-613
Algood, J. Y. 569
Algood, J. Y. 569
Allen, Beverly, preacher and homicide 32, 314, 559
Bolar 824
Eason 559
E. A. 567
Egbert 857
Francis T. 550
John P. 795
John T. 712
Patrick H. 669
Wm. 824
Wm. H. 1029
Young 558
Allgood, DeForrest 393
Allison, John L. 987
Allman, James D., tomb of.....350
Philip 638
Alma, county-seat of Bacon....556-557
Alpharetta, county-seat of Milton, 876-877
Alston, James 795
Robert A. Col. 407, 750, 755
Thos. M. 729
Altamaca, an Indian village....53, 59
Altamaha River, 203, 204, 528, 534, 535, 541, 549
Alta Vista Cemetery, Gainesville, 375-378
Mentioned 404
Americus, county-seat of Sumter, 975-977
Oak Grove Cemetery 394-395
Amhoy, Joseph W. 872

Amicolola Falls 847
Anabaptist Church, on the Kioka, Chartered 691
Anasco, Juan de 169, 471
Anawaqua, an Indian queen.....619
Anberg, Thos. 796, 797
Anderson, Adam, author, Trustee of Georgia 526
C. D. 744, 798
Clifford Hon., Atty.-GenH...390
Clifford L. Gen. 761
Davis S. 931
Edward G. 311
Enoch B. 807, 808
George 311
George D. Judge 410, 672
George T. Gen. ("Old Tige") 753
James 671
J. H. 750
John W. 567
Joseph A. 911
Moses 1008
Robert H. Gen., tomb of, 297-298
Mentioned 744
Robert H., Jr., Capt.....298
S. M. Corporal 670
Uriah 727
Wm. J. 798
Wm. P. 911
Andersonville: the Monument to Major Wirz 977-979
True story of by J. M. Page, 978
Andrew, Ann Leonora, wife of Bishop Andrew, tomb of 360
Benjamin, patriot ..538, 643, 1048
Female College 950
James Osgood, his ownership of slave property causes the schism of 1844.....778-780
tomb of 395-396
Mentioned 360, 919, 1048
Andrews, Garnett Judge, tomb of, 353
Mentioned 17, 1050
James 231
Andres, Marshall Dr. 354
M. T. 146
Raid, story of the Famous. 231-234
Wm. G. 1010
Anesthesia, its discovery by Dr. Crawford W. Long....131-139, 803-805
Angier, N. L. .....
Anhayca (Tallahassee, Fla.) 54, 61
"Annals of Athens" 362
Anne, a vessel in which the Georgia colonists sailed 528
Ansley, Forsyth 856
Anthony, Bolling 1040
Henry H. Hon. 85
J. D. Rev. 1023
Milton Dr. .....
Samuel Rev. 395
Anti-Tariff Convention 558-562
"Antony-Over," an old game.....356
Appalachicola Bay 468
Applewhite, John B.....709
Appling County, treated 555-556
Daniel Col. 555
Archer, Henry (M. P.), Trustee of Georgia 527
Thomas (M. P.), Trustee of Georgia 526
Arkright, Thos. 299
Arlington, Ga., sketch of 613-614
Armour, James 809
John 772
Armstrong, Capt. 854
James 774
James G., scholar and clergyman, with strong resemblance to Booth, his grave..432
Arnold, Alston 620
E. B. 568
John 1017
Joshua J. 727
Reuben Col. 428
Richard D. Dr. 299, 644
Arp, Bill (Major Chas. H. Smith), tomb of, 412, 587, 593, 731, 783
Articles of Confederation, Delegates who Signed 543
Asbury, James W. Mrs. 147
Ashburn, G. W., killing of 903-905
County-seat of Turner..1005-1007
Affidavit signed by residents of 1005-1007
W. W. 1005
Ashley, Cornelius R. 985
Lodwick 615
Nathan 614
Nathaniel 985
Wm. 615
Ashmore, Otis Hon. 78, 82
Tom Peter 869
Athens, county-seat of Clarke, historic homes of 658-660
Oconee Cemetery 362-372
Banner 371
Atkinson, A. S. Capt. 617
Edmond Col. 617
H. M. 752
John 615
Nathan 615
Samuel C. Judge 617
Samuel C. Mrs. 1048
Spencer R. Judge, quoted, 677-678
Mentioned 617
Wm. Y. Gov., his tomb, 435-436
Mentioned 434, 550, 697
Atlanta, county-seat of Fulton and capital of Georgia; "Gate City, origin of, 739-740; "Peachtree," its derivation, 741, 940; in the Civil War, 742-747; becomes the State Capital, 747-748; Atlanta's great newspapers, 749-752; first Memorial Day, 752-754; Confederate Monuments, 755-756; Woodrow Wilson, a former resident, 758-760; two great universities, 761-762; Oakland Cemetery, 417-428; Westview Cemetery, 428-432; mentioned 324, 600, 738
"Constitution," 45, 240, 623, 656, 750-751, 844, 941, 1025
"Georgian" 750
"Herald" 750
Hospital Association.....752
"Journal" 751, 961
"News" 752
"Sun" 750
Attapulgus, Ga. 703
Academy 703
Attaway, J. W. 774
Atteway, Isiah 1007
Augusta, county-seat of Richmond; Poet's Monument unveiled, 955-958; Walsh Monument unveiled, 958-960; Archibald Butt memorial bridge dedicated, 961-963; Hammond Monument unveiled 964-966; Georgia's oldest

bank, 968; birth-place Children of the Confederacy, 967-968; Summerville Cemetery, 317-323; Arsenal Cemetery, 323-325; City Cemetery, 325-338; St. Paul's Church-yard, 312-317; early Masonic history, 263. 267; siege of, 512-516; treaties made at, 951-952; mentioned, 199, 209, 302, 326, 494, 495, 496, 513
Canal 963
"Chronicle," 31, 326, 327, 347, 957, 958, 959
Au-Muckalee Creek 975
Aunt Matt, a negro servant to Mr. Stephens 150
Austell, Alfred Gen., tomb of 423
Mentioned 621, 1002
Austin, D. N. 798
Avary, Archer 693
Avery, Isaac W. Col., quoted, 154-166, 905
Mentioned, 562, 566, 747, 749, 750
John Gould, Rev. 636
Axson, Ellen Louise (Mrs. Woodrow Wilson) 731, 760
I. S. K. Rev.....731, 834
S. E. Rev. 731
Aycock, Mr. 509, 510
Aymay, an Indian village 61
Azilia, the Margravate of 528-534

B

Baber, Ambrose Dr., physician and diplomat; his duels, 32-33; his tragic death, 33-34; tomb of, 387
Bacon, Augustus O. Major, United States Senator, his new-made grave, 388; county named for, 556-557; burial place of his parents, 342; mentioned, 544, 680, 843, 871, 945
County, treated 556-557
James T., quoted.....954-955
John, patriot 540
John, Sr. 639
Milton E. Rev., educator...1002
Wm., Jr. 639
Bagby, Wm. 654
Bagley, H. C. 999
Bailey, David J., Congressman, his tomb, ...393
Mentioned 249, 546, 652, 567, 611, 972
Elmer 808
Fleming G. 973
Francis G. 987, 988
James Wray Dr. 377
John 738
John E. 878
Robert 655
Samuel A. 560, 575
Samuel T. 391, 575, 704
Baillie, George 265
Kenneth 195
Bainbridge, county-seat of Decatur, 702-704
Wm. Commodore 702
Baird, James Sir.
Baisden, Thomas J. 976
Baisden's Bluff 302
Baker, B. T. .....
County, treated 557-558
George, body servant to Gov. Troup 893
Harriet Robie Miss 698
James S. 739
John Sr., ...639
John Col., an officer of the Revolution; his duel on horse-back 6-7
Mentioned 538, 557, 843
Joseph Rev. 750
Peyton 1019
Richard, servant to Gov. Troup, 893
Timothy, footman to Gov. Troup 893
Wm. Sr. 639, 643
Wm., patriot 538
Wm. E. Mrs. 219, 221
Baldridge, John 1034
Baldwin, Abraham, United States Senator 543, 544, 878
A. J. 987, 989
Benjamin 925
County, treated 558-577
H. W. Judge 884
John 819
Moses H. 986, 987, 988, 989
Moses H. Mrs. 988
Thos P. 884
Bales, W. B. 1028
Ball, Annie 1052
Edward 639
Frederick 1040
James G. M. 1029
John 1053
Mary 1052
Richard Col. 1052
Ballenger, James H. 928
Baltimore Conference (Methodist) of 1844 778-780
Bancroft, Frederick 122
Bangs, Joseph 1024
Bank of Augusta, oldest in Georgia, 968
Banks, G. Y. 569
John T. 393
Joseph 1021
Joseph R. 879
Martha B. 377
Richard Dr., tomb of.....877
Mentioned 720, 786, 788
Banks-Stephens Institute 879
Baptists, Two Pioneers: the story of the Mercers, 172-179; old Kiokee, 689-691; Penfield: the cradle of Mercer, 773-778
Barbecue, Georgia's First.....630
Barber, John W. 904
Barclay, Elihu S. 785
Barker, Edward 696
Joseph 185
Barksdale 845
Barnard, John 638, 640
Barnes, Benj. 798
George T. Hon., Congressman, 145, 146, 337, 547
Gideon, founder of Barnesville 930
Barnesville, Ga. 930-931
Barnett, E. A. 1058
E. H. Rev. 432
Nathan C. Col., secretly buried the Great Seal of State.....96
Mentioned 351, 600
Samuel, tomb of 355
Mentioned .....
Wm. Congressman, tomb at .....
Mentioned .....545, 7[illegible]
Barnett's Reserve .....
Barnhill, J. F. .....

Barnley, Wm. V. 884
Barnwell, J. T. 794
Barrett, Chas S. Hon. 1013
Edward W. 45, 46
James E. 797
Plaza 958
Thomas Glascock 337
Wm. Hale 337
Barrick, J. R. 750
Barrington, Fort 265
Hall 219, 221
John, Sr., a Baronet, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
or Burrington, Thomas, 264, 265
Barron, Bishop 311
T. G. 559, 589
Wylly, gentleman gambler, tomb of 335-336
Barrow, Cornelia Jackson 306
County, treated 577-578
David C., Chancellor; county named for 577
Mentioned 659, 926
Florence 306
Pope Judge, United States Senator 370, 544, 926, 1047
Sarah Craig 370
Barry, A. L. 1013
Bishop 311, 646
Bartlett, Charles L. Judge, Congressman 548, 549
George T. Judge 391
Jonathan 615
Bartow County, treated 578-593
Fort 201
Francis L. Col., tomb of 300
Mentioned 562, 563, 567, 593
Theodosius Dr. 301
Base-ball, an American game of supposed Indian origin, 733-736
Bass, Edward 989
John 911
Mrs., a daughter of Gov. Rabun 793
Nathan 731
Quinny 976
R. Mrs. 754
W. A. Prof. 428
Bates, Anthony, sergeant 783
Bath, an old town 224, 225
Bathurst, Henry Earl, Trustee of Georgia 527
Battey, Robert Dr., tomb of....414
Battle, Andrew 774
Archibald J. 777
Arthur W. 867
Cullen 774
Jesse 790
Joseph J. 867
J. W. Rev. 793
Lazarus W. 931
Batts, Adelaide Miss. 914
Baxley, county-seat of Appling 555-556
Wilson 556
Baxter, Alice Miss 812
Bayard, Nicholas S., tomb of....279
Beach Island, S. C. 943
W. W. 556
Beal, Frederick 738
Bealer, Alex. W. Rev. 214, 707
Beall, D. R. 1009
Erasmus T. 975
J. E. 569
James I. 622
Robert A. Major, duel with Thos. D. Mitchell 32-33
Mentioned 558, 560, 561
Samuel 1053
Thos. 1009
Thos. N. 559, 1052
Wm. O. 1052
Bean, Addison Dr. 879
Bearden, P. W. 886
Beasley, A. G. Dr. 143, 146
A. G. Mrs. 147
Beasley, W. P. 569
Beauclerk, Sidney Lord, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
Beaulieu, Home of Wm. Stephens, 518
Beauregard, Gen. 232
Beck, Erasmus W. Hon., Congressman 393, 547
Home at Kingston 585-586
J. W. Rev. 611
Marcus W. Judge 611, 763
Samuel 569
Solomon 948
Wm. 1052, 1053
Becker, Bishop 311, 646
Beckom, N. A. 614
Beckwith, John W. Bishop....298
Beddell, P. T. 795
Bedell, Columbus C. 904
Wm. R. 904
Bedford, Arthur Rev. (A. M.), Trustee of Georgia 526
"Bee, The" 879
Belcher, Daniel 702
Belfast: the home of James Maxwell 607-609
Belitha, Wm., a Trustee of Georgia 526
Bell, Hiram P. Hon., Congressman, 547, 562, 568
Isaac C. 873
James 979
John S. 896
Norton Mrs. ....
Otis P. 950
Thomas M. Congressman, 548, 549, 785
Wm. B. 1031
W. R. ....
Bellamy, Ellen Washington Mrs., 965
Belt, Elizabeth Talbot Mrs. 1052
Belvin, James Major 860
Beman, Carlisle P. Rev., a noted educator 124, 571, 572, 790
Nathan S. S. Rev., a pioneer educator 790
Ben Hill County, treated....593-597
Benge, John 1034
Bennett, J. J. Rev. 803
Benning, Anna Miss 160
Henry L. Gen. ("Old Rock"), soldier and jurist, tomb of, 401
Mentioned 562, 564, 569, 903
Henry L. Mrs. 160
Malinda L. 401
Mary Howard 401
Pleasant M. 401
Sarah Cobb, mentioned, Lamar 946
Benson, John B. 795
Benton, Eugene 812
M. 812
Thomas Hart 12
Bergman, John Ernest Rev. 189
Bermuda Island 194, 195, 200, 853
Bernard, Edward 264
H. R. Dr. (Rev.), quoted, 1043-1044
Joseph H. 118
Berner, Robert L. Col. 881
Berrien County, treated 595-597
Eliza 283
John Major, tomb of 281
John MacPherson Judge, Uni-

ted States Senator and Cabinet Officer, tomb of, 301-302
Mentioned 31, 151, 281, 282, 543, 544, 558, 559, 560, 561, 707, 708
Margaret MacPherson 301
Nicholas Ancieux 282
Richard M. Dr. 282
Wm. Lieut. 282
Berry, John D. Judge
Thomas 417
Thomas J. 438
Wm. B. .....
Bessant, A. J. 628
Bessie Tift College 879
Bethel, Benj. 1009
Slingsby Hon. (M. P.), Trustee of Georgia 527
Thos. F. 1009
Bethesda Orphan House, 182, 197, 265, 290, 649, 650
Bethlehem Baptist Church 812
Bethune, Marion Hon. 547
Pa. 213
Betts, Elisha 1017
Beuler, Peter 214
Bevan, Joseph Vallance, an early historian, tomb of 284
Bibb County, treated 598-605
Thomas, Ter. Gov. of Ala....722
Wm. Wyatt Dr., physician, United States Senator, and Ter. Gov. of Ala., 543, 544, 545, 722
Biedma, historian of De Soto's expedition 52
Bigby, John S. Judge, Congressman, 432, 438, 547, 697
Bigelow, Benj. F. 931
Billings, Samuel 795
Billups Residence (Joel A.).....886
Binks, Bingo Sir, a pet dog of Mr. Stephens 152
Bird, James 821
Sarah, mentioned, Lamar...1042
Thompson Dr. 944, 1042
Wm. 1020, 712
Wilson 938
Bird's Iron Works 1020
Bishop, A. B. Capt. 65, 902
Henry R. 64
John A. 988
J. M. 701
Thos. 372
Wm. N. 896, 899, 900
Black, Dr. 857, 858
Edward J. Hon., Recollections of 970
Mentioned 545, 546
George R. Hon., Congressman, 970, 547
George Seaborn Gen. 417
J. C. C. Hon. 548
J. C. C. Mrs. 1048
John Gordon Mrs. 951
Major, of Oglethorpe....857, 858
W. A. 569
Blackburn, Dr., of Pike 930
J. C. C. Dr. 884
John P. 979
Blackmon, Frederick Leonard Hon. 932
Blackshear, county-seat of Pierce, 929
David Gen., "Springfield," his home in Laurens, 829-830
Mentioned, 559, 560, 561, 599, 699, 628, 929
James 704
Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass, 385, 946
Blackwell, A. K. 929
J. H. Judge.....812
Blaine, James G. Hon. 978
Blair, Francis P., Sr., Hon.....1008
Hugh 693
James 784
Blairsville, county-seat of Union, 1007-1008
Blake, Benjamin 1048
Thos. 264
Blakely, B. R. 973
County-seat of Early 709-711
Jonathan Capt., a naval officer, 709
Blalock, J. L. 568
Bland, "Silver Dick" 235
Blandford, Clark 795
Mark H. Judge 402, 871
Bleckley, Logan E. Chief Justice, 923, 948, 1003
Bledsoe, David 938
Blitch, Benj. 929
Blodgett, Foster 337
Blood, D. R. 999
Bloodworth, O. H B., Sr., Hon....881
O. H. B., Jr., Capt.....879, 880
O. H. B. Jr., Capt. 879, 880
Bloody Marsh, Battle of, Memorial unveiled 765
Mentioned 206
Blount, Ann Jacqueline 826
James H. Hon., Congressman, tomb of 389
Mentioned 547, 825
John T. 980
Blountsville, Ga. 825
Blue Ridge, county-seat of Fannin, 729
Mountains 211, 221, 729
Bogue, John 228
Boifeuillet, John T. Hon. 828
Bolton, C. C. 808
John 650, 1040
Robert, tomb of 282
Bolzius, John Martin Rev.....183
Bonaventure Cemetery, Savannah, 286-299
Mentioned 79, 278, 285
Bond, Joseph, tomb of 386
M. L. 781
Bone, James W. 987
Micajah 924
Bon Homme Richard 283
Booth, David Col. 599
John P. 33
Thomas 922
Boring, Isaac 884
Bostick, Chesley, patriot 540
Littleberry, patriot 540
N. L. 822
Boston, Ga. 998-999
Harbor 982
John 311
Mass. 315, 316
Bostwick, R. H. 614
Boswald, Isaiah 938
Bottome, Mrs. 864
Boudinot, Elias Hon., of Conn. ..900
Elias, Cherokee Chief, 211, 901, 1034
Bourn, Joshua 763
Bourquin, H. L. 643
Bourquine, S. 712
Bowen, Eliza Miss, historian 354
Isaac 570
Oliver, Commodore, patriot, tomb of, ...314-315
Mentioned 538, 485, 648

Stephen 1039
W. P. Major 310
Bowers, Ebenezer J. 824
Bowling, Timothy 628
Bowman, Henry J. 726
Boyd, Douglas 973
James D. 973, 393
J. W. 848
Marion G. Col. 848
Wier Col. 848, 849
Boykins, James 774
Boykin, Samuel 561
Boynton, C. E. 427
Hollis 974
James S. Gov., tomb of 393
Mentioned 145, 550
Joseph J. 975
Willard 974
Boy's Corn Club, its origin 916
Box, Philip 638
Bozeman, C. M. Judge ..933, 934, 567
F. H. Col. 933, 934
John 933
John Mrs. 934
Bracewell, Burwell W. 559
Bracken, Peter 233
Bradie, David, patriot 540
Bradley, Henry Stiles Dr. (Rev.)..803
John, patriot 539
Brady's portrait of Mr. Stephens..152
Bramlett, Alford H. 382
Brandon, David S. 994
Morris 752
Brandywine, battle of 313
Branham, Henry 938
Brannon, James 673
Brantley, Green 1021
Harris 1025
L. A. 864
Thomas 987
Wm. G. Hon., Congressman, 548, 929
W. T. Dr. (Rev.) 176
Zachariah 1026
Brawner, James M. 973
Brazzell, John 984
Brenau College 786
Brewer, J. S. 654
Brewster, V. A. 794
Walter S. Capt. 377
Brewton, Benj. 569
Hill 503
J. C. Dr. 894
Brewton-Parker Institute 894
Briar Creek 56
Brice, Norman 1009
Bridges Wm., Gov. Troup's overseer 889
Brier Creek 475
Briggs, Henry 567
steamboat, with Wm. Longstreet 99-101
Brisbane, Adam Fowler, patriot, 539, 638
Briscoe, L. H. 567
Britt, John J. 976
Brittain, M. L. Hon. 148
Broadnax, John H. 938
Broddie, James 264, 267
Boggess, Giles S. 627
Bogle, Joseph 592
Brock, Walter 793
Brodus, Augustus L. 971
Brookins, Heywood Major ..1021, 1022, 1025
Brooks, Benj. F. 987
County, treated 605
L. L. 774
L. P. 993, 994
Paschal 783
Preston S. Hon. 605
Richard P. Mrs. 761, 881, 882
Wm. H. 950
W. M. 999
Broom Town, an Indian village...655
Broro Neck 853, 854
Brown, Andrew M. 796
B. B. 973
B. H. Mr. and Mrs. 988
B. W. 668
Chas. McDonald 421
David 615
Edward T. Col. 760
Elizabeth Grisham (Mrs. Joseph E.) 421
Epps Gen., tomb of.....374
Francis, patriot 538
Franklin Pierce 421, 422
Henry 935, 1026
Hugh 615
James R. Judge 656
Joe, Pike, History of ..656-658
John 708
John L. 668
John M. Col. 351, 745
John T. 863, 864
Joseph E., War Governor, United States Senator, and jurist, tomb of, ...420-422
Rupture with Gen. Toombs, 43-44
Mentioned, 145, 297, 544, 550, 563, 564, 656, 680, 905, 945, 967
Joseph M. Governor, 94, 550, 570 656, 672, 674, 677, 680, 681, 757, 761, 788
Julius L. 421, 422
Mark M. 976
Minor W. 786
Morgan 560, 1021, 1026
R. A. 1000
Robert C. 774
Rufus 1019
Thomas Col., a notorious Tory officer 493-496, 512, 513
Thos. A. 980
Thos. E. 1026
Wm. B. 729, 980
Browne, George Y. Rev. 887
P. F. 570
W. M. 564, 568
Brownson, Nathan Dr., Governor, 197, 340, 538, 542, 549, 639
Broyles, E. N. Col. 427
Bruce, Robert 203
Bruffey, Edward C. 45, 46, 47
Brumby, Arnoldus V. Capt.....672, 673, 682
Richard T. Prof. 672
Thomas M. Lieut., naval hero of the Spanish-American war, his tomb 429
Raises the American flag at Manilla 682-683
Mentioned 673
Brunswick, county-seat of Glynn, treated 704-705
Chapter, D. A. R., plants liberty tree 764-765
Bruxe, Albert 722
Bryan County, treated 605-609
George H. 795
Goode Gen. 330, 562, 568
Hardy 993
Hugh 638
James H. 919

Jonathan, patriot ..199, 538, 539, 643
Joseph Hon., Congressman..544
Loverd 974
Mary E. Mrs., author.....752
Samuel J. 919
Seaborn 860
Wm. 638
Wm. J., how he secured his nomination in 1896 235-238
Mentioned 361
Bryan's Neck 617
Bryant, John 784
Langley 615
Nathan 860
Bryce, John 407
Wm. 627
Buchan, B. A. 705
David M. 705
Buchanan, county-seat of Haralson 793-794
Hugh Judge, Congressman, his tomb 437
Mentioned 547, 697
James, of Early 710
James, Pres. ..341, 363, 567, 793
James, of Clay 667
R. L. 574
W. T. 729
Buckner, Alfred 971
Buek, Mr., owner of the Payne homestead 63
Buena Vista, county-seat of Marion 869-870
Buford, Ga. 783
Bugg, Sherwood Capt., a Revolutionary soldier 516
Bull, Orville A. Judge 1002
Bullard, Lewis 570
Bulloch, Anna Miss 218
Archibald, patriot, President of Executive Council ..91, 280, 542, 549, 638, 639-641, 642, 837
A. S. 228
County, treated 610
Hall 217
Irvine Capt. 219
James 638
James Dunwody Admiral ..219, 220
James S., Ex-Pres. Roosevelt's grandfather, tomb of..685-686
Mentioned 217-219, 228, 837
Martha, or Mittie 217, 218
Wm. B. Hon., U. S. Senator, 311, 543
Wm. G. Dr. 311
Wm. H. 311, 644
Bullock, Rufus B. Gov. 97, 550
Bunch, George 986
Bundy, Richard Dr. (Rev.), Trustee of Georgia 526
Bunker Hill, gunpowder for ..483-484 1019
Bunkley, Jesse 826, 827
Trial, the Famous 826-827
Burch, J. C. 568
Morton N. 1053
Robert S. 867
Burgoyne, Harry Sir, a Baronet, M. P., Trustee of Georgia, 527
Burk, Michael 987
Burke, Joseph F. Col. 148
Burkhalter, David N., 867, 869, 870, 871
John, a Revolutionary soldier, his grave 867, 869
Burks, M. M. Mrs. 782
Wiley P. 872
Burnett, B. F. 567
John 610, 821
S. E. 655
Burney, Andrew 638
Green B. 1052
John W. 809
Thos. J. 884
Wm. V. 610
Burnham, Dickerson 1004
Robert Noble 241
Burns, Andrew 638, 952
James 655
Memorial Cottage, The..762-763
Burnside, Ambrose E. Gen. 36
James 847
Thos. E., duel with George W. Crawford 35-37
Mentioned 692
W. A. Judge 37
Wm. 847
Burnt Village, a tale of the Indian Wars 460-464
Burr, Aaron 36
Jason 972
Burroughs, Benj. 282
Burruss, A. J. Prof. 1018
Burt, Moody 693
Burton, John Dr. (Rev.), Trustee of Georgia 526
R. 969
Burwell, Wm. H. Hon. 790
Bush, David 1019
Isaac 876
J. H. 709
James T. 709
M. H. 570
Butler, Bessie Miss 886, 887
County-seat of Taylor 985
Daisy Miss 886
David E. 884
Edward 610
Elisha 643
James L. 971
Joseph 638
Pierce, patriot 538
Pierce Major 768
Shem, patriot 539
Wm. 824
Wm. Orlando Gen. 985
Butt, Archibald Major; a hero of Titanic 960-961
Memorial Bridge 961-963
Edgar M. Col. 871
Edward H. 961
Jeremiah 1019
John Judge 871
John, Jr. 1008
Lewis Ford 961
Noah Col. 871
Wm. B. Judge 871
Buttermilk Bluff 614
Butts County, treated 610-611
Elijah 567
W. H. Mrs. 886
Byhan, G. 898
Bynum, James R. 988
Byrd, P. M. 566, 568
Sarah 366
Byrne, Thomas 669
Byron, Lord 557

C

Cabaniss, Elbridge G. 559, 856, 878, 880
Tomb of 880
H. H. 751
Thomas B. Judge..548, 880, 881
Cahill, Dennis, an Irish hero 963

Cain, Jeff 233
Cairo, county seat of Grady.....772
Caldwell, Thos. 989
Calhoun, A. B. Dr.....438, 567, 697
A. W. Dr., tomb of.....423, 697
County, treated 613-614
County-seat of Gordon...770, 771
E. N. Dr.....427
H. M. 614
James M. Hon., Atlanta's War Mayor, tomb of, 425, 426, 746
James S. 561
John C., Vice-President of U. S. 30, 770
Patrick, duel with J. R. Williamson 44, 48
William Lowndes Judge, tomb of 426
California University 341
Callaway, James 63, 828, 1051
Merrell 1051
Morgan Dr. 354
Calthorpe, Henry Sir, M. P., King's Bench, Trustee of Georgia, 527
Camak, James, sketch of.....372, 660, 662, 663
M. W. Mrs. 660
Camden County, treated.....614-617
M. J. 655
Cameron, B. H.....1002
David 1002
G. H. 1029
James 1002
James H., pioneer....1002, 1003
Thomas 1002
William 1002
Camp, Abner 669
Alfred 619
Benj. 619
Edwin Mrs. 242
George 619
Lang 619
Sarah Miss 672
Septimus 914
Thomas 620
Virginia Usher 914
Walker 745
W. W. 669
Campbell, Alexander Hume, M. P., Trustee of Georgia.....527
C., of Morgan.....559
Col., British Commander, 187, 492, 503, 504
County, treated 618-621
Duncan G. Col., tomb of, 352-353, 1045
Jesse H. 971
John 968
John A. Judge.....353, 1042
McCartin, patriot 540
Walter L. Judge.....559, 854
Campbellton, Historic.....619-620
Camulla, C. S., of Mitchell.....877
Candler, Allen D. Gov., monument unveiled 786, 789
Tomb of 376, 377
Mentioned 547, 550, 623, 683, 846, 848
Asa G. Col.....762
County, treated 623-624
Daniel G. Capt.....377, 788
John S. Judge.....788
Milton A., tomb of..406, 547, 704
University 761
Warren A. Bishop, 762, 920, 1013
William, patriot 540
Cannon, H. A.....570
H. W. 569
Richard 629
R. H. 593
Canton, county-seat of Cherokee, 655, 656
Cantrell, J. M. 567
Capachiqui, an Indian village...55, 61
Capehart, Hugh 1008
Capers, F. W. Gen.....674
Uncle Bob, a prototype of Uncle Remus 941
William Bishop 778, 780, 919
Carey, George Hon.....545, 693, 1012
Carlisle, Willis 739
Carlton, Henry 772
Henry H. Capt., Congressman 372, 547
Joseph B. Dr.....135, 372
Carmichael, John 968
Carnegie, Andrew 240, 242
Carnes, L. E. Mrs.....160
Peter 821
Thomas P. Judge....17, 544, 738
Carnesville, county-seat of Franklin, 738
Carpenter, George Lord, a Trustee of Georgia 526
George Washington Greene...86
J. D. Mrs., poem on Cassville, 591
Mr., a Confederate soldier...591
Carpet Bag Element.....97
Carr, Corrie 913
John P. 911
Kinchen 785
Mark Capt. 194, 838
P. C. 985
Thomas 195, 693
Carraway, William 1009
Carroll, Charles of Carrollton.....627
County, treated 624-628
John Bishop 645
Tony 867
Tripletts, The 867
Carrollton, county-seat of Carroll, 627
Carson, A. B.....998
J. H. 568
M. F. Dr.....973
Carswell, Matthew 1053
Nathaniel A. 570, 1052, 1053
R. W. 744
William 1007
Carter, D. A.....614
Farish 687
Hepworth, patriot 539
James S. 712
John Capt. 312
John D. Mrs.....160
Josiah 751
L. A. 596
Robert Rev., D. D.....403
Robert Sir, a Knight, Trustee of Georgia 527
Robert Mrs. 158, 159, 160, 162, 163
Samuel M. 687
Carteret, Lord 533, 534
Cartersville, county-seat of Bartow 579, 592, 593
Town cemetery 410
Cartledge, Edmond 691
J., delegate to Anti-Tariff Convention 559
John 693
Carwell, James 629
N. A. 562
Casady, Madison 729
Casey, H. R. Dr.....562, 567

John A. 722
Thomas 722
Cash, William L. 904
Cass County (Bartow) 300, 589, 593
Lewis Gen. 589, 590, 985
Station 589, 590
Cassels, Samuel J. Rev. ...344, 834, 835
Thomas Q. 834
Cassville: the Former Glories Recalled 588, 591
Female College 589, 590
Academy, Trustees of 589
The old cemetery 591, 592
Early Settlers 592
Castlen, John 1000
Catawbas 442, 445
"Catch-the-ball," an old game 256
Cater, William 669
Catholic Cemetery, Savannah 311
Catholics, the Acadians in Georgia, 207-211
Catley, Samuel 1019
Cato, Mrs., Gov. Rabun's daughter, 793
Causton, Thomas 629, 634
Cauthron, Thomas 1009
Cavendish, Richard, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
Cedar Creek 700
"Cedar Hill," Gov. Lumpkin's Home, 363
Cedartown, county-seat of Polk, 931, 932
Academy 931
"Central Georgian" 1023
Central Presbyterian Church 753
Of Georgia 856, 857
Chadwick, Maj. 116
Chamberlain, E. P. 427
Chambers, George 1034
Peter, proscribed by Tory Governor 540
Chamblee, Ga. 215
W. R. 784
Champion, David H. 1053
Moses Dr. 809, 810
Mr. 939
Chance, James 557
Chandler, Joseph 738
Richard, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 526
Zach 414
Chaney, James 894
Chapman, Brad. Mrs. 160
James H. 669
J. N. 146
Chappell, Absalom H. Col., Congressman, tomb of 402
Quoted 107, 140, 141
Mentioned 546, 944
Absalom H. Mrs., first President of the Ladies' Aid Society of Columbus 158, 163
J. Harris Prof., quoted, 491, 499, 787, 788
Mentioned 351, 403
L. H. 162, 944
Loretta Lamar 402
Thomas J. 403, 944
Charles V, of Germany 1, 2, 51
Charleston, S. C. 183, 194, 517, 740
Charlton County, treated 628
John 712
Robt. M. Judge, U. S. Senator, tomb of 303
Mentioned 520, 544, 628
Thomas U. P. Judge 303
Walter G. Hon. 77, 86
Charlton's Life of Jackson, quoted, 8, 9, 11
Chase, Albon 371
Chief-Justice 817
Chastain, Allen 797
Benj. 785
E. W. 546, 564, 568
Morgan 866
Thomas 982
Chatham Academy 649, 650
Artillery 72, 75, 87, 651, 834
Chattahoochee County, treated 654
River 215, 217, 222, 468, 471
"The Song of" 326
Valley 61
Chattooga County, treated 654, 655
Chattsworth 896
Cheatham, C. A. Dr. and Mrs. 988
R. S. 898
Cheatham's Hill 681, 682
Cheeves, A. J. Rev. 864
Isaac 865
I. N. Dr. 864
O. C. 864
Chehaw, an Indian village, particulars of its destruction, 832, 833
Chelaque, Province of 58
Cheney, Isaac 1009
Cheraws 60
Cherokee Baptist College 588, 589
Corner 667
County, treated 655-658
"Phoenix" 991
Cherokees, Yahoola, a legend ..450-452
The Ustutli 452-454
Agan-unitsi's search for the Uktena 454-457
Legend of Hiawassee 442-445
Legend of the Cherokee Rose, 445-446
The Man Who Married the Thunderer's Sister, a legend, 471-474
The Enchanted Mountain, a legend 457-460
Hanging of George Tassel, 787-788
Vann House 898-899
Traditions of 899-902
Treaty of Augusta 951-952
Red Clay: the Cherokee Council Ground 1034-1038
Rose, Legend of 445-446
Mentioned 66, 68
"Chesapeake, The," a famous naval ship 783
Cheshier, W. J. 568
Chevalier, Charles F., patriot 540
Chiaha, a town of the Coosa province 58, 59, 60, 61
Chicago Convention of 1896, The Famous 235
Chickamauga Park, Georgia's monument 1014, 1015
Chief Town, county-seats and noted localities 553, 1054
Childers, Flem 611
Nicholas 790
Oliver P. 877
Children of the Confederacy: its origin 967, 968
Childs, A. K. ....
J. B. Mrs. ....
W. L. ....
Chipley, Wm. C. ....
Chisca, an interior Indian province ....
Chisholm, Edward D. ....
Walter S. Judge ....
Chisium, John ....

Chivers, Harriet 405
Sabina, Rev. Jesse Mercer's first wife 141, 175
Thomas Holley Dr., an erratic genius ..167, 170, 405, 704
Choice, William 1007
Christ Church Parish described...541
Church, St. Simons Island...766
Church, Savannah 73, 74, 275
Christian, E. 987
"Index" 176, 752, 1045
J. E. 987
N. T. 947
Christie, Thomas 629
Church, Alonzo Dr.....661
Tomb of 369
Chas. 970
Maj. 816
Chunn, S. L. Maj.....592
Cincinnati, Georgia Society of, 6, 72, 316
President Washington dined with members of.....103
Rhode Island Society of..72, 73, 81, 85, 86
South Carolina Society of....77
City Hall Park 748
Clanton, Turner 37, 693
Clarey, William 1029
"Clari, or the Maid of Milan," a musical drama by John Howard Payne 62
Clark, Ann Campbell.....141
Archibald Maj. 616
B. W. 938
George Walton 140, 1049
Gibson, delegate Anti-Tariff Convention .....
Hiram 611
Hiram Mrs. 611
John Gov. and Gen., as a duellist 13-15
Duels with William H. Crawford 15-34
His grave overlooking St. Andrews Bay 137-142
Mentioned 3, 178, 550, 575, 576, 784, 785, 811, 1042, 1049, 1050
John Mrs. 139, 141
J. C. F.....989
O. 559
Richard H. Judge, tomb of, 32, 34, 384
Mentioned 336, 562, 567, 584, 665, 823
Walter A., quoted.....225, 226
William 894
William C. Mrs.....909
Wylie P. 141
W. W. Col.....911
Clarke County, treated.....658-667
Elijah Gen., his Trans-Oconee Republic 106-114
The Bedford Forrest of the Revolution 504-509
His Vow 512, 513
Mentioned 140, 494, 495, 751, 882, 922, 952, 1040, 1041
Elijah, Jr. 845
E. Y. 746, 747, 749, 750, 756
Gibson 845
Hannah, a Revolutionary heroine 1041
James 974
Marshall J. Judge.....424, 974
William Henry Rev.....312, 407
Clarkesville, county-seat of Habersham 784-785
Clark's (Gen. Elijah) Trans-Oconee Republic 106-114
Clary, Robert 19, 20
Claxton, county-seat of Evans.....728
Clay, Alexander Stephens, U. S. Senator, tomb of.....409
Mentioned 221, 544, 680
County, treated 667-668
Henry 102, 714
Joseph Paymaster-General, tomb of 280
Mentioned 484, 538, 543, 638, 643, 821
Joseph, Jr. 649
Clayton, Augustin S. Judge, Congressman, tomb of.....369
Mentioned 545, 559, 560, 948
County, treated 668, 669
C. S., of Rabun.....948
Edward F. 337
Jesse 786
Julia Carnes 369
Misses 753
Mr. 561
Samuel 708
W. W. Mrs.....753, 754
W. W. Judge.....756
Clayton's Compendium 808
Georgia Justice.....944
Cleaveland, Benj. Col.....785, 1030
Cleghorn, Chas. 589
Clement, William 1028
Clements, H. W. Dr.....875
Judson C. 547
J. W. Dr.....772
Cleveland, county-seat of White, 1030, 1031
Grover President, 296, 349, 435, 751, 759, 919, 920, 945, 981
Henry, description of Liberty Hall 150-154
Jesse F. Hon.....545
Larkin 786
Lloyd Judge 973
Washington C.....567, 980
Clift, Joseph W.....547
Clifton, Nathan 974
W. W., delegate Anti-Tariff Convention 559
Clinch County, treated 669-670
Mentioned 295
Duncan L. Gen.....546
Tomb of 295
Rifles 966
Clinton Academy 824
DeWitt Gov. 824
Ga. 824
Close, Henry 629
Cloud, Aaron Mr., proprietor of the tower on Stone Mountain..248
Cloud's Tower, on Stone Mountain, 248
Cobb, Andrew J. Judge.....926
County, treated 670
Confederate Monument 408
In the Mexican War.....679
Mentioned 214
Howell Gov., tomb of, 363, 364, 368
Mentioned, 18, 341, 351, 364, 384, 544, 545, 546, 550, 563, 594, 655, 660, 903, 946
H. W. 592
John A. Judge, 363, 663, 946, 1016
Tomb of 365
Joseph Beckham, quoted.....695
Lamar Maj. 946
Mary Ann Lamar, wife of Gov. Cobb 364
On slavery 354

Thomas, of Dooly.....707
Thomas Col. 946
Thomas R. R. Gen., 562, 564, 567, 660, 755, 927
Tomb of 364
Thomas R. R. Mrs.....660
Thomas R. R., Jr., a lawyer, 364
Thomas W. Hon., tomb of...356
Mentioned 543, 545, 773, 925
William 786
William A. 1009
Cobbham 365
Cobb's Legion 364
Cobbs, The: Howell and Thos. R. R., a sketch of 663-664
Cochran, Cheedle 619
D. A. 569
James 821
Lt.-Col. in Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Jonathan 638, 643
R. I. 1053
R. J. 570
Code Duello 1-49
Cody, M. D. 569
Cofaqui, an Indian village.....56, 61
Coffee County, treated 686
Edward 948
John Gen. 545, 686, 985
Peter H. 985
Room. at Savannah.....103
Cohen, Peter 702
Philip Jacob, patriot.....539
Cohutta Mountain 452, 453, 454, 895, 896
Cokayne, Francis, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 527
Coker, F. M.....427
J., delegate Anti-Tariff Convention 559
Colding, Robert L. Hon.....86, 87
Cole, E. W. Mrs., her gift to City of Augusta 955-958
Joseph 628, 629
Richard 615
Robert D. 438
Whiteford Mr. and Mrs.....957
Whiteford, Jr. 957
Coleman, John G.....567
Coligny, Gaspard de.....534
Coligny's Huguenot Colonies, 534-536
College Temple 697
Colley, F. H. Col.....1050
Collier, Benj. 709
Charles A. 751
Dickie W. 879
John Judge, tomb of.....426
Mentioned 739
Merrill 704
Robert W. 1008
Colling, Thomas 1008
Collins, J. S.....614
Nathaniel F. 693
Robert 558
Seaborn L. 867
W. A. L.....559
W. A. S.....567
W. J. 857
Colonel's Island 195, 200, 500, 838
Colonial Cemetery, Savannah, 71, 73, 290, 294, 302
Dames of America, Georgia Society, unveil Ebenezer tablet 180
Park, Savannah 275-286
Memorial Arch 652-654
Seal 89
Colquitt, Alfred H...145, 403, 544, 546, 550, 562, 564, 567, 958, 1018
Gov. and U. S. Senator, tomb of 383, 384
County-seat of Miller....875, 876
County, treated 686
Family Record, The.....687-688
Henry 688
Hugh H. 688
John 618
Jonathan 1009
O. B. Gov.....870
Peyton H. Col.....403
Walter T. Judge, U. S. Senator, recollections of....686-687
Mentioned 400, 544, 546, 618, 619, 827, 875, 1018
Colquitts, The, a Parallelism..688, 689
Colson, Paul 993
Columbia County, treated.....689-693
Columbian Museum 643
Columbus, Ga. 308, 376, 902, 903, 904, 905
Linwood Cemetery 397
Memorial Association, first organized 156-167
Memorial Day's Birth-place, 156-167
Soldier's Aid Society, 157, 158, 160
Comas, J. H.....556
Comer, A. J.....1031
Hugh M., Sr.....299, 820
Laura Beecher Mrs.....160
Commerce, Ga. 806
Compton, Martha Lumpkin.....661
Thomas M. 927
Conasauga, an old Indian town, 59, 60, 61
River 59
Cone, A. B.....999
Francis H. Judge, fight with Mr. Stephens 38, 39
Tomb of 359
Mentioned 773
Joseph 871
Peter Hon. 610
Reuben 427, 704
William Capt. 616
Coney, E. F. Mrs.....764
Confederacy, History of its Secret Service in Europe.....220
Children of, its origin....967-968
Confederate Cabinet, last meeting of 1040
Cemetery, Marietta..407-410, 679
Dead, monument to, Marietta 408
Flag Pole, Blakely.....710, 711
Government's Last Order 154-156
Monument, Savannah 652
Monument, Blakely 711
Monument, Monticello 812
Soldiers' Home 762
Congress, Members of.....544-549
Congressional Cemetery, Washington, D. C.....277, 302, 344
Library 263
Conine, W. Y.....669
Conley, Benj. Gov.....550
Connasauga River 769
"Constitution," celebrated frigate, The 702
Constitution of 1777.....91, 829
Constitutional Convention of 1868, 747
Continental Congress, Delegates to, 542-543
Convention of 1798.....820
Conwell, W. D. Rev.....812
Conyers, county-seat, of Rockdale, 969
Stephen 615

William L. 911
Cook, Anne Wooten 389
Benj. F. 988
John Capt. 389, 599, 858
J. O. A. Dr. 883
John Raiford Dr. 600, 860
Joshua M. 654
Martha Pearson (Mrs. Isaac Winship, Macon's first child 600, 601
Philip, Gen. C. S. A., tomb of 389
Sketch of 858-859
Mentioned 546, 600, 749, 855, 857, 881
Philip Maj., tomb of 389
Mentioned 599, 600, 831, 858
Philip Hon., the present Secretary of State 98, 600, 831, 859
Sarah G. 389
W. F. Dr. 654, 883
William Major, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Zadoc Hon. 515
Cook's House, Mrs. 887
Cooley, William 819
Coope, Richard, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 526
Cooper, Anthony Ashley, Trustee of Georgia 526
George F. 797
Hunter P. Dr. 45, 47, 432
James 1008
John M. 644
John T. 797
Mark A. Hon., Congressman and industrial pioneer 546, 592, 849
Thomas 774
Coosa, a rich and plentiful Indian province 57, 58
Coosawattee Old Town 59
River 59, 769
Cope, Chas., proscribed by Tory Governor 539
Lewis, proscribed by Tory Governor 539
Copse Hill 328
Coram, Thomas, a philanthropist, Trustee of Georgia 526
Corbett, James 1039
Corcoran, W. W. Mr. 70
Cordele, county-seat of Crisp 499-501
Corker, Stephen A. Hon. 547
Corn, John 569
Cornwallis, Fort 513
Lord 71
Cornwell, Cetters, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
Cornwell, Elijah Rev., soldier 811
Corry, Mary Miss 146
Coryell, Annie Miss 681
Coston, Mr. 794
Cothran, W. S. 731
Cotten, Sarah M. Hill 1048
Cotter, W. J. Rev., foot-note 67, 899
Cottineau, Achilles, J. M. de Kerlognen 283
Denes L. de Kerlognen, tomb of 283
Cotting Vault 145
Cotton, George 1019
Gin, invention of, by Eli Whitney 93
Seed as a fertilizer 828, 829
Seed Oil, its first manufacture 885
Coudert Bros. 759
Coulter, James 722
"Countryman, The," a paper for which Joel Chandler Harris began to write 940, 941
County-seats, Chief Towns and Noted Localities 553-1054
Couper, James Hamilton 767
John 498, 499, 838
Covington, county-seat of Newton, its Indian legend 910-912
Its ante-bellum homes ..912-914
Female College 911
Manual School 911
Cowart, J. S. 614
Cowday, W. W. 774
Coweta County, treated 696
Cowetas 446, 447, 448
Cowles, Jeremiah 386
Cowpens, former county-seat of Walton 1016-1017
Cowper, Basil 638
John 821
Cox, Edward Capt. 407, 750
Fleming 233
Needham 727
W. B. 427
Wm. T. 569
Craft, Wm. H. Corporal 679
Cramer, Christopher 186, 638
Crampton's Gap 384, 945
Crane, B. E. Maj. 427
Horace A. 84
Mrs. 753
Wm. T. 1000
Craven, John J. Dr. 813
Crawford County, treated 693-696
George W., Governor and Secretary of War, duel with Thos. E. Burnside 35-37
Tomb of 321
Mentioned 546, 562, 565, 569, 692
Joel Hon. 545, 710
Martin J. Judge 402, 546, 904
Mary Ann (Mrs. Peter), her epitaph 693
Nathan 693
Nathaniel Macon Rev. ..562, 568, 571, 577
Peter Hon., his tomb 36, 692
William D. 871
William H., United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, diplomat and jurist, as a duellist ..13, 15, 16
Duels with John Clark ...17-34
Duels with Peter Van Allen, 16, 17
Anecdote of school days 695
William H., mentioned ...3, 11, 139, 140, 178, 368, 543, 545, 925, 982, 1050
Wm. W. B. 884
Crawfordville, county-seat of Taliaferro 982
Ga., home of Mr. Stephens, 142-153
Crayton, Wm. L. 796
Creek Indian Agency 693
Burnt Village, a Tale of the Indian Wars 460-464
Indians, Legend of Lover's Leap 446-448
Legend of Sweetwater Branch, 449-450
Murder of Gen. McIntosh, 624-626
Queen Elancy Lyne, a legend, 478-480

Tamar Escapes from the Indians 467-468
The Enchanted Island ..464-466
Treaty of Augusta.....951-952
Mentioned 110, 113, 820
Cresman, Mr. 993
Creswell, David Col., Rev. soldier, tomb of 355
Elizabeth 1052
James Rev. 1052
Crew, B. B.....750
Crews, Abram 921
Reuben J. 560
Crisp, Charles F. Judge, tomb of, 394, 547
County, treated 699
Crisson, Reese 846
Crittenden, H. A. Capt.....951
R. F. Col.....951
Robert G. 979
Croft, Philip 655
Croker, Dr. 860, 862
John 975
Mary 862
Crosby, James C. Rev.....344
Crow, E. B.....808
Crowall, Col. 37
Crowell, Henry 559, 1021
Cruger, Col. 609
Crumpler, John 707
Crystal Palace in London, The....230
Cubbege, J. B.....644
Culbreth, Archibald 727
Cullens, Augustus A.....1021, 1026
Frederick 1021
F. T. 668
Culloden, Historic 882-883
Culpepper, Chas. 1053
Culver, Hardy 791
Cumberland Island 74, 76, 614
Cumming, Alfred Gen., a Confederate officer, tomb of.....319
Mentioned 744, 967
Alfred, Gov. of Utah.....318-319
County-seat of Forsyth.....736
Eleazer 1052
George B. 310
Harford Montgomery Dr....319
Henry Harford, father of the Augusta Canal, tomb of...318
John Dr. 299
Joseph B., his inscription for the Georgia Monument at Chickamauga 1014-1015
Julia Ann 319
Julian, tomb of 318-319
Thomas, tomb of.....317
Mentioned 968
William Col., duel with George McDuffie, of S. C.....29-31
Tomb of 317
Mentioned 560, 561, 736
Cummins, Francis Rev., D. D., Pres-
Cummins, Francis Rev, D. D., Presbyterian pioneer, tomb of, 360, 773
Sarah 360
Cunningham, W. H. C.....614
W. M. Rev.....573
W. R. 663
Cupp, George W.....671
Curry, Jabez L. M. Dr....844, 845, 947
William 845
Curtis, Henry 627
Cushman, Ira 667
Cusseta, county-seat of Chattahoochee 654
Cussetas 446, 447, 448
Cust, John Sir, a Baronet, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
Cutafa chiqui 469
Cuthbert, Alfred, U. S. Senator, tomb of 322
Mentioned ...197, 281, 544, 545, 559, 560, 819
County-seat of Randolph, 949, 950
George 281
John A. Judge.....197, 201, 281, 322, 950
Sarah (Mrs. Alfred).....322
Seth John Col..281, 538, 638, 649
Cutifachiqui, an Indian village, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61
Cutts, A. S. Col.....395, 857
Cuvier 83
Cuyler, Henry, patriot.....539
Jeremiah 190
Jeremiah L. 310
Richard R. 310
Cyclopoedia of Georgia.....715

D

Dabney, Austin, a negro patriot, and Wm. H. Col 428, 562, 568, 770
Dade County, treated 700
Daffin, Philip D. 77
Dagg, John L. Rev. 777
Dahlonega, county-seat of Lumpkin early gold-mining days, 846-850
Dallas, county-seat of Paulding...928
Ed. 1011
George M., Vice-Pres. U. S., 928
Kate Weaver 782
D'Alvigny, Chas. Dr. 418
D'Alvigny, Noel Dr. 746
Female College 1034
John 1033
Dalton, county-seat of Whitfield, 1033-1034
Dame, George M 670
John T. Judge 670
Daniel, A. C. 568
Allen Gen. 866
David G. 739
Elizabeth 782
E. P. Gen. 972
James 669
John R. 559
John W. Hon. .....
Milton Dr. 393
R. T. Judge 972
Thos. B. 930
Daniell, Wm. C. Dr. 299, 651
Danielsville, county-seat of Madison, 866
Mentioned 133
Darby, John Dr. 883
D'Arcy, James Lord, Trustee of Georgia 526
Darden, Abner 931
Darien, county-seat of McIntosh, 850-851
Mentioned, 202, 205, 206, 224, 226, 302, 541
Hussars 651
Dasher, John Martin 190
Daughters of the Amer. Revolution, Dorothy Walton Chapter unveils monument 989-991
Fielding Lewis Chapter, mentioned .....
Founded in Georgia ..381-382
Hospital Corps of Atlanta Chapter .....
James Monroe Chapter, men-

tioned 882
Jared Irwin Chapter, mentioned 1026
Nathaniel Macon Chapter, unveils tablet 598-599
Peter Early Chapter, mentioned 710
Piedmont Continental Chapter, seeks to preserve Varner House 611-612
Unveils tablet 757-758
Presents flag 760
Savannah Chapter dedicates memorial arch 652-654
Samuel Elbert Chapter 1027
Davenport, Henry 569
S. M. 793
W. H. C. 567
Davidson, John S. Hon., tomb of..335
Kate Miss 939
Davies, Edward patriot 538
Davis, Benj. 820
Buford M. 798
D. H. 1005
H. 969
Hall speech of Mr. Hill, 593-595
I. N. 559
James 774, 669, 739
James R. Capt. 1012
Jefferson, Pres. Confederate States, story of how he was shackled. 813-815
Mentioned 729, 742, 801, 978
Jefferson Mrs. 122
Jenkin 638
Jesse M. Rev. 986
John B. 979
Jonathan 774
L. L. 808
Miles 784
R. T. 569
Sallie, mentioned Pope.....1048
Warren 866
Warren Mrs. 902
Wm., patriot 540
W. P. 1028
Dawsey, Matthew 798
Dawson County, treated 701-702
County-seat of Terrell...986-988
Dr. 856
Edgar G. 701
John 821
"Journal" 987
Thomas H. 693
Wm. C. Judge, United States Senator, tomb of 358
Mentioned, 136, 544, 545, 546, 559, 560, 986
Dawsonville 701-702
Day, Joseph 860
W. T. 569
Dead Towns of Georgia, by Jones, quoted 182, 187
Deadwyler, P. M. Dr. 726
Dearing, Albon 660
Albon P. 382
Wm. 372
DeBouverie, Jacob Sir, a Baronet, Trustee of Georgia 527
Decatur, county-seat of DeKalb...704
Town Cemetery 404-407
County, treated 702-703
Stephen Commodore 702, 704
Declaration of Independence 196
Deese, Joel 1053
Defence, Fort 201
Defiance, Fort 113
DeFoe, Daniel 225
DeGive, Laurent 431
DeGraffenreid 391
John 702
DeKalb County, treated 704
Baron, an officer of the Revolution 704
DeKerloquan, Denil L. Cottineau, tomb of 283
DeLapierre, Ange Dr. 135
Delegall, Col. 638
Philip Lieut., Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Deloney, Edward 667
Demere, Raymond Lieut., Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Mentioned 539, 638
Demetre, Daniel 264
Denard, Hugh L. 797
Denham, Daniel 1009
Denmark, Brantley A. 299
Malacchi 610
Dennard, Harris 975
Dennis, Dr. 856
Isaac 567
John T. 936
Wm. 936, 938
Densler, Philip, patriot 539
Dent, Wm. B. W. Hon., Congressman, his tomb.....436
Mentioned 546, 697, 795
DeRenne, George W. J., tomb of..290
Mentioned 79, 279, 652, 768
W. J. 265, 268
Derry, Joseph T. Prof., quoted 966-967
Mentioned 744, 760, 903
Desbrisay, Albert Capt., Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
De Soto, Hernando, Memorials of his march 51-62
Fascinated by an Indian widow 468-471
Mentioned 61, 248, 731, 785, 896, 897, 1032-1033
Dessau, Washington Hon. 391
D'Estaing, Count 518
Deveaux, Col. 638
Dexter, Clara M. Mrs., affidavit on origin of Memorial Day, 163-164
Mentioned 157, 159, 162, 163
DeVaughn, J. E. 864
DeVeaux, Peter, patriot 539
Dewberry, W. G. 569
Diary of President Washington's Georgia Visit 102-105
Di Cesnola, L. P. Gen.....80
Dick, Henry J. 417
Dickerson, A. H. 975
R. B. 569
R. G. 670
W. T. 670
Dickinson, John P. 703
Digby, Edward, afterwards a Baronet, Trustee of Georgia....525
Dill, John 667
Dillard, James 948
John 948
Dillingham 615
Dillon, Dominick J. 970
Robert Mrs. 277
Dismuke, Frederick D. Col.....393
Divine, K. C. Dr. 438
Dixie, Life in 147
Dixon, Emmet E. Dr. 377
Tillman 1021
W. T. 83
Dobbs, A. M. 660
David 673
James M. Lieut. 679
Thos. A. 704
Willis 709

Dodd, Green T. 427
Philip 427
Dodge County, treated 705-707
Land Co. 705
Norman B. 766
Orphanage 767
Wm. E., New York merchant, 705, 766
Doles, George P. Gen., tomb of....351
Donalson, George W. 703
Doney, M. D. 975
Donoho, Edward 1019
Dooly County, treated 707-708
John Col., patriot and soldier 539
John M. Judge, a noted wit, his experience as a duellist, 24-26
Mentioned 511, 844, 1016
Dopson, Alex. T. 985
Dorchester Settlement 194
Dorsey, Benjamin 738
Joel 707
Matthew 799
Rufus T. Judge 432
Stephen G. 668
Wm. H. 372
Doster, B. R. Dr. 710
Dougherty, Charles Judge 372, 827
County, treated 708
J. 986
Robert 827
Doughty, Wm. Henry Dr., tomb of, 331
Douglas, county-seat of Coffee....686
David 639
Emma Neal Mrs. 913
Francis 975
Gertrude Miss 886
J. W. 884
Marcellus 569
Stephen A. Hon. 346, 686, 823
Dowd, Burton W. 867
Downing, L. T. Mrs. 160
Dowse, Gideon 840
Doyal, L. T. Col. 973
Dozier, A. J. 560
L. B. 668
Dozier L. P. 569
Drake, Gilman 393
John C. Dr. 1009, 1010
Drane, Hiram 980
Walter 693
W. A. 821
Drawdy, Charlton C. 670
S. L. Judge 670
Drayton, an old town 707, 708
Stephen 638
Wm. H. 170
Drewry, Jones 610
Samuel 878
Dried Indian Creek 910
Drury, Allen 825
DuBignon, Fleming G. Hon., tomb of 309
Mentioned 350, 670
Institute 670
Dublin, county-seat of Laurens, 827-829
DuBose, Catharine Anne 375
Chas. W. Hon. 375
Dudley M. Gen. 353, 547
John E. Rev. 407
L. D. Mrs. 660
R. T. Hon. 577
Sidney C. 950
Duelling Ground, Famous, at Sand Bar Ferry 953-955
Duels in Georgia (Under the Code Duello) 1-51
Duffel, Wm., a Revolutionary soldier 575
Dugas, Louis A. Dr., tomb of....332
Duggar, Sampson 1002
Duke, John 794
Thos. 821
W. A. 904
"Dukesboro Tales" 148, 790, 791
Dunbar, George Capt., Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Mentioned 203
Duncan, James E. 797
Dungeness House 74
Dunham, Wm. A. 851
Dunlap, Richard G. 901
S. C. Col. 788
Thos. 592
Dunne, E. F. Gov. 681-682
Dunning, S. C. 228
Dunwody, James 840, 821
James Rev. 218
Dupont, Josiah 540
Dupree, Lewis J. 559
T. W. 569
Durham, Abner 871
John 703
Dutcher's History of Augusta, quoted 10
Dye, Beckham 725
Dyer, Edwin 931
John P. 810
Dyson, Edward Chaplain, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769

E

Earliest Political Subdivisions of Georgia 541
Early County, treated 709, 712
Eleazer 781
Eleazer, makes first map.
Fort 699
Joel, his views on slavery, 781
Peter Gov., his neglected grave, 780-781
Recollections of....711-712
Mentioned 24, 544, 699, 773
Early's Manor 781
Earnest, Jacob 824
East Hampton, L. I., Payne's boyhood home 63
Easters, John W. 1029
Eastman, county-seat of Dodge..707
Riot, The 707-709
W. P. 705
Eaton, Wm. 934
Eatonton, historic old, county-seat of Putnam 934-936
Independent Press 1023
Eaves, W. T. 793
Ebenezer: the story of the Salzburgers 179-192
Creek 185
Echols County, treated 712
Ector, Hugh W. 559
W. B. 873
Edgefield Chronicle, quoted....955-956
Edmondson, Martha V. Miss ..936, 938
Edmondson, Thos. 938
Educational Journal, the 879
Edward VII, of England 132
Edwards, Ben. J. Judge 1018
Chas. G. Hon. 548, 549
Joe Rev. 860, 861
John M. 622
John P. Judge 1017
Joseph 842
Kate 861

M. C. Judge 990
M. C. Mrs. 989, 991
Price Judge 793
Harry Stillwell, quoted, .604-605
W. P. Hon. 547
Effingham County, treated 712-713
Ebenezer: the Story of the Salzburgers 179-192
Hussars 192
Egmont, Earl of, Trustee of Georgia 527
Elbert County, treated 713-727
Samuel Gen., Revolutionary officer and Governor, 198, 538, 549, 638, 649, 712, 725, 952, 1026
Elberton, county-seat of Elbert 725-726
A dead town of Effingham ..712
Elder, Hub 930
Jack 930
Josiah, a Revolutionary soldier 924
Elholm, A. C. G., a sergeant in the Revolution 518
Eliza, a negro servant to Mr. Stephens 149
Ellaville, county-seat of Schley....969
Ellijay, county-seat of Gilmer 763
Ellington, Edward 286
E. C. 947, 569
Elliott, Catharine 379
Bishop Sarah Barnwell.....307
Gray 195, 264
John, patriot 541
John, U. S. Senator, Laurel View, his home 837
Tomb of 339
Mentioned ...197, 217, 219, 543, 840, 838
Robert W. B. Bishop 307
Stephen Bishop, tomb of, 307-308
Mentioned 298
Stewart, mentioned 218
Thomas, patriot 541
Ellis, Eliza Mrs. 950-951
Henry Gov., visit of Masonic Lodge to 267
Mentioned ...199, 541, 549, 606
Iddo Dr. 125, 126
Leonora Beck Mrs. 611
Lizzie Rutherford, tomb of ..397
Martin 696
Myron 873
Roland Hon. 1010
Roswell, Mrs. Lizzie Rutherford, originator of Memorial Day 156-167
Roswell Capt. 398
W. D. Mrs. 754
Wm. Dr. 857
Elrod, J. O. Dr. 881
Elzey, Arnold Capt. 967
Emanuel County, treated 727-728
David, soldier of Revolution, and Governor 550, 727
Emory College 354, 911
Enchanted Island, the, a legend, 464-466
Mountain, the, a legend, 457-460
England, 1, 3, 69, 186, 200, 209, 294, 485, 492, 529, 586
John Bishop 645, 646, 647
Ennis, Azariah 970
Robt. A. 904
Ensign, Isaac W. 389
Episcopal Cemetery, Marietta, Ga., 678
Church of Georgia (see Christ Church) 295, 508
Epting, M. J. Rev. 180
Erskine, John Judge 428
Lord 737
Erwin, Alex. S. Mrs. 946
Isabella 800
Thos. 796
Espey, James 845
John F. 784
Esquiline, home of Col. Moses 403
Estes, John B. Judge 786, 377
Estill, John H. 299, 644
Etheridge, Harrison 988
Wm. E. 825
Etowah Mounds, the Famous .578-585
River 59, 233, 271, 731
Eudisco Academy 725
Evans, A. W. Col. 1024
Beverly D., Sr., Col.....1024
Beverly D., Jr., Judge.....1024
Clement A. Gen., tomb of ..420
Mentioned 728-729, 755, 974
County, treated 728-729
George C. 1024
Julian Dr. 1024
Lawton B. Hon. 747, 749, 968, 969
Louis 1024
Ora 882
Wm. 938
Eve, Joseph A. Dr., tomb of 332
Mac B. Major 337
Paul F. Dr., tomb of....332-333
Wm. F. Judge 965
Wm. F. Mrs. 967
Everett, Chas. H. 708
James 798
James A. 799
John F. 643
Robert W. Hon. 548
S. D. 864
Thos. H. 975
Ewen, Wm. 285, 638, 639
Ewer, Amhoy, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 527
Exile Camp 988
Exley 712
Exum, Benj. 1053
Eyles, Francis Sir, a Baronet, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 526
Eyre, Robert, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 526
Ezzard, Wm. Judge 427, 704, 740

F

Fain, Ebenezer 1008
W. C. 568
Fair, Zora, a heroine of the Civil War 921
Fairburn, county-seat of Campbell, 621-622
Fairchilds, John T. 1053
Faircloth, B. C. 973
Falligant, Robert Judge 323
Fannin, A. B. 228
County, treated 729
James W.; his command massacred at Goliad 115-121
Farley, Samuel 643
Farmer, Thomas 794
Farmur, John 264, 267
Farnsworth, Anderson 569
Farris, Samuel 559
Faver, A. C. Mrs. 872
Fay, Calvin 756
Fayette County, treated 730
Fayetteville, county-seat of Fayette, 730
Fears, Zachariah 884
Featherstone, C. N. Capt. 417
Featherstone, L. H. Judge 697

Federal Constitution of 1787 99
Convention of 1787, delegates to 543
Convention of 1781, delegates to 543
Felder, Samuel 797
Thomas S. Hon. 798
Fell, Benj., patriot.....540
Wm. L. 794
Felton, A. C. 863
Billy 860
Ham 862, 863
Shadrack R. 863, 864, 866
Wm. H. Dr., of Bartow; tomb of 410
Mentioned 547, 593
W. H., of Macon 860, 862
Wm. H. Mrs. 407, 590, 856
Fenwick, Edward 293
John Roger Gen., tomb of....292
Ferdinand VII, of Spain 878
Ferdon, J. H. 670
Ferguson, Malcolm 993
W. 932
Ferrell, Joel H. 931
Wiley 611
Few, Benj. Col. 952
D. P. Mrs. 886
Ignatius A. Dr. (Rev.) .911, 919
Wm. Col. 538, 543
Ficklin, Fielding Dr. 174, 1051
O. B. Hon. 688
Field, Lida, Miss, historian.....846
E. E. 567
Of Honor (Under the Code Duello) 1-51
Finch, John 786
N. P. T. 751
Finck, W. J. Rev. 180
Findley, James 614
Firmian, Count 181
First Baptist Church, Atlanta.....739
Commercial House in Georgia,629
Jury Empanelled in Georgia, 628-629
Lady of the Land (Mrs. Wilson) 269-271
Methodist Church, Atlanta..737
Rally of Patriots 641
School for Girls 806
Fish, Calvin 811
Nathan 811
Wm. Col. 858
Wm. H. Chief-Justice.....858
Fisher, Wm. 1052
Fiske, John Prof. 742, 747
Fitch, John, inventor, ...101, 216
Fitzgerald, Robt. J. 1039
Fitzpatrick, Gov., of Ala. 792
H. H. 886
John 569
Philip 669
Rene 559
Reuben 989, 824
Flag, Georgia's State 551
Flag-pole, Confederate, at Blakely, 710-711
Fleetwood, Leroy 1053
Fleming, John 615, 845
Peter W. 834
Samuel 845
Wm. 821
Wm. B. Judge.....562, 568, 810
Wm. H. Hon. 326, 548
.....994
Fletcher Institute .....
Flewellen, E. A. Dr.....567, 1011, 607
Thos. 1009
Flewellyn, Archelaus 1019
Flint River 693
Floerl, John 186, 638
Florence, A. B. 611
Florida 107, 198, 209, 222
Flournoy, Josiah 980
Martha Cook Mrs.....601
Robert, a soldier of Revolution, his tomb 373
Samuel 560
Thos. 18
Wm. 774
Floyd, Charles Capt. 201
Charles L. Gen. 28, 616
County, treated 730-736
James U. 1025
John Gen., Indian fighter, his duel with three weapons.27-28 139, 599, 616, 708, 730
John Judge 912
John of Early 709
John J. 911
Place 886
Richard S. Capt. 28
Thos. S. 876
"Fly Leaf," a school paper.....698
Flynt, J. J. Judge.....703
Foley, John 310
Folkston, county-seat of Charlton..628
Folson, H. B. Hon. 841
Quoted 887-793
Pennywell 597
Wm., Ensign 769
Ford, Edward E. Dr. Rev.....312
G. G. 1053
Lewis D. Dr. 337
R. G., Sr. 970
W. J. 1053
Foreacre, G. J. 427
Forman, Thos. M..... ....830, 889
Formwalt, Moses Hon. 428, 739
Forrester, Mary 853
Forsyth, Anna Miss 160
County, treated 736-737
Historic, county-seat of Monroe 877-881
Town cemetery 398, 381
John Gov., member of Cabinet, and diplomat, wounded by a sword thrust....31-32; m. 21, 302, 314, 543, 545, 550, 558, 650, 737, 878, 900
Recollections of 736-737
Park 652
Robert, tomb of 314
Fort, Allen Judge 395, 821
Drury 559
Henry 570
Ira E. 391
James A. 569
Tomlinson Dr., tomb of, 349, 708, 975
Wm. A. 975
Augusta 513
Barrington 265
Bartow 210
Charlotte 17, 24
Cornwallis 513, 512
Defence 201
Defiance 113
Frederica 184
Gaines, county-seat of Clay 667-668
Grierson 496, 512
Hawkins, the cradle of Macon 598 599
Mentioned 858
Irwin 1027
James 1029
McAllister 607
McIntosh at 500-503

McPherson 745
Moosa 206
Morris, the last to lower the Colonial flag 198-202
Mentioned 196, 842
Mountain 896-897
Perry 870
Pulaski 296, 297, 300
Sanders 304
Tonyn 617
Tyler, the last to surrender in 1865 1004-1005
Valley 798-799
Warren, Mass. 152, 982
Wilkinson 600, 858, 1052
Fortner, M. G. 1039
Foster, Arthur 695
Eugene Dr. 337
Fred F. Judge 884
George W. 821
John 693
Nathaniel G. Hon. 546, 884
Sheppard W. Mrs., former State Regent, D. A. R. 598 761, 989, 990
Thomas F. Hon., Congressman 402, 403, 545, 546, 773
Wm. 975
Fouche, Jonas 772, 821
R. T. 417
Simpson 730, 568
Fox, Amos Dr. 756
Walter 629
France .....1, 2, 15, 50, 108, 2[illegible] 368, 534, 535
Honors Dr. Long 132
Francis I, of France.....1, 2
Wm. 639
Franklin, A. 821
A. M. 592
College 14, 362, 369
County-seat of Heard 796
County, treated 738
George 821, 1026
Samuel O. 1025
Wm. 729
Franklinville 845
Fraser, Donald Rev. 407
Fraser, John 845
Charles 95
Frederica, Fort 184
Town 541, 760
Frederick, Daniel, pioneer....859, 861
D. B. 861
James D. Major....855, 860, 861
John Sir, a Baronet, M. P., a Trustee of Georgia 527
Thomas, member of Parliament, Trustee of Georgia..526
Walter 861
William of Prussia.....181
Fredericksburg, Battle of.....364, 377
Freeman, A. M. 709
Colquitt, a Revolutionary soldier 924
James 393, 568
James Hon. 972
James C. Hon. 547
John, a Revolutionary soldier, 924
Major 141
Miller Garrett 710
M. R. Dr.....1024
R. W. Judge 697
Sargent S. 985
Wm. 971
French Acadians in Ga.....207-211
Capt., a British officer..518, 519
H. L. 969, 569
Huguenot Colonies 534-536
Fricker, C. A. Mrs., regent ...977, 990
Frier, J. H. 567
Fry, George T. Mrs.....754
Fryer, Zach 930
Fudge, Y. W. 614
Fulcher, Mr. (of Tulcher), entertains Washington 104
Fuller, Wm. A. Capt., tomb of....424
Mentioned 231, 232
Fulton County, treated 738-763
John 638
Robert, inventor 99, 101, 319
Samuel, Jr. 810
Samuel, Sr. 810
Fugue, Henry C. 828
Furlow, T. M. Hon.....976, 562, 569
Furman, Dorothy M. 379
Fuser, Col., a British officer, 499, 500, 502
Fussell, D. J. 654
Futrelle, Jacques, novelist, lost on the Titanic 961

H

Gage, Gen. 468
Matthew 925
Gainer, Samuel 667
William, a Revolutionary soldier 1026
Gaines, Edmond P. Gen...667, 699, 786
Richard 592
Gainesville, county-seat of Hall, 785, 789
Alta Vista Cemetery at..375-378
Gaither, Brice 935
Lt.-Col. of the U. S. Army..113
Gallatin, Albert, antiquarian, 52, 55, 56
Gallup, Prentiss 615
Galphin, George, celebrated Indian trader 56, 538, 639, 818, 819, 820
Galphinton, or Old Town.....818, 820
Gamble, Roger L. Hon., Trustee and Congressman, tomb of 345, 545, 546, 559, 560
Roger L. Judge 346
Gammage, Dave, first Mayor of Marshallville 860, 861
Ganahl, Joseph 323
Gannon, L. V. 738
Garcillasso, writes narrative on expedition to America..52, 469
Gardener, R. B 569
Gardiner, Asa Bird, Hon. Report to the Rhode Island General Assembly on the finding of Gen. Greene's body in Savannah 71-89
Gardner, James Hon., tomb of 333, 334, 968
Lewis 691
Thomas 976
Garland, F. G. Rev., tomb of.....311
Maria Louisa 376
Garlington, Mary M. Creswell....1052
Garner, T. S. 794
Garnet, Mr., entertained Washington 104
Garrard, Frank U. 157
Louis F. Mrs. 163
Louis F. Mr. 403
Garrett, Daniel A. 975
W. J. 432, 621
Garrison, Druries 712
N. 559
Gartland, F. X. Bishop, of Savannah 646

Gartrell, Anne Eliza 847
Lucius J. Gen...425 ,546 ,621, 904
Garvin, J. P. 569
Gary, Wm. T. Judge.....337
Gaston, Wm. 299
Gate City Guard of Atlanta.....148
"Gate City": when the sobriquet was first used 739
Gattman, Mr. 89
Gaulden, Chas. S. 975
G. S. 567
Gauley, Dr. 994
Gauxule, an Indian settlement, 58, 59, 60, 61
Gay, Jordan 730
Mary A. H. Miss 147
R. D. Mrs. 990
Wm. 756
"Gazette, The Georgia," first newspaper in Georgia 642, 643
Geddes, John, Sr.....7.83
"General, The," how captured: the story of the Famous Andrew's Raid 221-234
Genesis Point 607
Genet, a French emissary.107. 108, 109
"Gentleman of Elvas, The", a Portugese cavalier of De Soto's expedition 52, 55
George II of England 89, 195
Jeptha V. 930
Georgetown, county-seat of Quitman 947
Georgia Agricultural Society, originated at Stone Mountain ..249
Baptist Convention 773, 774
Commissions the first war ship 484-486
Female College 826
First Commercial House in..629
First jury empaneled in.628-629
"Gazette" 73, 85
Historical Society 77, 79, 84, 290, 291, 517
"Illustrated" by William C. Richards 247
Issues the first patent for a steam-boat 99-101
Medical Association 132
Medical Society 804
Military Academy 672
Military Institute ..409, 673, 674, 679, 680, 682
Patriot outlawed by the Tory Government 537-541
Railroad, its origin 663
Railway 884
Regiment of Colonial Troops.278
"Republican" 643
"Scenes" 385
Society of the Cincinnati ..6, 72
Society Colonial Dames 765
Unveils Ebenezer Monument 180
Society, Sons of the Revolution 77
Society of Colonial Wars 765
The Only Free Soil Colony..629
Trustees of 525-528
"Georgian, The" 752
Capitol, a monument to Official Integrity 748
Colonial Charter 89
Earliest political subdivisions 541
Early Masonic History...263-269
First Barbecue 630
First General Assembly..639-640
First Governor: his mysterious death 170-172
First Newspaper 642-643
First Secession Convention 637-638
Great Seals 89-98
Monument at Chickamauga 1014-1015
Oldest Bank 968
State Flag 551
Gerdine, John Dr. 365
William 927
Germans in Georgia (Salzburgers), 179-193
Gettysburg 304, 319
Dead of, Savannah Monument to 309-310
Gholston, J. S. 568
Gibbons, John, patriot 539
Joseph, patriot 539, 638
Thomas, duel with James Jackson 11-12
William, patriot 285, 539, 543, 638, 643
William Sir 649
William, Jr., patriot 484, 540
Gibson, George 627
Ga. 763
James 703
John, a Revolutionary soldier 620
John H. 703
Obadiah 973
Robert 638
Springer 931
Sylvanus 1009
Thomas, Jr. 560
William Judge 764
Gierlow Prof. 168
Gignilliat, James 821
Gilbert, Elbert J. 1052
Felix H. 1039
Felix 1050
Thomas 821
Gildersleeve, Cyrus Rev., inscription on his wife's tomb....343
Giles, J. M. 568, 856
Gill, William C. 831
Gillespie, W. H. T. 807
Gillett, W. S., member of the Savannah Steamship Co. 228
Gilmer County, treated.....763-764
George R. Gov. 14, 36, 140, 545, 550, 559, 560, 561, 586, 700, 787, 788, 924, 925, 927
Quoted 601
Tomb of 356
George R. Mrs. 357
Jeremy F. Gen., tomb of, 304-305
John T. Dr. 725
Gilmer's "Georgians" 741
Gilpin, Joseph Dr. 988
Gilreath, G. H. 592
Nelson 592
Giltman, Alexander Adair 831
Girard, where the last fighting of the war east of the Mississippi occurred 902-903
Girardeau, John B. 638
John L. Rev.....836
Girardeau's Landing 503
Girardy, Victor J. B. Gen. 330
Glascock County, treated 764
Thomas Gen., Revolutionary soldier, tomb of 329
Mentioned....345. 545, 764, 832
William Hon., a patriot. 329, 538, 952
Glass, Elijah 669
James 916

Josiah 19, 20
M. S. 989
Glen, John, a patriot 285, 539, 638, 643
Glenn, David M. 654
John 739
John T. Hon. 127
John W. 884
Joseph 975
L. J. 568
Samuel 369
William C. Hon., former Attorney-General, his grave..432
Mentioned 655
Glover, Eli Capt. 810
John H. 410, 673
Sketch of 671-672
Kelly 1007
T. C. 567
Glynn County 764
"The Marshes of" 326
Godwin, E. L., editor, of New York 122
Goetchius, George T. Dr. 417
Henry R. 157, 743
Henry R. Mrs. 160
Goethe 182
Goettee, William 929
Goffe, Francis 264
Gold Mining in Georgia at Dahlonega 846-850
Golden, W. F. 793
Goldsmith, Oliver 840
William 592
Goldwire, Benj. 264, 267
Wm. H. 846
Goliad Massacre of Fannin's Command 115-121
Texan Monument 120
Goliad Massacre, survivor of, 694-695
Gonson, John Sir, a Knight, Trustee of Georgia 526
Goode, Eugenia Miss 752
Hamilton Mrs. 753
Hamilton Maj. 756
Goodin, C. W. 808
Goodman, B. L. 763
John 611
Wm. B. 1031
Goodson, George 613
Goodwyne, C. O. 882
Goolsby, Aaron 710
Gordon, Ambrose Col., tomb of....315
C. P. 559, 560, 561
County 302, 315
Frank 224
G. G. 569
George W. 559, 561
Institute 931
James, a patriot 540
John B. Gen...132, 419, 425, 544, 550, 688, 689, 728, 729, 754, 756, 923, 1003, 1010, 1011, 1012
John W. 825
Peter 629
Thomas 520
William W., railway pioneer, tomb of 302
Mentioned 315, 299
Gorneau, Israel Christian Rev.....183
Zachariah, Rev. 1010
Goss, Hamilton 1019
William 979
Gouche, Harry Sir, a Baronet, M. P., Trustee of Georgia.....527
Gould, Annie Miss 767
David Banks 430
Gould or Gold, Benj. 901
Harriet 901
William Tracy Judge 329
Goulding, Ann H. 400
Francis R. Dr., inventor of the sewing machine 225
His grave at Roswell 684
Author of the Young Marooners 222-225
Mentioned 216, 585, 586
Thomas Rev. 223
Tomb of 399
Gove, Samuel F. Hon. 547
Grace, Jared 821
Graddick, Chas. Wallace.....930
Grady County, treated 772
Henry Woodfin, orator, journalist, his tomb.....429-430
Mentioned, ...43, 44, 244, 731, 750, 751, 803, 847
Home in Athens 660
John 629
Julia King (Mrs. Henry W.), 430
William S. Maj. 660
Tomb of 367
Graham, B. J. W. Rev.....1013
Jackson 568
James 265
John, Lt.-Gov. 71, 73, 75, 264 265, 278
John M. 763
Vault 80, 87
W. A. 668
Gramling, John R. 427
Grandy, Samuel 264
Grant, John T. Col. 659, 1017
Tomb of 426
Joshua 703
L. P. Col. 417, 432
Grant, U. S. Gen. 742, 905
W. D. Capt., tomb of 426
Grantland, Seaton Hon., Congressman, tomb of 350, 545, 973
Graves, Admiral 486
John, a patriot 540
John Temple Col., editor of the "New York American" 250, 752
Gray, county-seat of Jones.....825
"Gray Goose," a famous horse belonging to the Tory, McGirth 497, 498
Gray, James M. 568
James R. 752
J. W. Hon. 729
R. D. 821
Scott 851
Wm. D. Corporal 679
Graybill, Henry 790
Great Anti-Tariff Convention.....558
Great Ogeechee, Hero of (Col. John White) 518, 520, 541
Great Satilla River 542
Great Seals of Georgia 89-98
Greely, Horace 750
Green, Henry Kollock Dr. 391
James Mercer Dr. 391
John 638
Miles L. 798
Sallie Mitchell Mrs. 867
Simeon 667
Thomas G. 936
Greene County, treated 772-783
Frederick J. 976
George Washington Prof., son of Gen. Greene 81, 82, 83 87, 278
Nathanael Gen., at the siege of Augusta 514, 515
Remains discovered in Savannah 71-89
Tablet on Colonial vault.. 278

Mentioned 151, 355, 772, 811, 871
Nathanael Dr. 76, 82
Nathanael Ray 76
Nathanael Mrs., widow of Gen. Greene 74, 103
William J. 798
Greensboro, county-seat of Greene 772-773
Female Institute 773
Ga. 224
Town cemetery 357-362
Greenville, county-seat of Meriwether 871
Female Academy 872
Town Cemetery 432-435
Greenwood, Hugh B. 783
Thomas B. 1002
Greer, Allen 857
W. 559
Gresham, E. B. 567
Gresham, John 925
John J. Judge 391
Junius 973
Marmaduke 974
Wheeler 845
William 655, 704
Grice, Warren Hon. 828, 947
William L. Judge 798
Grierson, Colonel, a Tory Leader, 496
Griffin, C. S., of Spalding 971-973
Isaac M. 703
Joel 855
Joel B. 857
John Judge 18, 1042
L. L. Gen. 881, 971
Male and Female Academy..971
Matthew, a patriot 539
Oak Hill Cemetery 391
S. H. 797
T. I. 596
W. E. 613
Griffith, E. S. Hon. 793
Oliver H. 959
Griggs, James M. Hon. 548
His monument 991,993
Grimes, Thos. N. 904
Thos. W. Hon. 403, 548
Grimsley, Robert 709
Grisham, Joseph Rev. 42
Mary Steele 421
William Steele Col. 421
Grogan, George C. Judge 726
Gross, John A. 970
Solomon 1028
W. H. Bishop, of Savannah..646
Groves, Rigual N. 722
Guerrier, Col. 118
Guerry, Jacob M. 559,795
Guildford, N. C. 86
William, a negro Legislator, 1010
Gumm, Hilda Miss 990
Gunby, Robert M. 693
Gunn, D. F. 568, 876
James, a Revolutionary Officer, afterwards U. S. Senator, a prominent Yazooist 12, 543.
Tomb of 344, 345
Gunn, L. M. 1039
Gunpowder for Bunker Hill...483, 484
Gunter, John 1034
Gurn, W. R. 146
Gwinnett, Button, signer of the Declaration and Governor, fatal duel with Gen. Lachlan McIntosh 4-6
Tomb of 280
Mentioned ...197, 198, 279, 542, 549, 783, 843, 851
Gwinnett County, treated 783-784
Mentioned 577
Institute 570

H

Haas, Jacob 751
Habersham County, treated..784, 785
James Gov., tomb of.....276
Mentioned 264, 265, 267, 539, 629, 642
James Dr., patriot.....277
J. 228
John, patriot ..277, 539, 543, 649
John Clay Dr. 311
Joseph Col., patriot, Postmaster-General in Washington's Cabinet 102
His bold exploit in arresting Gov. Wright 486-488
Mentioned 277, 484, 539, 638, 643
Joseph Clay 305
Mary Bolton, epitaph.....276
R. 228
Richard W. Hon., Congressman 546, 784, 785
Robert 630
William Neyle 305
Hackett, James S. 928
Thomas C. 546
Hafer, William 860
Hagerman, Harrison W. 980
Haines N. W. 1021
Hale, S. C. 567
Hales, Thomas Rev., Trustee of Georgia 526
Hall, Alexander Maj. 872
Bolling Hon. 545
County, treated 785-789
Daniel M. 1053
David 712
F. W. 849
Hewlett A. Hon., Attorney-General 697
J. A. 771
James Mrs. 873
James Hamilton Rev. 438
John 611, 930
John I. Judge 393
Joseph Hill Hon. 799
Luther E., Governor of Louisiana 435
Lyman Dr., signer of the Declaration and Governor...5
Mentioned ..196, 538, 517, 542, 641, 842, 952
L. W. 929
Samuel, of Oglethorpe.....857
Samuel, of Hancock.....789
Seaborn 556, 567
Simeon 726
Talmadge 615
W. J. Mrs., quoted.....769
Halley, Benj. 867
Halsey, Hopkins Hon., Congressman 545
Halsted, David B. 933
Ham, H. W. J. Col. 377
Hamber, J. K. 793
Hambright, A. R. T. Rev. 999, 1036, 1038
Hames, Wm. P. 976
Hamilton, Alexander 36
A. J. Judge 864
Benjamin 566
County-seat of Harris 795

D. B. Col. 592
George W. 795
James S. Dr. 661
John 730
Robert, patriot 539
Thomas 730
Thomas N. 372, 693
William 784
Hammond, Alfred Maj. 725, 726
A. D. Col. 881
Amos W. 422
C. D. 567
Dennis F. Judge 697
E. W. Col. 393
N. J. Congressman, tomb of, 422
Mentioned 345,417, 547, 883
Samuel Col., Revolutionary patriot, monument unveiled in Augusta 964, 965
Mentioned 382, 544
William M. 994
Hampton, Col. 105
Ga. 797
John J. 798
Hanbury, William, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 526
Hancock County, treated 789-793
John 641
Shadrach 984
Hand, Julia Miss 218
Handley, George Gov. 549
Hanes, A. T. 1028
Joshua J. 669
Haney, Henry 233
Hansell, A. H. Judge ..562, 569, 994
Andrew J. Gen. 216, 410, 672, 673
Major 857
William Y. 560, 673
Happ, Pinkus 1025
Haralson County, treated 793
Hugh A. Gen., his tomb....1003
Mentioned ...425, 546, 773, 793, 827, 923, 1002
Vincent 1017
Harber, G. W. D. 807
Paul T. 807
W. T. 807
Harbin, Oliver Wiley 233
Hardaway, Robert H. 438
Hardee, John 615
Noble A. 1025
Robert V. Judge 827
Robert U. 920
W. J. Gen. 615, 617, 744
Hardeman, Thomas, Jr., Col., Congressman 390, 546, 755
Harden, Alfred Dearing 77, 82
Dr. 922
Edward Gen. 67, 88
Edward J. Judge....310
John L. Judge 997
Mary Miss, sweetheart of John Howard Payne....68, 69
Thomas H. 299
William Hon. 77, 79, 840
Harden's Hill 922
Hardin, A. T. 730
John 693
Martin 702
William Col. 586, 797
Hardman, Felix 911
Henry E. Rev. 805
John B. 806
L. G. Dr. 805, 807, 808, 1033
Robert L. 805
Sallie Miss 806
Sanatorium 807
T. C. 806, 808
W. B. Dr. 807
Hardwick, a Lost Town....605-607
F. T. 899, 1038
George W. 1019
Lord 605
Robert A. 975
Thomas W. Hon., Senator elect, native of Thomas County 548, 549, 995,1027
William, a Revolutionary soldier 1026, 1027
William H. 975
Hardy, John, a patriot 538
Hargrove, B. W. 567
Zachariah 592
Zachariah B. 559, 730
Harkins, Wm. 730
Harkness, James W. 611
Harman, George W. 929
John C. Hon. 1027
Miles K. 975
Zachariah Hon. 859
Zachariah E. 878, 879, 881
Zachariah H. Hon. 380
Harmony Grove, afterwards Commerce 805
Harney, John M. 643
Harp, H. M. 1007
Harper, Frank 989
Chas. M. Col. 417
J. A. 929
John J. 795
M. G. 794
William 845
Harper's Ferry 304
Harrell, A. P. 706
D. B. 987
David 975
James 845
Wright 706
Harrington, William 569
Harris, A. C. 570, 783
B. T. 568
Charles Hon., tomb of 279
Mentioned 629, 795
Charles W. 990
Corra White, novelist 721
County, treated 795
Francis 639
Francis Henry 638
Henry, pioneer of Greenville, his tomb 435
Henry R. Congressman, his tomb 434-435
Mentioned ...547, 562, 568, 872
Iverson L. Judge 351
James, patriot 540
Jeptha C. 708
Jeptha V. Gen. 721
Jesse 976
Joel Chandler, creator of Uncle Remus, his tomb, 430, 431
"The Wren's Nest," his home 239, 244
Boyhood Haunts of Uncle Remus 939, 942
Mentioned 225, 491, 644, 751, 752
John 911
John L. Judge 562, 568
Joshua J. 668
Joshua W. 872
Julian 242, 752
J. M. 568
Lindah 990
Lloyd 938
Nathaniel Dr. 1025
N. E. Judge (Gov. elect)....984

Sampson W. 372
Sarah Elizabeth 720
Stephen W. 372
Thomas J. 876
Thomas W. 560
Walter B. 872
W. M. 801
William 673, 930, 985
W. J. Hon. 932
Young J. 726
Young L. G. 371
Harrison, Alexander 939
Benjamin 821
Daniel 855
D. L. 864
Gen. 812
G. B. 1028
George P., Sr., Gen....306, 1010
George P., Jr., Gen....306
G. W. 614
Hezekiah 928
James P. 879
Joseph S. Mrs. 138
T. J. 146
W. H. Capt. 974
Harrold, Frank Mrs. 990
Harry, a body servant to Mr. Stephens 149, 150, 983
Hart County, treated....795-796
Nancy 845, 932, 1042
Hartford, old county-seat of Pulaski 932
Hartridge, Gazaway Hon. 645
Julian Hon., Congressman, tomb of 307
Mentioned 547, 652
Hartwell, Ga., county-seat of Hart, 795
Harvey, John 696
J. M. 568
Harville, Samuel 567
Harwell, H. J. 795
Harwood, Jim 706
Haslam, William 860, 862,
Haslett, John 228
Hastings, Battle of....1
David Rev. 846
Hatch, H. S. 1028
Hatchell, J. J. 998
Hatcher, John 1053
Hatley, Henry 610
Hatton, Abel 985
Hawes, A. L. 558
Hawkins, Benj. Col., Indian agent, 599, 693, 933
David 1008
Fort, tablet unveiled....598, 599
Mentioned 699
Robert L. 700
Samuel H. 395, 976
Thomas, surgeon, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Thomas D. 628
Willis A. Judge 395, 562, 569, 833
Hawkinsville, county-seat of Pulaski, 933
Origin of name 933
Hawks, Chester 592
Hawthorn, William 702
Hay, George M. 1029
Gilbert 21, 1040
Hayden, C. P. 520
Julius A. 427, 739
Hayes, John Rev., soldier, tomb of 404
Mary 405
President 759
Robert 987
Thomas 405
Haygood, Atticus G. Bishop, his old home 922
Tomb of 396
Mentioned 791, 919
Green B. 427, 922
Laura Miss, educator, missionary 397, 922
Hayne, Linwood C. Hon.....957, 958, 959, 965
Paul H., poet, monument in Augusta 955-958
Tomb of 327-328
Wm. H., poet....928
Haynes, Chas. E. Hon., Congressman 545, 790
Nathan 1026
Thomas 559, 560, 561, 790
William P. Dr. 1025
Hays, J. E. Mrs., regent.. 854
Pioneer resident of Lanier..856
James J. 994
John, of Early....710
Haywood, Augustus 938
"Haycwood," home of Judge Andrews 1050
Hazelhurst, Ga. 813
Head, D. B. 794
Dr. 857, 858
W. H. 881
Tomb of 379-380
W. J. 568, 793
Headen, William 592
Healey, Thomas G. 427
Heard, Chas. A. 655
County, treated 796
Eugene B. Mrs. 723, 724
House 154, 1040
Fort 1039
Stephen Hon. 549
Thomas Jefferson 723
Hearn, Francis Mrs. 936
Hearst, Wm. Randolph, of N. Y....752 752
Heath, Chappell 1019
Heathcote, George, M. P. and Trustee of Georgia 526
William Sir, a Baronet, M. P. and Trustee of Georgia....526
Hebbard, M. H. 884
Helfinstein, Jacob 187
Joshua 187
Helmer, Mary Mrs. 227
Hemphill, W. A. Col., tomb of....424
Mentioned 750, 751
Philip W. 730
Henderson, Daniel 1053
Edward 233
Isaac P. 911
Jack Col. 912
Jack, Jr. 913
M. 568
R. A. 797
Robert Col. 912
Hendrick, Gustavus 824
Henry 611
John B. 911
Hendricks, Henry 567
Hendry, Alexander 950
E. D. 569, 929
Henley, Micajah 845
Henry County, treated 796
IV, of France 2
J. P. 228
Patrick 12, 345
"Herald, The Atlanta" 750
Herbst, Chas. 756
Hermsdorff, Capt. 194

Hernando de Soto: memorials of his march through Georgia in 1540 51-62
Herndon, O. L. Dr. 1022
Herod Town, Memorial unveiled, 898, 991
Herring, John 1001
Herrman, Ike Capt. 102
Herron, Alexander Capt., Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Leroy 963
Hester, Betsey, servant to Gov. Troup 893
George, servant to Gov. Troup 893
Robert 726
Hester's Bluff 837, 838
Heyward, Duncan C., Gov. of S. C.,295
Judge 107
Hiawassee, county-seat of Towns, 1000
Legend of 442-445
River 455
Hickey, J. J. 651
Hickman, H. H. 323
Hicks, Chas. R., a Cherokee Chief, 901
Daniel 1053
Higgins, Osborn 1053
High, Emma Miss 886
J. M. 432
Shoals, Ga.: where the Clark-Crawford duel was fought, 21-22
Hightower, Dan 795, 930
James 1010
J. W. F. Capt. 1011
R. E. 1011
W. C. 1011
Hiley, Mr., of Macon 860
Hilhouse, C. W. 1053
Hill, Abraham 1046, 1047, 1048
Alexander Franklin 433
Ben. 563, 565
Benj. H., U. S. Senator, challenged by Mr. Stephens..39-41
Difficulty with Mr. Yancey, 41-42
Mentioned in foot-note..... 42
Defence of Andersonville...978
Quoted 594-595
Mentioned ..418, 419, 544, 547, 562, 564, 569, 659, 784, 1002, 1048
Benj. H., Jr., Judge.....417
Blanton 661
Burwell Pope 1048
Chas. D. Hon. 419
D. P. 562, 564, 568
Edward Y. 809
Eli G. 987
Gibson F. 872
H. A. 784
H. C. Mrs. 812
Hampton W. 1002
Henry 1046, 1048
Henry P. 973
H. Warner Judge..433, 872, 1048
Henry Willis 438
Isaac 1046, 1048
James A. 1047
James M. 700
John 1048
John M. 428, 438
Joshua Sen. ...544, 546, 810, 884
Lodowick Meriwether 1048
His county home.....1049-1050
Mary Jane Mrs., quoted..872-874
Middleton 655
Rhode 427
R. S. 568
Si 856
Theophilus 1046, 1048
T. J. 560
Thomas 1047
Thomas A. 932
Virginius G. 831
Walter B. Hon 923, 980
Tomb of 371
Wiley Col. 1049
Wiley Pope Col., his country home 1050
William G. 438
Hilliard Institute 879
Henry W. 879
James 569
Thomas 628
William 707
Hills, The, of Wilkes 1046-1049
Hillyer, Dorothy M. Furman.....379
George Judge, 668, 669, 758, 1017
Junius Judge, tomb of.....424
Mentioned 546, 1017
J. F. 774
Shaler G. 722, 777, 881
Tomb of 379
Hilsman, J. A. 886
Hines, J. P. 567
Thomas 703
W. H. 932
Hinesville, Ga. 201
Hirsch, Joseph 427
Historic and Picturesque Savannah, by Adelaide Wilson 229
Church-Yards and Burial Grounds 273
County-seats, chief towns and noted localities 553
History of Alabama, and incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, by Albert J. Pickett..52
Of Atlanta and its Pioneers..740
Of Georgia, by Isaac W. Avery 566, 747
Of eGorgia, by Lawton B. Evans 747
Of Hernando de Soto and Florida, by Barnard Shipp, 52
Of the Discovery and Settlement of the Mississippi Valley, by John M. Monette, M. D. 52
Of the Secret Service of the Confederacy in Europe.....220
Hitchcock, C. B. 794
Hobbey, Winsley 970
Hockinhull, John Dr. 701
Hodges, Benj. Judge.....709
Elias 190
F. B. 795
Mary Miss 160
M. E. Mrs. 160
Richard 629
William 1021, 1026
Hodgson, E. R., Jr. 661
Edward R., Sr. 373
Hodgson Hall 291
William B. 291
Hoge, E. F. Col. 751, 753, 756
James 1013
Mrs. 753
Hogg, Ex.-Gov. of Texas.....611
Hogue, S. K. 932
Holcombe, Absalom 785
Henry Rev. 174
Holden, Horace M. Judge, 144, 146, 147
W. O. 146
Holder, Jno. N. 803

Holiday, Jno. N. 803
Holiday, James R. 751
Holland, Benj. 559
Isaac 938
Roger, M. H., Trustee of Georgia 526
Wm. F. 649
Holliday, Abner E. 900
R. K. 668
Hollifield, H. N. Dr. 1025, 1028
Hollingshead, Wm. H. 798
Hollingsworth, John C. Jr., quoted, 190, 192
Robert 407
Hollinshed, Dr. 860
Jim 860
Hollis, T. B. 380
Holloway, Barnes 935
Edward 1008
Peter 1010
Zachariah 704
Holly, Dr. 930
Holman, David 950
Holmes, Abiel Dr. 838, 839
Isaac Capt. 391
James P. 667
John 539
Josiah 930
Oliver Wendell Dr. 132
Richard 809
Holmesville 555
Holsendorf, William 187, 538
Holt, Chas. C. Mrs. 990
Hines 043, 546, 559, 688
James 1039
Simeon 925
Thaddeus G. Judge 391, 688
William S. Col 391, 688
W. W. Judge 329, 688
Holton, Gideon H. 556
Holzendorf, John K. 851
Col., a German engineer....117
"Home, Sweet Home." John Howard Payne's Georgia Sweetheart and Imprisonment. 62-71
The original draft and the poem revised 63
"Home, The", a vessel wrecked at sea 385, 601, 602
Homerville, county-seat of Clinch, 669-670
Hood, Arthur Judge 562, 569
C. J. 806, 807
C. J. Mrs. 806
C. W. 805, 806
C. W., Jr. 806
Gen. 746
John B. Gen. 731, 743
Supersedes Johnston....742
Mary Miss 806
Ruth Miss 806
Wiley 811
Hook, Daniel Rev. 1025
E. B. Dr. 1025
James S. Judge 1021, 1025
Hooper, Edward, M. P. 527
John W. Judge. 589, 592, 730, 900
Obadiah 738
Hooten, J. M. Dr. 875
Hope, Lawson 701
Hopewell, Presbytery 570
Hopkins, F. M. 876
Isaac S. Dr. 920
John L. Judge 428
Mr.. fights Gen. John Floyd with three weapons....27, 28
Solomon A. 932
Sophia, Wesley refuses her communion 635
Hoppe, D. Rev. 186
Hornby, William 538
Horry, an old county-seat....867, 868
Horse Shoe Place, a plantation owned by Gov. Troup....889
Horton and Oliff 863, 864
Will, Ensign, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
William S. 976
House of Brunswick, The....537
Houston County, treated 797
Ann Lady 294
County Academy 797
Female College 797
James, a patriot 539
John Gov. 102
Oswald 739
Sam Gen. 115, 906, 907
Houstoun, George Sir 294, 638
James 649
John Gov. 294, 520, 537, 542 549, 638, 641, 642, 643, 649
Patrick Sir, tomb of....293-294
Mentioned 264, 265, 267, 285, 540, 639
Patrick Lady, tomb of...293, 294
Mentioned 285
William, a patriot....294, 543
Howard, Charles 228
Chas. Wallace Dr. 571, 593
C. N. Dr. 664
Jett Thomas Lieut. 348
John 968
John Rev., tomb of 384
John H. 561
Maj. 832
Mary Wallace 224
O. O. Gen., "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War"....743
Peter 709
Samuel 228
Thomas C. Col., tomb of. 384, 756
William M. 803, 993
William Schley, Hon. 384, 548, 549
Wm. M. Hon. 548
Howe, Elias 226, 227
Gen. 199, 503, 504
Lord 315
Howell, Clark Hon. ..683, 751, 958, 959
Tells story of Bryan's nomination 235-238
Clark, Jr., quoted....656, 658
C. H. M. 568
Evan P. Capt. 242, 749, 751, 1025
His tomb 430
Gen. 755
Philip 638
Howley, Richard Gov....197, 538, 543
Hoxey, Thomas 935
Hoyle, Adam 407
Hoyt, Henry F. Dr. 807
Nathan Dr., tomb of....367
Samuel B. Judge, tomb of...427
Stephen Rev. 344
Hubbard, George L. 807
Hubner, Chas. W. Maj., quoted, 168-169
Hucks, Robert, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 526
Hudson, David Mrs. 160
Irby 935, 936, 938
L. W. 559
R. 904
T. P. 568
W. J. 588
Huff, Jim Dr. 988

Huggins, J. H. 569
Hughes, Dudley M. Hon 548, 549
E. 559
Fort 702
Fort (Bainbridge) 703
N. C. 1052
Huguenot Colonies, Coligny's..534-536
Hule, Andrew L. 669
John M. 669
Hull, Asbury 372, 567
A. L...362, 365, 663, 665, 666, 927
A. L. Mrs. 665
Henry 983
Henry Dr. 372
Quoted 663-664
Hope Rev. 1039
Tomb of 362
J. 559
Robert 983
Hulsey, A. C. 969
W. H. Judge 425
Humbolt 813
Humphreys, George W. 1017
John 798
John J. 896
Joseph 821
R. 821
Humphries, C. 569
Hunter, Adam 1052
D. C. 655
Hardy 798
John 655
William 650
Huntington, Lady 649, 650
Hurd and Hungerford 810
Hurrican Creek 478
Shoals 478
Hurst, William 568
Hurt, Joel 938
Hurtel, Gordon Noel, account of the Calhoun-Williamson duel.45-48
Hutcheson, R. B. 793
Hutchings, Asa 703
Hutchins, Anthony 710
G. R. Hon. 932
N. L. Mrs., Judge. 688
Hutchinson, E. B. 793
R. R. 793
Hutchison, Woods Dr. 804
Hyatt, James W. 794
Hyman, H. E. 1928
Pressly 1026
Robert 1026
Iacoda Trail 478
Illinois Monument, Kennesaw Mt., 681-682
Independent Presbyterian Church, Savannah 229, 290
Indian Antiquities of Floyd....733-734
Fighting in the Swamp..596-597
Fishery, The 915
House: Home of Chief Vann, 898-899
Myths and Legends of ..441-480
Springs, the Varner House, 611-613
Mentioned 730, 797
The (Cherokees, Creeks, etc.)
Tamar escapes from 467-468
Wars, Burnt Village, a Tale of, 460-464
Widow, De Soto infatuated with, 468-471
Indigo 103
Ingraham, Benj., a Moravian, 632, 633
T. G. 932
Ingram, Roswell 938
"Initials, The" 158
Inman, Hugh T. 427, 751
Joshua, patriot and soldier..539
S. M. 751
Walker P. 427
"Instincts of Birds and Beasts"...224
"Intelligencer, The" .....
Inverness
Irene, a Moravian school.....212
Irish Volunteers 966
Ironville 801
Irvin, Chas. M. 884
John 1021
Irving, Theodore, historian, ...52
Quoted 496-471
Irwin, Alexander, a Revolutionary soldier 800, 1027
Chas. M. 831
County, treated 799-801
David, Judge 672, 673
Elizabeth 800
Fort 1027
Frank 619
Hugh Lawson 800
Isabella E. 800
Jane 800
Jared, Gov. and Revolutionary soldier, his family record, 799-800
Mentioned, 18, 24, 111, 113, 550, 808, 821, 968, 1023, 1024, 1027
Jared, Jr. 800
John Capt. 800
John Lawson, a Revolutionary soldier 800, 1027
Margaret 800
Margaret Lawson 800
Martha Alexander 800
Thomas 800
Wm., a Revolutionary soldier, 800, 1027
Irwinton, county-seat of Wilkinson 1052-1053
Irwinville, county-seat of Irwin 800-801
Isaacs, Robert 228
Island Town, an Indian village ...655
Isle of Hope 265, 288
Of Syke 202
Itinerary of Hernando De Soto.....61
Iverson, Alfred Gen. 744, 903
Alfred, U. S. Senator....544, 546
Robert 935
Ivey, F. C. 999
Henry, a Revolutionary soldier, his grave 914-915
J. A. Dr. (Rev.) 990

J

Jack's Creek, Battle of, mentioned, 14, 139, 508, 1018
Jackson, Abraham 19
Andrew Gen., Pres. U. S., 30, 31, 610, 699, 832, 848
Apia Miss 990
Chas. T. Dr., claimant to discovery of anesthesia ..135, 136
Charlotte 293
County-seat of Butts 610-611
County, treated 801-813
Davenport 364
Eb 651
Father 241
Florence Barclay (Mrs. Henry R.)
Henry Dr., tomb of 368-369
Henry Capt., 45, 46, 47, 145, 364, 927

Henry R. Gen., seizes arsenal at Augusta 966-967
Tomb of 295-296
Mentioned 306, 369, 644, 675, 679, 744
Henry R., Jr.....364
Jabez Hon., Congressman...545
James, Chief-Justice and Congressman 546, 1017, 387
James Gen., Gov., a Revolutionary patriot, as a duellist, 7, 9
Kills Gov. Wells 9
Duel with Robert Watkins.9-11
Speech to soldiers at siege of Augusta 514-515
Narrowly escapes assassination 574
Mentioned, ..303, 344, 345, 365, 543, 550, 821, 947
James, of Wilkinson 1053
J. M. 570
John K. Gen.....330, 744
Joseph W. Hon., Congressman, 546
Tomb of 305-306
Major 102
Martha Cobb (Mrs. W. H.)
Mary Miss 69
Mary Charlotte, tomb of 277
Robert 1053
Stonewall Gen. (T. J.) 877
Thomas Cobb 364
Wm. Major 520
Wm. H. Col., tomb of....365-366
Mentioned 1016
Jacksonville, former county-seat of Telfair 985
Jacobs, Joseph Dr. 763, 1043
Thornwell Rev. 573, 761
James. Fort 1029
John H. 750
Jameson, K. 845
Mr. 105
S. Y. Rev. 777
Jamestown Exposition 382
Janes, Absalom 560
Jansen, Stephen Theodore, Member of Parliament, Trustee of Ga. 527
Jarrett, Deveaux Dr., patriot.540, 1042
Jasper County, treated 808-813
County-seat of Pickens ..928-929
Spring 189
Wm. Sergeant 188, 928
Jeff Davis County, treated 813-818
Jefferson, county-seat of Jackson, where anesthesia was discovered 131-139
Mentioned 801-803
County, treated 818-821
Thomas Pres. 809, 917
Jeffersonville, county-seat of Twiggs, 1007
Jeffries, S. C. 560
Jelks, J. O. 864
Jenkins, Charles J. Gov., tomb of, 321-322
Mentioned 96, 550, 822
County, treated 821-822
Howell W. 1001
Jack 930
John, patriot 539
John M. 929
Royal 1053
Thos. 950
Jennings, Jefferson 567
Jernigan, Lewis A. Judge 1026
Jerusalem Church 179-192
Jesse House 1051
Jesup, county-seat of Wayne, 1028-1029
Gen. 1029
Jewish Burial Ground, Savannah, 311-312
Jobson, F. W. 797
Joe Brown Pike, history of....656-658
Johnson, Abda Col. 592
Andrew Pres. 121
Billy 619
B. F. Capt. 93
Chas. H. 972
County, treated 822
D. D. 569
David 973
Dennis 770
E. M. 568
E. V. 1039
Gabriel 667
Greene F. Mrs. 812
Henry 857
Herschel V. Gov., U. S. Senator, tomb of 346
Mentioned ...334, 544, 550, 562, 563, 565, 568, 594, 673, 822
Isaac 859, 860
James Gov. 404, 546, 550
James 559
James 642
James F. 567, 569
Jared 845
Jennie Miss 1017
J. M. Mrs. 754
John B. 668
John Calvin Rev. 922
John Calvin 922, 923
Mark 592, 942
Nicholas 929
Samuel 667
Samuel C. 701
Samuel D. 668
Thomas 94
Walter 922
Wm. Judge 84
Wm. Col. 1048
Wm. 1017
W. L. 1028
Johnston, Hiram 988
Joseph E. Gen., 159, 652, 674, 742, 921, 1034
Nehemiah 1017, 1018
Richard Malcolm 144
Quoted 148-150
Mentioned 776, 791-792
Stephen, patriot 539
Thomas 976
Johnstone, George H. 75
Launcelot, his great invention 885
Joice, Wm. 896
Joiner, W. J. 1028
Jolly, John 736
Levi 587
Jones, A. S. 560, 567
Charles C., Jr., historian and scholar, tomb of.....322
Quoted 4, 187-189, 468-471, 528-534, 579-581, 581-583, 583-584, 732-735, 839-840
Mentioned, 52, 53, 55-56, 58-61, 194, 201-205, 212, 344, 483, 502, 520, 576, 768, 785, 819, 836, 897
Charles C. Dr. (Rev.), evangelistic work among the slaves, 835-836
Mentioned 344, 835
Charles Edgeworth 201
County, treated 822-824
C. W. 963

Dudley 738
Edward 638
Elijah E. 884
Francis Edgeworth Capt. ..337
G. 821
George Dr., U. S. Senator, physician, jurist, tomb of.....289
Mentioned 543, 651, 821
Gordon T. 806
Henry 638
Henry, patriot 540
James Hon., Congressman, 544, 821, 824
James H. 789
James T. 795
James W. 786
Jesse P. 592
John Major, duel on horse-back 6-7
Mentioned 197
John, of Montgomery 821
John A. Col. 403, 903
John A. Mrs. 158, 160, 161
John H. Major, builder of Elberton 726
John H. 226
John J. Hon., Congressman..546
John L. 872
John Paul, naval officer of Revolution 283, 751
John R. 875
John W., Congressman.....546
Lavonia Hammond 726
Malachi 589
M. Ashby, Rev. 957, 965
Matthew 300
Noble Judge, companion of Oglethorpe, Colonial Captain and Jurist, master early Masonic Lodge 264-267
Tomb of 287
Mentioned, 289, 629, 639, 641, 642
Noble Wymberley Dr., patriot, tomb of 288
Mentioned 78, 102, 264, 265, 267, 278, 289, 484, 538, 638, 641, 642
Obadiah 925
Robert A. 872, 873
Russell 806
R. W. 655
Sallie Miss 967
S. A. H. Capt. 1024, 1025
Samuel G. 668
Sam. P. (Rev., tomb of.....411
Mentioned 593
Seaborn, Hon., tomb of 316
Seaborn Col., Congressman, 400-401
Mentioned 545, 546, 575
Seaborn Mrs. 160
Thomas 725
Thomas Col. 913
Thos. F. 911
Thos. F. Col. 913
Thos. G. Judge 668
Vault 79, 80
W. A. 1053
W. B. 567
Wm. 638, 722, 845
Wm. Col., tomb of 355
Willis A. 831
Jonesboro, county-seat of Clayton, 668-669
Jordan, E. H. 812
Fleming 809
Harvie 812
John, a Revolutionary soldier, 1026
John W. 982
Josiah 1048
Leland 812
Leonidas 351
Polly, mentioned, Hill.....1048
Reuben 658
Wm. M. Mrs. 1049
Jourdan, Tabitha, mentioned, Lamar 399, 907
Jug Tavern, afterwards Winder...578
"Just from Georgia" 751
Justice, John G. 795

K

Kaigler, Henry 798
Kane, Father 958
Karow, Edward Mrs. 87
"Kearsarge, The" 392
Keen, Chas. M. 858
Keeter, Adin 929
Keifer, Theodore 639
Keiley, Benjamin J. Bishop, quoted, 645-648
Keith, Jehu W. 559
Jethro W. 702
Kell, John, patriot 540
John McIntosh, Gen., tomb of 393
Mentioned 852
Kellogg, M. P., Prof., his tomb, 437-438
Mentioned 697, 698, 699
Kellum, Seth 708
Kelly, Edward J. 78, 80, 82
James M. Hon. 797
John J. 310, 648, 649
Thomas 1008
Kelsey, Joel 739
Kenan, Augustus H. Hon., 351, 562, 564, 567
O. H. Judge.....559, 697, 900
Kendall, David 980, 1009
Robert, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 526
Thomas R. Rev. 1013
Kendrick, Adolphus D. 798
James 1021
Judson 798
Kennedy, Fields 772
Solomon 555
W. D. Dr. 624
Kennesaw Chapter, U. D. C. .408, 682
Mountain 60, 407, 681
Rangers 679
Kennon, Charles 559
Charles L. 1001
Lewis 828, 935
Kent, Charles, patriot 540
Family, of Wheeler 1030
W. T. 1028
Kerkly, Lemma 671
Kerksey, James 993, 994
Wm. 994
Kerley, John 931
Ketchum, R. C. 568
Ketterer, Philip 556
Kettle Creek, Battle of, 139, 141, 506, 1041
Key, Caleb W. 884
James B. 668, 669
Joshua 774
Tandy W. 796
Thomas H. 559
Kicklighter, Fred 739
Kiddoo, David Judge 539, 987
Kiker, H. A. 794
Kile, John Sr. 739
Kilgore, Willis 569
Killen, John 797

Samuel D. 797
Kilpatrick, J. H. V. 773
Kimball, Chas. D. Hon. Gov. of R. I. 86
House 760
Kimbrough, James 796
Kinsey, Elijah 569
Thomas 785
Kincaid, W. J. Capt. 973
Kinchafoonee, afterwards Webster, County 1029
Creek 869
King, Alfred H. 931
Barrington 220, 685
B. B. 1009
Capt., a Texan commander, 119, 120
C. W. F. 654
Evelyn Miss 218, 219
Hiram 703
Jack Capt. 45, 46, 47
James 738
John Capt. 216
John 615, 821
J. A. M. 839
John P. Judge, U. S. Senator and railway pioneer..312, 544, 560, 587, 770, 854
Julia Miss 837
Louisa 927
Margaret 927
Porter Hon. 427, 927
Ralph 218
Robert 628
Roswell, founder of town of Roswell, his tomb 684-685
Mentioned 216, 217, 839
T. B. Dr. 1022
Tandy D. 736
Thomas 218, 702
Thomas Butler, Congressman and railway pioneer, tomb of 767
Mentioned 296, 546, 559
Wm. P. 763
Wm. R. Hon. 792
Yelverton P. Col. 575
Kingsley, Charles 993
Kingston: Story of the Old Beck Home 585-588
Mentioned 224
Kiokee Church (Baptist)....689-691
Mentioned 172
Creek 689
Kirby, Father 646, 647
Kirkland 568
James H. Chancellor 956, 957
Kirkpatrick, James Wallace....407
Kirksey, Elisha J. 904
Kiser, J. F. 427
M. C. 427
Kittles, John R. 970
Kleckley, Dan 857
Knight, Jonathan 845
Levi J. Capt., his Indian campaign 596-597
Lucian Lamar, historian, unveils monument at Herod Town 990-991
Dedicates Burns Memorial Cottage 763
Address at the grave of Mr. Stephens 149
Accepts a flag for the State 761
Address at the grave of Gov. Candler 788
Unveils monument at Fort Hawkins 598
Wm. 1028
Knox, Henry Gen. 112, 696
Samuel 568
Knoxville, county-seat of Crawford, 695
Kogler, John 712
Kolb, Martin 911
Wilde 884
Kollock, George J. 299
Henry Rev. 311
P. M. 299
Ku-klux in Georgia 903-905
Kurtz, Wilbur G., quoted....231-234

L

LaFayette, county-seat of Walker, 1013-1014
Gen., arrives on Georgia soil, 650-652
Banquet to 574-577
Mentioned ..67, 81, 82, 400, 576, 730
George Washington 574, 575
Volunteers 574
LaGrange, county-seat of Troup, 1001-1002
Female College 1002
Lamar, Albert R. Col....563, 644, 947
Andrew J. Rev. 947
Basil 946
C. A. L. Col. 903, 947
Tomb of 308
Caroline Agnes 308
Evalina 943
Ezekiel Dr. 946
Gazaway B. 947
Harmong 919
Henry G. Judge, Congressman, tomb of 388
Mentioned, 545, 575, 661, 827, 945
Henry J. 382, 391, 824
Homestead of Putnam ..942-943
James S. Rev., theologian and scholar, quoted 718-719
Article on the Old Field School 252-253
Tomb of 337
J. T. Dr. 988
Jefferson J. 943, 944
Jefferson Mirabeau 945
Tomb of 367
John, tomb of 942
Mentioned 393
John Basil, tomb of 384-385
Mentioned 567, 946
Joseph B. Hon. 947
Joseph Rucker, Associate Justice Supreme Court U. S...252, 721, 803, 946
LaFayette Capt. 568, 946
Lavoisieir LeGrande 943
Loretta, mentioned. Chappell 944
Lucius Mirabeau Col. 945
Lucius Q. C., Associate Justice Supreme Court U. S., Member of Cabinet, and U. S. Senator, his last hours. 602-604
Speech at Emory College, 920-921
Mentioned 391, 908, 919, 944
Lucius Q. C. Judge, tomb of. 348-349
Mentioned, 366, 942, 944, 945, 1042
Mary Ann (Mrs. Henry G.)..388
Mary Ann, mentioned, Longstreet 945

Mary Ann, mentioned, Cobb, 364, 946
Mirabeau Bonaparte Gen., Second President of Texas Republic, soldier, diplomat and poet, recollections of ..906-908
Inscription on monument to, 908-909
Mentioned, ..399, 402, 942, 944
Peter Col. 559, 843, 845, 946
Philip 262
Prudence, mentioned, Winn..946
Rebecca 947
Susan, mentioned, Wiggins ..945
Thomas 821, 845
Thomas Randolph 942, 944
Thompson Bird Dr. 945
Victoria, mentioned, Lochrane, 945
Wm. B. Judge 945
Walter D. Mrs., Pres. Ga. U. D. C. 148, 825
Wm. 262
Zachariah, of Wilkes 843
Zachariah Col. 351, 384, 946
Lamb, H. K. 868
J. C. 567
W. E. 596
Lambdin, Charles E. 931
Lambert, John, tomb of 342
Mr., entertains Washington, 104
Lambert's Causeway 343
Lamkin, John 845
Lancaster, Thomas 789
Land, F. E. Mrs. 990
F. M. 163
Landers, John 691
Lane, Annie M. Miss, regent, 140, 141, 1050
Charles W. Rev., tomb of ..367
Daniel T. 703
Dawson B. 884
Edward 727, 935
Emmie Miss 1050
George 919
Henry 265
James H. Dr. 176, 1045
Joseph H. 687
Nancy H. 687
Richard A. 1001
Samson 738
Walter P. 907
Lang, Henry C. Capt. 1026
Isaac 615
Langdale, E. S. 1021
Langmade, E. S. 570, 1026
John 1026
Langston, Wm. J. 850
Langworthy, Edward, patriot, 538, 542, 543
Lanier, a forgotten county-seat, 854, 855, 856, 857
Lewis 610, 821
Robert S. 930
Sidney, poet, musician, lecturer, his monument in Augusta 955-958
Birth-place of 604-605
Mentioned 326, 570, 761, 803
Stirling 390
L'Apostre, Henry, Trustee of Georgia 526
Laroche, James, Member of Parliament, Trustee of Georgia, 526
LaRose, Essie (Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris) 242
Lasseter, S. F. Dr. 988
Emory 703
Lemuel M. 708
W. A. B. 703
Last Order of Confederate Government 154-156
Latham, T. W. Col. 432
Latimer, Charles 407
Eleanor Swift 407
F. H. 566
J. H. 567
S. H. 569
Wm. 589, 592
Laurel Grove Cemetery, Savannah, 299-311
View: Home of Senator Elliott 837
Laurens County, treated 827-831
Henry Col. 6
Lavoisier, Col. 574, 575
Lavonia, Ga. 726
Law, David G. 770
James 786
Wm. E. Judge 197, 835
Lawhorn, Allen 795, 559, 987
Daniel 987
Lawrence, Fort 693
James Capt. 783
J. M. 772
Nicholas 267
Lawrenceville, county-seat of Gwinnett 783
Lawson, Hugh, gent. 559, 800
Margaret 800
Thomas G. Judge, Congressman 548
Lawton, Alexander R. Gen., tomb of, 296-297
Mentioned 749
J. S. Dr. 905
Sarah Alexander (Mrs. A. R.) 297
Lay, Wm. 655
Leak, Robert 668
Wesley 971
Wm. 971
W. W. 593
Leaksville, afterwards Jonesboro, 668
LeConte, John 996
John Dr. 341
Joseph Dr. 341
Louis 340
Pear, the 340, 995-997
Wm., patriot 540, 638
Ledbetter, Gen. 233
Lee, Bell Mrs. 860
Bennett 619
Chas. Gen. 198
County, treated 831-833
E. E. 705
Elizabeth Mrs. 339, 340
Francis 195
Gordon Hon., Congressman, 548, 549, 680
Henry Gen. ("Light-Horse Harry") 513
Ivy L., quoted 241, 941
James W. Rev., quoted, 181-182, 632-633
Mentioned 634, 636, 637
John 862
Peter 668
Robert E. Gen., 249, 364, 587, 742, 756, 877
R. E. Institute 1010
Stephen D. Gen. 728
Thomas 638
Warren 857
Leesburg, county-seat of Lee.....831
Lee's Old War-Horse.....319, 375, 786

Legion 13
Legend of Hiawassee.....442-445
Of Lovers' Leap 446-448
Of Nacoochee 441-442
Of Sweetwater Branch...449-450
Legwin, W. A. 146
Leigh, Capt. 700
Leightner, J. M. 654
Leman, John Ensign, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Lemlie, Philip S. 559
LeMoyne, John 646
Lenoir, Basil O. 924
Lenter, Seaborn 896
Leonard, Charles A. 939
James P. 980
Ludwell E. 987
Van 559
Lester, George N. Judge.....410, 672
Henry 569
Rufus E. Hon., Congressman, tomb of 298
Mentioned 548
Lethbon, ...135
Leverett, B. Mrs. 812
Matthew 872
LeVert, Dr. 325
Female College 979-980
Octavia Walton (Madame), tomb of 325
Mentioned 979, 980, 1052
Levy, Mr. 933, 944
Lewis, Artemus 975
Banking Co. 864
David 638
Dixon H. Hon. 792
D. W. Col. 36
Emily Mrs. 973
E. B. Hon., Congressman, ...727
Elam B. 857
Elbert 1018
G. A. Mrs. .....
Henry T. Judge, nominated Bryan in the Chicago Convention 235-237
Tomb of 360-361
James 559
J. L. 559
John F. 864
John W. Dr. 656
T. S. Capt. 432
Lexington, Historic Old, county-seat of Oglethorpe, ...924-925
Leyden, Austin Major, ..753, 756, 905
Liberty County, treated.....833-843
Hall: the home of Mr. Stephens 142, 153
Light Dragoons 650
Liberty's Oldest Family: the Maxwells 837-839
Liddell, Andrew J. 730
Ligon, J. 559
Lilly, Adair 167
Limerick, James Lord, Trustee of Georgia 526
Lincoln, Abraham Pres., 122, 123, 665, 817
Benjamin Gen. 843, 518, 103
County, treated 843-845
Lincolnton, county-seat of Lincoln, 843-844
Lind, Jennie 69
Linder, Charles W. 822
Lindley, E. H. 567
Lindsay, Horace 700
J. T. 1051
Reuben 725
Lindsey, J. W. Hon. 788
Samuel 833
Linnwood Cemetery, Columbus, 156-167
Mentioned 397-404
Linton, Alexander B. 372, 663
John S. Dr. 372
Lion of Lucerne 251, 418
Lipscomb, Andrew A. Chancellor, tomb of 370
Francis Adgate 370
Nathaniel 796
"Lispings of the Muse" 64
Lithgow, Mr. 105
Litfle, Daniel M. 976
"Giffen" 400
Satilla River 542
Wm. 982
Wm. A. Judge 980
W. G. 1053
Littlefield, T. P. 1029
Livingston, Alfred Col., his escape from the Indians 917-919
Mentioned 911
Ga. 730
Isaac 709
John F. 705
Leonidas F. Hon., Congressman 548, 917
Lloyd, Benj., patriot 539
Caroline Mrs. 286
James 696
Samuel, Trustee of Georgia ..527
Lochrane, Osborne A. Chief-Justice, tomb of 422-423
Mentioned 388, 661, 945
Lochren, Wm. 667
Lockett, Wm. 696
Lockhart, Henry 560
Samuel 610
Samuel L. 558
Samuel S. 610
Loftis, Samuel 700
Lofton, James 720
John 720
Logan, J. P. Dr. 562, 568, 753, 754
Logue, Calvin 568
Lombards, ...1
Lommy, John W. 976
London 338
John 821
Long, Caroline Swain 367
Crawford W. Dr., discoverer of anesthesia 131-138
Tomb of 366-367
Mentioned 660, 661, 803, 804, 866
Elizabeth Ware 133
Ellen Williamson 133
H. H. 569
Henry L. 831
James 133, 866
James L. 971
J. 998
Jefferson F. Hon. 547
Jones Dr. 660
M. E. Mrs. 286
Samuel 133
Thomas 559
Longstreet, A. B. Judge, 329, 780, 919, 944
Hannah, tomb of 319
Helen Dortch (Mrs. James), 375, 376
James Gen., tomb of 375-376
Mentioned 304, 371, 786, 788
James C. 945
Maria Louisa Garland, first wife of Gen. Longstreet,..376
Wm., given patent for steamboat 99
Tomb of 319
Mentioned 101, 319

Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes".....385
Looscan, M. Mrs. 909-910
Loper, Joshua 712
Lopez, Gen. 648
Lord, Maria Miss 826
Wm. 638, 790
"Lost Arcadia, A".....225
Lost at Sea: Shipwreck of the "Home" 601-602
For 114 Years: Mystery of Gen. Greene's Place of Entombment 71-89
Louisiana 107
Purchase Exposition 382
Louisville, cemeteries of 344-347
Gazette 94
Love, Bunnie Miss 967
James R. 654
Peter E. Dr., Congressman, 546 828, 994
Lovejoy, Samuel 610
Lovelace, T. J. 794
Lovers' Leap, Legend of 446-448
Lovett, Howard Meriwether Mrs...921
Wm. 970
Low, J. H. 568
Lowe, Aaron 856, 857
And Co. 228
Lewis D. Mrs. 757
Mrs., Gov. Rabun's daughter, 793
Philip, patriot 540
Wm. 1009
Lowndes County, treated.....845-846
Wm. Hon. 845
Lowndesville 845
Lowrey, Allen 988
John R. 1007
J. S. Mrs., State Historian, D. A. R. 989
J. W. F. 988, 989
Lowry, W. M. 427
Lowther, Samuel 824, 1019
Loyall, Fannie, mentioned, Boynton 393
Jesse 810
John 911
Richard 911
Loyless, J. E. 989
Lucas, Frederick W. 372, 661
John 790
Luckie, A. F. 911
James 925
W. D. Major 756
Lucy Cobb Institute 364
Luke, Jasper M. 595
John C. 801
"Luminary, The," Atlanta's first newspaper 750
Lumpkin, Ann, mentioned, Alden..926
Callie, mentioned, King.....927
Charles M. 927
County-seat of Stewart...974-975
County, treated 846-850
E. K. 927
Edward P. 927
Elizabeth, mentioned, Whateley 926
Elizabeth Walker 927
Family Record, The 926-927
Frank 927
Henry H. 878
Independent Academy 974
James M. 927
John 774, 821, 925, 926
John C. 927
John H. Hon., Congressman 417, 546, 730, 927
Joseph Henry, Chief-Justice, 571, 659, 660, 886, 926, 927
Joseph Henry, Associate-Justice 147, 763, 927
Joseph Troup 927
Lucy, mentioned, Gerdine....927
Lucy, mentioned, Pope.....926
Marion McHenry, mentioned, Cobb 927
Martha, mentioned, Compton, 927
Miller G. 927
Pleiades 926
Robert C. 927
Samuel, Associate-Justice ...927
Samuel H. 927
W. W. Prof. 927, 365
Wm. 927
Wilson Gov. and United States Senator, tomb of 362-363
Mentioned 544, 545, 550, 661, 774, 926, 950, 974, 1017
Wilson, Jr. 927
Lumpkins, The: a sketch of ..665-666
Luther, Martin 179
Lutheran Meeting House (Salzburgers) 179
Lyle, D. R. 568
James R. 923
Lynden, E. S. Dr. 662, 763
Lyon, John A. 929
Norris 795
Richard F., Associate-Justice, 390, 947
Lyons 932
County-seat of Toombs 999

Mc

McAdoo, Wm. G. Hon. 28
McAfee, J. 559
J. A. 1028
John W. 786
W. H. 849
McAlhaney, R. W. 712
McAllister, Fort 607
John 772
J. M. Mrs. 159, 162
McArthur, Peter 1052
McAuley, Murdock 993
McBride, J. M. 793
N. M. 709
McCall, Charles 610, 821
Frances 845
Francis 610
Hugh Major, tomb of.....282
Quoted 4
Mentioned 193, 195, 513, 520, 609
John 933
John G. 985
Moses N. 970
Sherrod 610
McCallie, S. W. Prof., State Geologist 896, 897
McCaskill, John 860
Murdock 860
McCay, Charles 638
H. K. 744
McClellan, D. 1053
McClendon, J. J. 697
McClesky, David 786
McClung, J. H. Judge.....866
McClure, James 783
John, patriot 537, 638
McCollom, Leonard 667
McConnell, James 669
John 567, 786
J. T. 567
Lincoln Rev. 1013
McCook, J. C. F. 654
Patrick H. 987
McCord, Cora, mentioned, Gov. Jo-

seph M. Brown 675
John 611
Joseph A. 148
McCoy, Alex., a Cherokee.....901
Daniel 736
McCrary, John T. 976
McCullar, Matthew 974
McCulloch, J. J. 568
McCulloch, antiquarian 52, 56
McClure, Rufus 611
McDaniel, Henry D. Gov., 145, 426, 550, 562, 569, 749, 858, 1019
Charles J. Gov., his home at Marietta 674-677
Ira O. 426, 739, 774
John 986
An episode in his career, 677-679
Tomb of 678
Mentioned ...410, 550, 617, 619, 672, 673, 824, 827
George Mrs. 990
John 1015, 1016, 1035
Mary A. 617
W. A. 569
McDonough, county-seat of Henry..796
James Capt., a naval officer, 796
McDowell, G. M. 569
John 845
McDuffie County, treated 850
George Hon., duel with Col. Wm. Cumming 29-31
Mentioned 317
McElroy, Andrew 703
McEntyre, Chief 1035
McFarland, John McNair 1035
McGee, Burton 896
Hugh, patriot 540
McGehee, Dr. 861
Micajah 1046
Sarah, mentioned, Hill.....1047
McGillivray, Alexander, halfbreed chief of the Creeks, 107, 246, 820, 952, 953
McGirth, Daniel, a celebrated Tory, 496-497
McGowan, Alexander 702
McGriff, P. T. Judge.....934
T. J. 569
McHenry, J. G. 886
McHunter, Alexander 938
McIntire, Frank P. Capt. 653
McIntosh, Aeneas Sir 852
Ann 852
Catharine, mentioned, Troup. 853
Chilly, a Creek Indian..619, 625
Commodore 197
County, treated 850-854
George 616, 638, 643
Harold 224
Henry M. Hon. 992
James McKay Commodore..197, 342, 852
John Capt. 853
John Col., of the Revolution, at Fort Morris 500-503
Mentioned ...198, 205, 499, 552, 539, 599, 638, 640
John H. 821
John Mohr, pioneer immigrant and soldier, 203, 205, 851, 852
John S. Col., of the Mexican War 852
Lachland Gen., of the Revolution, kills Button Gwinnett in a duel 4-6
Tomb of 279
Mentioned, 102, 103, 205, 537, 638, 851, 852
Maria J., novelist, 197, 608, 852
Reserve 627
Roderick Capt., ...499, 638, 853
Wm. Gen., Chief of the Cowetas or Lower Creeks, his old home, the Varner House 611-613
Murder of 624-626
His unmarked grave...627-628
Mentioned 619, 638, 852, 853
Wm., patriot 540
McIntoshes, The: a Noted Clan, 851-853
Mac Intyre, A. T., Hon. 549, 994
McKay, Henry K. Judge 395, 432, 744
McKee, Wm. L. 976
McKellar, Dr. 856
McKenzie, Chesley 948
John Henry 866
J. W. 864
T. R. 864
W. L. 864
McKinley, Carlisle, poet and editor, tomb of 357
Mentioned 697, 925
Ezekiel Hon. 697
Junia Miss, her D. A. R. memorial 757-758
Wm. Pres. 981
McKinne, John 968
McKinney 729
McKinnie, J. P. 228
McKinnis, Daniel 703
McKinyan, Charles 985
McKnight, Washington Rev.....316
McLain, W. A. Mrs., regent, 989, 990, 991
McLane, W. A. 1039
McLaughlin, Ann Mrs. 286
McLaws, LaFayette Gen., tomb of, 303-304
Mentioned 674
McLean, Andrew, patriot 540
H. 569
John, patriot.....540
Josiah, patriot 541
Mrs. 994
Wm. H. 610
McLendon, J. J. 697
Wm. 864
McLeod, D. A. 570
John Rev., first Presbyterian minister in Ga. 203
McMahon, P. H. Rev. (Father) ..959
McMichael, E. H. Hon. 868
W. G. Rev. 611
McMillan, Archibald 993
Daniel 1002
Garnett Col. 547, 784
John Capt. 855
Robert Col. 725
McMullan, Capt. 855
McMullin, S. 559
MacMurphy, Daniel Capt., a Revolutionary soldier, tomb of, 330-341
McNeal, James 821
McNulty, M. A. 987
McPhane, W. H. 1053
McPherson, Fort 758
James B. Gen., a Federal officer, killed 744
McRae, county-seat of Telfair..985-986
Daniel M. 985
Duncan 985
John, Sr. 894
Thos. M. 566, 569
Wm. 985
McWhir, Wm. Rev., his academy at Sunbury 839-840

Mentioned 194
McWhorter, Hamilton Judge 788, 927
Mabry, C. W. 568
Ephraim 931
W. J. 567
Mack, Martin Rev. 214
Mackay, Charles Ensign.....205
Hugh Capt., Oglethorpe's Regiment 203, 205, 769
James Ensign, Oglethorpe's Regiment 609, 769
Macon Athenaeum 382
County, treated 854-856
County-seat of Bibb, cradle of, 598-599
The first white child born in, 600
Rose Hill Cemetery 381-391
History Club 604
Light Artillery 382
Telegraph 246, 599, 947
Macy, R. H. & Co. 981
Maddock, Joseph, Quaker 638
Maddox, John W. Judge 548, 655
Robert F. Col. 427
Maddux, John 810
W. D. Dr. 810
Madison, county-seat of Morgan, 883-884
Collegiate Institute 884
County, treated 866
Female College 884
Madison's Historic Homes....885-887
Maffett, John Col., of the Revolution, tomb of 404
Magridge, Francis 629
Maham, Major 513
Mahon, Mrs. 856
Tower 513
Mahone, Thomas 795
Maine, Lewis 1019
Maitland, Capt. 485, 187
"Major Jones' Courtship" 305
Mallard, John B. 834
Robt. Q. Rev. 753
Mallary, C. E. 567
Mallon, Bernard Prof., tomb of...427
Maltbie, W. .....
Maltby, Richard 989
Man Who Married the Thunderer's Sister, The 471-474
Manahan, W. J. Lieut. 679
Manasas, town of 589
Manilla Bay, Battle of 673
Manly, Dr. 864
Lee ....
Mann, D. W. 976
J. W. 709
Luke 638
Zachariah 669
Manson, F. E. 568
"Many, Many Stars," an old game, 256
Marbury, Horatio, Capt. 11
Leonard, patriot 540, 638
Margravate of Azilia, The 528-534
Marietta, county-seat of Cobb..670-673
Confederate Cemetery 407
Georgia Military Institute, 673-674
Where two Governors lived, 674-677
Mentioned 216, 232, 679, 741
Marion County, treated 867-871
Markham, Wm. 427, 739
Markwalter, Theodore, sculptor....142
Maroney, Philip D. 1008
Marsh, E. W. 427, 914
McAllen B. 914
Spencer 1013
Marshall, Abraham Rev., Baptist pioneer 691
Alfred Colquitt 383
College 971
Daniel Rev., Baptist pioneer, 141, 174, 689
Jabez P. 774
John Rev., Marshallville named for 860
Solomon 693
W. B. 569, 980
Marshallville, Ga. 859-862
Nicholas 797
"Marshes of Glynn, The" 326
Marthasville, afterwards Atlanta, 363, 738
Martin, Alonzo 233
Archibald 789
Barkly 559
Billy 860
C. H. 801
David 1021
Francis S. 809
G. P. 808
H. M. 794
I. A. 941
Institute 802
Isaac Capt. 264, 267
James, patriot 514, 516
James E. 703
Jane E. Ware Mrs., a davit on origin of Memorial Day 157-159
John, a Cherokee 1034
John, a soldier of Revolution, tomb of 330, 516, 540
John, naval officer 195, 196
John Gov. 549, 638
J. H. Judge 933
John H. 448
L. H. O. 568, 719
Marshall 516
N. T. Capt. 811
Thomas H. 749
T. H. 747
Wm. 568, 703, 736, 849
Wm. D. Rev. 802, 803, 1048
W. D. 568, 808
Maryland 326, 384
Mason, G. L. 1028
John C. 935
S. W. 644
Masonic Hall, Savannah 648-649
History: Georgia's Early, 263-269
Lodge, First in Georgia.....196
Lodge of Eatonton.....938-939
Lodge of Oglethorpe 857
Lodge of Washington, D. C., 962, 963
Massee, Needham 859, 862
Massey, Martha Miss 826
Nathan 884
R. J. Dr., quoted.....249
Mentioned 30
Mathers, Thomas 264, 267
Matheson, Daniel 975
Mathews, D. A. Dr. 726
George, Governor and soldier of Revolution, tomb of 313
Mentioned 111, 112, 113, 544, 549
Matthews, Capt. 651
James 883
John 1021
John B. 784
J. E. F. Judge 1012
J. G. 559
Josiah M. 980
Wm. A. 798

W. B. 973
W. C. 1028
Wm. H. 828
Mattox, Elijah 669
John A. 984
John Homer Dr. 669
Maulden, A. M. 1000
Maxwell, Audley 640, 837-838
Audley Col. 838
Elisha, proscribed by Tory Government 540
Elizabeth 609
James 838
His home, Belfast....607-609, 638, 639
James Col. 195, 838
J. Ben. 19, 821
Lieut. 609
Point 838
Rebecca 838
Thomas, proscribed by Tory Government 538, 608, 838
Thomas, Jr., proscribed by Tory Government 540
William Col. 638, 834
W. M. Capt. 651
Maxwells, The: Liberty's Oldest Family 837-839
May, Benj. 974
James T. 985
P. L. J. 857
Mayer, David, his tomb 431
Mayes, Edward 349
Mayfield, Stephen 969
Maynard, Wm. T. 380
Mead, Cowles Hon. 544
Meade, George G. Gen. 904, 905
Meaders, B. R. 849
R. C. 847
Meadow, Richard D. 765
Meadows, Milus R. 1009
Means, Alexander 563, 569
Alexander Dr. .397, 562, 915, 919
Medlock, John W. 407
Meek, A. B., Historian 52, 59
Mehaffey, J. H. Sergeant....679
Meigs, Josiah Dr. 14
W. H. 14
Melbone, Edward G., painter, his tomb 284
John Gen. 284
Mell, Patrick H. Chancellor, tomb of 370
Mentioned 777

Wm. H. 919
Mellen, George Dr. 899
Melsaps, Reuben 622
Melvin, George Capt., of the Revolution 518
Memoirs of Judge Richard H. Clark, 823
Of Jefferson Davis 122
Memorial Arch: Colonial Park, 652-654
Day: its true history....156-167
Memories of Fifty Years....410
Of Joel Chandler Harris....244
Mendes, Isaac P. Rev. 648
Menifee, Willis P. 622
Menzies, John 264, 267
Mercer, George A. Hon. 75, 82
George A. Capt. 652
Herman 708, 982
Hill 177
Hugh W. Gen. 297, 744, 745
Jesse Rev., immersed in a barrel of water 172
Sketch of 174-179
Mentioned, 141, 773, 774, 775, 790, 820, 821, 1039, 1043, 1046
Jesse Mrs. (The Widow Simons) 177
Silas Rev., Baptist pioneer, his conversion 172-173
Sketch of 173-174
University: how a great Christian school was financed by a Colonial Jew 1043-1044
Wm. A. 931
"Mercer's Cluster," the first Baptist hymnal 177, 1045
Mercers, The: Two Pioneer Baptists, Silas and Jesse 172-178
Merchison, K. 793
Merchon, H. M. 567
Mercier, F. 709
Meriwether County, treated....871-875
David, Congressman and Indian Commissioner 544
James, Congressman and Indian Commissioner 545
James A., Congressman 546
Merritt, T. M. Capt. 871
Mestin, Randall W. 867
Methodism in Georgia, The Wesleys, 631-633
Wesley's Diary and Hymn Book 636-637
Schism of 1844 778-780
The cradle of 633-634
John Wesley's Love Affair, 634-636
Metropolitan Museum of Art 81
Metter, county-seat of Candler 623
Metzler, Mrs. 994
Sophia Miss 994
Mexican War 371
Mezzle, Jesse 727
Middlebrooks, James Mrs. 923
James M. 1009
Middleton, Hugh, patriot 541
Sarah 987
Midway Church, Centennial of 833-835
Religious work among the slaves 835-837
Mentioned 7, 194, 195, 199, 516, 570, 501, 502
Church-Yard 338-344
Hill 574
River 193, 194, 198, 500
Seminary 570
Miles, Gen., shackles Mr. Davis..815
"Militia Drill, The" 385
Milledge, Catharine Elliott 379
John, soldier of Revolution, Governor and U. S. Senator, tomb of 320-321
Mentioned ..8, 18, 484, 539, 543, 550, 639
John, son of Gov. Milledge, his tomb 379
John Capt. 917
John, pioneer and immigrant, 628
John Mrs. 754
John Chapter, D. A. R. 67
Milledgeville, county-seat of Baldwin, Town Cemetery 347-352
Mentioned 558, 741
Millen, county-seat of Jenkins....821
John Hon., tomb of 309
Mentioned 295, 546, 821
Miller, Andrew J. Judge, tomb of, 328
Recollections of 876
Mentioned 334, 616, 876
A. L. Judge 749, 798
Andrew 948

B. S. Hon. 871
County, treated 875-876
Frank H. 337, 876
H. V. M. Dr., physician and United States Senator, "The Demosthenes of the Mountains" 948-949
Tomb of 416
Mentioned 544, 592, 730
James M. 798
Joseph 709
Major, a Texan commander..117
Major, of Oglethorpe 857
Odrey 285
Phineas 74
Phineas Mrs. 74
Samuel, patriot 538
Stephen F. Major, quoted, 568, 686-687, 970-971, 997-998, 1000-1001
Mentioned 574, 576, 577, 701, 737, 876
Thomas 615
Mills, John B. Mrs. 973
Nancy, mentioned, Simons, mentioned, Mercer 1043
Patrick H. 987
Thos. R. 973
Milner, Pitt S. 971
Willis J. 930
Milton County, treated 876-877
D. R. 929
John Hon. 821, 826
W. P. 568
Mims, Henry 979
John F. 427
Joseph 976
Minis, J. 228
Philip, patriot 539
Minor, Wm. 855
Mint, U. S., at Dahlonega 846
Miona Springs 854, 855
Miscellanies of Georgia 402
Mississippi University 349
Valley in the Civil War....742
Mitchell, Archelaus H. 919
Benj. 1053
Camilla Miss 877
County, treated 877
Daniel R. 416, 730
David B. Gov., tomb of....350
Mentioned 19, 27, 139, 550, 968
E. A. 975
Frances, historian 446
Hardy 869
Hartwell 889, 892
Henry 569
Henry Gen., tomb of 374
Isaac W. Dr. 34
James 883
James M. 975
John 824
Judith Mrs. 873
O. M. Gen. 231, 232
Place, a plantation owned by Gov. Troup, where his death occurred 889-892
Robert 228, 417, 930
R. V. Dr. 417
Samuel 929
S. N. 1039
Thos. D. Hon., duel with Major Beall 32-33
Killed by Dr. Ambrose Baber, 33-34
W. J. F. 569
Wm. 883, 929
Wm. L. 372
Mixon, A. C. Rev. 909, 917
W. W. 1028
Mobley, B. D. 556
C. T. 1018
Moncrief, Arthur 1019
Monegan, James Prof. 869
Monette, John M. Dr., antiquarian, 52, 56
"Monroe Advertiser" 878
County, treated 877-883
County-seat of Walton.1017-1018
Edward V. 832
Fortress 813
James Pres. 229, 1017
James Chapter, D. A. R.....882
Nathan 391
Neill 828
Philip M. 833
Railroad, one of the oldest in the State 386, 879
"Montezuma Georgian, The" 865
"Record, The" 865
Ga. 862-865
Montgomery, Claude 808
County, treated 887-895
Guards 966
James 704
Richard Gen. ...302, 893, 894-896
Robert Sir, his Margravate of Azilia 528-534
W. S. 569
W. W. Gen. 320
W. W. Judge 320
Monticello, county-seat of Jasper, 809-811
Moody, James 1017
Moon, James G. 184
Thos, ...932
Mooeny, James, ethnologist, 52, 56, 58, 59, 61
Quoted ....450, et seq.
Moor, Henry 569
Moore, Andrew, patriot 538, 638
A. R. 559
Benning B. Judge....845
Chas., Sr. 800
Henry Rev. 636
John 559, 968
John L. Dr. 393
Lee C. Mrs. 619
Mary 800
Matthew R. 702
Madison, coachman to Gov. Troup 890
Richard D. Dr. 372
Robert, Member of Parliament, Trustee of Georgia 526
R. H. Col. 847, 849
S. L. 567
Thos. 372, 559, 669, 800
T. C. 794
Wm. A. 427
Moran, P. J. 751
Moravian Mission, at Spring Place, 900
Moravians in Georgia 211-215
Morel, John 264, 638, 643
Morell, Peter 640
Moreno, Theodore Major 377
Morgan County, treated 883-887
Daniel Gen. 514, 613, 883
E. F. Rev. 990
George, Oglethorpe's Regiment, 769
Hiram 613
Joseph Capt. 33
Joseph H. Major 754, 756
Joseph H. Mrs. 752, 753, 754
Manoes 700
Samuel 589
Stokeley 809

Wm. L. 589
Morganton, former county-seat of Fannin 729
Morris, Charles Prof. 372
D. 947
Fort, the last to lower the Colonial flag 198-202
James H. 729
Joseph 704
Nicholas E. 975
Thos., patriot 538
Wm. 704
Morris Station 233
Morrison, Elizabeth 890
John 821, 890
Malcolm 558
Peter 890
Wm. R., "Horizontal Bill" ..235
Morrow, R. E. 667, 669
Morton, A. H. 923
J. Sterling 236
Wm. G. T. Dr., claimant to discovery of anesthesia, 131, 135, 136
Wm. M. 372, 559, 663
Mosely, Benjamin 821
Benjamin T. 560
Henry T. 559
Moses, Chas. L. Hon., Congressman, 548
His tomb 438
Raphael J., executes last order of Confederate Government 154,-156, 403, 903, 904
Moss, John D. 661
Mossman, Mrs. 75
Mott, John 882
J. P. Prof. 882
Mound Builders, The, an unsolved problem 583-584
Mounger, T. T. 570
Mount Carmel 695
Pleasant; the old home of the Talbots 1051-1052
Vernon, county-seat of Montgomery 893-894
Wm. 668
Zion Academy 790
Mrs. Wilson Comes Home.....269-271
Mulberry Grove, home of Gen. Nathanael Green, 71, 73, 74, 82, 103
Trees, cultivation of 91
Mulky, Isaac 985
Mullryne, John 486, 488
Mundon, John 1028
Mundy, A. J. 669
Munnerlyn, Chas. J. Hon.....567, 703
Munro, Annie M. Mrs. 867
George P. Hon. 871
Ida Miss 870
Murchison, J. E. 1028
Murder Creek Baptist Church.....811
Murdock, R. B. Mrs. 160
Murph, Conrad 860
Nash 860
Nash Mrs. 860
Murphey, Charles Hon., Congressman, tomb of 406
Mentioned 546, 562, 567, 704
Murphy, Anthony 233, 428, 765
John 982
Susannah 331
Murray County, treated 895-902
Francis M. 980
Thomas W. Hon. ..844, 845, 896
Murrell, Joseph H. 911
Muscogee County, treated 902-909
Muse, A. W. 558
David 875
Musgrove, W. V. 670
Myer, Casper Mrs. 147
Myers, Edward H. Dr. 310
Mordecai 673
Myrick, Daniel J. Rev. 1013
Shelby Judge 1013
Wm. 929
Myrtle Hill Cemetery Rome 271
Mentioned 414-217
Myths and Legends of the Indians, 441-480
"Of the Cherokees".....52

N

Nacoochee, Legend of 441-442
Old Town 1032-1033
"Or Boy Life from Home"..224
Valley: Relics of a Forgotten Race 1031
Mentioned 58, 59, 60, 458
Nance, S. T. 614
Napier, George M. Hon. 148
Napoleon 15, 83, 323
Nazareth, Pa. 213
Neal, James 1053
John 427
McCormick 911, 913
R. S. 567
T. B. Capt. 427, 913
Wm. D. Corporal.....679
W. R. 569
Neidlinger, John G. 190
Neil, S. T. Mrs. 799
Nell, Thos. 973
Nelms, M. J. Dr. 807
Wm. 725
Nelson, A. Capt. 679
Charles Haney Gen., his monument 771
C. K. Bishop 86, 87, 88
Gen. 667
Henry B. 557
James 620
R. W. 987
Thomas M. Col. 403
Nesbitt Hugh 968
Nesbitt, R. T. Mrs. 407
Neufville, Edward Rev., D. D. ..299
Nevin, Mitchell A. 417
New Cemetery, Louisville 346-347
Newcomb, Col. 220
Ebenezer 185, 186
Echota 59, 769, 771, 900, 901
Hope Presbyterian Church ..866
International Encyclopedia...131
Inverness, the Story of the Scotch Highlanders 202-207
Newland, George S. 712
Newman, Mark 1024
Newnan Academy 698
County-seat of Coweta.....696
Daniel Gen. 545, 574, 576
Oak Hill Cemetery 435-438
New Orleans 327, 938
Newport River 535
R. I. 71, 86
Newton 557
Ariz. 568
County, treated 909, 921
C. E. 973
Elizur L. 372, 663
John Rev., pioneer 925
Tomb of 357
John Sergeant, Revolutionary soldier 188, 558
John H. 372
John T. 886

Moses 1027
Ralph Prof. 798
W. H. 973
William 931
New Town 818
"York American," John Temple Graves, editor 250, 752
"News, The" 807
Neyle, William 286
Nicholls, John C. Judge, .310, 547, 929
Nichols, J. P. 973
Nicholson, John W. 372
Nickerson, Reuben 372
Nightingale, Phineas Miller 75
Niles, L. O. 860
Nimmons, Wm. Potts, first child born in Newnan, his tomb, 437
Nisbet, Eugenius A. Judge, tomb of 388
Mentioned, 546, 562, 567, 570, 571, 661, 773
James Dr. 372, 821
James T. 388
John 372
Judge 563
Mrs. 565
Sarah 371
Thomas Cooper 390
Nissen, James, first resident of Atlanta to be buried in Oakland, 417-418
Nitschman, David 214
Nixon, Robert F. 417
W. M. Mrs. 967
Noel, John Y. 311
Norbury, Richard Capt., Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Norcross, Jonathan Hon. 427
Norris Brothers of Macon 864
J. V. 558
Wm. 614
North Carolina 505, 509, 782
Northen, W. J. Gov. 550, 790, 874
Tomb of 420
Norton, Charles Eliot, Prof. of Harvard College 122
J. S. 999
W. J. 146
W. J. Mrs. 147
Norwood, Thos. M. Judge, oration at unveiling of Stephens monument 146
Mentioned 544, 547, 883
Noted Localities, Historic County-seats and Chief Towns, 553, 1054
Nottingham, E. T. Mrs. 694
Warren D. Judge 798
Nova Scotia 207
Numerado 478
Nunes, Daniel 264, 265, 267
Moses 264, 265
Nunn, R. J. Dr. 299
Nunnally, G. A. Rev. 777, 1017
Nunnehi, The 451, 452

O

Oak Grove Cemetery, Americus, 394-395
Hill Cemetery, D. C., where John Howard Payne is buried 70
Hill Cemetery, Griffin ...391-394
Hill Cemetery, Newnan..435-438
Oakland, Calif. 341
Cemetery, Atlanta .....417-428, Mentioned 755, 756
Obear, Bowles Hill Mrs. 886
O'Brien, Andrew L. 950
James Father 354
O'Bryan, William 538, 638
"Observer, The" 807
Ochis or Achese, the Muscogee name for the cmulgee River.....55
Ocilla 801
Ocklocknee River 55, 61
Ocmulgee River, 55, 56, 381, 829, 933
Oconee Cemetery, Athens, Ga., 62, 132, 362 372
County, treated 921-924
Rebellion, The 108
River, 55, 112, 363, 773, 780, 891, 893
War 820, 890, 953
Ocute, an Indian Settlement ..55, 61
Odell, Benj. 948
Oden, Mr., entertained Washington, 105
Odingsell, Benj., a patriot 539
Chas., a patriot 539
Odum, W. C. 558
Ogeechee, Hero of (Col. John White) 518-520
River 191, 605, 853
The Great 56, 61
Ogilly, Hugh J. 884
Oglethorpe and Candler Universities 761
County, treated 924-928
County-seat of Macon, 854, 855, 856, 858
Gen., Recollections of ..925-926
James E. Gen., founder of the Colony of Georgia, 151, 184, 202, 203, 204, 206, 211, 212, 213, 263, 265, 287, 312, 525, 526, 549, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 640, 649, 766, 769, 850, 851
Infantry of Augusta 966
Light Infantry of Savannah, 300
University 570, 571, 573
Oglethorpe's famous quarries.....927
Regiment 768
Ogletree, William, a Revolutionary Col., monument unveiled, 881-882
Ohoopee River 984
O'Keefe, D. C. Dr. 428
Old Carrollton 627
Cemetery, Louisville 344-346
"Church Bell, The" 937
Ebenezer 185
Field School, The 252,-263
Guard, of Atlanta 148
Holmesville 555
Jewish Burial Ground, Savannah 311-312
Kiokee 689-690
Lanier, a forgotten county-site 856
Masonic Hall, Savannah, 648-649
Midway Church-Yard 338-345
Presbyterian Cemetery, Roswell 685
"Rock," Henry L. Benning, tomb of 401
Ruckersville, a Rural Community 713-719
"Si," Sam W. Small 243
Town or Galphinton 818
Olin, Dr. 778, 779
Oliphant. G. F. Prof. 1013
Oliver, B. T. Dr. 857
Dionysius 722
James 707, 821
John G. 559

W. J. 951
Olustee, Hero of 383
Olympic, The, Dewey's Flag Ship, 682
O'Neill, Ferdinand Capt. 853-854
James Father 646, 693
Jerry, Jr., Father....646, 647
Jerry, Sr., Father 646, 647
John B. Judge....31
Oostanaula River, ...59, 731
Oothcalega, afterwards Calhoun, Ga., 769-777
O'Reilly, Father 746
Organon of Scripture 945
Orme, Richard McAllister 351
Orphans Home for Catholic Children, 354
Orr, James L. 563
S. P. Prof. 804
Osborn, Wm. C. 795
Osgood, John Rev. 344
Ossabaw Island 542
Oswald, Joseph, a patriot....538
Outlaw, Morgan A. 822
Overby, Basil H. Hon. 1063
Recollections of 923-924
Tomb of 425
Bartow 923
Earle Mrs. 923
Nick 923
Overstreet, John W. Hon. 548
John 568
Owen, Allen F. Hon. 546, 980
J. C. Dr. 973
Owens, Alice Miss 806
George W. Hon, 310, 545, 784, 785
William Capt. 811
Oxford, seat of Emory College 919, 920
Female Academy 919
Town Cemetery 395-397

P

Pace, Columbus L. 911
Thomas, patriot 540
Padgett, E. 567
Pafford, Rowan 567
Page, James M. 978
John, Member of Parliament, Trustee of Georgia 526
Paine, Robert Bishop 780
W. W. Hon. 547
Paley, John 831
Palmer, Col. 206
H. E. W. Judge 782
W. D., Sexton, Oak Hill, Newnan 435
Palmetto, Ga. 622
Palmour, Noah 985
Panuca, a town in Mexico....60
Paris, name changed to Swainsboro 727
R. M. 567
Parish, Josiah 595
Parishes of Georgia Described, 541-542
Park, Frank Hon., Congressman....549
J. 559
J. G. 559
John W. Major 391
R. E. Mrs. 967
R. E. Capt. 391, 603
Theatre, London 64
Parker, Dr. 603
C. T. Hon. 932
Henry, Royal Gov 549
Hyde Sir 504
Jeremiah 822
John L. 705
Moses 975
Samuel 628
T. C. Mrs., State Regent, D. A. R. 598-599, 990
Wm. 596, 597
Parks, Susan Miss 812
Wm. J. 884
Parrish, John 824
Paschal, Agnes Mrs. 847
G. W. Judge 847
Pate, A. C. Judge 707
Paterson, John 894
Patofa, an Indian village 56, 61
Patrick, John H. 568
Patten, M. A. Mrs. 160, 162
Patterson, Josiah S. 559
N. J. 567
Robt. M. 798
T. E. Judge 973
Thomas 667
Pattillo, J. A. 784
Patton, Julius M. 589
R. H. Dr. 592
Paulding County, treated 928
John, Major Andre's Captor, 928
Paulk, D. H. 801
J. L. 801
M. J. 801
Paxon, Frederick J. Col. 240
Payne, George 34
J. P. 951
John Howard, author of "Home, Sweet Home," his Georgia sweetheart and imprisonment, 62-70
Mentioned 1036, 1037
T. M. Mrs. 812
W. A. 682
Peabody, J. 560
"Peachtree," its derivation 740
Creek 741
Peack, Wm. Henry Prof., his tomb 430
Peacock, G. W. 1028
L. H. 703
Wm., patriot 539
Z. 1028
Pea Ridge, afterwards Buena Vista. 868-869
Pearce, J. G. 884
Pearson, Jeremiah 809
Martha 389, 600
Randolph 975
Peebles, W. H. 797
Peel, Wm. Lawson Mrs. 757
Peeples, Benj. M. 884
Cincinnatus Judge, 380, 750, 880
Henry 760
Joseph 1019
Tyler M. Hon. 783
Pegg, Wm. 976
Peircy, Wm. Rev., patriot 538
Pelham, Ga. 877
John Major 877
Pendleton, Chas. R. Col. 599
Coleman 935
P. C. 1023
Penfield, Ga., the cradle of Mercer, 773-778
Mentioned 176, 177
Josiah, his gift to education, 177, 773, 775, 1039, 1046
Penn, Maud Clark 813
Wm. 810
Pennington, Samuel 884
Pennsylvania 213, 214
University of 132, 133, 367
Percival, John Lord, Trustee of Georgia 525

Philip Hon., Trustee of Georgia 527
Perdue, James A. 872
Perkins, Amelia Mrs. 805
John 265
S. H. 569
Perry, county-seat of Houston....797
C. Y. 985
Dowe 1001
Fort 870
Geo. B. 975
J. B. Mr. and Mrs. 988, 989
Joel 709
Josiah 911
Oliver H. Capt. 797
Perryman, Thos. J. 1007
Persons, George W. 798
Henry H. Hon., Congressman, 547
Peter, the Hermit 364
Peters, Richard, tomb of 426
Petersburg, an old tobacco market, 721
Pharr, John 860
Phelps, Anson, Jr. 766
Thos. J., Mr. and Mrs. 951
Virginia 951
Phenix, Telemon 264, 267
Philadelphia 288, 484,485, 517, 643
Phillips, Anthony 896
Chas. D. Col. 672
Erasmus Sir, Baronet, Trustee of Georgia 526
George 925
George D. 784, 785
John Sir, Baronet, M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
John S. 878
Mill Church 173, 176
M. 559
Monroe Mrs. 812
Naomi 811
P. J. 744
Wm. Gen. 672, 410, 905, 966
Wm. R. 971
Philomathea Academy 725
Phinizy, Ferdinand 371, 968
Hiram, Jr. 569
Jacob Sr., ...569
Jacob, Sr. 569
John 337
Phoenix Hall 219
Pickard, W. L. Rev. 1013
Pickens, Andrew Gen., of the Revolution 513, 928
County, treated 928-929
Pickett, Albert J., historian ,52, 56, 58, 59
Joseph 568
Piedmont Continental Chapter D. A. R. 757, 761, 881, 882
Pierce, Ann M., wife of Bishop 373
County, treated 929
Franklin Pres. 929
George F. Bishop, tomb of, 372-373
His home 790-792
Mentioned 773, 919
George F. Jr., ...373, 790
Lovick Dr., tomb of 402
Mentioned 384
Mr., entertains Washington 104
R. H. 567
W. G. 613
Wm. 285, 543
Piggin, Mr., patriot 538
Pike, Albert Gen. 997
County, treated 929-931
Story of Austin Denny..509-512
Zebulon Gen. 929
Pinckard, James S. Capt., 879, 880, 881
Pillow, Gideon J. Gen. 1014
Pinkard, Thomas C. 795
Pindartown, an old Indian village 1054
Pinson, J. J. 567
Pioneer Citizens Society 740
Pitman, J. G. 568
Pitner, J. M. Col. 1051
Pittman, Daniel Judge 432
James 821
J. G. 559
Philip 702
Pitts, Colman 593
P. T. 568
Wm. M. 850
Pizarro 52, 54
Plant, I. C. 391
R. H. 391
Platt, Ebenezer Smith, patriot.....539
Pleasant Grove Academy 703
Poe, Edgar Allan 167, 405
Washington Hon., 390, 546, 562, 567
Poet's Row, Augusta Cemetery ..325
Polhill, Thomas 821
John G. Judge 827, 1053
Thomas Sr., ...712
Polk, Ann F., married Johnson, ..346
County, treated .....
James K., Pres. 30, 346, 824
Leonidas Gen. 346, 824
Wm. Judge 346, 823
Pollet, Blassingame 707
Pollock, P. D. Dr. 777
Polock, Cashman, patriot 539
Ponce de Leon, Gov. of Cuba 53
Ponder, J. O. Mrs. 882
W. G. 569
Pool, Adam 783
Poole, James J. 969
John S. 928
Pope, Alexander 1051
Burwell, pioneer 1047
Burwell Gen. 327, 821, 1048
Henry Augustine 1047, 1048
J. J. 393, 812
John 1047
Leroy 723
Middleton 926
Nicholas 722
Sarah 926
Wiley Col. ...140, 511, 1047, 1048
Wiley Hill 1048
Willis 1047
Zachariah 824
Pope's Chapel 1047
Popes, The, of Oglethorpe and Wilkes 1046-1049
Porter, Abner Dr. 343
A. G. 568
O. S. 916
Porterdale, its origin 916
Portilla, Col., a Mexican commander, 117
Pott, Gideon 928
Potts, Wm. 866
Poullain, T. N. 568
Powell, Arthur G. Judge 711, 763
Benj. 867, 869
Edly 948
Hannah 838
James 821
James Edward 364
J. M. 556
Josiah, patriot 196, 538
N. B. 560
Nettie Miss 870

Norborn B. 979
R. A. J. 951
Thos. S. Dr., tomb of 374
W. H. 973
Wm. 702
Powelton Academy 790
Powers, Abner Judge 391
Clem 559
Horace 605
James 867
Prather, John S. Col. 753, 756
S. M. Capt. 855
Pratt, Nathaniel Dr. 216, 217
Pratte, B. A. 756
Pray, John 820
Job, mariner and patriot....541
Pre-historic Memorials 578-581
Prendergast, C. C. Father....647
Prentiss, Sargent S. 997
Presbyterian Cemetery, Lexington, 356-357
Cemetery, Roswell 685
Church at Lexington, oldest in Synod 925
Church at Lexington, oldest in Church, at Roswell 216, 217, 221
Presbyterianism, pioneers of 357, 360
Prescott, George W. 667
J. B. 568
Jesse P. 712
Preston, county-seat of Webster, 1029
Wm. C. Hon. 672
Pretender, The 203
Prevost, Gen., a British commander, 501, 500, 518
Prewett, Samuel 704
Price, Charles 655
Hawkins 592
H. F. 567
W. P. Col. 37, 547
W. W. Mrs. 923
Prince, Chas. H. Hon....547
Mary R. (Mrs. Oliver H.)
"Of Wales," a vessel....203
Oliver H., U. S. Senator, lost at sea 601-602
Monument to 385
Mentioned 543
Oliver H., Jr....372
Princeton, N. J. 270, 281
Pringle, Coleman R. Hon. 1025
Printup, Daniel S. 417
Martha Miss 1017
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis, by Dr. Craven 814
Prottuo, Dr. 857
Provincial Seal 90
Prudden, Sidney 936
Pruett, S. W. 567
Pruniers, Joseph 264
Pryce, Charles 264
Puckett, Wm. H. 593
Pugh, Francis 727
Frederick, patriot 540
James 638
Pulaski, Count 576
County, treated 932-934
Fort 296, 297, 300
"Pulaski, The," a vessel lost at sea.
Pumpkintown 619
Purifoy, Dr. 878, 879
Puritans in Georgia 833-837
Putnam County, treated 934-947

Q

Quanimo, Dolly 504
Quarterman, John Rev., tomb of..341
John, Patriarch in Israel....839
Robert Rev. 344, 839
Quash 504
Quebec 302
Queen Elancydyne, a Legend ..478-480
Quigley, Edward Father....647
Quillian, Henry K. 763
J. F. 807
W. A. 807, 808
William 1013
Quinn, Patrick 739
Quitman County, treated 947
Ga. 605
Guards 880
John A. Gov. 880, 947

R

Rabenhorst, Rev. Mr. 187
Rabun County, treated 948-949
County Academy 948
J. W. Gen. 792
Matthew 790, 821
William Gov., his family, 792-795
Mentioned, 228, 550, 790, 832, 948
Rachels, Mr. 873
Rae, James 638
Robert 638
Ragan, Abraham 872, 873
Ragland, John 723
Rahn, Jonathan 187, 190
Raikes, Robert 634
Rainey, H. N., Jr., Hon., his work for Bartow County....578
T. B. Col. 871
Rainwater, P. F. 876
Raleigh, Walter Sir, traditions of, 630, 631
Raley, Chas. a Revolutionary soldier 575
Ramsay, F. G. 567
Ramser, Jacob 975
Ramsey, David Dr. 520
Isaac 559
J. N. 569, 904
Randall, James Ryder, tomb of, 326
Monument in Augusta 955-958
Mrs., Sister of Judge Colquitt, 618, 619
Randle, E. W. 975
Randolph County, treated 949-951
John 808, 809
John, of Roanoke....949
Ranjel, Secretary of the Expedition
ld (County) 808
to America 52, 57
Rawlings, Wm. Dr....1022
Rawls, Allen 610
James 610
John 610, 933
Morgan Hon. 547
Rawson, E. E....427, 975
W. A. 427, 975
Ray, Duncan 702, 993
James, a patriot 540
John 438
Joseph 691
Ruby Felder Miss, State Editor, D. A. R....699
Samuel J. 391
Reab, Cara Netta....325
Ready, William 615
Reck, Gerr Von....183
Reconstruction 97
Mr. Hill's Davis Hall Speech, 593, 595
The Killing of Ashburn, 903-905

Red Clay: the Cherokee Council Ground 1034-1038
Redding, Robert 1009
Reddish, Isham 556
Redingfield, James 974
Red Oak Cemetery 915
Oak Methodist Church 915
"Old Hills of Georgia, The," 296, 306
Reed, Andrew Sergeant 679
Jesse 569
Stephen 785, 786
Thomas W., article on Dr. Crawford W. Long 132 139
Wallace P. 747, 749
Reeder, J. N. 795
Rees, Capt. 651
Mildred Miss 224
Reese, Augustus 562, 563, 564, 569
Col., of Marshallville 860
David A. Hon. 546, 559, 560, 869
F. F. Bishop 654
Seaborn Hon. 547
Thaddeus B. 884
Reeves, B. B. Dr. 988
Frank 930
J. W. Mrs. 931
Reid, Alexander 938
Chas. W. 221
David 968, 1039
Edmond 937, 939
G. R. 1039
John B. 393, 972
Joseph Dr. 932
R. A. 793
R. J. 146
Robert Raymond Judge 544
Samuel 936, 1001
Sidney Col. 936
William 1004
W. S. C. 559, 827
Reidlesperger, Christian 639
Reidsville, county-seat of Tattnall, 984-985
Reins, Frederick P. 822
Re-Interring the Dead 754
Remington, Edward P. 993, 994
"Reminiscences of an Old-time Georgia Lawyer" 353
Remsen, Rem. 559, 844, 845
Remshart, W. C. 1029
Render, James Judge 873
J. R. Mrs. 873
R. D. Mrs. 873
Renfroe, J. W. Hon. 1025
Nathan 1025
Renick, Edward J. 759
"Researches on America," by James H. McCulloh 52
Rest Haven Cemetery, Washington, Ga. 352-354
Reviere, Thomas W. 1009
Revill, W. T. Mrs. 873
Wm. T. Hon. 872
A distinguished educator, his tomb 434
Revolution, fatal duel between Gwinnett and McIntosh 4-6
Col. John White's Brilliant Exploit 518-520
Ebenezer in 186-189
Fort Morris: the Last to Lower the Colonial Flag 198, 201
Gen. Greene's body discovered in Savannah 71 89
Duel on horse back 6-7
Siege of Augusta 512-516
Revolutionary Camp Fires, Tales of 483
Puzzle, A 520-521
Reynolds, Bartimeus 786
F. F. 850
Gov. 605, 819
Home 587
John Gov. 549
Joseph 539, 638
Joseph D. 987
Parmedus 562, 569, 911
William H. 560
Rhea, John 806
Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati 72, 73, 76, 81, 85, 86
Ribault, Jean 534, 535
Rice, Chas. E. Mrs. 967
George D. Judge 564, 567, 672
G. L. D. Dr. 861
John H. 592
William 861
Riceboro, Ga. 200
Rice fields 103
Richards, R. H. 428
Robert M. 796
William C., author of "Georgia Illustrated" 247
Richardson, Armistead 774
A. R. 969
E. H. 931
F. H. 751
I. W. 661
John 975
Littleberry 707
Richard 128
S. L. 569
W., Sr. 286
W. B. 568
Richardsone, Cosmo, P. Dr. 311
Richmond Academy 267, 369
County, treated 951
Hussars 966
Samuel 1021
Richter, M. L. 886
Rickets, E. L. 729
Riddlepurger, T. H. 794
Ridge, John Chief 64, 898, 899, 900, 1034, 1038
Ridley, C. L. Dr. 812
R. B. Mrs., daughter of Senator Hill 419
Riley, Harrisen 849
Mr. 244
Rillion, P. W. 1000
Rio, a pet dog belonging to Mr. Stephens 149
Inscription to 153
Riordan, John E. 947
Rising Star Lodge 938, 939
Rivers, Joel 1053
R. 986
Roach, Ann Mrs. 864
Robb, Mrs. 369
Roberson, Smart, a Troup servant, 889
Roberts, Bryan J. 596
Coleman M. 696
Daniel 517, 639
Daniel E. 970
John 638, 970
J. W. Dr. 860
O. G. Maj. 812
William 595
Robertson, Abner P. 693
Benj. P. 1004
James 638
J. J. 570
James W. Col. 672, 673
Martha Mrs. 873
P. E. B. Mayor 788

Virgil 1031
William 811
Robinson, A. M.....794
George 739
James V. 667
John 560, 610
Luke 911
Pickering 639
Randall, Revolutionary soldier 438
Roby 751
S. 560
T. C., Jr.....807
W. H. Maj.....568, 855, 856
Robson, John 884
Neil 756
Roche, Matthew, Jr. 638
Rockdale County, treated.....969
Rockmart, Ga. 932
Rock Mountain, former name given Stone Mountain 246, 741
Rockwell, Samuel 558, 560, 561
Roddenbery, Park 995
S. A. Hon.....549, 994, 995
Roddey, R. L.....569
Roddy, E. L. Dr.....878
Rodgers, Moses Capt., commander of "The Savannah"...228, 229
Robt. L. Judge.....674, 680, 681
Rogers, Brittan, a Revolutionary soldier, his tomb.....882
Commodore 934
Curren 1009
George W. 795
Henry 1091
John A., Jr.....984
Joseph 1008
Loula Kendall Mrs....1010, 1013
Methodist Church 882
O. L. Dr.....1022
Ozburn T. 912
Simeon 1009, 1010, 1021
William 984
Roland, David 1052
Ralph, Mr. 993
Roman Catholic Diocese of Savannah 645, 646
"Romantic Passages in Southwestern History, Including Pilgrimage of De Soto," by A. B. Meek 52
Rome, county-seat of Floyd..730, 731
Gr., girlhood home of Mrs. Wilson 731
Burial of Mrs. Wilson, First Lady of the Land.....269-271
Ga., Myrtle Hill Cemetery...414
Mentioned 371
Roney, Henry C. Judge.....850
Roosevelt, Theodore President ...218, 339, 685, 837, 841, 843
Contributes to the Uncle Remus Memorial Fund.....239
His mother's home at Roswell, Ga. 215-222
Root, Sidney Maj.....425, 974
Rose, Cherokee, Legend of....445-446
Hill Cemetery, Macon ...381-391
Hill, the Heard plantation, 723-725
Hugh F. 929
Simri 381, 390, 857
Washington 938
Rosecrans, Gen. 232
Rosemont, a plantation, owned by Gov. Troup 889
Ross, Daniel 1015, 1016
F. D. 1053
J. B. 688
John, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation ..66, 67, 900, 901, 902, 1015, 1016, 1034, 1038
John B. 390, 945
Luke 688
Rosser, J. A. Rev.....407
Rossville, home of an Indian chief, 1015
Roswell, Ga. 222, 223, 741
The home of Mr. Roosevelt's mother 215-222
The last years of Mr. F. R. Goulding spent at.....226
Roper, Alva C.....904
Rounsaville, John Wesley.....417
Rourke, John, Jr.....654
Rowe, Allen 567
F. F. Prof.....1010
Rowland, C. A. Mrs.....226
Royal, Ezekiel 985
Rozar, J. J.....705
Rucker, Elbert 721
Elizabeth Tinsley 714
John 714
Joseph, pioneer planter and financier 714, 719
J. W. 427
Mary Lamar 945
Tinsley 719
Tinsley 719
Tinsley White 721
Ruckersville, Old 713-719
Rudd, James 774
Rudicill, B. F. Dr.....380
Rudisill, John W. Col.....1021
Rudolph, Amzi Judge.....849
Capt. 854
Ruger, T. H. Gen., Military Governor 550
Rumph, Lewis, pioneer.....860, 862
Sam., pioneer peach grower, 861
S. H. Mrs.....860
Rumsey, James, an inventor.....101
Rundle, Thomas Rev., Trustee of Georgia 526
Russell, George B.....589
John H. 736
John M. 1004
Mr., entertains Washington..104
Richard B. Judge.....763
W. A. 432
William 639
Rutherford, A. S.....569
John, a Revolutionary soldier, his tomb.....1026
John C. 366
J. H. 821
Lizzie, tomb of.....398
Originator of Memorial Day, 156-167
Lizzie Chapter, U. D. C....157
Mary Elizabeth Miss (Lizzie Rutherford) 160
Mildred Miss 1017
Mildred Lewis, an educator of wide note 227, 366
N. G. 1021
William Prof., tomb of, 366, 1017
Ryals, Joseph 559, 894
Samuel 712
Ryan, Abram J. (Father), monument in Augusta 955-958
Daniel 638
Dennis L. 1019
John 128

S

Sabine's Notes on Duelling, footnote 31
Saddler, Wm. T.....831
Sadely, Sarah Miss.....682
Saffold, Adam G.....884
Isham H. 1021
James Capt. 599
Reuben 884
Thomas P. 562, 569
Sage, Ira Y.....427
Saint, Capt. 984
Andrews Bay 138, 141
Andrew's Parish, described..542
Augustine, Fla...5, 198, 206, 498, 500, 502, 506, 535
Catharine's Inlet 535
Catharine's Island 6, 197
Catharine's Sound 193
David's Parish, described....542
George, Society of.....196
George's Parish, described..542
Mentioned 819
James's Parish, described....542
John's Cathedral 545-648
John's Parish, described.....542
Mentioned 6, 196, 197, 488, 516-518, 641, 835, 842, 843, 853
John's River 502, 534, 535
Joseph's Convent 177
Luke's Methodist Church, Columbus, first memorial oration delivered in 156-157
Mary's Parish, described....542
Mary's River 535, 542, 614
Matthew's Parish, described, 541
Patrick, a dead town.....614
Patrick's Parish, described..542
Paul's Church-yard, Augusta, 312-317
Paul's Parish, described.....542
Philip's Parish, described....542
Simon's Island 184, 202, 206, 499, 705, 765, 766
Thomas's Parish, described..542
Sallette, Robert, Adventures of, 488-491
Saltus, Samuel, patriot 538
Salzburger Church 179-192
Salzburgers, The, at Ebenezer, Story of 179-192
Mentioned 91, 211, 212, 213, 476, 478
Sams, Stanhope Augustus 407
W. M. Rev.....407
Sand Bar Ferry, a famous duelling ground 953-955
Sanders, Billington M. Rev....774-777
C. C. Col.....377, 787
John 702, 1008
W. C. 428
Sandersville, county-seat of Washington 1020-1024
Sand Hills 323, 325, 327
Sandiford, John 538
Sanford, Daniel B. Judge.....351
Jeremiah, soldier of Revolution, his tomb.....361
Jesse 785
John W. Col.....575
R. 559
S. P. Prof.....774, 777
Wade F. 1052
San Jacinto, Battle of.....120
Sanson, Wm. 1039
Santa Anna, Gen. 115, 907
Sautee, an Indian lover.....1033
"Sapelo, or Child Life in Tide Water" 224
Sapfold, James 824
Sarzedas, Abraham 264
Satilla River 535
Saussy, Joachim R. Dr.....310
Savage, Robert 976
Thomas, patriot 538
Savannah, description of the town by Gen. Washington.....103
Colonial Park 275-286
Bonaventure 286-299
Catholic Cemetery 311
Discovery of Gen. Greene's body in Savannah.....71-89
How the city was captured by the British.....503-504
Laurel Grove 299-311
Old Jewish Burial Ground, 311-312
Mentioned 188, 189, 193, 194, 199, 200, 205, 209, 216, 218, 270, 515, 516, 517, 518, 541, 740, 853, 854
See also Chatham County.
"Georgian" 643, 644
"Herald" 644
"Morning News" ..644, 884, 242, 299, 305
"Press" 645
"Republican" 720
River 56, 82, 184, 185, 188, 203, 212, 296, 312, 467, 468, 528, 534, 713, 714, 719, 960
Steamship Co. 228
"Savannah, The," her maiden trip across the Atlantic 228-230
Savannah's Confederate monument, 652
Historic newspapers 642-644
Saxton, Nathaniel, patriot.....540
Scarboro, David 707
Joel L. 557
Scarborough, Wm. 228, 229
Schley County, treated 969
Wm. 545, 550
Schneider, J. Gotlieb.....187
John 187
Jonathan 187
Scotch Highlanders, Story of..202-207
Scotland 220
Scott, Alexander Rev.....172
David J. Rev.....803
Dr., Rector of St. James, Marietta 672
Fort 703
Francis 629
George W. Col., tomb of....406
Jacob 931
Mr. 994
Rebecca (Mrs. George W.)...407
Robert 80
Walter Sir 152
Winfield Gen., 703, 848, 901, 1037
Scoville, D. C.....794
Screven County, treated.....969-971
F. T. 503
James Gen., of the Revolution, tomb of.....339-340
Monument to 841-842
Mentioned 7, 639, 830
James P. Dr.....310
John Col. 83
Scruggs, Wm. L. Col., diplomat...431
Seabrook, Paul E. Judge.....837
Seagrove, James 19, 615, 821
Robert 615
Seals, John H. Col.....750, 752

Of Georgia 89-98
Searcy, W. E. H., Sr.....973
W. E. H., Jr.....973
Seay, Capt. 45, 46, 47
John J. Mrs.....731
Secession Convention, The.....562-566
Seely, F. L.....752
Segrist, Laban 797
Seminole Indians 445, 446, 727
Semmes, Albert 1051
Andrew Greene 722
Paul J. Gen.....403, 903
Raphael Admiral 382
Senators, U. S., from Georgia, List of 543-544
Sermons, Benjamin 567
Setze, Lizzie Waddell Mrs.....672
Sevier, Gen. 731
Sewanee, Tenn. (Univ. of South), 961
Seward, David L.....1013
Frederick W. 123
James L. Hon., Congressman 546, 994
Wm. H., a Georgia schoolmaster 121-130
Mentioned 935
Sewing Machine, The, by whom invented? 225-227
Shackelford, Dr. 118
Edmond 774
Emmet 938
Shankle, Grogan Rev. 805
Lovick P. 805
Marvin 805, 807
Olin Dr. 805, 807
Seaborn M. 805
Shannon, A. H.....807
James 663, 774
John F. 807
Shanock, Wm. C.....700
Sharp, Cyrus 380, 878
Hiram 627
J. L. Mrs.....805
John, patriot 540
W. H. 668
Sharpe, T. A.....567
Shaw, Alfred 884
Louise Mrs. 74
Simeon Rev. 1010
Shealy, P. E. Rev.....180
T. W. Rev.....180
Sheets, Tarlton 619
Sheffield, R. W.....567
Wesley 709
W. C. 567
Sheftall, Levi, patriot.....539
Mordecai, patriot ..196, 311, 538
Sheftall, patriot 539, 561
Shell, W. B.....567
Shellman, Col. 651
Ga. 950-951
J. M. 712
W. F. 951
Shelton, Charles J.....985
"Shenandoah, The," a Confederate cruiser 219, 220
Shepherd, Anne Mrs.....160
Henry S. 828
Sheppard, John E. Capt.....867, 868
J. E. Hon.....868, 871
Mrs., of Covington.....913
W. D. Mrs.....805
W. D. 808
Sherman, T. S.....569, 1009
W. T. Gen...74, 96, 573, 588, 590, 592, 673, 674, 680, 742, 743, 746, 747, 824, 921, 941, 1023
Sherman's andalism 276, 286
Sherrod, Benj. 1040
Sherwood, Adiel, Dr.....197, 246, 741, 774, 776, 781
Shields, Wm. 975
Shiloh, Battle of 232
Shine, John, soldier of Revolution, 575, 855
Shipp, Bernard, historian.....52
J. E. D., Life of Crawford, quoted 10, 17, 22
Shivers, Wm. Mrs.....793
Shoemate, Joseph D.....704
Short, W. B. Hon.....871
W. B. Mrs.....867
Shorter, Alfred, tomb of.....415, 730
Eli S. Judge, tomb of.....398
Mentioned 33, 828
John G. 563
Martha B. 415
Reuben C. 774, 809
Shoulder Bone Creek.....790
Shropshire, F. C.....568
James W. Dr.....986, 987
John 613
Wesley 567
Sibbald, George 610
Sibley, Amory 337
George R. 337
Josiah 337
Wm. C., tomb of.....333
Sickles, Gen. 304
Sikes, W. L.....1053
Silk Culture in Georgia.....91, 536-537
Sills, F. H., editor.....624
Silver Bluff 56, 59
Silvey, John 431
Simmons, E. G. Col.....395
Henry 932
James 566, 569, 1001
J. M. 989
James P. 562, 566, 568
John N. Mrs.....753
M. 1053
Wm. E. Hon.....788
Simms 691, 693, 821
Richard 567
Richard L. 911
W. G. 848
Wm. Gilmore 169
Simons, Abram Capt., an eccentric Jew of large means and a Revolutionary soldier whose wealth endowed Mercer, 1043-1046
Nancy Mrs. 1043
The Widow, marries Rev. Jesse Mercer 175-176
Simpson, James Y. Dr., foot-note, 135
John M. 975
Leonard 671
Sims, J. Marion Dr., establishes claim of Dr. Long to discovery of anesthesia.....136
Richard L. 559, 911, 919
Wm. 879
Sinclair, Jesse 1007
Singer, John, Jr.....975
John G. 975
Singleton, George W.....797
J. L. 569
Wyatt R. 976
Sisk, Singleton 568
Sister's Ferry 29
Sitton, B. F.....849
Skelton, J. H.....568
Oliver P. 876
Skinner, Oliver 19
Skrine, Benj. 1021

Quintillian 1021
Virgil 1021
Wm. 1021
Slade, Jeremiah 826
Thomas B., pioneer educator 825-826
Slappey, George 860, 862
Mary 860
Slater, C. C. 567
John F. 396
Slaton, John M. Gov.....240, 435, 550, 577, 578, 677, 623, 624, 653, 681, 872, 1048
John M. Mrs. 936
W. M. Hon. 1048
Slatter, John J. 795
Slaughter, Martin G. 673
Sledge, Whitfield H. 1001
Sloan, Andrew Hon. 547
Slone, Wm. 559
Sloper, Wm., Member of Parliament, Trustee of Georgia .....,526
Small, Sam W., "Old Si".....242, 750
Smallwood, Robert J. 703
Smart, Edmond 703
Smelt, Dennis Dr., Congressman, 544
Smith, A. B. Hester, wife of Gov. James M. 376
A. D. 709
A. D. Dr. 864
Adam J. 850
Benj. Dr. 846
Blakely 867
B. D. 1028
Carrie Weaver Dr. 782
Catharine 959
Charles 979
Charles H. Major ("Bill Arp") 412, 587, 593, 730, 783
Daniel H. 736
David D. 728
D. B. 728
Didhelf 712
Edward C. 973
F. M. 567
Gay 884
George G. Rev., historian, quoted 140, 778, 819
Gustavus J. 744
Guy, soldier of Revolution...811
G. K. 567
Hoke, United States Senator, Governor, and member of Cabinet 544, 550, 676, 678, 751, 927
Hoke, Institute 870
H. H. Dr. 428
Isaac, soldier of Revolution, 1018
Jackson G. 931
James 556, 824
James Major 576
James A. 567
J. Henley 750
James M. Gov.....404, 550, 557, 686, 695, 788, 883, 904, 1009, 1011
Tomb of 376
James R. 1021
James W. 1028
Jasper N., an eccentric old gentleman, his tomb.....328
John, patriot 540, 638, 643
John J. 935
J. R. Hon. 148, 568
J. R. Dr. 1025
L. B. 569
M. L. Gen., tomb of.....371
Nathan 769
Otis Rev. 777
Peter Francisco 697
Rembert G. Rev. 782
R. L. J. Col. 808
R. Thursfield 636
Samuel Rev., LL. B., Trustee of Georgia 526
Sidney M. 879
Simeon L. 730
S. J., Jr. 808
Stephen 785
Sydney 976
"The," a locomotive.....233
Thomas 831
Thos. R. 703
W. J. 875
Wm. 707
Wm. ("Uncle Billy")..1026, 1021
Wm. ("Hell Nation"), soldier of Revolution.....438
Wm. 730, 846
Wm. D. Gen., tomb of.....334
Wm. E. Hon. 547
Wm. G. 811
W. H. 804, 805
Zachariah 725
Smyrna Church-Yard.....354-355
Smythe, Wm. M. Major.....904
Snap Bean Farm.....239
Snead, Claiborne Judge, tomb of..332
Capt. 858
Sneed, James R. 643
Snider, John, patriot 541
Snow, Chas. W. 975
L. L. 856
Social Circle, Ga. 1018-1019
Sockwell, W. W. 793
Solomon, David 1025
E. W. 568
Henry 1007
Song of the Chattahoochee.....336
Sorrel, G. Moxley.....306
Soule, Joshua Bishop 780
South Carolina 108, 171, 202, 210, 484, 485, 496, 497, 498, 504, 529, 532, 533, 534, 622, 630, 689, 953
Carolina Society of Cincinnati, 77
Georgia College 986
Southern Bank, Savannah.....84
Central Baptist University of Ga. 1034
Female College 1002
"Miscellany, The" 750
"Recorder, The" 351
"Temperance Crusade" 752
"Southwest Georgian" 857
"Souvenirs of Travel".....325
Spain 108, 109, 110
Drury 824
Spaniards 51-62, 468-471
Spalding County, treated.....971-973
James Hon. 279
R. D. Dr. 432
Thomas Hon. 544, 559, 560, 561, 767, 821
Spangenberg, Gottlieb Rev....212, 214
Sparks, Carter W. 931
John, soldier of Revolution, 1026
Thomas H. 931
W. H. Col. 937
Wm. H. Rev. 410
Sparta, county-seat of Hancock, 789-790
Town Cemetery 372-379
Spaulding, A. T. Rev. 886
Ga. 865-866
Speakman, John 228

Speer, Alexander M. Judge, tomb of 391
Mentioned 881, 883, 884
Emory Judge 547, 883, 924
Eustace W. Dr....371, 883
D. N. Major....431
Margaret Houston 715
Thomas J. Hon., Congressman 547
Wm. 714
Speers, Elizabeth Mrs....884
Speight, R. F....793
Spillers, John T., survivor of Goliad 694-695
Spence, David 913
George 569
Spencer Capt. 609
John, patriot 539
Mr., entertains Washington..104
R. I. 794
Samuel 401
Samuel, patriot....540
S. B. 562, 569
Wm. 264
Sperry, John C....860, 861
Marcus 860
Spinks, Garret H....928
Spinner, Mr., entertains Washington 104
Spivey, Caleb 938
Jethro 828
Wm. 1009
Springer, John Rev., pioneer educator 174, 1039, 1050
Wm. G. 790
Springfield, county seat of Effingham 712
"Springfield," Gen. Blackshear's home 829
Spring Place, Ga....68, 896-897, 900, 901, 902
Place Mission 211
Sproull, J. F....593
Stacy, James Dr., quoted..200-201, 343, 996-997
Tomb of 438
Mentioned 227, 697, 835
John 643
Staffold, Thomas 615
Stafford, Alvis 930
Thomas 821
Stanaland, J. C....999
R. T. 610
"Standing Peachtree," an Indian rendezvous ....
Stanfield, Posy 857
Anson W. 850
Stanford, John R....785
Levi 696
Stanley, Henry M. Hon....828
James, Earl of Derby, Trustee of Georgia 526
John 669
Marcellus 372
Thomas 372
Stanton, Frank L., poet....751, 941
Stapler, John R....846
Staplers, Harman 860
Stapleton, George 568
Stark, James H....611, 971
Wm. A. Judge....973
W. W. Judge....808
Starks, E. C....808
Starksville 831, 833
Starnes, Ebenezer Judge....320
Starr, E. F....570
Hilliard 669
Statesboro, county-seat of Bulloch, 610
Statesville, county-seat of Echols..712
State Rights: the Hanging of Tassel 787
Statsvey, Benj. 712
Statuary Hall 133
Steadman, now Porterdale....916
E. Col. 916
Steamboat, first patent for issued by Georgia 99-101
Steed, Leonard G....
Wm. P. 850
Steel, Mrs., of the Revolution....151
Steele, Sarah Trippe....369
Steelman, Wm. H....785
Steiner, Abraham Rev....898
H. H. Dr....337
Stephens, Alexander 714
Alexander H. Hon., Governor, Congressman and Confederate Vice-President, assaulted by Judge Cone....38-39
Arrest of Mr. Stephens, Liberty Hall 142-153 982-984
Mentioned 133, 359, 422, 425, 546, 547, 550, 562, 564, 565, 569, 594, 750, 803, 904, 905
Chapter, U. D. C....147
County, treated 973-974
Dr. 878, 879
High School 147
J. 969
John 983
J. T. 569
John W. 929
Linton Judge, reinterred at Liberty Hall 984
Mentioned 374, 562, 563, 568, 982
Memorial Association, Officers of 146, 147
Moab 669
Nathan 728
T. J. 730
T. T. 999
Wade H. 904
Wm., of Upson 1009
Wm. Gov. 185, 549
Wm. Judge ..84, 85, 537, 648, 649
Stephenson, Matthew Dr....847
Sternes, Jesse 1009
Sterrett, Jehu ....
Stevens, Henry J....344
John 195, 639
J. W. 569
Samuel 517
Wm. B. Bishop, historian, quoted ...204-205, 208-211, 214, 457-460, 487-488, 517-518, 534-536, 925-926
Mentioned 52, 110, 483
Stevenson, W. A....808
Stewart, Allan 638
County, treated 974-975
Daniel Gen., of the Revolution, tomb of 339
Monument to 841-842
Mentioned 217, 651, 837, 843
Fred 611, 806
John Hon. 952
John D. Judge, Congressman, tomb of 392
J. J. 876
Martha 17, 837
W. W. Dr....782
Wm. 863
Stiles, Cary W....569
George W. 310
Margaret Cooper 218

Wm. H. Hon.....546
Stirk, John, patriot.....186, 187, 196, 539, 638, 643
Samuel, patriot 187, 539
Stith, W. 821
Stocks, Thomas Judge...361, 773, 774
Stockton, Joseph H.....850
Stokes, Anthony 486
John W. 825
W. H. Rev.....176
Wm. S. 55, 84
Stone, B. A. 998
Ellerson D. Rev.....372
G. L. 801
Jesse 696
Mountain: a monolith of prehistoric times 245-251, 418, 436, 753
Thomas, patriot 538
Stonewall Cemetery, Griffin.....393
Storey, E. M. Gen.....438
"Stories of Georgia".....225
Storrs, Seth P. 559
Story, John T. 654
Of Austin Dabney.....509-512
Of the Dodge Millions....766-767
"Of Georgia and the Georgia People" 819
R. L. 1053
Stovall, George T. 323
Lewis 844
M. A. Gen.....330, 744
Pleasant 323
Pleasant A. Hon...645, 804, 958, 959, 979
Stephen B. 708
Strain, Wm. W. 772
Strange, C. B. 867
Straus Family, The.....981-982
Isidor 980-982
Lazarus 981
Nathan 980-982
Oscar S. Hon.....982-988
Steel, George 851
Street, J. C. 568
Strickland, Barnabus 774
Hardy 568
Henry 569
James B. 929
J. J. Judge 660
Stringer, John 786
J. R. 784
Strobel, Mr., historian 185, 187-188, 190
Strohaker, Rudolph, patriot...187, 539
Strong, Charles, a soldier of the Revolution 666-667
Charles H. Rev.....648
Christopher Major 599
Christopher B. Judge.....935
Sallie K., m. Pope.....1047
Strother, C. R. 568
Stroud, Orion 560
Stroup, Berry J. 727
Strozier, John L. 872, 873
Stuart, Henri (or Henry) L., presents a portrait of Dr. Long to Georgia 132
Tomb of 367
Stubbs, James A. 1039
Studivant, Edwin 655
Sturges, Daniel, executes device for Georgia's Great Seal.....95
Styles, Carey W. 562, 750
Suggs, C. L. 793
Sullivan, James 84
Richard A. 850
Thomas A. 589
Summer, J. M. 1053
Summers, C. 931
Summerford, Wm. 797
Summerlin, W. T. 794
W. W. 793
Summers, Joseph 640
Summerville Cemetery, Augusta, 317-319
County-seat of Chattooga, 654-655
Sumter County, treated.....975-979
Sumterville, afterwards Dublin, 827, 828
Sunbury: an Extinct Metropolis, 193-198, 263, 500, 519, 839-840, 852
"Sunny South, The".....750, 752
"Sunshine": the Home of Bishop Pierce 790-792
Surrency, Allen P. 556
Sutcliff, John, patriot 539
Sutherland, Eli 786
Sutton, J. D. 875
Louise 882
Tom 866
Suwali, The, a tribe of Indians..60, 61
Swann, T. S. Mr. and Mrs.....912
Swanser, Samuel 622
Swainsboro, county-seat of Emanuel, 727-728
Sweat, J. L. Judge.....557
Swedenborg, Emanuel 823
Sweetwater Branch, Legend of, 449-450
Swift, W. A. 726
Wm. T. 797
Swindle, W. L. 596
Swinney, Richard, patriot.....541
Sylvania, county-seat of Screven, 969 970
Sylvester, county-seat of Worth..1053
Symes, George 629
"Symond, The," a vessel.....632
Synod of S. C. and Ga.....571

T

Taft, Wm. H. Pres., 803, 946, 960, 962, 981
Tait, Chas. Judge, United State Senator and Jurist, 16, 18, 19, 20, 25, 139, 543, 1042
Assaulted by Gen. John Clark, 23-24
Challenges Judge Dooly ..25-26
Talbot County, treated 979-982
Home: Mount Pleasant ..1052-1053
John, tomb of 354
Mentioned, 354, 355, 975, 1051
Mary Williston 355
Matthew Gov., tomb of..354-355
Mentioned, 550, 821, 979, 1040, 1051
Phoebe 355
Thomas, tomb of 355
Mentioned 1051, 1052
William Lord, Trustee of Georgia 526
Talbotton, county-seat of Talbot, 979, 980
Female Academy 979
Tales of the Revolutionary Camp-Fires 483
Taliaferro, Benj. Col., duel with Francis Willis 12-13
Mentioned 544, 821
Chas. 793, 794
County, treated 982-984
Dickerson 570

P. R. Capt. 1022, 1025
Talitch-lechee, a Creek Leader, 478, 479
Tallahassee, ancient town of Anhayco located near 54
Fla. 979
"Tallassee Strip" 820
"Tallequah, or Life Among the Cherokees" 224
Talmadge, Aaron 380
Talmage Normal Institute 1052
Wm. A. 372
High School at Midway 573
Samuel K. Rev. ..571, 572, 574
Tamar, escapes from the Indians, 467-468
Tampa Bay 51, 54
Tankersley, Wm. B. 693
Tanner, Abner 883
J. B. 669
John, Ensign, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Tarbutton, Benj. 1021, 1026
Tarlin, Peter 638
Tarling, Peter, a Patriot 538
Tarrentine, George W. 795
Tarver, Elisha 979
Hartwell 934
Hartwell H. Gen. 688
Tassel, George, the Hanging of, 787-788
Tate, F. Carter Hon. 548
J. M. 559, 560
Overton 720
Rebecca Clark 720
Tattnall County, treated 984-985
Edward Fenwick, tomb of....292
Mentioned 545
H. Mrs., Widow of Gen. Josiah Tattnall, tomb of 292
John R. F. Col., tomb of 293
Josiah Gov., tomb of 291, 292
Mentioned 287, 543, 550, 648
Josiah, the Elder 486
Josiah Commodore, tomb of 293
Josiah Mullryne 293
Tatum, T. W. M. 793
Tautphoeus, Baroness 158
Taylor, Col. 105
County, treated 985
David, Jr., ...559, 560
Elizabeth, owned Wesley's Diary 636
Giles B. 797
Henry 859, 860
Henry L. 950
Jeremiah H. 702
John, an anecdote of.....997-998
John T. 596
J. W. 999
Richard 1034
Robert 372, 660
Robert N. 933
William 729, 950, 1052, 1053
Zachary Pres. of U. S., 35, 321, 869, 985 ,1053
Tazewell: a Former county-seat, 867-868
Academy 867
Teasley, W. A. 567
Tebault, C. H. Mrs. 972
Tefft, Israel K. 310, 520, 644
Telfair Academy 290
Alexander 291
County, treated 985
Edward Gov., patriot, tomb of, 290
Mentioned, 104, 105, 285, 484, 538, 542, 543, 549, 639, 643, 953
Edward, Jr. 291
Hospital 290
Josiah G. 291
Mary, Home for Aged Women, 290
Sarah 291
Thomas, a Congressman 291, 545
Temperance in Georgia, pioneer movement 915
Temple College 697
Tenn, Zechariah, a Patriot 549
Tennille, Ga. 1027-1028
Wm. A. 1026
Terrell, Alex. W. Judge, quoted, 906-908
County, treated 986-993
Edward 1004
Uncle George, a prototype of Uncle Remus 243, 941
James 738
Joel, E. G. Dr., his tomb....434
Joseph M., Governor and U. S. Senator, his tomb.....433-434
Mentioned 544, 560, 872
Thomas 1039
William Dr. 545, 986
Tomb of 374
Wm. H., foot-note 251
Testing of a Skeleton 584-585
Texas, Massacre of Fannin's command at Goliad 115-121
Mentioned 906, 907, 908, 909
"The" 233
Tharp, Benj. F. 797
Thiot Colonial Vault 279
Thomas, Adeline Miss 847
B. M. 744
County, treated 993-999
County, Academy 993
F. A. 570
Gen. 746
George D. 372
James Dr. 847
Jett Gen. 348-352, 993, 1008
John 828
John H. 879
John S. 567, 574
L. P. Col. 783
Matthieu 264
Nina Mrs. 660
Stevens 372, 661
Walter Mrs., Regent 710, 711
William 557
W. W. 372, 718, 749
Thomason, Paul M. 938
Thomaston, county-seat of Upson, 1008-1010
Thomasville, county-seat of Thomas, 994
Thompson, A. C. Prof. 1021
Hotel, Atlanta 359
John 1009
Maurice 771
Peter G. 1007
Robert 723
Wiley Gen. 545
Tomb of 726-727
William Esq., tomb of 316
Will H 771
Wm. T., Editor and Humorist, tomb of 805
Mentioned 644, 751, 884, 941
Thomson, county-seat of McDuffie, 850
High School 850
J. Edgar 850
Thornton, E. H. Mrs. 913
W. C. Capt. 987, 988
Thorpe, Benj. F. Rev. 776
Thrasher, B. E. Hon. 922, 923
John 923
Sarah Barton 923

Threadcraft, George 638
Thronateeska, or Flint River 703
Thunderbolt 286, 488
Thurman, A. S. Judge 810
David Revolutionary soldier, 924
Thurmond, Richard P. 850
S. P. Judge..... 372
Thweat, Thomas 1009
Ticknor, Dr. 405
Francis Orray, tomb of 400
Francis Orray Mrs. 160
George C. 833
I. T. Rev., D. D. 432
Stewart 782
Tidwell, M. M. 568
Tift, Bessie College..... 879
County, treated 999
H. H. Mrs. 879
H. H. Capt. 999
Nelson Hon. 517, 708
Tifton, county-seat of Tift.....999
Tillman, Joseph 560
Tilman, Isaiah 568
Tinsley, Elizabeth 714
Green 557
Wm. Dr. 873
Tishmauga, an Indian Town 480
Tison, Cornelius 595
Isaac P. 831
"Titanic, The," wrecked at sea,
960-961
Titlow, Jerome E. Capt. 814
"To Allegro Florence," in Heaven, 167
Toalli (in Irwin County), an Indian
Town 55, 61
Tobacco 92, 103
Toccoa, county-seat of Stephens,
973-974
Todd, H. W. 688
J. Scott 688
Tolbert, William 828
Tomlinson, Harris 568
Humphrey 797
Tompkins, Henry B. Judge 45, 46, 432
Nick 938
W. A. 1028
Tomo-chi-chi 212
Tomson, Prof., Schoolmaster of the
Old Field School 252
Tondee's Tavern 288, 638, 641
Tonyn, Fort 617
Took, George, an Indian 900
Toombs, Augustus 1051
County, treated 999
Gabriel 1051
Gov. Brown 43-44
Last Appearance 145
Tomb of 352
Mentioned, 40, 157, 354, 544, 546
562, 565, 570, 714, 719, 744, 983,
1048, 1050
Robert Gen., U. S. Senator and
Confederate Secretary of State.
hostile correspondence with
Sarah 1048
Toomer, J. B. 585
Tories, Skeletons of Found ..844-845
The: Georgia's Reign of Terror,
491, 499
Torrence, Harriet Miss 160
Matilda Miss 160
Wm. H. 558, 560, 561
Mansfield 560
Tory Government, Georgia Patriots
outlawed by the 537-541
Pond 844
Tower, Christopher, Mem. of Par.,
Trustee of Georgia.....526
Thomas, Mem. of Par., Trust-
ee of Georgia 526
Townball, an old time Georgia game,
257
Towns County, treated 1000-1001
George W. Gov., tomb of 383
Recollections of 1000-1001
Mentioned 545, 546, 550, 979
George W. B. 979
Sherwood 892
William 704
Willis 866
Tracy, E. D. Judge 390
Tragedy of the Swamp, A 474-478
Trammell, Paul B. 1034
Wm. T. 730
Trans-Oconee Republic, Gen. Elijah
Clarke's 106-114
Travelers' Rest: a Forgotten Town,
855
Mentioned 854, 863
Traylor, John 1009
Treaty at Shoulderbone 110
Of Augusta 100
Of New York 111
Trenchard, J. A. 726
Trenton, county seat of Dade 700
Tripoli 934
Treutlen, Christian 712
John Adam, Georgia's first Gov-
ernor, his mysterious death,
170-172
Mentioned, 138, 186, 187, 638,
537, 549
Tribble, Samuel J. Hon., Congress-
man 548, 549
Trice, James 1009
Triebner, Rev. Mr. 187, 189
Trippe, Robert P., Judge, tomb of, 378
Mentioned 546, 878, 880
Robert P., Jr., ...378
Turner H. Judge....564, 567, 592
Wm. T. 378
Trotter, H., sergeant 679
Troup County, treated 1001-1005
Dr. 302
Florida 830, 889
George Michael, Governor and
U. S. Senator, his last days,
new facts brought to light,
887-893
Where he died 1030
His last will and testament,
830-831
Mentioned, 139, 140, 283, 317,
400, 543, 544, 545, 550, 575, 576,
627, 652, 828, 851, 853, 1001
Life of 310
George M. Jr. 830, 891, 892
H. B. 568
James 559
James McGillivray 892
Oralie 830
Robert L. 891, 1030
Robert T. 892
Troupville 845
Troutman, Joanna E. (Mrs. Vinson),
designs Lone Star Flag, 694, 695
Trulock, W. S. 864
Truman's Field of Honor, foot-note 1
Trustees for Establishing the Col-
ony of Georgia, a complete
list 525-528
Mentioned 91, 211, 212
Trustees' Seal 89
Tubman, Richard C. 969
Tuckasee-King, a dead town.....713
Tucker, H. C. 567

H. H. Rev., Chancellor, his tomb 431
Mentioned 777, 881
L. R. 801
Nathan 568
Tufts, Francis 825
Tulcher, (or Fulcher), Mr., entertains Washington 104
Tumlin, Lewis Col. ..412, 579, 592, 593
Tumuli, Etowah Mounds, Curious Relics 581-582
Tunis 63, 70
Tupper, H. A. Dr. (Rev.) 1051
Turkey Creek, a plantation owned by Gov. Troup 889, 892
Turnbull, Louise Miss 886
Samuel, Member of Parliamen, Trustee of Georgia 527
Turnell, S. A. 886
Turner, Charlie 930
County, treated 1005-1007
Edwin C. 1009
Henry E. 985
Henry G. Judge 547
John B. Dr. 1026
John D. 428
J. E. 1023
Joseph A. 940, 941, 976
Plantation, The 940-941
Sam 866
Smith 570
Thos. B. 980
T. M. 568
Wm. 125, 126, 128
Turnipseed, Levi 797
R. A. 668
Twiggs County, treated 1007
David E. Gen. 1037
John Geh., of the Revolution, 11, 113, 538, 952
John D. Col. 397
Two Pioneer Baptists: the Story of the Mercers 172-179
Tybee Island 485
Tyler, Anna Miss 160
Emma Miss 160
Fort, last to surrender 1004-1005
John Pres. 78
John Mrs., 159, 160, 161, 163, 164
Mary Miss 160
Robert C. Gen. 1004
Tyner, Richard 467, 468
Richard Mrs. 467
Tyrconnel, James Lord, Trustee of Georgia 526
Tyrer, George, Esq., an alderman of London, Trustee of Georgia, 526

U

Uchees, The, a tribe of Indians.....56
Uktena, Agan-Unitsi's Search for, 454-457
Ulumsuti, The 454
Umasauga, an Indian village.....480
"Uncle Dick," a servant to Mr. Stephens 150
"Remus," (Joel Chandler Harris) 239
His tomb 430-431
Boyhood haunts of 939-942
Remus Magazine 242, 752
Remus Memorial Association, 240
Under the Code Duello 1 51
Underwood, Dr. 592
John C. 828
John W. H. Judge, Congressman, tomb of 415
Mentioned 546, 759
Joseph 785
Wm. H. Judge 730, 559
Union Academy, where Wm. H. Seward taught 121-131, 935
County, Treated 1007-1008
Society 196, 650
United Daughters of the Confederacy, Blakely Chapter 710, 711
Kennesaw Chapter 682
Lizzie Rutherford Chapter...157
Stephens Chapter 147
States Arsenal at Augusta, seized 966-967
States Branch Bank at Savannah 128
States Mint, at Dahlonega..847
University of California 341
Of Georgia, ...365, 368, 374
Of Halle 214
Of Jena 214
Of Mississippi 349
Of Pennsylvania, ..132, 133, 367
Of the South 307
Upson County, treated 1008-1013
Stephen Hon., tomb of..356-357
Mentioned, ...510, 511, 924, 925, 1008
Stephen C. 661
Upton, Gen. 983
Urquhart, John A. Mrs. 160
Urrea, Gen., a Mexican commander 115, 116
Usher, Robert O. 911
Ustutli, The 452-454
Usry, Joshua F. 568
Utah, Governor of, Alfred Cumming, 317-318
Utrecht, Treaty of 207

V

Vail, Amos 726
Valdosta, a plantation owned by Gov. Troup 828, 888-889
Ga. 846
Vallombrosa, a plantation owned by Gov. Troup 828, 889
Van Allen, Peter Lawrence, killed in a duel by Wm. H. Crawford 18-24
Van Buren, Martin Pres. ..16, 31, 302
Van Dyke, H. M. Dr. 847
Van Epps, Howard Judge 372
Van Metre, E. K. Mrs. 587
Van Wert, former county-seat of Paulding 696, 932
Vann, Charles 1034
David or Joseph, Cherokee Chief, his home in Murray, 898-899
Mentioned 211, 896
House 67, 898-899
Where John Howard Payne was imprisoned.
H. A. 999
J. S. 876
Vanover, John B. 987
Van's Creek 714
Varnadoe, S. M. 568
L. L. Col. 996
Varner, Hendley 971
House, The, Indian Springs, where Gen. Wm. McIntosh signed his death warrant..611
Veal, Lee 866
Lee Mrs. 866

Venzy, John 790
Venable, James M., first to be given anesthesia for a surgical operation 131-139
John Capt. 377
Venezuela 431
Verdery, Augustus 931
Vernon, James, Esq., Trustee of Georgia 526
Vienna, county-seat of Dooly ..707-708
Vincent, Joseph 866
Thomas 264, 267
Vinson, Carl Hon., Congressman..549
Mrs. (Deanna E. Troutman), designs flag of Texas 694
Tully 559
W. P. Mr. and Mrs. 988
Virgin, W. H. Capt. 693
Virginia 354, 355
Medical Monthly 136
Vivian, Virgil H. 851
Vocelle, James T. 150, 615

W

Waddell, Isaac W. Rev. 410, 672
James D. Col. 410
James P. Prof., tomb of 368
Moses Dr., tomb of 362, 368
William H. Prof., tomb of ..368
W. J. 793
Wade, D. F. Dr. 860, 861
Nehemiah, patriot 558
Peyton L. Judge, ..560, 661, 828
Wadley, Moses, Railway pioneer, tomb of 329, 1024
Wagner, Fritz Mrs., daughter of Joel Chandler Harris 242
Walcott, George M. 938
Waldhauer, Jacob 938
Waldhaur, Jacob Casper 186
Walker, Allen M. 1009
Andrew W. 971
And McPherson, killed: Battle-Field Memorials 744
Anna Polk Mrs. 824
County, treated 1013-1016
E. B. Mrs. 753
Edmond 884
Freeman Maj. 543
Tomb of 323-324
George P. Capt. 87
George W. 1019
Henry 809, 973
Jack Chief 1036
James Sr. 1008
James Bayard 337
J. Randall Hon. 549, 929
James Sanders 722
John B. 884
John T. 988
John Williams 722
Memorable 722
Mr. 128
Nathaniel 938
Nathaniel F. 1009
R. L. Mrs. 990
Richard S. 930
Robert 930
The Widow, marries Herschel V. Johnson 346
Valentine Gen. 324
Walter Mrs. 862
William 774
William H. T. Gen., 324, 744, 967, 1052
Tomb of 745
William I. 694, 695
Wm. S. Gen. 756
Wall, Dr. 770
Solomon 867
Wallace, Campbell Maj. 116, 424
Elijah 992
Zachariah 867
Waller, Robert Tyler 78, 80, 82
Walnut Hill 174
Walsh, Marie 959
Patrick, his monument unveiled, 958-960
Tomb of 334
Mentioned 144, 146, 544
Walters, R. 821
Walthour, Andrew 489, 490
Walthourville, Ga. 489
Walton, A. R. 793
B. R. 568
Christian Hill 1046, 1047
County 577
Treated 1016-1019
County Academy 1017
Dorothy, D. A. R. Chapter, unveils monument 989-991
F. H. 729
George Gov., Signer of the Declaration, United States Senator and Jurist, 6, 113, 197, 325, 503, 537, 542, 543, 549, 638, 643, 980
Judge, Attorney-General..... 104
John 638, 641, 642, 643
Peter 774
Peter, Sr., ... 884
Robert, patriot 538, 845
"Wanderer, The," a slave ship, 308, 957
Wansall, Edward, Quartermaster, Oglethorpe's Regiment 769
Ward, Benj. F. 809
Col., commander of Georgia Regiment in the Texan War, 117, 119, 120
H. R. 559, 979
James 568
John 950
John E. Hon. 197
Tomb of 341, 852
J. Q. A., artist 151
Mr. 124, 128
Peter Y. 669
Thomas E. 707
W. A. Col. 694
Wardlaw, James 783
Ward's Station 950
Ware, Edward Dr. 662
Edward R. Dr. 372
Henry 821
Nicholas 516, 543
R. A. (Dr.) Mrs., 159, 161, 162
Robert Capt., Revolutionary soldier 516
Shadrach 860, 862
Waring, James J. Dr. 311
Wm. R. Dr. 311
Warner, Hiram Chief Justice, his tomb 433
His narrow Escape 874-875
Mentioned, 546, 559, 560, 562, 565, 568, 872
Obadiah Judge, his tomb 433
Mentioned 872
Warren County, treated 1019-1020
Eli Gen. 828
Fort 152
G. L. 668
J. C. Dr., foot-note 135
Joseph Gen. 1019

Kit, Rev. 828
Lott, Hon. 546, 828
L. C. A. 947
Thomas 1039
Warrenton Academy 1019
Warthen, R. L. 1023
Thomas J. 1024, 1025
Washington, Annie Tufft 382
Artillery 966
County-seat 1039-1040
County, treated 1020
County Female Institute....1021
D. C., 221, 263, 270, 277, 298, 302, 344, 367, 382
George, 4, 6, 74, 109, 111, 139, 277, 315, 369, 953, 957, 1052
His casket 1011
George Steptoe 316
Ga., ...173, 174, 175, 176, 177
Historic Homes 1050, 1051
Hugh Vernon 382, 757, 965
James H. R., tomb of 381
Leroy Hammond 382
Mary A. Hammond, founder of the D. A. R. in Georgia, tomb of 381-382
Mary Elizabeth 382
Robert Porter 382
Rest Haven Cemetery ..352-354
Smyrna Church-Yard....354-356
Samuel Hammond 382
Thomas, patriot 540
William 600, 858
Washington's Georgia Visit: the Diary of his trip, 100-103, 290
Waterhouse, Euclid 569
Waterloo 323
Waterman, William 629
Waters, George M. 1034
Watkins, Anderson 968
Benj. 879
Digest 10
Garland T. 722
George 10, 11
Isham 975
Robert 722, 821, 922
Duel with James Jackson ..9-11
Robt. H. 722
Samuel 723
William 722
Watkinsville, Historic County-seat of Oconee 921-924
Watson, A. M. 709
A. R. 750, 756
Chas. 264, 267, 639
Columbus 668
Jacob 933
Pendleton 619
Thomas 559
Thomas E. 147, 548, 850
Watt, James, renowned inventor..110
Watterson, Henry 750
Watts, John 821
J. N. 951
J. N. Mrs., regent 951
W. N. 989
Way, Moses Rev. 344
Parmenus 643
Wayne, Anthony Gen. 103, 189, 544
County, treated 1028-1029
James M. Judge 310, 545
Waynesborough, President Washington's Visit to 104
Waynesboro, Ga. 224
Waynesville, former county-seat of Wayne 1028
Weaver, Benj., a Revolutionary patriot 782, 1011
G. A., Sr., ...782, 1011, 1012
Hudson 782
J. A. Dr. 782
J. C. Dr. 782
Olin Dr. 782
S. R. 668
T. A. D. Judge 782, 1011
W. T. Prof. 782, 1011, 1012
Wm. W. D. 782
Webb, Alfred 567
Clinton M., quoted 223
Clinton M. Mrs. 223
John 1011
John Capt., Industrial pioneer 915
John C. 796, 1004
Webster County, treated 1029
Daniel 70, 83, 150, 151
Weed, Jacob 614, 615
Welch, George W. 1007
Welchel, David 568
Wellborn, Alfred 872
A. R. Dr. 776
C. 559
J. P. 569
Marshall J. Hon. 403, 546
Tomb of 423
Wells, Andrew E. 610, 638, 821
Horace Dr., claimant to discovery of anesthesia 131, 135, 136
Lieut-Gov., killed in a duel...9
Wereat, John 538, 549, 638
Wesley, Charles Rev. 631-634
John Rev. 186, 631-637
Impressed by the Moravians, 213
Samuel Rev. 631
Wesleyan Christian Advocate 899
Wesley's Georgia Diary and Hymn Book 636-637
Wesleys, The, John and Charles, 631-633
West, Andrew Gen. 250
Chas. N. 311
Fred H. 831
James 1017
John 628
John T. Hon. 850
Mary A. 975
Point, Ga. 900, 1003-1004
Point Academy 1004
Samuel, patriot 540
Wm. E. 931
W. E. 569
Wm. F. 950
Wm. S. Hon., United States Senator 544, 871
Westbrook, W. T. 864
Western & A. R. R., the State Road in Georgia 231
Westmoreland, J. G. Dr. 753
W. F. Mrs. 754
Wm. 972
Weston, Myron E. 987
S. R. 989
Westphalia, treaty of 181
Westview Cemetery 756
Whaley, E. R. 999
W. H. 1029
Whateley, O. B. 927
S. J. T. 1019
Whatley, Wilson 1017, 1019
Wilson, O. B. 931
Wheeler County, treated 1029-1030
Isaac 614
Joseph Gen. 744
William 875

Whelan, Peter, Father 646, 647
Whelchel, Davis 566
Whiddon, William 702
Whitaker, Benj. Hon. 968
Jared I. Hon. 428, 750, 800
O. D. 1004
Simon 800
W. H. H. Dr. 1025
Whitdon, Eli 727
White, Andrew J. 1009
B. B. 1009
Bluff 294
Cornelia 957
County, treated 1030-1033
Edward Major, tomb of 282
George Rev., quoted, ..408, 441, 442, 445, 460, 164, 467, 468, 488, 491, 499, 514, 515, 673, 885, 886, 887
House 269, 495, 512
James 659, 704
John Col., patriot, Hero of the Great Ogeechee, Trustee of Georgia, 371, 518 520, 526, 538, 1030
L. 810
Milton 772
N. B. 810
Oliver 772
Robert, Rev. 648
Wade 620
W. B. Mr. and Mrs. 957
Willie S. Miss 899, 1038
Whitefield County, treated ..1033-1038
George, Rev., 182, 265, 276, 633, 634, 635, 636, 649, 650
J. 774
Whitehead, C. L. 568
J. B. 432, 883
Whitelay, Richard H. Hon. 547
White's Mill 915, 916
Whitner, John C. 905
Whitney, Inventor of the Cotton Gin 92, 968
Whittle, L. N. 391
Wicker, N. A. 569
Wiggins, J. S. 904
S. P. Rev. 957
Wilburn, Jack 668
Thomas 668
Wilcher, Jordan 867
Wilcox County, treated 1038-1039
J. L. 1039
Kate 927
Mark Gen. 985, 1038
Wilde, Richard H. Hon. 545
Tomb of 326-327
Wilder, Milton 1007
Wiley, LeRoy M. 390
Nicholas 354
Wilhite, Calhoun Dr. 726
Wilkes County, treated 1039-1052
Heroic Women of 1041
In the Revolution 1040
Manufacturing Co. 1040
W. C. Dr. 865, 866
Wilkins,, William 693, 935
Wilkinson, C. C. 654
County, treated 1052-1053
Fort 600
James Gen. 610, 1052
Margaret 927
Willcox, C. P. Prof. 372
Willet, J. E. Prof. 777
"William-my-trimble-toe," an old game 256
William, the Conqueror 256
.....1
Williams, A. 774
Ammi 427
Benj. 693
C. C. Dr. 315, 512, 513
Chas. J. Mrs. 753
Tomb of 398
Secretary of the Columbus Memorial Association..156-167
Her famous letter 163-164
Chas. W. Capt. 923
Duke 1009
Eb. T. Hon. 29
George 857
G. W. M. 568
George W., quoted 1031-1032
H. D. 568
Howell 558
James E., an early Mayor of Atlanta, tomb of 426
John 1021
J. M. 797
L. 567
Mason 886
Oscar 860
Samuel P. 987
Shepherd 610
Tom Maj. 756
Wiley 559
William Capt., 663, 702, 703, 756, 935, 970
William, Sr., ...638
W. M. Capt. 753
W. N. 793, 794
Williamson, Andrew, patriot ..538, 894
Andy 738
Eldredge Dr. 1026
Elizabeth Thweat 1042
Frank 696
James 564, 569
J. R., duel with Patrick Calhoun 44-48
Martha (Fitch) 1042
Mary (Campbell) 1042
Micajah Col. 139, 944, 1042
Nancy (Clark) 1042
Rev. Mr. 988
Sarah Gillian, a heroine of the Revolution 1042
Susan (M. Bird) 1042
W. L. Mrs. 806
W. W. 559
Williford, H. O. Col. 807
O. L. 886
Willingham, Bessie (Mrs. H. H. Tift) 879
B. S. Hon. 881
Brooks 931
Willis 569
William 691
Willis, Francis Col., duel with Col. Benj. Taliaferro 12-13
Mentioned 544, 1039
R. J. 568
Stephen 873
W. H. Col., of Macon....855-858
Wills, David Dr. 573
Willson, John 968
Wilmington River 286
Wilson, Adelaide, author of "Historic and Picturesque Savannah,", quoted 229, 633-634
Claudius C. 744
Enoch 856
George 821
James A. 988
James H. Gen. 902
John, patriot 540
J. G. N. quoted.....478-480

John T. 929
J. M. 592
John S. Rev., D. D., tomb of, 424
John Townsend, quoted, 167-168
Jos. R. Dr. 760
Mrs., Comes Home 269-271
Thomas Rev., M. P., Trustee of Georgia 527
Woodrow Pres., 28, 645, 786, 803, 841, 946
An incident in his career as a lawyer 758
Woodrow Mrs., her girlhood home 731
Her grave 417
Mentioned 367, 807
Wm. T. Col., tomb of 425
W. W. 712
Wimberly, Ezekiel Col. 599
Joshua R. 1007
....849
Wimpy, A. G. ....
Winbourn, B. L. 987
Susie Cole Miss 653
Wimbush, Wm. M. 976
Winder, county-seat of Barrow, 577-578
Wingfield, Garland 1059
Winham, William 831
Winn, A. A. 567
Abiel Capt. 834
James C. Capt. 120
James E. Capt. 783
John Rev. 540, 643, 835
John, Sr., ...639
Peter Rev. 344, 840
Thomas E. Hon. 548
Thomas S. Rev. 344
R. D. 568
Winship, Emory Capt. 601
Isaac Mrs., Macon's first white child 600, 691, 753
Joseph 427
Robert Mrs. 923
Winslow, Col. 208
Winston, Thomas 1004
Winter, John Gano, a financier....613
Joseph, a patriot 613
Winters, John 672
Joseph H. Sergeant 679
Washington 671
Wirz, Henry Maj., his monument at Andersonville 977-979
Wise, Henry A., Governor of Va., 900
J. W. Hon. 549
Witcher, Hezekiah 931
John, Sr., ...931
Larry 931
Witherspoon, John 638
Witt, David 559
Wittich, Lucas L. 884
Wofford, Gen. 565
Wm. B. 785
William T., ...562, 567, 587, 592
Wollaston, Francis Esq., Trustee of Georgia 527
William, Member of Parliament, 526
Womack, Wylie 982
Wood, Bob 914
Carey, pioneer of Covington, 911, 912
James Mrs. 848
James S. Mrs. 800
Jesse M. 931
John S. Mrs., regent 653
Joseph 517, 538, 543
Joseph, Jr., a patriot....538
Mary Jane 912
Pauline 912
R. A. 904
R. P. 568
R. R. Major and Q. M. 155
W. A. Judge 831
Woodberry, Rosa Miss 967
Woodbridge, G. 821
Woodbury, Ga. 875
Woodfin, Wm. G. Prof. 777
Woodin, Alfred W. 739
Woodland Female Academy 931
James 615
Woodruff, George W. Mrs. 160
Joseph Col., patriot and pioneer 853-854, 538
Joseph, Jr., Capt. 853
Mary, married Capt. O'Neill, 853
Mr., successor to Mr. Seward to Union Academy 130
"Stories" 224
Wareham 971
Woods, Middleton 725
Woodson & Bowdre 1009
Woodward, James G. Mayor 761
Wool, John E. Gen. 901
Woodridge, William 654
Woolf, McDowell Mrs., founder of Children of the Con. 967
Woolfolk, William G. Mrs., 157, 159, 162, 163, 164
Affidavit on origin of Memorial Day 162-163
Wooten, Ann 600
C. B. 989
John Maj. 600, 858
Mrs. Governor Rabun's daughter 793
Station, afterwards Leesburg, 831
Wootten, Priscilla, married Pope, 1047
Thomas 1047
Worcester, Samuel Rev. 900
Word, John 592
Timothy C. 1017
Wordsworth, Capt. 617
Worley, Wm. J. 849
Wormsloe, Estate of Noble Jones, 265, 279, 288
Worrell, Bedford S. 975
Solomon 1052
Worrill, Edmond H. 980
Worth County, treated 1053-1054
Wm. J. Gen. 1053
Worthington, Dennis 846
Worthy, Henry 875
Wren, Christopher Sir 363
"Wren's Nest, The": its Memories of Joel Chandler Harris, 239-244
Wright, Ambrose 638
Ambrose R. Gen., tomb of....330
Mentioned 347
Augustus R. Hon., 415, 546, 592, 731
Benj. Judge 438
B. W. 567
Chas. 617
Dionysius, a patriot 540
Frank 808
Germyn 617
Gilbert J. Gen., ...783, 881
Tomb of 378
Henry Gregory, tomb of 347
James Sir, A Royal Governor of Georgia, 194, 265, 276, 485, 486, 492, 517, 537, 549, 609, 641, 951, 952
His arrest 486-488

Georgia 527, 628
John, Mem. of Par., Trustee of
John B. 821
Joseph Mrs. 913
Matthew 975
Obed Capt. 832
William 265
William A. Gen. 347
Wrightsville, Ga. 821
Wuce, W. B. 729
Wyatt, Joseph M. 978
Wyche, George, a patriot 540
Wyer, H. C. 774
Wyley, Richard, a patriot 539
Wylly, Alex. Campbell Capt. 767
Richard 278, 649
Wynn, Andrew W. 980

X

Xualla, an Indian town.....58, 59, 61

Y

Yahula 450-452
Yahoola Creek 452
Yancey, Benjamin Cudworth Col., tomb of 416
Mentioned 42, 660, 1020
Goodloe H. Capt. 42
William Lowndes Hon., Confederate States Senator and orator of Secession, difficulty with Mr. Hill 41-42
Mentioned 416, 1020
Yarbrough, Wm. 855
Yates, Presley 567
Samuel 228
Yazoo Act 344, 345
Duels caused by 7 12
Yeomans, M. J. Hon. 993
Yoakum, Henderson, historian of Texas, quoted 116-121
Yonah Mountain 58, 460, 1033
Yopp, J. W. 568
Yorktown, surrender at 71, 853
Youmans, C. S. 929
Young, C. H. 863, 864
E. Caroline 413
Elijah R. 994
Isaac 638
Jacob 568
"Marooners, The" ..216, 222-225, 399, 684
Michael 610
Mike Col. 993
Pierce M. B. Gen., Congressman, diplomat, tomb of...412
Mentioned 547
R. M. 413, 568
Sophia 277
Thomas, a Tory 609
Thomas 628, 629
Wm. 277, 643, 638
Wm. J. 995
Wm. P. 673
Willis 970
Yupaha, an Indian province ...54, 57

Z

Zachary, Daniel 969
James L. 850
Zebulon, county-seat of Pike..929 930
Zeigler, Solomon 970
Zimmerman, Philip 845
R. P. 884
Zinzendorf, Count 211, 212, 214
Zittrauer, Ernest 187
Zouberbuhler, Bartholemew ..649, 650
Zuber, S. D. Mrs. 990
Zubly, David 638, 643
John Joachim Dr. (Rev), 542, 638

S0-BTN-702